

**BALLOU'S**  
**MONTHLY MAGAZINE.**

**VOLUME XLII.**

**FROM JULY TO DECEMBER, 1875.**



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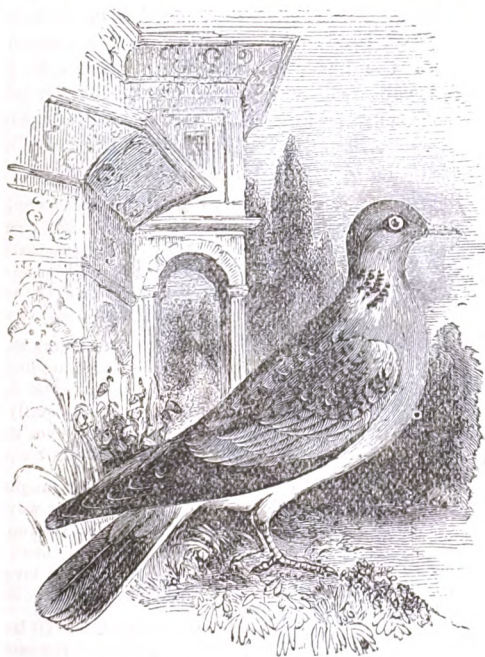
JULY, 1875.

WHOLE No. 247.

## DOVES.

The dove has been from ancient times a favored bird, and has been regarded as the emblem of gentleness and fidelity. Its apparently affectionate disposition led the Greeks and Romans to consecrate it to Venus, and the manner in which it is men-

specimens are far from lacking in that respect. Scarcely any of the brilliant tropic birds can excel the doves that live in the same climate in the splendor of their colors. The *Nicobar Pigeon*, found in India, is a very beautiful bird, with tail-feathers



THE DOMESTIC DOVE.

tioned in the Scriptures has caused it to be looked upon as sacred in many of those countries where the Christian religion predominates. There are many varieties of pigeons and doves, and they exist in large numbers throughout the warm and temperate portions of the earth, everywhere winning regard and admiration by their grace and beauty. It is, however, in tropical countries that they attain their greatest beauty of plumage, though our own

similar to those of the domestic cock. Its prevailing color is a purplish-black; the neck-feathers are long and pointed, and are glossed with red, gold and blue; the wings are blue, the back golden-green, the tail white. The ground-dove of the United States is distinguished for its great beauty. It is a light purplish-red above, and reddish below. It is found in the South Atlantic and Gulf States.

The *Rock Dove*, from which the *Domes-*

*tic* or *House Pigeon* is derived, is wild by nature, and dwells upon high rocks by the seashore, living in their cavities for the greater part of the year. It is common throughout Europe and Asia. The domestic pigeon represented on preceding page, is now cultivated all over the world, and more especially in the countries of the East—in Egypt, Persia, etc. It is wonderfully prolific, and it has been asserted that a single pair might produce more than fourteen thousand young in the space of four years. A great many varieties have sprung from the parent stock, of which we can only mention a few.

The *Shield Pigeon* is sometimes seen with a crest, and sometimes without. Its plumage is white, with the exception of the scapulars, wing-coverts and hinder pen-feathers, which are blue, red, yellow, silvery gray or black. The *Monk* is adorned with a crest, which, with the head, is white; the body being red, yellow, blue or black. The *Swallow Pigeon* is purely white, except the wings and a round spot on the top of the head, which are either blue, red, yellow, gray or black. It is occasionally seen with a crest. The *Striped Monk* is black, with a white poll and white stripes on the wings. The *White-Head* is exactly like the *Monk*, except that it has a white tail. The *Marked Pigeon* has a small streak on the forehead and tail of dark red or black, the rest of the body being white. The *Veiled Dove* is white except the head, neck and first pen feathers, which are red, yellow or black. The *Striped Starling-necked White-Head* is a very handsome variety, black, with a white poll and tail, and stripes of white on the breast and wings.

Beside those we have named there are many other varieties of the domestic pigeon, said by some authorities to be separate species, having characteristics of their own, and not derived from the rock-pigeon. A notable instance is the *Trumpeter Pigeon*, which owes its name to its singular manner of cooing a crested bird, with feather-covered feet. It exists in all colors, but is often mottled with black and white. The *Tumbler* is so called from the fact that it overbalances itself in flight, and is nearly as large as the stock-dove. The *Peacock* or *Fan-tailed Pigeon* resembles the swallow-pigeon in hue, but has power to spread out its tail in the manner of a peacock. The *Pouter* is a large-sized pigeon, of different

colors; it has a short beak, high forehead, and is capable of inflating its crop to a great size. The *Turkish Pigeon* is large, of various colors, and has the membrane of the beak, and the circle of the eyes, very thick and wrinkled.

The *Turtle Dove*, well represented in our second illustration, is thought to be the dove of Scriptural mention, and is an extremely beautiful creature. It has long been famous for the elegance of its form, its gentleness of demeanor, and the soft mournfulness of its notes. Its length is eleven and a half inches; above it is of a greenish-brown; the neck, chin and breast are pale wood-brown; beneath it is white. This pretty bird seems formed to win affection and admiration, and the eye that could rest upon its graceful beauties without pleasure must indeed be blind to all the loveliness of nature. Doves have been the most cherished of pets, and we know of no tribute to their beauty and affectionate disposition so exquisite as that of Mrs. Browning, whose pen lingers lovingly over her lines inscribed to "My Doves":

- " My little doves have left a nest  
Upon an Indian tree,  
Whose leaves fantastic take their rest  
Or motion from the sea;  
For, ever there, the sea-winds go  
With sunlit paces to and fro.
- " The tropic flowers looked up to it,  
The tropic stars looked down,  
And there my little doves did sit,  
With feathers softly brown,  
And glittering eyes that showed their right  
To general Nature's deep delight.
- " And God them taught at every close  
Of murmuring waves beyond,  
And green leaves round, to interpose  
Their choral voices fond;  
Interpreting that love must be  
The meaning of the earth and sea.
- " Fit ministers! Of living loves,  
Theirs hath the calmest fashion;  
Their living voice the likeliest moves  
To lifeless intonation,  
Their lovely monotone of springs,  
And winds, and such insensate things.
- " My little doves were taken away  
From that glad nest of theirs,  
Across an ocean rolling gray,  
And tempest-clouded airs.  
My little doves!—who lately knew  
The sky and wave by warmth and blue!
- " And now, within the city prison,  
In mist and chillness pent,  
With sudden upward look they listen  
For sounds of past content—

For lapse of water, swell of breeze,  
Or nut-fruit falling from the trees.

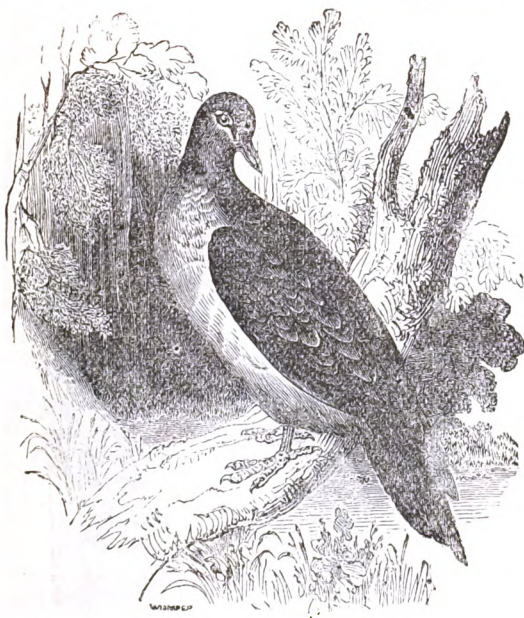
"The stir without the glow of passion,  
The triumph of the mart—  
The gold and silver as they clash on  
Man's cold metallic heart—  
The roar of wheels, the cry for bread,—  
These only sounds are heard instead.

"Yet still, as on my human hand  
Their fearless heads they lean,  
And almost seem to understand  
What human musings mean—  
(Their eyes with such a plaintive shine,  
Are fastened upwardly to mine!)

"Soft falls their chant as on the nest,  
Beneath the sunny zone:

indeed sing songs that sprang from "a fountain to the world unknown," songs whose exquisite music will echo down the centuries, and be caught up and answered back again by unnumbered hosts. Fortunate doves! to be beloved by Mrs. Browning. And fortunate Mrs. Browning, to be so richly and rarely gifted for the benefit of the poor and needy world!

The *Ring Dove*, called *Ramier* by the French, and *Ringel Tauhe* by the Germans, is a large species, being seventeen and a half inches long. It is gray, with a neck most beautifully iridescent. Its popular names in England are *Wood Pigeon*, *Cu-*



THE TURTLE DOVE.

For love that stirred it in their breast  
Has not awaery grown,  
And neath the city's shade can keep  
The well of music clear and deep.

"And love that keeps the music, fills  
With pastoral memories:  
All echoings from out the hills,  
All droppings from the skies,  
All flowings from the wave and wind,  
Remembered in their chant, I find.

"So teach ye me the wisest part,  
My little doves! to move  
Along the city-ways with heart  
Assured by holy love,  
And vocal with such songs as own  
A fountain to the world unknown."

And well did the wonderful pupil heed  
The lesson of her Indian doves, for she did

shat and *Queest*. Its shape and appearance are portrayed in our third illustration, on page eight.

The most celebrated, however, of the whole family of doves is the *Carrier Dove*, which is regarded by most people as a variety of the house dove. It was of this bird that Moore wrote his well-known lines commencing:

"The bird let loose in eastern skies, when hastening fondly home,  
Ne'er stoops to earth her wing, nor flies where idle warblers roam;  
But high she shoots through air and light, above all low delay,  
Where nothing earthly bounds her flight, nor shadow dims her way."

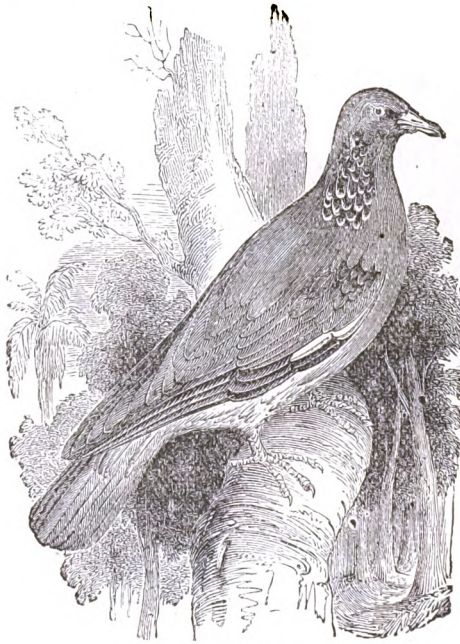


Swiftness of flight and a very strong love of home are prominent characteristics of all the pigeon tribes, and they possess singular ability to return to their homes with unerring instinct, though the distance that they have to traverse may be long, and the way untried.

The carrier pigeon possesses these powers to a most remarkable degree, and its capacities for transmitting messages from one point to another have been tested from the most ancient times. It has been immortalized by Anacreon as the welcome bearer of letters, and it has been mentioned by

pretty messengers, to prevent them from entering the enemy's stronghold with their tidings preserved intact.

Commerce as well as war owes something to the carrier pigeon. At the time when a number of English merchants resided at Aleppo, in the interest of the Turkey Company of England, these birds were made use of to transmit intelligence from the port to the city, the great centre of the trade. Scanderoon, the port of Aleppo, is eighty miles distant from the latter, as the bird flies, and the pigeons could bring messages from that distance in about three



THE RING DOVE.

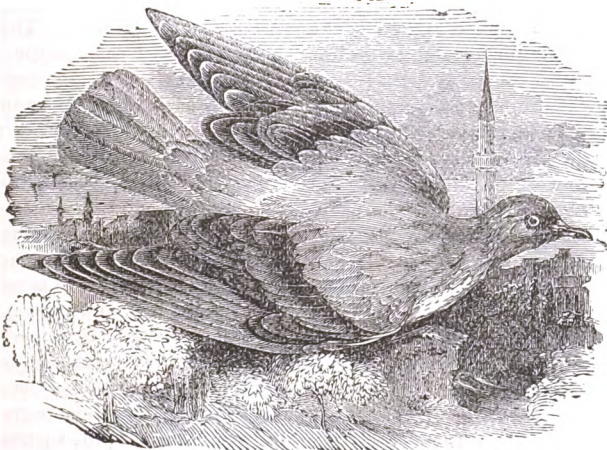
Pliny as having been made use of by besieged cities. Writing of the investment of Modena, he says, "Of what avail were sentinels, circumvallations, or nets obstructing the river, when intelligence could be conveyed by aerial messengers?" During the Crusades carrier pigeons were much depended upon by those living in beleaguered cities; their mission, however, was sometimes defeated by the outsiders, who, if they could capture them, would substitute messages entirely different from those with which they were originally entrusted. The besiegers even resorted to the device of keeping hawks which were flown at the

hours, which could not come by any other means in much less than three days. Therefore it is evident that those merchants who made use of these birds could obtain intelligence, on the arrival of ships, which might be of the utmost importance, and which they could turn to their own great advantage. One instance of the truth of this has been recorded, and is undoubtedly authentic. A merchant accidentally killed one of these messenger birds, and on examining the message which it bore, he learned that galls were very scarce in England. Acting on the information thus conveyed, he bought up nearly

the whole stock in market, and realized a profit which at once rendered him independently rich.

In former days carrier pigeons performed in the East the offices now given up to the telegraph. Towers were erected along the line of communication, at a distance of thirty or forty miles from each other, and pigeons flew to and fro between these towers, conveying messages. Each bird wore suspended from its neck a small golden box, extremely light and thin, in which was placed the billet of intelligence; this box was never removed during the pigeons'

But however entirely modern inventions may supersede and render obsolete the fashion of carrier doves, their performances will never lose their romantic interest. The fact that they were trained carefully for their contemplated journeys, although it explains in a measure their accuracy, does not lessen the honor which has been given to the pretty messengers from time immemorial. It is said that the doves used for communication between Aleppo and Scanderoon, were trained for the achievement all the way from the one place to the other, and that only those most distin-



THE CARRIER DOVE.

days of usefulness. Sentinels watched constantly the arrival or departure of each messenger dove, and the system of intercommunication thus established, though it could not rival the telegraph in speed, yet it was certainly quite as reliable and efficient.

In these later days speculators in stock have employed pigeons to carry news from one European city to another; and they have been used in this country, until within a few years, between Halifax and Boston, to transmit news from Europe. They have also plied their wings between Sandy Hook and New York, announcing the arrival of vessels; but since the use of the electric telegraph they have ceased to be employed.

guished for their quickness and intelligence were used. Yet the feats thus performed, though both remarkable and interesting, are not to be compared to those accomplished every year by the migratory birds, which, untaught as they are, display a most mysterious and wonderful directing instinct.

The carrier dove is more than once mentioned in the Bible, and would be dear to the hearts of men for its welcome message to Noah and his children, if for no other reason. "And the dove came in to him in the evening; and, lo, in her mouth was an olive leaf plucked off; so Noah knew that the waters were abated from off the earth."



"There was hope in the ark at the dawning of day,  
When o'er the wide waters the dove flew away;  
But when ere the night she came wearily back  
With the leaf she had pluck'd on her desolate track,  
The children of Noah knelt down and adored,  
And uttered in anthems their praise to the Lord.  
O, bird of glad tidings! O, joy in our pain!  
Beautiful Dove! thou art welcome again.

"When peace has departed the care-stricken  
breast,  
And the feet of the weary one languish for rest;  
When the world is a wide-spreading ocean of grief,  
How blest the return of the bird and the leaf!  
Reliance on God is the dove to our ark,  
And peace is the olive she plucks in the dark.  
The deluge abates, there is sun after rain—  
Beautiful Dove! thou art welcome again!"

The illustration on page nine shows the carrier dove in all its beauty of form and plumage.

The American Turtle Dove resembles the passenger pigeon in shape, and its flesh is highly esteemed for the table. Its length is eleven and a half inches; the upper part of its body and its wings are brownish-drab, the breast a pale olive shade. It possesses considerable power of flight, and the motion of its wings is attended by a peculiar whistling sound. Its food consists of buckwheat, Indian corn, hemp-seed, and several kinds of berries; it also eats gravel very freely, and often may be seen picking it up in the road. It comes north in the spring, but returns to spend the winter at the south. In New England it is usually seen in pairs, but it associates together in considerable flocks in the south. Its nest is rudely formed of sticks, and it lays only two white eggs. Wilson speaks of this bird as follows: "This is a favorite bird with all those who love to wander among our woods in spring, and listen to their varied harmony. They will hear many a singular and sprightly performer, but none so mournful as this. The hopeless woe of settled sorrow, swelling the heart of female innocence itself, could not assume tones more sad, more tender and affecting. Its notes are four; the first is somewhat the highest, and preparatory, seeming to be uttered with an inspiration of the breath, as if the afflicted creature were just recovering its voice from the last convulsive sobs of distress; this is followed by three long, deep and mournful moanings, that no person of sensibility can listen to without sympathy. A pause of a few minutes ensues, and again the solemn voice of sorrow is renewed as before. This is

generally heard in the deepest shaded parts of the woods, frequently about noon, and toward the evening. There is, however, nothing of real distress in all this; quite the reverse. The bird who utters it waltzes by the side of his beloved partner, or invites her by his call to some favorite retired and shady retreat. It is the voice of love, of faithful connubial affection, for which the whole family of doves are so celebrated; and among them all, none more deservedly so than the species now before us."

The common wild pigeon of the United States, sometimes called the passenger pigeon, is a well-known bird, migrating to the northwest in immense flocks in April, and again seeking its southern home in August and September. These migrations, however, vary both as to time and numbers, and are now not so wonderful in point of numbers as they were twenty years ago. Audubon records a flight of pigeons which lasted three days, and the number of birds was estimated as not less than one billion, one hundred and fourteen millions. When we consider that each pigeon would eat half a pint of food daily, the amount consumed by this vast host is seen to be necessarily enormous, and a great tax upon the districts visited by these companies. Wherever they roost the marks of their presence remain for a long time. Says Wilson: "All the tender grass and undergrowth destroyed; the surface strewed with large limbs of trees, broken down by the weight of the birds collecting one above another; and the trees themselves, for thousands of acres, killed as completely as if girdled with an axe. The marks of their desolation remain for many years on the spot; and numerous places could be pointed out where, for several years after, scarcely a single vegetable made its appearance. When these roosts are first discovered, the inhabitants from considerable distance, visit them in the night with guns, clubs, long poles, pots of sulphur, and various other engines of destruction. In a few hours they fill many sacks and load horses with them. By the Indians a pigeon-roost or breeding-place is considered an important source of national profit and dependence for that season, and all their active ingenuity is exercised on the occasion."

The following description of a breeding-place of pigeons is very graphic: "Not far



from Shelbyville, in the State of Kentucky, about five years ago, there was one of these breeding-places, which stretched through the woods in nearly a north and south direction, was several miles in breadth, and was said to be upwards of forty miles in extent. In this tract almost every tree was furnished with nests wherever the branches could accommodate them. The pigeons made their first appearance there about the 10th of April, and left it altogether with their young the 25th of May. As soon as the young were fully grown, and before they left the nests, numerous parties of the inhabitants from all parts of the adjacent country came with wagons, axes, beds, cooking utensils, many of them accompanied by the greater part of their families, and encamped for several days at this immense nursery. Several of them informed me that the noise was so great as to terrify their horses, and that it was difficult for one person to hear another speak without bawling in his ear. The ground was strewn with broken limbs of trees, eggs, and young squab pigeons, which had been precipitated from above, and on which herds of hogs were fattening. Hawks, buzzards and eagles were sailing about in great numbers, and seizing the squabs from the nests at pleasure, while, from twenty feet upward to the tops of the trees, the view through the woods presented a perpetual tumult of crowding and fluttering multitudes of pigeons, their wings roaring like thunder, mingled with the frequent crash of falling timber; for now the axemen were at work, cutting down those trees that seemed to be most crowded with nests, and contrived to fell them in such a manner, that in their descent they might bring down several others; by which means the falling of one large tree sometimes produced two hundred squabs, little inferior in size to the old ones, and almost one heap of fat. On some single trees upwards of one hundred nests were found."

Another writer gives us the following picture: "The story told by Wilson and Audubon as to the amazing quantity of pigeons in the West, was realized by us in Connecticut half a century ago. I have seen a stream of these noble birds, pouring at brief intervals through the skies, from the rising to the setting sun, and this in the county of Fairfield. I may here add, that of all the pigeon tribe—this of our

country—the passenger pigeon is the swiftest and most beautiful of a swift and beautiful generation. At the same time, it is unquestionably superior to any other for the table. All the other species of the eastern, as well as the western continent, which I have tasted are soft and flavorless in comparison.

"I can recollect no sports of my youth which equalled in excitement our pigeon hunts, generally taking place in September and October. We usually started on horseback before daylight, and made a rapid progress to some stubble-field on West Mountain. The ride in the keen fresh air, especially as the dawn began to break, was delightful. The gradual encroachment of day upon the sight filled my mind with sublime images; the waking up of a world from sleep, the joyousness of birds and beasts in the return of morning, and my own sympathy in this cheerful and grateful homage of the heart to God, the giver of good—all contributed to render these adventures most impressive upon my young heart.

"As morning advanced, the scene was inconceivably beautiful—the mountain side, clothed in autumnal green, and purple, and gold, rendered more glowing by the sunrise, with the valleys covered with mists, and spreading out like waves of silver; while on every side the ear was saluted by the mocking screams of the red-headed woodpecker, the cawing of congresses of crows, clamorous as if talking to Buncombe; and finally, the rushing sound of the pigeons, pouring like a tide over the tops of the trees.

"By this time, of course, our nets were ready, and our flyers and stool-birds on the alert. What moments of ecstasy were these, and especially, when the head of the flock—some red-breasted old father or grandfather—caught sight of our pigeons, and turning at the call, drew the whole train down into our bird-net! I have often seen a hundred or two hundred of these splendid birds come upon us with a noise absolutely deafening, and sweeping the air with a sudden gust like the breath of a thunder cloud. Sometimes our bush-hut, where we lay concealed, was covered all over with pigeons, and we dared not move a finger as their red piercing eyes were upon us. When, at last, the net was sprung, we went out to secure our booty—often fifty, and sometimes even a hundred birds."



THE HOUSEKEEPER.

## HOUSEKEEPING.

## THE MARTEN'S SONG.

BY MARY HELEN BOODEY.

The spring has come, the daisies peep  
 Out on the verdant lea;  
 The crocus wakens from its sleep,  
 The bright rills wander free.  
 And 'tis ho! heigho! here we go!  
 Such a merry company!  
 Birds of feather flock together,  
 And the martens all agree.

There's a house with many tenements,  
 And every one "to let;"  
 'Tis as fine a situation  
 As one will often get;  
 I've chosen it from all the rest  
 Of dwellings far and near,  
 Because I thought 'twould please you best,  
 My Mrs. Marten dear!

So, if you'll go and take a look  
 I think you will declare  
 That 'tis a pleasant quiet nook,  
 And we'll at once prepare  
 To choose our own especial home,  
 And build our cosy nest,  
 From which we shall not often roam  
 Except at love's behest.

We've nice long grass, and tender twigs,  
 And you have found some strings,  
 Which for our building purposes  
 Are just the nicest things;  
 And while you're tugging at your prize,  
 I'll gather up the grass,  
 And never note how swiftly flies  
 The day that soon will pass.

The happy, happy summer-time  
 Is all before us now,  
 And the robin and the sparrow  
 Are singing on the bough.

The oriole will soon begin  
 To chant his love-songs sweet,  
 And the merry bobolinc  
 Will make the scene complete

Of all the chanting, ranting crew,  
 On treetop or in clover,  
 Not one, according to my view,  
 But proves himself a rover  
 Compared to me, and never one  
 Has got so nice a dwelling  
 As I and my dear wife, who now  
 Our happy plans are telling.

For who would dwell upon a tree,  
 Exposed to stormy weather,  
 When he might have a stylish house  
 All snugly put together?  
 Not I, for one! I'd rather be  
 Inside my cosy home,  
 With all my little family,  
 When rain and tempest come.

And as we build our little nest  
 All in the mild spring weather,  
 Working away our very best,  
 My wife and I together,  
 We'll not forget to praise the hand  
 That wrought the martens' home,  
 And bless the kindly heart that planned  
 For "when the martens come."

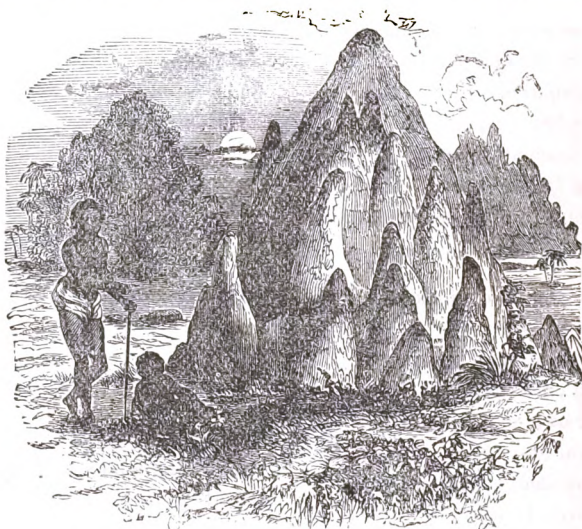
But woe to any villain hawk  
 That dares to come around!  
 For we'll be off and give him chase,  
 Where'er he may be found;  
 Even the eagle, lordly bird,  
 Proud monarch of the sky,  
 The marten's note of war has heard,  
 And shuns the marten's eye.



## AN INSECT TRIBE.

The ant has been from ancient times an insect much commented upon, as its singular habits of industry, and the wonderful amount of intelligence which its actions seem to indicate are sufficiently noticeable to arrest the attention of the observer. In tropical countries these insects attain a size unknown to such of their kind as inhabit colder regions, and they are often really formidable to man on account of their venomous sting and immense numbers. The ants of Australia are consum-

dens of housekeeping fall; it is their labor that erects the dwelling, and it is to them that the entire household must look for care and protection. The interior of the ant-hill consists of many chambers, which communicate with each other by means of winding passages. These chambers serve for the homes and safety of the larvæ, or embryo ants, which are under the careful charge of the working ants, and which the latter carry from one apartment to another, according to the exigencies of the hour.



ANT HILLS.

mate architects, and their habitations reach a size that attests their perseverance and ingenuity. They raise mounds three or four feet high, and in such numbers that they often extend over the plains as far as the eye can reach, placed so closely together that it is with difficulty that a wagon can pass between them. Being constantly exposed to the rays of a tropical sun, they grow so hard and firmly cemented together on the surface that they will support the weight of three or four men, and even a loaded wagon can sometimes pass over them without breaking down the walls.

The ant family is divided into three classes: the males, females and neuters; and it is upon the latter that all the bur-

When night comes on the young insects are placed in the very innermost chambers of the dwelling, and every crevice is closed through which the cold night air might penetrate; but as the morning sun falls upon the outside of the nest the busy workers immediately begin to carry their infant charges to the upper stories, where they may feel the genial warmth. Sometimes the workers go still further, and place the larvæ on the outside, to gain strength from the direct rays of the sun; but at the decline of a day, or approach of a shower, they hasten to again carry them to the interior of the hill, and close the entrances, to exclude cold or moisture.

The ant, for a long time, possessed an

enviable reputation for both industry and forethought; but the observations of modern naturalists have not established these good qualities as facts. It has been said that these insects provide a stock of grain for use in winter, when, in fact, they chiefly feed upon animal substances, though evincing a decided preference for sweets when they can get them. These stern naturalists even destroy the pretty notion that the ant really loves to work, and wishes for no other pleasure than a life devoted to incessant toil. They say that, so far from displaying such admirable devotion, these knowing insects actually get tired of their labors, and wickedly plot to lay the burden on other shoulders. In accordance with this idea they sally forth to attack a neighboring colony, and, if successful, seize the eggs and cocoons of their unfortunate opponents, carry them to their own mansion, and as soon as they are hatched force them to do all the work for the entire community. In winter, instead of feasting upon the stock of provisions provided by their forethought, they all lie torpid and senseless till the warmth of advancing spring rouses them to renewed action. Battles among ants have been known to take place, the two contending armies showing as much genuine rage and excitement as the occasion demanded. When the contest was ended the ground was strewn with the mangled remains of the combatants, not unlike a human battle-field.

It seems to be proved beyond a doubt that ants have power to communicate with each other, not by sound, but by means of their heads and antennae, with which they touch each other; and so well are these movements understood that thousands will flock to the spot in response to the warning. In the desperate wars carried on between rival colonies a single ant will sometimes give signals that induce the entire army of insects to change the route; and we are assured by trustworthy authors that one of the soldier ants has been known to leave the main army, return to the hillock, and in a short time issue thence with reinforcements.

The species of ants with which the inhabitants of temperate regions are acquainted are sometimes troublesome, but they are not to be compared with the large and venomous insects that flourish

in the heats of the tropics, and which will at times even invade the houses in countless numbers, forcing the occupants to fly by their fierce attacks in the form of biting and stinging. One of these tribes, found in the West Indies, is called the *Visiting Ant*.

Ants have their enemies, among the animals, and powerful ones they are. The *Aard-Vark*, or African Ant-Eater, belongs to the number, and wherever ant-hills abound he is sure to be near, though never to be seen in the daytime. At night he betakes himself to the most convenient ant-hill, excavates a place in it large enough to admit his long slender snout, thrusts his glutinous tongue into the opening, and thus entraps the ants, which rush to protect their dwelling, and become entangled in the glutinous saliva of the ant-eater's tongue, only to be swallowed in great numbers.

Another species of ant-eater, found in South America, is called the Great Ant-Eater, or Ant-Bear. This singular creature, as its name indicates, lives upon ants, though of so large a structure that such food would scarcely seem sufficient to sustain it. Unlike the *Aard-Vark*, the Ant-Bear does not introduce its tongue into the dwelling of the ants, but merely licks up with it the hordes of insects that issue from the hole made by its claws. "It seems almost incredible," says a writer, "that so robust and powerful an animal can procure sufficient sustenance from ants alone; but this circumstance has nothing strange in it for those who are acquainted with the tropical parts of America, and who have seen the enormous multitudes of these insects, which swarm in all parts of the country, to that degree that their hills often almost touch one another for miles together." The *Pangolins*, or Scaly Ant-Eaters, found in India, are likewise destructive to ants, and resemble the armadillos.

If the ant has been discovered to be less praiseworthy in its habits than was once supposed, no one can dispute its claims to great ingenuity and extraordinary intelligence for so small a creature; and in the latter respects it is not unlike many of its insect companions, which have developed singular traits of mathematical skill and instinct, challenging the greatest wonder and admiration.

## THE FATAL GLOVE:

—OR,—

## THE HISTORY OF A STREET-SWEEPER.

IN FOUR PARTS.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

## PART II.—[CONTINUED.]

The village clock struck half-past eight, warning Margie that it was almost time for the ceremony to take place. She started up, drew her cloak around her, and turned to leave the place. As she did so she felt a touch on her hand—the hand she held for a moment on the gate—as she stood giving a last sad look at the mound of earth she was leaving, a touch light and soft as a breath, but which thrilled her through every nerve.

She turned her head quickly, but saw nothing. Something like the sound of a receding footstep met her ear, nothing more, but she was convinced that there had been a human presence near her. Where? Her heart beat strangely; her blood, a moment before so chilled and stagnant, leaped through her veins like fire. From whence arose the change? Good Heaven! she thought, what is to become of me, if a touch arouses me like this, and I am about to become that man's wife?

She reached her chamber without meeting any one, and unlocking the door, rang for her attendants. The house was in strange confusion. Groups were gathered in the corridors, whispering together, and some unexplained trouble seemed to have fallen upon the whole place.

After a while Alexandrine came in, haggard and pale. Margie saw that her white dress was damp, and her hair uncurled, as if by the weather.

"Where have you been, Alexandrine?" she asked; "and what is the matter?"

The girl changed from white to crimson.

"I have been in my room," she replied.

"But your clothes are damp, and your hair uncurled—"

"The air is wet, and this great house is

as moist as an iceshed," returned the girl, hurriedly. "It is no wonder if my hair is uncurled. Margie, the—the—Mr. Linmere has not arrived!"

"Not arrived! It must be nine o'clock."

As she spoke the sonorous sounds of the clock proclaiming the hour vibrated through the house.

"We have been distracted about him for more than two hours! he should surely have been here by half-past six. Mr. Trevlyn has sent messengers to the depot, to make inquiries, and the office-keeper thinks Mr. Linmere arrived in the six o'clock train, but is not quite positive. Mr. Weldon went himself to meet the seven-thirty train, thinking perhaps he might have got detained, and would come on in the succeeding train, but he did not arrive. And there are no more trains to-night! O Margie, isn't it dreadful?"

Alexandrine's manner was strangely flurried and ill at ease, and the hand she laid on Margie's was cold as ice. Margie scrutinized her closely, wondering the while at her own heartless apathy. Something had occurred to stir the composure of this usually cool self-possessed woman fearfully. But what it was Margie could not guess.

Mr. Trevlyn burst into the room, pale and exhausted.

"It is no use!" he said, throwing himself into a chair, "no use to try to disguise the truth! There will be no wedding to-night, Margie. The bridegroom has failed to come. The scoundrel! If I were ten years younger I would call him out for this insult!"

Margie laid her hand on his arm, a strange new feeling of vague relief pervading her. It was as if some great weight,

under which her slender strength had wearied and sank, were rolled off from her. She feared to analyze the feeling, for she knew not what the future might disclose. She wished the present night might continue on and on, and the day never come with its sun, to shed light on every secret thing.

"Compose yourself, dear guardian; he may have been unavoidably detained. Some business—"

"Business on his wedding-day! No, Margie! there is something wrong somewhere. He is either playing us false, confound him! or he has met with some accident. By George! who knows but he has been waylaid and murdered? The road from here to the depot, though short, is a lonely one, with woods on either side! And Mr. Linnere carries always about his person enough valuables to tempt a desperate character."

"I beg you not to suppose such a dreadful thing!" exclaimed Margie, shuddering; "he will come in the morning, and—"

"But Hayes was positive that he saw him leave the six o'clock train. He described him accurately, even to saying that he had a bouquet of white camellias in his hand. Margie, what flowers was he to bring?"

She shook her head.

"Mrs. Weldon knows. I do not."

Alexandrine spoke:

"White camellias. I heard Mrs. Weldon ask him to fetch them."

Mr. Trevlyn started up.

"I will have out the entire household at once and search the whole estate! For I feel as if some terrible crime may have been done upon our very threshold. Margie dear, take heart, he *may* be alive and well!"

He went out to alarm the already excited guests, and in half an hour the place was alive with lanterns, carried by those who sought for the missing bridegroom.

Pale and silent, the women gathered themselves together in the chamber of the bride, and waited. Margie sat among them in her white robes, mute and motionless as a statue.

"It must be terrible to fall by the hand of an assassin!" said Mrs. Weldon, with a shudder. "Good heavens! what a dreadful thing it would be if Mr. Linnere has been murdered!"

"An assassin! My God!" cried Margie, a terrible thought stealing across her mind. Who had touched her in the cypress grove? What hand had woke in her a thrill that changed her from ice to fire? What if it were the hand of her betrothed husband's murderer?

Alexandrine started forward at Margie's exclamation. Her cheek was white as marble, her breath came quick and struggling.

"Margie! Margie Harrison?" she cried, "what do you mean?"

"Nothing," answered Margie, recovering herself, and relapsing into her usual self-composure.

They searched all that night, and found nothing. Absolutely nothing. With the early train both Mr. Trevlyn and Mr. Weldon went to the city. They hurried to Mr. Linnere's rooms, only to have their worst fears confirmed. Pietro informed them that his master had left there on the six o'clock train; he had seen him to the depot, and into the car, receiving some order from him relative to his rooms, after he had taken his seat.

There could be no longer any doubt but that there had been foul play somewhere. The proper authorities were notified, and the search began afresh. Harrison Park and its environs were thoroughly ransacked; the river was searched, the pond at the foot of the garden drained, but nothing was discovered. There was no clue by which the fate of the missing man could be guessed at, ever so vaguely.

Every person about the place was examined and cross-examined, but no one knew anything, and the night shut down, and left the matter in mystery. Pietro at length suggested Leo, Mr. Linnere's greyhound.

"Him no love his master," said the Italian, "but him scent keen. It will do no hurt to try him."

Accordingly, the next morning Pietro brought the dog up to the Park. The animal was sullen, and would accept of attentions from no one save Margie, to whom he seemed to take at first sight. And after she had spoken to him kindly, and patted his head, he refused all persuasions and commands to leave her.

Mr. Darby the detective, whose services had been engaged in the affair, exerted all his powers of entreaty on the dog, but the

animal clung to Margie, and would not even look in the direction of the almost frantic detective.

"It's no use, Miss Harrison," said Darby; "the cussed cur wont stir an inch. You will have to come with him! Sorry to ask ye, but this thing must be seen into."

"Very well, I will accompany you," said Margie, rising; and throwing on a shawl, she went out with them, followed by Mrs. Weldon, Alexandrine, and two or three other ladies.

Leo kept close to Margie, trotting along beside her, uttering every now and then a low whine indicative of anticipation and pleasure.

Darby produced a handkerchief which had belonged to Mr. Paul Linnere, and which he had found at his rooms, lying on his dressing-table. He showed this to the dog; Leo snuffed at it, and gave a sharp grunt of displeasure.

"We want you to find him, Leo, good dog," said the Italian, stroking the silky ears of the dog; "find your master."

Leo understood, but he looked around in evident perplexity.

"Take him to the depot!" said Mr. Trevlyn; "he may find the trail there."

They went down to the station; the dog sniffed hurriedly at the platform, and in a moment more dashed off into the highway leading to Harrison Park.

"Him got him?" cried Pietro; "him find my master?"

The whole company joined in following the dog. He went straight ahead, his nose to the ground, his fleet limbs bearing him along with a rapidity that the anxious followers found it hard to emulate.

At a brook which crossed the road he stopped, seemed a little confused, crossed it finally on stepping-stones, paused a moment by the side of a bare nut tree, leaped the fence, and dashed off through a grass field. Keeping steadily on, he made for the grounds of the Park, passed the drained pond and the frost-ruined garden, and pausing before the enclosure where slept the Harrison dead, he lifted his head and gave utterance to a howl so wild, so savagely unearthly, that it chilled the blood in the veins of those who heard. An instant he paused, and then dashing through the hedge, was lost to view.

"He is found! My master is found!"

said Pietro, solemnly, removing his cap, and wiping a tear from his eye. For the man was attached to Mr. Paul Linnere, in his rough way, and the tear was one of genuine sorrow.

His companions looked at each other. Alexandrine grasped the arm of Margie, and leaned heavily upon her.

"Let us go to the house—" she faltered.

"I cannot bear it."

"I will know the worst," said Margie, hoarsely; and they went on together.

It was so singular, but no one had thought to look within the graveyard enclosure; perhaps if they had thought of it, they judged it impossible that a murderer should select such a locality for the commission of his crime.

Mr. Darby opened the gate, entered the yard, and stopped. So did the others. All saw at once that the search was ended. Across the path leading to the graves of Mr. and Mrs. Harrison, lay Paul Linnere. He was white and ghastly; his forehead bare, and his sightless eyes wide open, looking up to the sun of noonday. His right hand lay upon his breast, his left still tightly grasped the turf upon which it had fixed its hold in the cruel death-agony. His garments were stiff with his own blood, and the dirk-knife, still buried to the hilt in his heart, told the story of his death.

Leo crouched a little way off, his eyes jubilant, his tail beating the ground, evincing the greatest satisfaction. All present knew that the dog rejoiced at the death of his master.

Alexandrine took a step toward the dead man, her back to the horror-stricken group by the gate. She stopped suddenly, and lifted something from the ground. Darby, alert and watchful, was by her side in a moment.

"What have you there?" he demanded.

"My glove which I dropped," she answered, quietly, holding up the dainty bit of embroidered kid.

The detective turned away satisfied; but Margie saw the girl's hand shake, and her lips grow pale as marble the moment Darby's keen eye was removed from her face. Well, it was no wonder if she did tremble, the sight before her was well calculated to affect a person of any feeling.

The discovery of the remains was followed by a long and tedious investigation.



There was an inquest, and a rigid examination of every person who could by any possibility be imagined capable of throwing any light on the murder, and after all was over the mystery was just as dark as at first.

Nothing was found to furnish the slightest clue to the assassin, except a white cambric handkerchief, just inside the graveyard, marked with the single initial "A" in one corner. This handkerchief might have belonged to the murderer, and it might have belonged to Mr. Linmere; that could not be determined. The article was given into the keeping of Mr. Darby; and after three days lying in state at Harrison Park, the body of Mr. Linmere was taken to Albany, where his relatives were buried, and laid away for its last sleep.

The community were highly indignant. People always want to fix the blame for every evil occurrence on some one, and for once they were foiled. No suspicion rested upon any person. Mr. Trevlyn offered a large reward for the apprehension of the murderer, or for information that would lead to his apprehension; and the town authorities offered an equal sum. Mr. Darby was retained to work upon the case, and there it rested.

Margie uttered no word in the matter. She was stunned by the suddenness of the blow, and she could not help being painfully conscious that she felt relieved by the death of this unfortunate man. God had taken her case into his hands in a manner too solemnly fearful for her to question.

Three months after the death of Paul Linmere Margie met Archer Trevlyn at the house of Alexandrine Lee. He was quite a constant visitor there, Mrs. Lee told her, with a little conscious pride, for young Trevlyn was being spoken of in business circles as a rising young man. He was to be admitted to partnership in the firm of Belgrade & Co. in the spring. And this once effected, his fortune was made. Society was ready to forget his low origin, if he was in prospect of being a rich man, for society is generally very gracious to those who purchase her favors with grains of gold.

There was a little whist party at Mrs. Lee's that evening, and Margie was persuaded to remain. After a while the company asked for music. Whist, the books

of engravings, and the *bijoux* of the centre-table were exhausted, and small-talk flagged. Margie was reluctantly prevailed on to play.

She was not a wonderful performer, but she had a fine ear, and played with finish and accuracy. But she sang divinely. To oblige her friends she sang a few new things, and then pausing, was about to rise from the instrument, when Mr. Trevlyn came to her side.

"Will you play something for me?" he asked, stooping over her. His dark passionate eyes brought the blood to her face—made her restless and nervous in spite of herself.

"What would you like?" she managed to ask.

"This!" He selected an old German ballad, long ago a favorite in the highest musical circles, but now cast aside for something newer and more brilliant. A simple touching little song of love and sorrow.

She was about to decline singing it, but something told her to beware of false modesty, and she sang it through.

"I thank you!" he said, earnestly, when she had finished. "It has done me good. My mother used to sing that song, and I have never wanted to hear it from any other lips—*until now*."

Alexandrine glided along, radiant as a humming-bird, her cheeks flushed, her black eyes sparkling, her voice sweet as a siren's.

"Sentimentalizing, I declare!" she exclaimed, gayly; "and singing that dreadful song, too! Ugh! it gives me the cold shudders to listen to it. How *can* you sing it, Margie dear?"

"Miss Harrison sang it at my request, Miss Lee," said Trevlyn, gravely; "it is an old favorite of mine. Shall I not listen to you now?"

Alexandrine took the seat Margie had vacated, and glanced up at the two faces so near her.

"Why, Margie!" she said, "a moment ago I thought you were a rose, and now you are a lily! What is the matter?"

"Nothing, thank you," returned Margie, coldly. "I am weary, and will go home soon, I think."

Trevlyn looked at her with tender anxiety, evidently forgetful that he had requested Miss Lee to play.

"You are wearied," he said. "Shall I call your carriage?"

"If you please, yes. Miss Lee I am sure will excuse me."

"I shall be obliged to, I suppose."

Trevlyn put Margie's shawl around her, and led her to the carriage. After he assisted her in he touched lightly the hand he had just released, and said "Good-night," his very accent a blessing.

In February Mr. Trevlyn received a severe shock. His aged wife had been an inmate of an insane asylum almost ever since the death of her son Hubert; and Mr. Trevlyn, though he had loved her with his whole soul, had never seen her face in all those weary years.

Suddenly, without any premonitory symptoms, her reason returned to her, and save that she was unmindful of the time that had elapsed during her insanity, she was the same Caroline Trevlyn of old.

They told her cautiously of her husband's old age, for the unfortunate woman could not realize that nearly twenty years had passed since the loss of her mind. The first desire she expressed was to see "John," and Mr. Trevlyn was sent for.

He came, and went into the presence of the wife from whom he had been so long divided, alone. No one knew what passed between them. The interview was a lengthy one, and Mr. Trevlyn came forth from it animated by a newborn hope. The wife of his youth was to be restored to him!

He made arrangements to take her home, but alas! they were never destined to be carried into effect. The secret fears of the physician were realized even sooner than he had expected. The approach of dissolution had dissolved the clouds so long hanging over the mind of Caroline Trevlyn. She lived only two days after the coming of her husband, and died in his arms, happy in the belief that she was going to her son.

Mr. Trevlyn returned home a changed being. All his asperity of temper was gone; he was as gentle as a child. Whole days he would sit in the chair where his wife used to sit in the happy days of her young wifehood, speaking to no one, smiling sometimes to himself, as though he heard some inner whisperings which pleased him.

One day he roused himself, seemingly, and sent for Mr. Speedwell, his attorney, and Dr. Drake, his family physician. With these gentlemen he was closeted the entire forenoon; and from that time forward his hold on the world and its things seemed to relax. He took little interest in anything transpiring around him; he did not even read the daily paper, or care to hear it read to him, and for years he had not failed to devour its columns daily.

One morning, when Margie went to take his gruel up to him—a duty she always performed herself—she found him sitting in his armchair, wide awake, but incapable of speech or motion.

The physician, hastily summoned, confirmed her worst fears. Mr. Trevlyn had been smitten with paralysis. He was in no immediate danger, perhaps; he might live for years, but was liable to drop away at any moment. It was simply a question of time. It was vain to think of or hope for a cure. All that could be done was to recommend quiet, and stimulating food, and embrocations.

Toward the close of the second day after his attack, the power of speech returned to Mr. Trevlyn. Margie had prayed so earnestly that it might, that she was not surprised to this answer to her prayers.

"Margie!" he said, feebly, "Margie, come here."

She flew to his side.

"I want you to send for Archer Trevlyn," he said, with great difficulty.

She made a gesture of surprise.

"You think I am not quite right in my mind, Margie, that I should make that request. But I was never more sane than at this moment. My mind never was clearer, my mental sight never more correct. I want to see my grandson."

Margie despatched a servant with a brief note to Archer, informing him of his grandfather's desire, and then sat down to wait his coming.

It was a wild stormy night in March; the boisterous wind beat against the old mansion, and, like a suffering human thing, down the wide old-fashioned chimneys shrieked.

Leo had been howling at intervals all day, but he now came and crept into Margie's lap, his great sagacious eyes fixed upon her face with a look as if he understood her sorrow, and pitied it. Mr. Trev-

lyn dozed. The fire burned low in the grate, and threw grotesque figures of the furniture on the ceiling.

In a lull of the storm there was a tap at the chamber door. Margie opened it, and stood face to face with Archer Trevlyn.

"Come in," she whispered; "he is asleep."

"No, I am not asleep," said the sick man; "has my grandson come?"

"He is here," said Margie. "I will leave him with you, dear guardian. Let him ring for me when you want me."

"Remain here, Margaret. I want you to be a witness to what passes between us. I have no secrets from you, dear child, none whatever. Archer, come hither."

Trevlyn advanced, his face pale, his eyes moist with tears. For, having forgiven his grandparent, he had been growing to feel for the desolate old man a sort of filial tenderness, and strong in his fresh young manhood, it seemed terrible to him to see John Trevlyn lying there in his helplessness and feebleness, waiting for death.

"Come hither, Archer," said the tremulous voice, "and put your hand on mine. I cannot lift a finger to you, but I want to feel once more the touch of kindred flesh and blood. I have annoyed you and yours sadly, my poor boy, but death sweeps away all enmities and all shadows. I see so clearly now. O, if I had only seen before!"

Arch knelt by the side of the bed, holding the old man's withered hands in his. Margie stood a little apart, regarding the pair with moist eyes.

"Call me grandfather once, my son; I have never heard the name from the lips of my kindred."

"Grandfather! O grandfather!" cried the young man, "now that you will let me call you so, you must not die! You must live for me."

"The decree has gone forth. There is from it no appeal. I am to die. I have felt the certainty a long time. O, for one year of existence, to right the wrongs I have done! But they could not be righted. Alas! if I had centuries of time at my command I could not bring back to life the dear son my cruelty hurried out of the world, or his poor wife, whose fair name I could, in my revenge for her love of my son, have taken from her! O Hubert! Hubert! O my darling! dearer to me than

my heart's blood—but so foully wronged!"

His frame shook with emotion, but no tears came to his eyes. His remorse was too deep and bitter for the surface sorrow of tears to relieve.

"Put it out of your mind, grandfather," said Arch, pressing his hand. "Do not think of it, to let it trouble you more. They are all, I trust, in heaven. Let them rest."

"And you tell me this, Archer? You who hated me so! You who swore a solemn oath to be revenged on me! Well, I do not blame you. I only wonder that your forbearance was so long-suffering. Once you would have rejoiced to see me suffer as I do now."

"I should; I say it to my shame. God forgive me for my wickedness! But for *her*"—looking at Margie—"I might have kept the sinful vow I made. She saved me."

"Come here, Margie, and kiss me," said the old man, tenderly. "My dear children! my precious children, both of ye! I bless you both—both of you together, do you hear? Once I cursed you, Archer—now I bless you! If there is a God, and I do at last believe there is, he will forgive me that curse; for I have begged it of him on my bended knees."

"He is merciful, dear guardian," said Margie, gently. "He never refuses the earnest petition of the suffering soul."

"Archer, your grandmother died a little while ago. My cruelty to your father made her for twenty long years a maniac. But before her death all delusion was swept away, and she bade me love and forgive our grandson—that she might tell your father and mother, when she met them in heaven, that at last all was well here below. I promised her, and since then my soul has been at peace. But I have longed to go to her—longed inexpressibly. She has been all around me, but so impalpable that when I put out my hands to touch her, they grasped only the air. The hands of mortality may not reach after the hands which have put on immortality."

He lay quiet a moment, then went on, brokenly:

"Archer, I wronged your parents bitterly, but I have repented it in dust and ashes. Repented it long ago, only I was too proud and stubborn to acknowledge it. Forgive me again, Archer, and kiss me before I die."

"I do forgive you, grandfather; I do forgive you with my whole heart." He stooped, and left a kiss on the withered forehead.

"Margie," said the feeble voice, "pray for me, that peace may come."

She looked at Archer, hesitated a moment, then knelt by the bedside. He stood silent, and then, urged by some uncontrollable impulse, he knelt by her side. Knelt in prayer! something he had not done since a little boy, he knelt at his mother's knee.

The girlish voice, broken, but sweet as music, went up to Heaven in a petition so fervent, so simple, that God heard and answered. The peace she asked for the dying man came.

Her pleading ceased. Mr. Trevlyn lay quiet, his countenance serene and hopeful. His lips moved; they bent over him, and caught the name of "Caroline."

Trevlyn's hand spught Margie's, and she did not repulse him. They stood together silently, looking at the white face on the pillows.

"He is dead!" Archer said, softly. "God rest him!"

After the funeral of John Trevlyn, his last will and testament was read. It created a great deal of surprise when it was known that all the vast possessions of the old man were bequeathed to his grandson—his sole relative—whom he had despised and denied almost to the day of his death. In fact, not a half-dozen persons in the city were aware of the fact that there existed any tie of relationship between John Trevlyn the miser, and Archer Trevlyn the head clerk of Belgrade & Co.

Of course, Mr. Archer Trevlyn at once became a person of consequence. Young ladies flattered him, and declared his history was just like a romance. Calculating papas and mammas gave him dinners, and obliging brothers dropped into his rooms frequently, to talk over the opera, and smoke a cigar. Men who had turned the cold shoulder to the struggling little street-sweeper, men who had flung a penny to him with an oath for troubling them, were now ready to fawn upon the wealthy Mr. Archer Trevlyn, and beg for favors at his hands.

Arch's good fortune did not change him a particle. He gave less time to business, it is true, but he spent it in hard study.

His early education had been defective, and he was doing his best to remedy the lack.

Early in the autumn following the death of his grandfather, he went to Europe, and after the lapse of a year, returned again to New York. The second day after his arrival, he went out to Harrison Park. Margie had passed the summer there, with an old friend of her mother for company, he was told, and would not come back to the city before December. During the twelve months of his absence, Archer had not heard from her, and he did not know what change might have come over her. But when he thought of her, it was always as the Margie of his boyhood's dream. Time, he said, could never bring much change to a spirit like hers.

It was a cold stormy night in September when he knocked at the door of Miss Harrison's residence; but a cheery light shone from the window, and streamed out of the door which the servant held open.

He inquired for Miss Harrison, and was shown at once into her presence. She sat in a low chair, her dress of sombre black relieved by a white ribbon at the throat, and by the chestnut light of the shining hair that swept in unbound luxuriance over her shoulders. She rose to meet her guest, scarcely recognizing Archer Trevlyn in the bronzed bearded man before her.

"Miss Harrison," he said, gently, "it is a cold night; will you not give a warm welcome to an old friend?"

She knew his voice instantly. A bright color leaped to her cheek, an embarrassment which made her a thousand times dearer and more charming to Arch Trevlyn, possessed her. But she held out her hands, and said a few shy words of welcome.

Arch sat down beside her, and the conversation drifted into recollections of their own individual history. They spoke to each other with the freedom of very old friends, forgetful of the fact that this was almost the very first conversation they had ever had together.

After a while, Arch said, "Miss Harrison, do you remember when you first saw me?"

She looked at him a moment, and hesitated before she answered.

"I may be mistaken, Mr. Trevlyn. If so excuse me; but I think I saw you first, years and years ago, in a flower store."

"You are correct; and on that occasion your generous kindness made me very happy. I thought it would make my mother happy also. I ran all the way home, lest the roses might wilt before she saw them." He stopped, and gazed into the fire.

"Was she pleased with them?"

"She was dead. We put them in her coffin. They were buried with her."

Margie laid her hand lightly on his.

"I am so sorry for you! I, too, have buried my mother!"

After a little silence, Arch went on:

"The next time you saw me was when you gave me these." He took out his pocket-book, and displayed to her, folded in white paper, a cluster of faded bluebells. "Do you remember them?"

"I think I do. You were knocked down by the pole of the carriage?"

"Yes. And the next time? Do you remember the next time?"

"I do."

"I thought so. I want to thank you, now, for your generous forbearance. I want to tell you how your keeping my secret made a different being of me. If you had betrayed me to justice, I might have been now an inmate of a prison cell. Margie Trevlyn, your silence saved me! Do me the justice to credit my assertion, when I tell you that I did not enter my grandfather's house because I cared for the plunder I should obtain. I had taken a vow to be revenged on him for his cruelty to my parents, and Sharp, the man who was with me, represented to me that there was no surer way of accomplishing my purpose than by taking away the treasures that he prized. For that only I became a housebreaker. I deserved punishment. I do not seek to palliate my guilt; but I thank you again for saving me!"

"I could not do any otherwise than remain silent. When I would have spoken your name, something kept me from doing it. I think I remembered always the pitiful face of the little street-sweeper, and I could not bear to bring him any more suffering."

"Since those days, Miss Harrison, I have met you frequently—always by accident—but to-night it is no accident. I came here on purpose. For what, do you think?"

"I do not know—how should I?"

"I have come here to tell you what I

longed to tell you years ago! what was no less true then than it is now; what was true of me when I was a street-sweeper, what has been true of me ever since, and what will be true of me through time and eternity."

He had drawn very near to her—his arm stole around her waist, and he sat looking down into her face with his soul in his eyes.

"Margie, I love you! I have loved you since the first moment I saw you. There has never been a shade of wavering; I have been true to you through all. My first love will be my last. Your influence has kept me from the lower depths of sin; the thought of you has been my salvation from ruin! Margie, my darling! I love you! I love you!"

"And yet you kept silent all these years! O Archer!"

"I could not do differently. You were as far above me as the evening star is above the earth it shines upon! It would have been base presumption in the poor saloon waiter, or the dry goods' clerk, to have aspired to the hand of one like you. And although I loved you so, I should never have spoken, had not fate raised me to the possession of a fortune equal to your own, and given me the means of offering you a home worthy of you. But I am waiting for my answer. Give it to me, Margie."

Her shy eyes met his, and he read his answer in their clear depths. But he was too exacting to be satisfied thus.

"Do you love me, Margie? I want to hear the words from your lips. Speak, darling. They are for my ear alone, and you need not blush to utter them."

"I do love you, Archer. I believe I have loved you ever since the first."

"And you will be mine? All my own?"

She gave him her hands. He drew the head, with its soft bright hair to his breast, and kissed the sweet lips again and again, almost failing to realize the blessed reality of his happiness.

It was late that night before Arch Trevlyn left his betrothed bride, and took his way to the village hotel. But he was too happy, too full of sweet content, to heed the lapse of time. At last, the longing of his life was satisfied. He had heard her say that she loved him.

And Margie sat and listened to the sound of his receding footsteps, and then went up

to her chamber to pass the night, wakeful, too content to be willing to lose the time in sleep; and so the dawn of morning found her with open eyes.

The ensuing winter was a very gay one. Margaret Harrison returned to New York under the chaperonage of her friend, Mrs. Weldon, and mingled more freely in society than she had done since the season she "came out." She took pleasure in it, now; for Archer Trevlyn was welcomed everywhere. He was a favored guest in the most aristocratic homes, and people peculiarly exclusive were happy to receive him into their most select gatherings. Verily the time must have passed when knowledge is placed before all other acquirements, and gold has been elected king. For Archer Trevlyn the millionaire was no more deserving than Archer Trevlyn the dry goods clerk had been.

His engagement with Margie was made public, and the young people were overwhelmed with the usual compliment of politely-expressed hopes and fashionable congratulations. These dear disinterested people were looking forward to the time when Margie would be mistress of the elegant brown stone mansion going up on Fifth Avenue, and be giving entertainments to which it would be like a patent of respectability to receive an invitation.

The gentlemen said Miss Harrison had always been beautiful, but this season she was more than that. Hope is a rare beautifier. It painted Margie's cheeks and lips

with purest rose color, and gave a light to her eyes, and a softness to her sweet voice.

Of course she did not mingle in society—even though her engagement was well known—without being surrounded by admirers. They fairly took her away from Arch, sometimes; but he tried to be patient. Before the apple trees in the green country valleys were rosy with blossoms, she was to be all his own. He could afford to be generous.

Among the train of her admirers was a young Cuban gentleman, Louis Castrani, a man of fascinating presence and great personal beauty. He had been unfortunate in his first love. She had died a few days before they were to have been married—died by the hand of violence, and Castrani had shot the rival who murdered her. Public opinion had favored the avenger, and he had not suffered for the act; but ever since he had been a prey to melancholy. He told Margie his history, and it aroused her pity; but when he asked her love, she refused him, gently, telling him that her heart was another's. He had suffered deeply from her disappointment, but he did not give up her society, as most men would have done. He still hovered around her, content if she gave him a smile, or a kind word, seeming to find his best happiness in anticipating her every wish before it was uttered. Indeed, he was more like a faithful than a rejected lover, and Margie, though she was annoyed by his attentions, pitied him too sincerely to be rude.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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### TO KATRINA.

BY FRANK W. FARWELL.

You ask me that I will forget  
That you were ever dear to me;  
And though your heart throbs with regret,  
Far sweeter hopes are born to thee.

Does e'er the sun forget to shine  
Alike on humble, poor and proud?  
Can it obey one word of thine,  
And to a part its fulgence shroud?  
*Riverside, Cal., March, 1875.*

But flowers bloom as bright to-day,  
And birds their warbling carols sing,  
As when, to hide the blush away,  
Thou didst unto my bosom cling.

I gaze into the buried past,  
And lift the veil to future years,  
I dreamed a dream too sweet to last—  
I wake to find it end in tears.

## A "BEACH-COMBER'S" YARN.

BY W. H. MACY.

TOM CALLIGAN, before he shipped with us in the Lancaster, had been a resident of Maranua for several years, leading a semi-savage life as a beach-comber. He was a burly specimen of the genus known among seamen as the Liverpool Irishman, with energy enough to give him influence among rogues of his own class and grade, and just enough of intelligence and book-learning to make him a more dangerous man than he would have been if less ignorant. Our officers had much difficulty at times with Tom, who could ill brook the regular discipline of the ordinary American ship, and every now and then set out to have his own way. As Captain Bowen flatly refused to discharge him when we arrived at Honolulu, Tom took his own discharge, by going ashore on liberty, and never returning on board. And that was the last I ever heard of Tom Calligan; for no one cared much about looking him up, and his place was soon after filled by some other adventurer.

But it was because I had Tom for a shipmate that cruise that I am able to throw light upon the mystery which had before enshrouded the fate of the barque Chloe Ann and her crew; for once Tom, when in a communicative mood, let out the whole story to me and the cook, and described in his own way the scenes, in which it appeared he himself had been one of the chief actors.

The Chloe Ann had sailed, several years before this story was told us by Tom, on a trading voyage from Sidney, and the last intelligence from her came through the report of a whaler, which had spoken her among the Micronesian groups. She had touched at Pleasant Island, and the captain had signified his intention of going further to the westward, among the Caroline Islands, as he expected to do a good business in getting *beche-de-mer*, and then dispose of it in China. But the Chloe Ann never entered a Chinese port; and this was the last ever known of her, until the truth was revealed by Tom Calligan.

"I was there," said Tom, "high in the confidence of old Scutleroona, the chief

Nannikin at Maranua. Not a bad name for the old savage, either; for he had *scuttled* and burned more than one good ship, to my knowledge. I had been there two years on the island, having deserted from the whaler in which I escaped from Norfolk Island."

"But how came you on Norfolk Island?" I asked.

"O never mind; I'm not going back to tell the story of my birth, parentage and education. That has nothing to do with the case of the Chloe Ann. You must take just what you can get from me; and perhaps, if you don't let me spin the yarn in my own way just at this present time, I shall shut my teeth again, and you'll never get it. 'Tisn't often I feel just in the mood to run over my past life."

There was no more to be said by me or the cook, and Tom was suffered to go on in his own way.

"We were then getting quite poor at Maranua. Very few vessels had visited the island for the season previous; there was a famine in the tobacco and gunpowder line, and even old Scutleroona's treasury was getting low, though he was a grasping old wretch, and used his power to confiscate almost anything he wanted from his poor understrappers. He had been overhauling the locker and taking account of stock one evening, and I must confess the meagre supply made a mighty poor show for a royal exchequer. He told me that if he did not soon have a chance to replenish out of some vessel he should feel obliged to declare war against the Nannikin of the neighboring island of Orakow, and make a raid with his whole fleet of war-canoes for purposes of plunder. I, of course, had nothing to do but obey orders if called upon to go on such an expedition; but I gave my advice, as far as I dared, against it, telling the old thief I didn't think it would pay, as they were quite as poor, in the things which we wanted, at Orakow as we were ourselves, and the booty wouldn't be worth the cost and sacrifice of life. But he cared as little about a few common men's lives, in such a case,

as the king of any civilized country would—and that's little enough.

"But at daylight the next morning there was a wild hallooing and gathering of barbarians on the beach, for a sail was in sight, making for the harbor on the southwest side of the island. I ran down to examine her with the spyglass. We had but one instrument of this kind, and I had the whole care and charge of it. It was a very powerful one, and was part of the plunder from the French ship—but never mind; that's no part of my story.

"Well, I easily made out that the stranger was a small barque, and from the scarcity of boats, and other signs about her, that she was no whaler. Canoes were launched in a hurry. Old Scutleroona insisted on going himself to visit and examine the ship, and away we went out over the reef, shaping a course to head her off.

"Before we had got alongside of her the Nannikin had made up his mind to take her, and had signified as much to me. She would be an easier prize for us than any whaleship could be, for she was not as strongly manned; and a more valuable one, too, if, as we now judged, she was a trader, and had on board a large stock of the very commodities we wanted.

"Of course, the first stroke of policy was to throw the captain completely off his guard, by pretending the greatest friendliness; and by lying stories of the great abundance of *beche-de-mer* and shells at Maranua, to induce him to come into the anchorage. We soon found that he had never visited the place before, which made the deception all the easier. I at once offered my services as pilot, and under my guidance the Chloe Ann was soon worked up into the little smooth basin inside the reef, and brought to in six fathoms, riding by a single anchor, and that her smallest bower.

"The skipper's name was Craig, a short stout man, with a bluff hearty manner about him, and far more courage after an emergency arrived than discretion in guarding against it beforehand. He had only ten men before the mast, and was not as well provided with arms and other means of defence as a vessel on such a dangerous voyage should have been. It was afternoon when we came to anchor; and as we had promised to go with the captain next morning in his boat further up the lagoon,

where we had represented to him that the *beche-de-mer* was very abundant, he decided to give the day up to rest and jollity. Indeed, the man seemed to feel himself in a perfectly safe position, and to be as much off his guard as if he had just anchored his ship in the haven of a Christian port. And this was just what old Scutleroona desired, and had been aiming at.

"Meanwhile, the warriors all had their instructions, and understood them thoroughly. But no word or movement must indicate this until the preconcerted signal should be given; and to lull suspicion, the women still remained in and about the vessel, mingling freely with the crowd. After a time, Captain Craig, having invited me with Nannikin into his cabin, where he set his decanters before us and invited us to drink success to his voyage, proposed to go ashore with us, taking a couple of hands with him, in the little jolly-boat. We, of course, encouraged this, and he ordered his boat away, while we, in the canoe, followed closely in his wake. As we pushed off from the ship a private signal was given, and fully understood; which was for the females to withdraw from the scene—not suddenly, or all at once, but to drop away, a few at a time, so that no notice should be taken by the officers of the barque. Savages, when about to undertake any warlike movement—or, indeed, any ceremony of grave importance—always get their women out of the way. They are not only firm believers in 'woman's sphere' as something entirely distinct from man's, but they seem to think that the very presence of females bodes ill luck.

"When we landed the captain was invited up to the chief's house, where he, in turn, was invited to drink the native beverage, a preparation made by soaking the *Kava* root, being provided in ample quantity. It was nothing new or strange to his taste, as it is commonly used at many of the islands which he had visited. His two oarsmen were meanwhile kept in view and carefully watched by natives detailed for that purpose. And while the *Kava* ceremonies were in progress, reports were made from time to time of how things were going on outside. No attack must be made until the women were all on shore, and this, at the rate they were moving, was not likely to be the case soon enough to suit the impatience of old Scutleroona. For



he, somewhat inflamed by his potations, had for once forgotten his usual wily tactics, and was inclined to precipitate matters. The captain noticed this uneasiness on the part of the Nannikin, and became uneasy in turn. He got up from his seat and moved to the door, where he could get a view of the ship. Now that his suspicions were stirred, his quick eye instantly detected the fact that the women were leaving, while the men still hung round in full force; and a certain something in the general aspect of things indicated danger. Instead of returning to his seat, he passed out, and started down the slope towards his small boat, at the same time calling out the names of his two men. The word was passed quickly to the Nannikin, who, now infuriated to frenzy, and seeing that nothing could be gained by further delay, seized a conch-shell, and blew a tremendous blast upon it, which might be heard even to the opposite side of the bay. This was the signal for war; and until this sound was heard, no native of Maranua would have ventured to break the peace with the strangers.

"But in an instant all was changed, and the onset began simultaneously at all points. The two men who came in the boat with Captain Craig, being taken by surprise, were struck down with clubs where they stood, and quickly disposed of. But the captain himself, seeing that there was no escape in the direction of his boat, turned and stood at bay, with a revolver covering the door where the Nannikin would come out. A tall savage made a blow at him with his war-club, but the captain adroitly dodged it, and quickly changing the direction of his pistol, sent a bullet into the heart of his assailant, who fell dead in his tracks. The rest, with their instinctive dread of firearms, fell back a little in a panic, notwithstanding the fierce cries of old Scutleroona, urging them to close in upon their victim. But no one wished to be the first to advance, as some must die before the captain could be overpowered. It was a gallant sight to see this brave captain standing there, still keeping his aim fixed upon the doorway, while, quick as lightning, he dodged several spears which were hurled at him from flank and rear, not daring to turn his head or lose his guard for a moment, though the cries of his officers and crew, engaged

in mortal struggle, were ringing in his ears. The Nannikin ordered me to advance and take aim at him with my old ship's musket, which was the best we had among us. But I had no idea of being the first to die at the muzzle of that revolver.

"Go forward and kill him!" screamed the insane old chief.

"Go yourself!" said I, sulkily; for which I should no doubt have lost my life at the hands of the chief, had he survived. But he had no time then to quarrel with me, and saw no way open for him but to lead the attack himself. He rushed to the door, but the captain's keen eye never wavered, and the ball entered his brain ere he could take another step. At the same moment, having got the aim I wanted, I drew the trigger of the old musket, but she missed fire! Before I could get her cocked, the captain's third shot broke those two fingers—you see, there—and I was disabled from using the gun. But a club, hurled with great force by the Nannikin's son, at the next instant struck the captain across the side of his head, while a spear pierced his back at the same moment. He fell to the ground, and was at once overpowered, and put to death with numerous wounds; but not until another savage had fallen under the fourth bullet from the revolver.

"Meanwhile, the work of blood was progressing on board the *Chloe Ann*, where the crew were taken unawares; and though there was some fighting, and several of the natives were wounded, there was nothing like organized resistance to the attack for which they were quite unprepared. In half an hour after the first onset the barque was in our hands, and not a man left alive; for the savages acted upon the principle that 'dead men tell no tales.'

"There was a great wailing and clamor at the 'wake' of old Scutleroona that night, and the body was prepared for burial by being swathed in mats until the bundle bore no semblance in form to a human body. His son Corniboot, who, besides his family claims, had won great credit for having given the first wound to the brave Captain Craig, was installed in authority as head Nannikin of the tribe; and the orgies were kept up until morning. All the bodies of the murdered white men were burned, together with their clothing, which might have told tales, and which was of no

use to savages in so mild a climate as that of Maranua.

"But the work of plunder and pillage called for the attention of all the next day; and though the young king attempted to superintend and regulate this work, he found his new authority quite insufficient. Each warrior sought to appropriate the lion's share; but I must say that Corniboot afterwards proved himself quite as much of a pirate as his lamented father, and took what he wanted from his subjects wherever he could lay hands on it.

"The Chloe Ann, after she had been stripped of all that was valued by the robbers, was towed up into the lagoon, where it was not likely that any other vessel ever would anchor, and there set on fire. The sight of the bonfire was highly enjoyed by the savage spectators. They danced, and yelled, and drank *Kava*, until nature was quite exhausted; and the priests, or 'orators,' never ceased their boastful chants of the prowess of the warriors until all sank together into insensibility.

"I was disgusted with all this business; and though I have been through many rough scenes in the course of my life, and cannot profess to be very sensitive on moral points, I could not help feeling that I had got into very bad company this time; and, furthermore, that it was only at great risk of my life that I could ever get clear of my associates. I might have warned the captain of his danger, but I hardly dared to do this, as the least sign of watchfulness on his part would have aroused the chief's suspicions of me, and my life would have been the forfeit. I had tried to take no active part in the affray; and among all the thoughts of my wickedness that haunt me in my sober moods, it is always a satisfaction to remember that my gun snapped, as I have not the blood of the brave Captain Craig on my hands. At that moment I could do no less than fire at him in defence of my own life. Still, I confess that my refusal to obey the orders of old Scutleroona was quite as much from cowardice as from any qualms of conscience. The bold bearing of the captain really frightened the whole of us.

"I found young Corniboot a much harder master to serve than his father had been, and I lived a miserable life for the next two years. As I possessed a secret which, if disclosed, would call down the vengeance

of the British government upon the islanders, it is not strange that they regarded me with suspicious eyes. I was not allowed to go on board of any ship during all this time. The idea of being thus cooped up, at the mercy of a capricious savage, who might, at any time take a fancy to knock me on the head, or impale me with a spear, was horrible enough; and of course my mind was made up to seize the first opportunity to escape, even at any risk of life.

"I had a small canoe, in which I was accustomed to go outside the reef, torching for flying-fish; but as I generally went in company with many other canoes, no one thought of my escape by this means, as it would not be easy for one canoe to leave the fleet without being observed. But here was my only chance, and I resolved to make the most of it.

"One day, the whole population had been out driving a brisk trade with a ship which had been lying off and on. I was kept confined all day, with a guard over me, lest I should by any chance communicate with those on board; but making a pretext for going outside the house a moment, I had seen enough of the vessel at a distance to assure me that she was an American whaler. From what I heard dropped by Corniboot after his return to the shore, I also learned that the captain intended to run down to the island of Orakow, and lie off and on there the next day. Here then was my opportunity.

"My only companion in the little canoe that night was a lad of about fifteen, who was the son of a chief, and whose heathen name I always Anglicized into 'Bob.' I contrived to get the lee position of the fleet and pretending to be entirely absorbed in the sport of torching for the fish, I suffered my little boat to drift, insensibly increasing my distance from all my consorts. At the proper moment, I fell against Bob as if by accident, knocking the torch out of his hand, overboard. He opened his mouth to utter an exclamation; but it was choked in the utterance by my grip upon his throat. I had a gag ready, and the boy was soon quiet enough in the bottom of the canoe.

"A little more drift was allowed to get out of sight and hearing of the fleet, and then I trimmed my sail of matting and bore away with a free sheet, shaping a course as near as I could judge for the island,

Orakow, which is about forty miles from Maranua. My light craft glided swiftly along, and soon after the moon rose. I was gladdened with a sight of the land looming in the distance. I had relieved Bob of the gag, and allowed him to sit up; but he understood the situation, and had sense enough to submit to my orders. On we sped until daylight disclosed to me the ship which I had so much desired to see. She was but a few miles distant from the land, and headed in towards it. I was for a time entirely absorbed in looking at her and at the beautiful shores, for Orakow is an island of great natural beauty; but my fellow-voyager, Bob, naturally looked to windward, and I caught sight of what looked like a glimmer of joy in his eye. Turning my head and glancing astern, I saw the sail of a canoe at no great distance—another look, and I could see her hull as she rose upon a sea. I stood up on the gunwale; I could see another and yet another coming down before the breeze. They were larger canoes than mine, and could make more rapid way under the pressure of their immense 'leg-of-mutton' sails. The swiftest vessels of the fleet were evidently in hot pursuit of me. There would be no safety for me in landing at Orakow, and the ship was yet so distant from me that I could not afford to laugh at my pursuers.

"I trimmed my sail to do its best, and ordered Bob to paddle for dear life. The rogue did not do this with a very good grace, for of course he desired to be overtaken; and I could not ply my own paddle, for the canoe would lose way too fast by yawing about, if left to herself. I must stick to my post in the stern and keep her straight. I exhorted and swore at the lad, but he evidently put out very little strength upon his paddle, though he continued to make the motions, merely from fear of a crack over his head. Every time I glanced behind me, the pursuers loomed nearer and nearer; and I could soon make out that the leading canoe was that of Corniboot himself.

"I stripped off the shirt which I wore (jumper-fashion, outside of my trousers like all beach-combers), and attached it to a stick as a signal to attract the attention of those on board the ship. Of course they would take no interest in this grand canoe regatta, until they knew that one of the

parties was a white man. I worked myself into a high state of excitement until I saw by the manoeuvres of the whaler as she luffed sharp by and made more sail, that this interest was awakened. Then I forced myself to be calm, and prepared for a struggle in which I meant to be killed rather than be taken back into captivity.

"Gradually and steadily the Nannikin's canoe gained upon me, impelled by her great sail and by four pairs of nervous arms plying their paddles with a will, and seeming none the less fresh for their laborious chase which had lasted all night. I could see the dreadful grin of exultation in Corniboot's face, and realized what a cruel fate mine would be, if he got me again into his power. The next canoe was only a few ship's lengths astern of his, and others were coming up, the men at the paddles making the clear morning air vocal with their yells of triumph and delight. If the ship would only fire a shot from her big gun, now!—or fire the gun with powder only, for that would answer the purpose quite as well. Her maintopsail swings in aback; and down comes a whaleboat from the davits into the water. 'Hurrah!' I cried in my wild excitement, for I felt that there was a chance to be saved yet!

"But the whaleboat, though light and swift, must pull to windward; and it seemed an age, though only a minute in reality, before the men got ready to lay back on their oars with that long and regular stroke in which whalemens can excel all other men in the world. Nearer and nearer—the large canoe already laps by my quarter—the steersman gives her a sheer to lay her aboard of me, and the man in the bow seizes my gunwale with eager grasp—but my paddle, swung with all the strength I possessed, descends edgewise upon his fingers, crushing the bones—and we are again separated, while his howls of pain are frightful to hear. I have gained a little way by this operation, and while there's life, there's hope!

"It is evident, however, that I must prepare for another crisis before the whalemens can arrive; for the large canoe soon begins again to lessen the distance between us. My boy Bob also shows signs of treachery and a desire to give aid and comfort to the enemy, as it was natural that he should do. He refuses now even to make the motions of paddling, and is en-

couraged to set me at open defiance. Again the canoe comes up alongside; and as I raise my paddle to strike the nearest savage, the lad closes with me and grasps my arm!

"For an instant, I was helpless; but letting go my paddle, I seized the luckless boy by the neck and the leg, and darted him bodily head first, full in the face of Corniboot himself, whose face, illumined by that dreadful grin, was now within two feet of me. The shock was so severe, that both were knocked overboard, bleeding and partially stunned. Another savage makes a grab at me to drag me into the Nannikin's canoe; but I slip through his arms like an eel, and diving, come up on the off-side, and strike out, swimming towards the approaching whaleboat.

"My own little skiff had broached to when left to her own guidance; and as the two lay grappled, side by side, the whale-

boat coming stern on in full career, dashed into them, making a complete wreck of both the frail structures. Poor Bob and Corniboot, who appeared to be seriously hurt, were helped into the next canoe, which was now close at hand, while willing hands and strong arms pulled me into the boat. We did not stop to parley; the disappointed barbarians, howling louder than ever, took the back track for Maranua, and a few minutes later, I was telling my story on board the *Vesper* of New London.

"That is, I mean I told a *part* of my story, but I have never let out the real facts about the *Chloe Ann* until now. As wicked as I am I have always been sorry for the part that I had in the affair, and wish that I had forewarned Captain Craig, even at the risk of my life. He was an unwise and foolhardy man—but a brave one even to the death."

## SUNNY DAYS.

BY EMMA J. WHITNEY.

O, the days like spice-blown roses with their beauty and perfume,  
When the hours are crowned with lilies just breaking into bloom;  
When a tender haze falls slowly over dewy steeps and fells,  
And the bees are humming softly as they swing in scarlet bells;

When the air is blossom-tinted, and the breath of scented pines  
Mingles with the rich aroma of the honeysuckle vines;  
When from pearl-fringed mossy valleys, fragrant woodlands, 'broidered plains,  
Float in silver waves of music, thrilling songs and sweet refrains.

O, the fleeting white-robed hours! when from hidden cosy nooks  
Spring the opal-tinted flowers, lines from Nature's open book;  
Fragrant Mayflowers, snowy bunch-plums, wee small daisies golden-tipped,  
Shadowy ferns and fair pale jonquils, and the wild pink crimson-lipped.

O, the mountains! where the shimmer of the summer sunshine lies  
Like rippling golden wavelets where the fleecy cloud-shade flies;  
Where the forest-murmur mingles with the singing of the rills,  
As they linger in the hollows, or dash a-down the hills,  
Ringing out in sparkling music till the sweet-voiced echoes wake  
All along the ferny upland and the borders of the lake.

O, the low green sunny meadows! flecked with jewels, sweet with blooms,  
With the crystal dewbells chiming as they swing on fire-tipped plumes;  
Where the dainty snow-white lily bows her head with lowly grace,  
And the rose beneath the leaflets half-hides her blushing face;  
As the fervid wind, in passing, like a lover, stops and sips  
Long, sweet kisses, softly stolen, from the rarely fragrant lips!  
*Plymouth, N. H., May, 1875.*

THE EXCLUSIVE MRS. EDGEWELL.

BY MRS. CAROLINE ORNE.

CHAPTER I.

"**THERE**, Aunt Edgewell, I have finished the last of the six ruffles for your beautiful India muslin."

Cecilia Laurens said this in an airy cheerful way, as she clipped the half-used needleful of thread, and looked up to a middle-aged lady who sat languidly leaning back in a lounging-chair.

"Have you?" said her aunt, coldly.

"Yes, aunt; and to hem and gather six such long strips of muslin is no little achievement, in my opinion. The next thing, I suppose, is to sew the ruffles on to the dress."

"No, I have other work for you to do. I've decided that a muslin dress is not what I ought to wear to Mrs. Hovedon's party."

"Why, no dress could be more lovely, aunt!"

"A nun's white robes may be lovely, but I have decided that I must have something magnificent—superb!"

"Why must you?"

"Cecilia, how dull you are! Don't you think of any reason?"

"None in the world, auntie. If a week ago you thought the white muslin dress would be just what you wished to wear, why not think so now?"

"You will not repeat the question when I tell you that Lady Blois, from England, whose husband died several years ago, leaving her an immense fortune, is to be at the party, accompanied by her nephew Sir Tancred Overdue, who is to be her heir. I've been trying all the morning to think of some fabric for a dress rich enough to be in keeping with my costliest jewels. Nothing but the skirt of the muslin dress is done, and, as you think it is so beautiful, you can have it fitted for you to wear to the party. You are a trifle taller than I am, but there are more ways than one to remedy that."

"O yes, certainly."

"But what am I to wear? I'm in a labyrinth of doubt and perplexity. I want something unique as it is splendid. Then, there's another thing that frets and wor-

ries me. I can think of no dressmaker on whose inventive talent I can depend. I won't have it made in the same fashion that Mrs. A., and Mrs. B., and Mrs. Everybody have theirs."

"I think that Miss Linton is a good dressmaker."

"Yes, good; but after good come better, best. None but the superlative will do for me, on what I call this great occasion."

"Possibly were Miss Linton and I to combine our inventive powers, we could think of something that may prove satisfactory."

"Your suggestion gives me a ray of light," said Mrs. Edgewell, with an air of satisfaction. "The dressmaker you refer to must be consulted at once. And you, I know, will think as I do, that it will be nothing more than right for you to give the matter your time and your undivided attention, until you can arrive at what, to me, will be a satisfactory result; as in reality it is all for your benefit. I am too unselfish not to ignore what might be for my own advantage in a crisis like this."

"Why, aunt, do you think that going to Mrs. Hovedon's party is important enough to be called a crisis?"

"Yes, I do. You seem to forget there's to be a peeress and a baronet of England present, and that consequently my appearance must be such as to show my position in society. It will be of much consequence to you, as you will be known as my niece, and your introduction to a baronet may prove the pivot on which the wheel of fortune will, as it were, make a golden turn."

"Some things are better than gold."

"An assertion truly remarkable for its wisdom," said Mrs. Edgewell, in a tone of sarcasm. "No doubt the young mechanic I saw you talking with yesterday is one of them."

"He is, if a good name, skill and talent are better. I heard the celebrated telescope maker, whom I saw the other day, say that Julian Herbert could make as good a telescope as he could."

"In other words, he is a good mechanic. A carpenter, as a carpenter, may stand as

high as the ridgepole of the house he helps build, but a mechanic has no legitimate claim to be called a gentleman."

"It isn't the talent of constructiveness and skill of hand that entitles Julian Herbert to the appellation of gentleman. It is his intellectual and moral worth, and that true politeness which springs from the heart, that make him worthy of that distinction. Those who know him best call him a gentleman; and what is better, he is one."

"He isn't called so by those who understand and recognize the right to be exclusive. In Europe he would be looked down upon by the higher classes, and called a *parvenu*."

Cecilia flushed a little, for she could not help being disconcerted and slightly irritated by her aunt's disparaging remarks relative to Julian Herbert. But as soon as she had time to realize the folly and incongruity of aping the manners and usages of the European aristocracy, founded as they are on institutions so different from those of a republic, her sense of the ludicrous, augmented by the powerful solemnity depicted in her aunt's elongated countenance, as she gave utterance to her ultra highbred ideas, wrought in her mind so speedy a revulsion, that she found it difficult to repress her risibility. By the promptings of her own generous nature, and her delicate sensitiveness, which made her shrink from giving pain to another, she conquered the impulse to laugh, and at the same time, casting away all unamiable feeling, and thus giving free scope to the charity which thinketh no evil, the natural freshness and buoyancy of her spirits resumed their sway.

Was this delightful freshness and buoyancy to last? Was there not, as in the bee's polished sting, a venom lurking in the shining needle, which, though fine and delicate, and with eye so small as to hold nothing coarser than a thread of gossamer, would show itself, if she continued to ply this little innocent needle twelve hours in the twenty-four day after day? Would not both heart and hand grow weary, and the fragile thread by slow but sure degrees bind and repress, as with a chain of iron, the buoyancy and glow of her spirits? Although there's danger of this, for several reasons she may escape unscathed. Being only a little more than midway of her

teens, and with a sound constitution, she has an aptitude, not uncommon to those of her age and temperament, to throw off and rise above the little worries and infelicities incident to human life.

She was naturally too frank and open to entertain even the shadow of a suspicion that her aunt had insidiously entrapped her into becoming her seamstress. In doing this Mrs. Edgewell was not, as might be apprehended, actuated by a miserly disposition. Selfishness was the power which shaped and manipulated her designs, and brought them into action. Cecilia unconsciously ministered to this unlovely trait by the cheerfulness with which, with few exceptions, she yielded her own wishes to her aunt's whims; and though annoyed by them, excused her little freaks of temper.

During the many hours she sat with her needle glancing along a dreary track of cambric or muslin, swiftly as a miniature steam-engine, she had imperceptibly acquired a habit of introspection. Her mind was too active, its intellectual forces too strong and vivid, to inspire no higher thoughts and aspirations than could be impaled on a needle, and thence pass into a dead level, like a row of evenly-set stitches. The action of mind and body was reciprocal. They upheld and vitalized each other.

During this little episode Mrs. Edgewell and her niece were endeavoring to decide as to the elder lady's dress. Velvets, satins and silks of every hue and quality, lovely laces, beautiful flowers and appropriate ribbons were discussed with earnestness and volubility. Ruby-colored velvet was finally decided on for the dress, with satin overskirt and trimmings of a shade to harmonize, and as much point lace as good taste demanded. The crowning splendor was to be her diamond jewelry, consisting of necklace, bracelets, etc.

Materials for the dress were purchased without delay. Miss Linton the dress-maker, whose natural gifts of imitation and constructiveness were developed and improved by experience, assisted by the good taste and deft fingers of Cecilia, succeeded by persistent industry in cutting and making the gorgeous vestments, to the last fold of the elaborate trimmings, in a manner to satisfy the fastidious taste of Mrs. Edgewell.

The India muslin was fitted for Cecilia;

the only ornament she intended to wear being a few sprays of violets. Though there was comparatively little to do to finish the dress, she and Miss Linton, in order to do so, were compelled to steal a few hours from the time that ought to have been given to rest.

## CHAPTER II.

BEING Mrs. Hovedon's particular friend, Mrs. Edgewell decided to waive ceremony, and anticipate by half an hour or more the time appointed for the guests to assemble, and thus secure an opportunity for a quiet chat. Mrs. Hovedon, who was something of a gossip herself, was delighted with the arrangement.

"I didn't know," said Mrs. Edgewell, "but you would think that I was presuming too much upon your good-nature by coming so early."

"No indeed; it will be a rest to me to have a little talk with you."

"Well, before we speak of anything else, I will ask if you have invited Julian Herbert."

"Why yes. Is there any reason why he shouldn't be invited?"

"I should think there was, and a very important one, too."

"Why, I thought he would be an ornament to the party, he is so fine-looking and so intelligent."

"Yes, I suppose he is sufficiently intelligent to understand his trade. He is a good mechanic, I am told, and that, I presume, is the height of his intelligence. Now I think that as a rule, my dear Mrs. Hovedon, when we invite guests to a party we should be discriminating. We should select those who hold a similar position in society. Now I suspect that a peeress in her own right, and a baronet who, as I've been told, can trace his descent from William the Conqueror, will not, to say the least, be much flattered to be placed on a social level with a poor mechanic."

"We can save wounding Sir Tancred's dignity by forbearing to allude to Julian's employment."

"In that, my dear Mrs. Hovedon, you are mistaken. The landlady of the hotel, where the baronet and his aunt board, told me that she heard him say that he could tell a mechanic or a farmer the moment he set eyes on him. Now I think that the

wisest and safest thing you can do is to write a polite note to Julian Herbert, and say, for a particular reason, that you will explain to him some future time, you will consider it a favor if he will absent himself this evening."

"I cannot be rude and mean to save Sir Tancred's dignity; and, to confess the truth, I don't think it worth it if he is so easily wounded as that."

"I am half tempted to take the responsibility of sending him a note myself."

"You are too late. I can see through the hall-door that the countess and her nephew have arrived; and, what is more, a bevy of young people, among whom is Julian, are in their wake."

Cecilia, who had sat apart from the older ladies, now laid down the book she had been reading. Mrs. Edgewell, who was the first to be introduced to the countess and her nephew, in the plenitude of her satisfaction, did not notice that, although Mrs. Hovedon gave Cecilia an introduction to her noble guests, their attention was so irresistibly attracted by something they saw in the distance as to make them totally oblivious to the honor; or, as they would consider it, the dishonor thus thrust upon them.

It was not so with regard to a stout coarse-looking woman by the name of Bursley, who, although nearly forty years old, still remained in a state of single blessedness. This by some was thought somewhat singular, as, in consequence of a munificent bequest from a bachelor uncle, she was, next to Mrs. Edgewell, the wealthiest lady in the place. In outer adornments they were rivals. Miss Bursley's diamonds, in particular, being little less magnificent than Mrs. Edgewell's. To the young baronet there seemed to be something so fascinating in the glitter and sparkle of these jewels as to make him insensible to the fresh beauty of Cecilia, which her aunt had hoped would make a favorable impression on him. Said a young man, who, with Julian Herbert, stood a little apart:

"Look, and tell me if you don't think that this titled stranger whom Mrs. Hovedon manifests such a desire to honor, looks at Miss Bursley's diamonds with hungry eyes, and in a way that seems to say, 'I should like to have the privilege of turning you into dollars and cents.'"

"I confess that it does seem like that.

It cannot be her beauty that so chains his attention."

"No, for compared to Cecilia Laurens, she realizes what a 'Dutch fishwife must be to a Psyche.'"

"He is undoubtedly thinking of the jewels, and seems as much rapt in contemplating them as Macbeth did, when in prospect-ive he saw a crown. If the rich and abundant hair of Miss Laurens, which in strong lights throws out gleams of gold, was only encircled by a tiara of diamonds, his indifference, no doubt, would change to admiration."

"Yes," replied Julian. "He might even become aware that her clear brown eyes, with their long silky lashes, had some beauty in them; that though around her mouth are curves which at times give it piquancy, they do not mar its sweetness; and that her cheeks have the bloom and freshness of the red rose when it holds the morning dew in its heart."

"Your style of describing her is somewhat flowery—highflown, some might say."

"Not at all," said Julian. "It is nothing more than a literal rendering of her physiognomical traits."

"And yet, if joined to a cold haughty demeanor, they would lose their charm."

"You are right. So far from this, the same as a sunbeam, she carries with her a brightness that fills the air, annihilating with its spells all that is dull, languid and despondent. Even the sound of her voice steals into the heart with a subtle vivifying power, and with a sweetness such as might be shed

heart, there was another conductor, of rather heavy calibre, that found its way through his stomach. As he sat at the table he boasted, among other things, of his military achievements, which none, though they laughed in their sleeves, took upon themselves to gainsay, unless a remark made by Julian Herbert might have been so considered. He, when the baronet said, among other things, that his great-grandfather fought under William the Conqueror, and performed feats of indescribable bravery, even fighting hand to hand with the great traitor Cromwell, whom he disarmed and compelled to beg for his life, said to him, in a quiet way:

"Your great-grandfather must have lived to a Methusalonian age."

That Sir Tancred, whatever might have been his warlike achievements, was a valiant trencher-man, was proved then and there; for, notwithstanding the disparaging remarks made by him, and seconded by the countess, relative to the deplorable ignorance of the culinary science in America, greatly to the annoyance and discomfort of those whose gastronomical tastes had been educated and refined by sitting at the luxuriantly-served tables of the nobility in different parts of Europe, the adroitness and celerity with which he disposed of the ill-cooked and ill-flavored viands placed before him, gave a slight intimation of how fearful his valor and destructiveness must have been had they suited his palate.

### CHAPTER III.

"'From ambrosial spirits' wings.'"

Cecilia had a lively imagination, but this oftentimes erratic faculty being balanced and held in check by a mind remarkably clear and logical for one of her years, she arrived at conclusions with a certainty and celerity that seemed like intuition. As she sat unnoticed by the baronet, she took notes of him in her mind, one of which was, his heart, if he had one, could be readily reached by splendor and show; and that he must have a monomania for costly jewelry.

"How glad I am that I didn't wear any," was her silent comment.

When supper was served she had opportunity to perceive that, in addition to the jewel-bedazzled avenue that led to his

It has been said by a popular writer that if a person wishes to communicate something important to a friend, just get his ear when some one has been persuaded to play the piano, which is sure to set running a torrent of chitchat. The truth and wisdom of this assertion have been proved too often to admit of refutation. Mrs. Edgewell knew this, and profited by her knowledge.

"Isn't Mrs. Hovedon's noble guest a fine-looking man?" said she, to Cecilia, when a young girl had begun to play upon the piano, and the attendant buzz and hum of voices had arrived at a point where none but a keen ear could overhear what she said.



"No, aunt, not according to my ideas of fine looks."

"How can you say so?" regarding Cecilia with a look of astonishment.

"Because I think so."

"I don't believe that you can find fault with a single feature in his face. Take his eyes, for instance. They are blue as the sky. I always liked blue eyes."

"I care less about the color of eyes than their expression."

"What ails the expression of his, I desire to know?"

"Nothing, only they have a wavering, apprehensive—not to say villanous look—as if he imagined that he was either in the company of pickpockets, or was himself one of that kind of gentry. This wavering and quavering of his eyes is, moreover, every now and then, interluded by a quick crafty side-glance, when he supposes he is unobserved."

"Cecilia, do you realize what you are saying? I didn't think you capable of making such ill-natured remarks. Just look at him, as he stands talking to Miss Bursley. You can't help owning that he has a certain air of gentility."

"He would look less awkward, if he didn't every other minute give his neck such a twist as to threaten its dislocation, that he may get a better look at Jemmy Bursley's diamond studs. Jemmy is too obtuse to see that he stands too far back of him—so far as to bring him inconveniently out of line."

"Nonsense!"

"Nonsense or not, I'm persuaded that there's treachery and crime folded up in that man's life. If these folds could be rent apart, believe me, dear aunt, a startling record would be disclosed. To me he is one of those on whom there isn't 'a finger-touch of God left whole.'"

"You flatter yourself that you have a natural gift for reading characters. Be that as it may, you seem, all at once, to have acquired a talent for searching out faults. You may possibly, in your eagerness to find them, mistake gold for tinsel. You have certainly, in one instance I could name, mistaken tinsel for gold. His faults—you understand whom I mean—you see through a microscope; those of the other, forgetful of his high social position, though they are such trivial things as a glance of the eye, or a turn of the head, by looking

through a telescope, you magnify into signs of all manner of vices, and even crimes."

Just then the music ceased, and with it what might no longer be called a buzz, but clack of voices; those who had most earnestly urged the timid girl to gratify their musical proclivities, by giving them a simple song, or anything she pleased, being among those who had talked the loudest and the fastest.

"Why, Susie Derwent, you mustn't leave the piano," said one of these fast talkers, "without giving us one more of your sweet simple songs. I so like to hear them."

"I think my friend Cecilia Laurens will be so obliging as to take my place. Don't you think she will, Mrs. Edgewell? You understand how little I know about music, and how much better your niece sings and plays than I can."

"You have done very well, Susie, considering your advantages. Cecilia, no doubt, will be willing to take your place. You had better go and ask her, dear."

Mrs. Edgewell said this with much vivacity, for it was an arrangement which would not only bring Cecilia under the eye of the patrician guest, but compel her to withdraw from the vicinity of Julian Herbert, between whom and her niece she imagined that she had several times detected an interchange of glances.

"I really think," was Mrs. Edgewell's mental soliloquy, "that Sir Tancred supposes she is an underling—my waiting-maid, for instance. If he does, thanks to my own foolish remissness, in allowing her to have her own way about dressing so plainly. Such an inference would be perfectly natural, our republican institutions are such levellers."

While these thoughts were passing through her mind, she at the same time threw a furtive look towards Cecilia, to see if she promptly answered Susie's request, and whether she exchanged a parting glance with Julian. This last she was prevented from ascertaining, by the sudden intervention of an obtrusive head.

"My niece will soon give us some music now, Sir Tancred," said Mrs. Edgewell.

"Your niece? Did you say your niece, madam?"

"I did. She is the Miss Laurens who was introduced to you, when you first came."

"Ah—I thought—I didn't know—that is.

there were so many faces that were new to me, I didn't particularly observe Miss Laurens."

"Didn't observe her?" said the countess. "But I can account for it, Mrs. Edgewell; it is because he is so conscientious. He has been taught from early boyhood to pay great deference and attention to those who are approaching, or have passed the meridian of life. This accounts for his overlooking the most beautiful and interesting young lady I have seen since we came to this country. Why, the daughters of the royal household of England—and I've had ample opportunity to judge—didn't excel her in personal graces. You'll be of my opinion, nephew, when you can get a fair look at her."

"O, without doubt," but lowering his voice, though not enough to prevent those with quick ears from hearing, he went on to say, "you know, aunt, that where there are no classes in society, or no distinctions, except those so loosely drawn as to run into, and mingle with each other, it is impossible for a gentleman of high birth, if not constantly on the alert, to prevent making mistakes. For instance, he might be degraded into honoring with particular attention some girl with a pretty face, who, although he met her in the very best American society, might turn out to be a milkmaid."

Cecilia obeyed the summons of her aunt, in season to hear this last remark, and as, with the airy grace natural to her, she seated herself on the music-stool, she said:

"Pardon me, Sir Tancred, but there being as a class, no milkmaids in the United States, as far as they are concerned, the dignity of the Prince of Wales would not be endangered. It is true, that a rich farmer's wife, and her half dozen daughters, more or less, when there is so much out-door work to do, that even the chore-boy has to be pressed into the service, often join their forces in milking the cows, so that for the nonce, they may all be called milkmaids."

The honorable guest opened his eyes wide with either real or feigned astonishment, while the countess, with a sly wink to her nephew, asked Cecilia if she would oblige her by performing a piece which she named by one of the great Italian masters, to which she had often been a delighted listener, when in Italy. Cecilia signified

her willingness to oblige her, and immediate search was made for the music in question; and as it did not come readily to hand, Sir Tancred continued the conversation by inquiring of Cecilia if she had ever had ocular demonstration of this facility whereby the lady could be merged into the servant.

"I have both ocular and actual," she answered. "When, about a year ago, I was on a visit to one of my uncles, I more than once saw my cousin Bessie, his eldest daughter, milk several cows, and I used to help her."

"Is it possible? To me, it seems a desecration—a mingling of the low and vulgar with the exalted and refined. But, perhaps this cousin of yours made no pretensions to refinement."

"No, she did not. Being in possession of the reality, there was no need of her making any."

"One thing, however, must be certain. It must have a damaging effect on her future prospects in life, if she should aspire to be the wife of anybody above a clown, or, to go a step higher, a farmer, or a mechanic."

"It is too late to think of that now. She has been married more than six months, to a man who can swing a scythe, hold a plow, or wield an axe to such good purpose, as to lay low the Anaks of the forest with as much apparent ease, as a schoolboy would cut a willow-wand for a whistle. All these he can do, to say nothing of his skill in mechanics."

"And she, of course, has found her level—that of a household drudge. Nothing better could be expected."

"Yes, Bessie has, as you say, found her level. But instead of sinking, she rose to find it. She was a well-endowed bride, and, moreover, an heiress. Thanks to a rich aunt for whom she was named. The day she was married she came into possession of forty thousand dollars."

"Ah, I see. Light dawns upon me. This Jack-of-all trades, among the rest, was a fortune hunter."

"And consequently," said Cecilia, "he might, you imagine, take counsel of expediency, and act on the crafty advice which Tennyson makes a Quaker give his northern farmer. First asking the question. 'Wara't I crazed for the lasses mysen' when I wur a lad?' he went on to say:

"But I know'd a quaker-feller as often 'as tow'd  
ma this:  
Doant thee marry for munny but goa wheer  
munny is!"

"And it seems he did go where 'twas."

"Yes," replied Cecilia, "though he  
neither broke into banks nor jewellers'  
shops;" and turning to the piano, she ran  
her fingers over the keys, improvising an  
accompaniment to a brisk old ballad tune,  
to which she adapted the words:

"Them as has munny an' all—wot's a beauty?

—the flower as blows—

But proputtly, proputtly sticks, and proputtly,  
proputtly grows."

"That, however," said Cecilia, leaving off  
singing and playing abruptly, "depends on  
who owns the property and how it was ob-  
tained. You may imagine me supersti-  
tious, but it seems to me that wealth ac-  
cumulated unfairly is apt to slip through  
the fingers. My cousin's husband doesn't  
belong to that class."

Meanwhile Julian Herbert had been  
quietly making his way toward the piano,  
and now made one of the group near it.  
"I suppose," said he, addressing Cecilia,  
"that you refer to the Honorable Richard  
Roland, formerly a member of congress,  
and now governor of this State."

"I do."

"I know him well," said a gentleman,  
whose name was Harmon. "Honorable,  
as applied to him, is not only a title pre-  
scribed by custom to those who fill offices  
of power and trust under government, but  
a true index and exponent of his character."

"It is plain to see, therefore," said  
Cecilia, "that my cousin didn't stoop  
when she became the wife of Richard  
Roland. Neither was she overwhelmed  
with the honor of marrying a governor."

"By no means," replied Mr. Harmon.  
"A well-educated Yankee girl—by educa-  
tion, I don't mean book-knowledge alone  
—is too high-spirited too self-reliant, to be  
like the village maiden your reference to  
Tennyson brought to mind. You recollect  
whom I mean, Miss Laurens."

"O yes. You refer to her whom Lord  
Burleigh, disguised as a landscape painter,  
won for his wife, and who when she found  
she had married a lord, instead of a painter,  
was weighed down

"What in this poor girl, owing to her  
early instructions," said Mr. Harmon,  
"was no doubt thought to be an amiable,  
praiseworthy humility, would have been  
considered by your cousin nothing better  
than a mean grovelling abjectness, as it  
would, likewise, by her youthful compeers,  
and above all by the gentleman who sought  
her hand."

"I suppose, Sir Tancred, that you re-  
member this little story in verse, by Tenny-  
son, as well as his northern farmer."

"Pardon my ignorance, Miss Laurens,  
but my station in life does not require me  
to read works on farming."

"Of course not," replied Cecilia, a spirit  
of mischief twinkling in her eyes—"and  
in return I ask your pardon for imagining  
for a single moment, that you were one to  
be interested in an employment which en-  
gaged the time and attention of such men  
as Cincinnatus and others belonging to the  
early Roman Republic."

"Your pardon is most freely granted,  
Miss Laurens," said he, the irony of what  
she said being hidden by the supremacy  
of his self-conceit.

"The prejudices of birth, whether it be  
high or low, will cleave to us, Miss Lau-  
rens, will crop out. It is, therefore, no  
wonder that your sympathies, instead of  
being with the high and noble, should be  
with those like this Mr. Cincinnatus, I  
think you called him, and other farmers.  
On the other hand, I dare say that you will  
tolerate the sympathy which I must per-  
force feel for my compeers of the aristoc-  
racy, when I tell you I am determined to  
make a point of holding in check such prej-  
udices as I must naturally entertain, if  
you will allow me to make two exceptions."

"O, that I am willing to do. Please  
name these two pet prejudices."

"In the first place, I cannot stoop to the  
level of a mechanic. Should I meet one  
in any of your social gatherings, I must  
hold myself aloof from him, which fortu-  
nately I can easily do, as they carry with  
them—as I may say—their trade-mark in  
the shape of round shoulders and stiff  
pointed elbows. Why, if I should discover  
one of them, I should be in constant fear  
that in some unguarded moment my ribs  
might be endangered. You yourself can-  
not have failed to notice those personal  
deformities I allude to, owing no doubt to  
the constrained posture they are compelled

"With the burden of an honor  
Unto which she was not born."

to maintain, during so large a portion of their time. In the second place, I object to meeting clodhoppers—farmers, if you please so to call them. Only think of the danger incurred by delicately slipped feet, among heavy mud-besmeared brogans."

"Be certain, Sir Tancred, that I should consider it not only impolite but cruel for me, or any one, to aid or abet any proceeding which would expose you or the countess to such painful and disagreeable contingencies as you allude to."

"Is that fellow a fool?" said a lady in a low voice to Mr. Harmon.

"No, I think that in reality he's a rogue."

"And is acting a part."

"Yes, but has not wisdom enough not to overact it."

"It may be well to keep an eye on him."

"I think so."

In answer to an expressive look from Julian Herbert, Mr. Harmon gave his young friend an introduction to the fastidious baronet. The cold steely glitter gleaming through the blue of his eyes, mellowed a little, as he scanned the young man with one of his swift wavering glances.

"No 'trade mark' there," he said, mentally, as with a feeling of triumph he congratulated himself on having so speedy an opportunity to prove the truth of what he had said, relative to his unerring capability of detecting those personal marks which cleave to the mechanic or the farmer. This he doubtless had done, and could do in any of those countries where the lines of demarcation are so sharply drawn between those of low and high degree. Consequently he bowed a shade lower, and acknowledged the introduction in a voice less drawling than was his wont, when he met those whom he wished to impress with a high sense of his dignity and rank.

One thing he was compelled to admit. This Julian Herbert, in symmetry, grace and manly beauty, surpassed every young man present, himself not excepted. Though this excited his envy, on the whole he was disposed to tolerate the young American. Accordingly he treated him with some attention, though in a way which he took pains to make appear was an amiable condescension.

Among other things he spoke of himself as a great traveller. Warming with his subject, he became voluble, and forgetful

of his pronunciation. He had, he said, been as far north as the Arctic regions, and as far south as Egypt, where, owing to the great heat of the climate, and the scarcity of inhabitants in many places, instead of beef, he was reduced to the necessity of dining on "hard eggs," with which he took care to have his portmanteau well supplied. The mispronunciation of the two words—hard eggs, said to be the shibboleth by which the London cockney may be recognized—made it difficult for some who were within hearing to suppress a smile.

After a protracted search it was made known that the piece of music alluded to by the countess was not to be found.

"Sometimes we don't care to succeed in what is undertaken. If the music was found, the young person who was to be the performer probably knows it would be too hard for her, and thinks if it is not found she will save her credit."

This was said aside by the countess to her nephew, her voice being covered by the little chorus of regrets intended to show sympathy with her in her disappointment.

"You must give us something else, Miss Laurens," said Mr. Harmon.

"I hoped to be excused," she replied.

"No, after waiting so long, we shan't accept excuses."

She selected a plaintive air, one she had once heard at an opera, and which made such an impression on her mind, that before she left the city she went to a music store and purchased it. Though naturally of a joyous temperament, to her

"The sweetest songs were those that tell of saddest thoughts."

Young as she was, her life had not been without its events which "woke the low murmurs of memory—

"Such as at twilight's silence come,  
When, soft as birds their pinions closing,  
The heart's best feelings gather home."

As she was about to begin the countess expressed in rather emphatic language how deeply disappointed she was, "in being obliged to forego the pleasure she anticipated," in hearing the magnificent piece of music she had suggested.

"As to songs and ballads, I don't care to listen to them," she said. "They make me think of the organ-grinders."

It required only a single stanza to show

that Cecilia and every line, even word, were intimately acquainted. The stream of small talk which set in, with its usual vivacity on such occasions, soon began to slacken, and before long ceased to flow. There was sweetness and pathos in the words of the song, and in the voice that sung them; while the notes of the instrument gave a true response. More than one was seen to furtively brush away a tear.

If, as has been said, Paganini's violin had a soul inside it, may not a piano have one, too; one into which the spirit of music breathes its delicious harmonies, unheard by our grosser senses, till waked by the touch of sympathetic and inspired fingers, the same as the violin yields its sweetness to the witchcraft of the master's hand that sweeps its strings?

The countess satisfied all who had an ear for music that she had none herself, though she evidently made an effort to conceal her indifference, rather impatience, during Cecilia's performance. She even went so far as to say to Mrs. Edgewell:

"Really, my dear madam, taking everything into consideration, your niece has done quite as well as could be expected for a beginner. Of course, it cannot be compared with the divine music I have been accustomed to hear."

"O no indeed," was the complaisant reply.

#### CHAPTER IV.

"*CECILIA*," said Mrs. Edgewell, the day after the party, "if we wish to cultivate the acquaintance of the countess and her nephew, we must follow Mrs. Hovedon's lead and give a party—one that will outshine hers."

"Well, as far as I am concerned, auntie, I can't say that I've the least wish to cultivate their acquaintance."

"You wouldn't say so if you had the least ambition. I have of late been convinced that you have a grovelling disposition, and there seems to be a mighty fine chance for it to develop, if you are so obstinate and self-willed as to refuse to comply with my wishes."

"I shall always obey your wishes, unless they are unreasonable."

"I dare say that in your estimation it is unreasonable to wish to give you a chance to become more intimately acquainted with

those two distinguished strangers who belong to the English aristocracy."

"As far as I am able to judge, this countess and baronet are very poor specimens of the gentry of England, or any other country. If the descriptions I've read of many of them are reliable, I can only say that they fall far below it. Were it otherwise, it would be a pleasure to see them even—and a much greater one to be allowed to cultivate their acquaintance."

"That is mere evasion. I am not so blind but that I can see how infatuated you are with that wonderful mechanic, known by the name of Julian Herbert. In your opinion he is the only real gentleman you have ever seen. My only hope is that the scales will soon fall from your eyes. At any rate, it may be well for you to understand that when you marry it must be to some one that I approve. Should you presume to encourage the addresses of that low fellow, I shall cut you off without a shilling."

"I've no wish to marry any one at present."

"Girls of your age are apt to change their minds."

"That is true, but I don't think that I shall."

"We shall see if the time should come, and I think it will, when you can choose between penury and a handsome young man belonging to the English nobility. Only think how well it would sound to be called Lady Cecilia."

"It might sound well enough, but the glory of the sound would, to me, be lost in the shame at the idea of being tied to a worthless coxcomb."

"We will let the matter drop for the present. It is of no use to try to reason with a headstrong girl who has no reason. One thing I'm determined on, and that is, my party shall in every respect be more stylish and magnificent than Mrs. Hovedon's. And remember that you are not to wear flowers, but jewels. You have beautiful hair, as you very well know, and I have decided that nothing will more attract attention to it than the aigrette of diamonds, with that lovely turquoise for its central gem, which your mother wore on her wedding-day."

"O auntie, don't ask me to wear that! The event with which it is associated makes it seem as something too sacred to

wear to a frivolous party for the sake of attracting attention."

"I am no sentimentalist. I have no sympathy with those who affect to have such ultra delicacy of feeling. You dressed to please yourself at Mrs. Hovedon's party; to mine you are to dress to please me."

While preparations were in progress, the countess condescended to make many suggestions, not only as to style and taste relative to dress, but what in the culinary department would, she said, be perfectly adapted to the occasion in Paris.

"I am naturally a good observer," said she, "and don't think it derogatory to cultivate my talent in whatever direction I choose. During my residence at the French metropolis, as my cook ranked with the very best employed by the nobility, I think you may accept my advice without hesitation. But in the onset, you will excuse me for hinting, that though economy is doubtless praiseworthy in many instances, this will not be a time to practise it."

"Certainly not," replied Mrs. Edgewell. "But I regret to say that Cecilia objects to wearing jewelry."

"Don't listen to the objections of a young inexperienced girl. Her beauty is of a kind which splendid jewelry will make perfectly ravishing—irresistible, I may say, to any gentleman of rank and refinement who appreciates feminine loveliness, and whose mind has not become stolid and dwarfed by constant hand labor."

"This remark makes me call to mind a young man who was at Mrs. Hovedon's party. He is rather good-looking, and persons unacquainted with his antecedents and his present position have actually mistaken him for a gentleman. Some, even, who have known him from his boyhood, think he appears like one; and what makes me feel very uncomfortable, among them is Cecilia, my niece."

"Is what you tell me possible? Did I not know that Mrs. Hovedon is grossly ignorant of what is due to the upper classes of society, I should not hesitate to say that it was an imposition, a gross indignity—insult would be the more appropriate word, to expose my nephew and myself, descendants in a direct line from William the Conqueror, to the chance of meeting one so low in the social scale. You, I find, have juster and more enlightened views of the matter, and will not, I am convinced, sub-

ject me and Sir Tancred to the ignominy of associating, even for a single evening, with those so far beneath us; and I may add, beneath yourself, Mrs. Edgewell."

"You may certainly depend upon me. I always advocated a greater degree of exclusiveness than is tolerated in this country."

## CHAPTER V.

CECILIA had never looked more lovely than on the evening of the party. She could not help knowing this when she took a last look in the glass, to adjust a soft shining ringlet, which by some means had become slightly disarranged. She knew it, and was glad, for she was aware that Julian Herbert, whom alone she cared to please, had the eye of an artist, and hence could not fail to perceive the skill, harmony and adaptation with which the different articles and ornaments of her dress were suited one to the other.

A looker-on might imagine that no jewels owned in that region were that evening doomed to hide their splendor in a jewel-case, so brilliant was the flash of necklaces, bracelets, brooches, rings, tiaras, etc.

The countess was delighted, charmed; and Mrs. Edgewell's eyes beamed with intense satisfaction when she saw the baronet approach Cecilia and attempt to enter into conversation with her. She was, however, absent-minded, and some of her answers were irrelevant to the commonplaces uttered by the self-satisfied aristocrat. Her thoughts were, in truth, absorbed by one very different from him. She was watching for the arrival of Julian Herbert, and as he was one of those who avoid being late, was wondering what could so long detain him.

Time dragged heavily with her; the more so from being in common courtesy obliged to make a show of listening to the platitudes which were drawled lazily, one after the other, from the lips of the baronet. The principal theme of his talk was himself and "my aunt the countess," and his chief object to extol these two exalted personages. He gave her to understand that when in Europe they had the daily privilege of associating with the magnates of the land, among whom, as they there could find their level, they felt at home.

When, after a while, his attention was directed to Miss Bursley, the ruddiness of whose complexion was heightened by its reflex of her magnificent jewelry, Cecilia hastened to make the distance between them still greater. While intent on this purpose, she felt the pressure of a soft hand on her shoulder. She looked round and saw Susie Derwent.

"Cecilia," said she, "why wasn't Julian Herbert invited to your aunt's party?"

"He was invited. I saw all the cards, and his was among the rest."

"I saw him this afternoon, and he told me he shouldn't go to the party; so I supposed he wasn't invited."

"Did he assign any reason for absenting himself?"

"None whatever. Whom were the cards sent by?"

"Moxy, who can read writing as well as I can, and consequently wouldn't be likely to make a mistake."

"I think not. I have often observed that he is as literal as a Chinese in executing orders, and I have also noticed that in some instances he was 'cute' as a Yankee. I think it probable that Julian had some business to attend to which he couldn't put off."

"Perhaps so."

"I am sorry for two reasons that he isn't here. One is, that by his manly beauty and noble bearing he might again, as at Mrs. Hovedon's party, throw that disagreeable foppish baronet into the shade; the other, that he might see how much like some beautiful princess, such as I've read about, you look this evening. Soberly and sincerely, I never saw you look so handsome in my life."

"Nonsense. But Moxy has played the knave, I'm afraid; or," she added, mentally, "there may have been some underhand work by—well, I won't allow myself to even think by whom." But she could not so control herself as to prevent an angry flash from her eyes.

"As you look now," said Susie, "you recall to mind some lines of poetry I read this afternoon:

"Through light and shadow thou dost range,  
Sudden glances, sweet and strange,  
Delicious spites, and darling angers,  
And airy forms, of fitting change."

At this moment Cecilia caught sight of

the dark face of Moxy peering into an open window of a small ante-room. When he found that she saw him he made a quick emphatic sign, which she understood. The boy knew this, and stood aside so as not to be seen, while Cecilia, by slow degrees, lessened the distance between herself and the ante-room. On reaching it she entered and closed the door behind her. When she reached it, Moxy, without a word, handed her a letter, and then quickly disappeared. It was directed to herself, in the handwriting, as she saw by a glance, of Julian Herbert. She opened it and read:

"The card of invitation to the party this evening was duly received. It was my intention to accept it, but as I was about to leave my place of business a little earlier than usual, a sealed note was put into my hand. It was from your aunt, and requested me, as a great favor, not to attend the party. I think I understand the reason of this request. The baronet and 'my aunt the countess' have probably found out that I have more skill in constructing a mathematical instrument than I should have in following the hounds at a fox-hunt, by which I am so degraded in their opinion as to lose caste. All this would amuse me, were it not that I hoped to have an opportunity during the evening to name to you a few incidents which have come to my knowledge, and which seem to me to indicate that some evil design is on foot which will in some way involve you in its toils. If, after the guests have left, you can succeed in eluding the prying eyes of self-constituted spies, meet me at the foot of the garden, near the rosehedge. I cannot now be more explicit, as the messenger who will take this to you must not longer tarry.  
J. H."

Cecilia, though much excited by this communication, by a strong effort of will so far controlled herself as to seem calm and self-possessed when she reentered the apartment from which she had been absent some ten or fifteen minutes. As the guests were constantly changing places, neither her absence nor her return was observed except by a few.

She quietly seated herself in a dim recess, her thoughts, in spite of herself, being full of the contents of the letter she had

been reading, when she was roused by a voice close by her side.

"A penny for your thoughts, Miss Laurens," it said.

"You would have a poor bargain; they are not worth a farthing," said Cecilia. And looking up, she saw the countess bending over her, with an eager singular look in her eyes, that caused a sudden shiver to pass through her frame.

"I am looking at your aigrette," said the countess. "It is perfectly splendid. But, my dear girl, do you know that the fastening has become loose, and that you are in momentary danger of losing it? By your leave, I will make it secure." And without waiting for Cecilia's leave, the fingers of the countess for a few moments moved nimbly among the delicious curls, adjusting the costly ornament.

Cecilia made a motion to raise her hand to her head, to assure herself by actual demonstration that the aigrette was firmly fastened, but at the same moment a small hand-mirror was held before her.

"Don't touch it," said the countess, deprecatingly. "If you do you will be sure to displace some of those beautiful curls, which a queen might be proud of, and which are now so arranged as to heighten the effect of the jewels, especially that of the turquoise—a gem as rare as your own beauty."

Cecilia turned aside, so as to avoid looking into the mirror, with an air of impatience she could not disguise.

"I am almost constrained to imagine that there is no one present whom you care to please."

"We may sometimes imagine what is true," replied Cecilia.

She rose as she spoke, for she saw the baronet making his way towards her, and in her present mood she felt that she might be tempted to betray the weariness she could not overcome, at his laudatory remarks respecting himself and "my aunt the countess," which he would probably make for her delectation. If she could only annihilate the time that must intervene between the present and the hour when the guests would take leave, during which she must compel herself to be self-possessed, appreciative and cheerful, what a relief it would be, she thought. The task was hard, but she performed it to the letter. She even succeeded in not show-

ing any signs of displeasure when she heard the countess, when about to take leave, tell Mrs. Edgewell that in her she had found a congenial spirit, and that she must not be surprised if she should drop in, almost any time of day, to have half an hour's chat with her.

"I should be so delighted to have you!" was Mrs. Edgewell's response. "And the baronet—he, too, I hope likes us well enough to let us see him frequently."

"Like is a cold tame word by which to express his emotions concerning one I will forbear to name, and which, out of deference to her shy reserve, he studiously forbears to manifest."

Meanwhile, Cecilia was hovering near the door by which she intended to make her egress, listlessly playing with some flowers that had been cast away by some one to fade alone, too heedless to be sentimental. She reached the door, and swept with her eye such places as were discernible. She could even see glimpses of the rosehedge in the distance, behind which, she did not doubt, was Julian Herbert, awaiting her.

"Will the parting words of the countess never come to an end?" thought Cecilia, whose suspense was fast amounting to agony.

At last the countess tore herself away, as she said, and in a few minutes the rattle of coach wheels, sweet as sweetest music to Cecilia's ears, told that the tiresome guest was on her way to her boarding-place, accompanied, no doubt, by her nephew. Cecilia left the house the moment her aunt went to her chamber, and, as she expected, found Julian Herbert waiting for her behind the rosehedge. A stolen meeting of two, who have interchanged hearts, if not vows, though sensible that their meeting would place them under the ban of one who demanded implicit obedience, may yet, for a single minute, awaken emotions of joy free from bitterness. It was thus with Julian and Cecilia; but the star of love shining over them, with light so bright and pure, could not dissipate the cloud of doubt, suspicion and threatening danger which hung over them, and made their meeting imperative.

"I believe," said Julian, "that, instead of a baronet, we have a burglar in our midst, and that the so-called countess is a receiver of stolen goods. I think I hold a



elue which, if followed up, will prove whether I am right or wrong in my belief."

He then told her that when in the city of New York, about a week previous, he entered a restaurant about eight o'clock in the evening. At the moment of his entrance two men rose from a table. One of them made for the door; the other, hastily gathering up a letter and a few bits of paper, thrust them into his pocket, his comrade, meanwhile, crying out to him to hurry, or they should be too late.

"I could not see his face, but his voice was the same as the baronet's, whom the self-constituted aristocracy of our quiet pleasant town are exerting themselves to honor by the splendor of their entertainments. I obtained a view of the other's countenance as he left the apartment, and a most villainous one it was, its expression of vileness being intensified by an ugly scar on his cheek.

"As I drew near the table I saw that in his hurry to leave he had overlooked a piece of paper, folded as a torch for a cigar-lighter, which, by being shoved under the edge of a plate, was nearly concealed. I seated myself in the chair he had just vacated, and taking up the paper torch, carefully played with it while the refreshments I had ordered were placed on the table. It was some time after I had finished my meal before there was opportunity to read, unobserved, what was written on the piece of paper; though by a few words I glanced at as I took it up, my curiosity was much excited. I found that many of the words were torn off, others mutilated, but enough could be made out to cause not only curiosity, but anxiety. One sentence remained unbroken. It said, 'I tell you, comrades, as we used to hear said when our vocation led us to the oil region, "I've struck oil;" or, to speak after the manner of gold seekers, I've struck a rich vein, inasmuch as the gold is already coined and set with jewels.' What followed was much of it gone, but something about diamonds and other jewelry, a handsome face and a marplot, could be made out. Then came a few lines more legible, in which mention was made of the facility with which wool could be pulled over the eyes of certain persons who aspired to the honor of the acquaintance of the countess and baronet, and the longing and the ready gullibility they manifested relative to obtaining a

slice of the green cheese cut from the moon.

"Allusion was likewise made to some one who, though young, was so shrewd and keen-witted that she would be likely to detect some discrepancy in their plot, however skillfully woven, and that consequently her abduction, if it could be safely accomplished, was a consummation devoutly to be wished. 'A consultation,' it said, 'must therefore be held before anything definite is decided on; for which purpose we will meet together at the old rendezvous, one week after —' Here the information was abruptly ended, the remainder of the paper being entirely gone. To ascertain the time and place of the proposed meeting is now the desideratum. Could this be done, I might, at least, take measures by which to determine if my suspicions are well founded relative to the parties concerned. As the matter stands, silence, caution and watchfulness on our part are all that can be done. For myself, I've no doubt that Sir Tancred, as he calls himself, is at the head of a gang of thieves."

"I hope he will not steal my beautiful aigrette. I wore it this evening, and the countess noticed it particularly, and was eloquent in her praises concerning it. I think you can see some gleams of it by the light of the stars, they shine so brightly." And as she spoke, raising her hand to indicate the place where he must look, she found it was gone.

"You said the countess noticed and praised it?"

"Yes, and was so kind—finding that the clasp had become loose—to fasten it more firmly."

"Now, I suspect that, instead of fastening it, she unfastened it, and left it in a condition to enable her, at any moment, to take possession of it. Sleight of hand is a great accomplishment among the class I think she belongs to. I have from the first disliked her."

"So have I; but I won't allow myself to believe that she is guilty of crime like that, unless, after making a thorough search for it, and employing every other available means, I fail to find it. It was my mother's, and for that reason I would not exchange it for one of many times its intrinsic value."

"If your search proves successful, I shall be glad; but I have little hope that it will.

This baronet, I have no doubt, is at the head of a band of robbers, and the countess is in league with them. If a specimen of the scoundrel's handwriting could be obtained, 'twould be something tangible. A sameness of voices caused me to suspect him; but that, without the evidence, would not prove his identity."

"As according to the agreement I heard made between my aunt and the countess, for herself and nephew to be on such familiar terms as to call at any time of day—that is, have the run of the house for the future till they leave town—some of the baronet's handwriting may fall in my way."

"So they are to come and go according to their own will and pleasure?"

"Yes. 'It will seem so homelike,' the countess said. Aunt Edgewell seemed delighted with the arrangement. To be on such intimate terms with persons belonging to the English nobility is a consummation devoutly to be wished, though one she hardly dared to aspire to."

"Mrs. Edgewell is a monomaniac on that subject; but her infirmity may be instrumental in either proving or disproving the high pretensions of those she so delights to honor. But I have kept you out in the damp night air too long. Be watchful and vigilant, and I will be the same; for, as the poet says:

" 'Tis important business  
The tide whereof is now."

## CHAPTER VI.

IN the morning Cecilia searched every possible and impossible place for the lost aigrette, but without success. She and her aunt were bemoaning its loss, when the countess appeared at the door with a smiling countenance, holding her left hand behind her.

"Have you lost anything, Miss Laurens?" she asked.

"Yes, I have lost my aigrette."

"And I have found it."

"Where?"

"Near the doorstep, half concealed among those beautiful dahlias." And taking her hand from behind her, where, unnoticed, she had held it, she handed it to Cecilia, whose countenance at sight of it beamed with gratitude and joy.

"How fortunate it is," said Mrs. Edgewell, "that it fell into honest hands. Its value and beauty might have tempted some who pass for honest people to keep it."

"Without taking any praise to myself, I must say that you think the same as I do. This lovely turquoise might almost tempt an anchorite to be dishonest."

"I am more thankful," said Cecilia, "than I have words to express; and I shan't forget that it is to you I owe its restoration."

Cecilia was bitter in her self-condemnation at having suspected that the countess could have been guilty of stealing the jewelry. It was with difficulty that she forbore to confess her suspicion, and ask forgiveness. She was restrained by the reflection that Julian Herbert might not think it the most judicious method of proceeding. It would be better to send him a note to disabuse him of the false idea she had been the means of infusing into his mind concerning the loss of the aigrette. She wrote the note without delay, and sent it by Moxy, who, in return, brought her a business-card, on the back of which was written:

"Don't hanker after a slice of that green cheese the moon is made of, nor suffer wool to be pulled over your eyes, though of the finest and most delicate staple."

At first Cecilia was puzzled; then she remembered what was said of this same green cheese and wool-pulling on the piece of paper intended for a cigar-lighter.

"Julian thinks there may be tactics in theft, as well as in war, and that vigilance must be our watchword still," was her mental soliloquy.

Some hours later Cecilia received a message from her aunt, requesting her to come to her. She was surprised to see the countess there, and still more so, when she saw her aunt's jewels lying on the table by which they sat. Her surprise was not diminished when the countess rose, and with much warmth embraced her.

"My sweet young lady," said she, "your aunt and I have been planning an entertainment, but we wouldn't proceed a step further without the benefit of your good taste. Such guests as please to do so, are to appear in costume, and even wear masks. As you are to personate an eastern princess, you must be adorned with costly

jewels. Your aunt's diamond necklace, her bracelets and rings, not forgetting the lovely aigrette I was so happy as to restore to you, together with other jewels I've seen you wear, will be indispensable."

"It seems to me that I shall look quite overloaded with jewelry."

"O no. Oriental princesses wear *such* a profusion of precious gems. It is one of their customs, and any one who would sustain the character of a princess, in a manner to make it natural and effective, must do the same."

"You said something about wearing masks—must I wear one?"

"By no means. While the jewels will be a set-off to your beauty, your charming face will be a set-off to them."

Cecilia's first impulse was to reject the proposition unconditionally; but a good genie whispered something in her ear, which caused her to change her mind, and call into requisition what may be termed a kind of courteous diplomacy, assumed to ward off apprehended evil. She was thus inspired to "wear her face to the bent" of what she saw expressed in that of the countess. They were, in truth, mutually trying to read each other; but the purer moral atmosphere which Cecilia breathed made her perception clearer, quicker and more delicate than the other's, the circumstances of whose longer life had more than once involved her in the meshes of intrigue, from which it was difficult to extricate herself without pressing closely on the footsteps of crime. She had thus been rendered hard and callous. She could not understand the finer points of emotional character, whose crown

"Is made of love and friendship, and sits high Upon the forehead of humanity."

like a star whose light scintillates and blends with the radiance of another star. The love of Julian Herbert for Cecilia was to her comprehension too unobtrusive to be regarded as such.

When they met at the rosehedge Julian's fears being quickened by fears on Cecilia's account, he made suggestions which she now recalled to mind, making her watchful and cautious during the present interview, and awakened a new suspicion of a woman so lavish of her praises and her flatteries. Was she not weaving a snare for her? was the question she asked herself.

The countess, whose bloom of heart had vanished many long years before the bloom of her youth was gone, was so elated at Cecilia's showing so little opposition to her wishes as to be exultant—almost hilarious. She laughed, gesticulated, and used many highflown expressions. Her scale of ethics was in truth so low as to make her incapable of analyzing, or even comprehending the higher moralities. She took no note of the lack of heartiness with which Cecilia acceded to the proposition relative to her personating an Eastern princess, or the dreamy look in her eyes, which seemed to be looking beyond the present. The countess, like Macbeth, when plotting mischief against Duncan, thought, as they intended to have a party,

"Then 'twere well  
It were done quickly."

"Wont the people around here," said she, "gape and wonder when they see what skill and science can do in the arrangement of diamonds and other jewels, so as to make them effective? I have made the arrangement of jewels a study, and know how to place each one so as to be complementary to another. Yes, my dear Mrs. Edgewell, this party will be an epoch in your life. Its memory will be immortal. It will be handed down from one generation to another, as the party given by the rich and distinguished Mrs. Edgewell, in honor of the eighteenth birthday of her niece, Miss Cecilia Laurens, the most beautiful and accomplished young lady of her time."

It was only by stealth that Cecilia succeeded in writing and sending a note to Julian, giving him a brief programme of the anticipated party. She closed by asking his advice as to whether he thought she had better personate the Eastern princess, or, by some plausible pretext, ask to be excused. In answer, she received as follows:

"Be a princess, by all means; and as masks are to be the order of the evening to a limited extent, I may be there to see, although your aunt will not, of course, invite me, as I am, in her estimation, too far beneath her noble guests to be admitted on terms of equality."

Just as Cecilia came back to the room, she having seen Moxey from a window when he returned from his errand to Julian, and rightly supposing he would bring an answer to her note, had ventured to leave

for a few minutes, the countess rose hurriedly, and said she must go, as she had many calls to make.

"I shall," she said, "return by eight o'clock this evening, and with your help and concurrence go more into detail relative to dress and other things."

## CHAPTER VII.

THE countess was as good as her word. She came at the appointed hour, with a package in her hand.

"I wouldn't trust anybody but myself with this," she said; "not even my nephew the baronet, lest a fit of carelessness or forgetfulness should come over him. I would not breathe what this paper contains even to your pet canary; so we three must go to your own private apartment before I let you into the secret—that is, if you are willing, my dear Mrs. Edgewell."

"To be sure I am."

"King James the 1st, I once heard a gentleman say, had a place he called his ear, where he could overhear even a whisper in a contiguous apartment. I hope your room hasn't such an ear," said the countess, as they entered the chamber, and Cecilia closed the door.

"No, it has neither ear, eye nor tongue."

"I didn't think it had. What I said was only in sport," replied the countess, taking from the package a jewel-case, and displaying its contents.

"Why, here is Miss Bursley's diamond necklace!" said Mrs. Edgewell. "I should know it anywhere as well as I do my own."

"You are right. She sent that and all her jewels to our dear Cecilia. Pardon me, if I address you in a manner too familiar. It is a weakness of mine to speak familiarly to those I've learned to love."

"Sent all her jewels to me, did you say?" asked Cecilia.

"Certainly I did. When I told her that you were to represent an Eastern princess, which would prove a failure unless some one would have the benevolence to lend you some diamonds and other costly gems, suggesting at the same time that, in my own mind, I had selected her to fill the place of your duenna—an indispensable character, who must dress very plainly—she offered them voluntarily, and would take no denial."

"Miss Bursley is very kind," said Cecilia, "but I cannot accept her offer."

"Not accept it? You surprise me. I see no reason why you cannot."

"I should be afraid that some accident might happen to them, or I might lose some of them in the crowd."

"Remember that as a princess, you won't mingle with the crowd, but will sit in a chair of state on a dais."

"I have still another objection. If I am bedizzened with so much jewelry, while everybody knows that I've but little of my own, they may imagine I have been robbing some chandelier of its sparkling pendants; or that, prompted by a desire to be useful, I had undertaken to supply the place of one."

"How many conceits and quibbles the dear girl has in that pretty head of hers!" said the countess.

"Yes," said Mrs. Edgewell, with asperity; "and I should advise her to keep them there, to use on some more appropriate occasion, and not tease those with them who just now have so much to attend to."

"O, let her show off her little make-believe petulances. She don't mean to tease us. She is too amiable for that."

"Please don't be too certain of my amiability."

"Never mind—I'll bring her round," said the countess aside, in a low voice. "We must think of something else now, and not spend all our time talking about jewels. There are other things equally important to discuss, which can be so planned with your cooperation and my nephew's, as to make the party as successful as I have already predicted."

Cecilia by care and watchfulness, and Moxy's devoted loyalty, succeeded in keeping Julian Herbert advised of whatever she herself knew. There was many a crafty and apparently skillful movement on the part of the countess, who was the real wire-puller, detected, which by some counter movement on the part of Julian would be likely to result in defeat.

Time and the preparations went steadily on, and the evening for the party duly arrived. By the aid of the scientific knowledge of the countess, as may be supposed, relative to the arrangement of jewelry, Miss Bursley's necklace, bracelets, etc., were made to do duty in a manner very

effective, so thought Mrs. Edgewell, though so travestied, remarked Cecilia, that even a Yankee could not guess for what they were originally intended. Despoiled of her jewels, and in the plain dress which the countess said was proper for a duenna, Miss Bursley who came early was evidently downcast and unhappy, emotions which grew more vivid and emphatic, when she discovered, that instead of being worn as a whole, portions of her necklace had been detached and distributed in different places of Cecilia's dress.

The countess and her nephew were enchanted at the magnificence of Cecilia's appearance.

"Come, my pet," said the countess, "and look at yourself in the pier-glass, and tell us what you think of yourself."

"I imagine," replied Cecilia, "judging by the description I once read of an East India idol, who like me was loaded down with jewels, and as a protection I suppose against light-fingered gentry, was kept in a pagoda, that being in keeping with the character, I ought to have the benefit of one, too."

"I have no patience with you," said her aunt. "You might as well have said that you are in danger of thieves and pickpockets. If the countess thinks what you say is worth minding, she must imagine that we Americans are exceedingly choice in the selection of our guests."

"O," said the countess, "I know how to take her. The exuberance of her spirits makes her too full of fun and frolic to be toned down to the sober demeanor proper for you and me."

This was what she said, though Cecilia's allusion had given impulse to a slight undercurrent of uneasiness that she could not fully overcome.

The guests began now to assemble in greater numbers. It was not long before a party of men entered, attired in fantastic costumes, all of whom wore masks. As Julian was to wear a mask, Cecilia scanned them with a keen eye. But the form and bearing of each were so totally different from his that she soon became convinced that he was not of their number.

Soon afterward a larger party of maskers arrived. One had long flowing locks white as snow, and a beard, venerable for its length and hue. Over his shoulder hung one of those peculiarly shaped harps of the olden time, whose inspiring lays gave the

wandering minstrels of Erin a welcome to the homes of both rich and poor. His general appearance realized Cecilia's ideal of an inspired harper of Ossian. As he stood a little apart, displaying to advantage his noble symmetrical figure and easy grace of motion, a certain turn of his head convinced her of what she had from the first suspected. She was certain that the harper was no other than Julian Herbert.

After a while Cecilia became very weary of sitting like a statue on exhibition in her chair of state, and notwithstanding the strict prohibition of the countess, decided to disobey her and leave it the first opportunity. Miss Bursley, who was told that she must sit so as to keep her eye on her charge, being of a less active temperament, took a journey to the land of Nod, and was comforted by dreaming that diamond necklaces hung on the bushes thick as blackberries, so that she could in the place of her own disjointed one obtain as many as she pleased, which were far more splendid.

Julian had been absent from the room half an hour, or more. Haunted by vague half-formed fears of impending evil, Cecilia undertook to divert her thoughts by watching the different persons moving about, each possessing individuality of form, locomotion, features and voices. This speculative mood recalled what she had recently read in the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," where the Professor says: "The soul of a man has a series of concentric envelopes round it like the core of an onion, or the innermost of a nest of boxes."

Among others she noticed her friend, Susie Derwent. In her soul she felt certain that there were roots which nourished flowers of benevolence, kindness and love, making the home atmosphere of herself and others redolent with sweetness.

Then there was the countess going hither and thither like a troubled spirit from Tartarus. Though evidently trying to appear composed, she could not banish the unnatural glow that burnt on her cheeks, nor the fiery sparkle of her eyes, save that they were now and then dimmed by a shade of apprehension.

What of her? Cecilia, as she turned away from the picture her imagination had painted, remembered that the countess, though she and Julian had suspected her of taking it, returned the lost algette which she found among the dahlias. When

she thought of this, conscience whispered, "Judge not lest ye be judged."

At last she determined to break her hateful bondage, when Moxy in the character of a harlequin, lightly ascended the steps of the dais, and approaching her knelt before her, and with great solemnity handed her a bunch of marigolds.

"The aristocracy," said he, "will laugh at my nosegay and call it mean and vulgar, and now that they have loaded you with jewels would gladly turn you—not like Lot's wife into a pillar of salt—but a column of gold."

He looked her in the eye as he said this, adding in a low whisper, "Examine the middle flower."

Cecilia soon had opportunity to do so, and found crowded into the calyx of the flower a small tightly-rolled bit of paper on which was written:

"I can see that you are restless, but stay where you are till I have opportunity to tell you what we must do."

Now that Cecilia, who knew the message was from Julian, found that she had something to wait for, though she was much excited, she remained where she was. As the midnight hour drew nigh, she saw the baronet gliding stealthily from one to another of those, who in fantastic costumes and wearing masks, were the first to arrive. He spoke a few words to each of them. They apparently in a careless manner, said something in return, and soon afterward quietly grouped themselves together, while they so managed as to gradually get nearer the door. Meanwhile there was something in the appearance of the countess which betrayed watchfulness and much anxiety.

At this moment Cecilia's heart gave a sudden bound, for she saw the harper making his way toward the dais. He stopped opposite to her, and with a low almost reverent bow, yet free from servility, he said:

"I will, with your gracious permission, as the minstrels of old were wont to do, sing you a few lines to the music of my harp."

"It would be doing me too much honor," she replied. "Yet I cannot deny myself the pleasure of hearing you."

First playing a

"prelude fashioning the way  
In which his voice should wander,"

he sang in deep tones a wild eerie air,

adapted to the following lines of Coleridge's *Christabel*.

"'Tis the middle of night by the castle-clock,  
And the owls have awakened the crowing cock:  
    Tu whit-tu-whoo!  
And hark again! The crowing cock,  
    How drowsily it crew.  
Is it the wind that moaneth bleak?  
There is not wind enough in the air  
To move away the ringlet curl  
From the lovely lady's cheek.  
Hush, beating heart of Christabel!  
    Jesu Maria, shield her well."

While the last note still vibrated on the air, Julian Herbert sprang upon the dais, and casting his harp aside, took Cecilia by the hand. In a moment all was confusion. High above the deafening din and clatter, the shrill voice of the countess rang through the apartments, calling loudly on the baronet, and exhorting those present by all they held dear to rescue the innocent girl from the clutches of that vile harper and horrid desperado. As some of the gentlemen present were about to comply with this earnest request, Julian threw off his mask and divested himself of his snowy locks and beard.

"Madame," said he, "the baronet no doubt would gladly obey your call, were it not, that while making certain necessary arrangements for the abduction of this lady by my side, he and his associates were arrested and are now in custody. The same carriage provided for the conveyance of Miss Laurens to a place where she could be safely rifled of her jewels, will serve to convey them to the city, where, as it is to be hoped, they will in due time be equitably dealt by. As to you, madame, you can have the privilege of remaining where you are till morning."

"Gentlemen," said the countess, assuming a lofty scornful air, "can you have the credulity to believe what he asserts, he who is so low and mean that he has no reputation to lose, or save, and yet has the audacity to implicate those of noble descent?"

"We can have," said Mr. Harmon, "if believing that Julian Herbert is a man of unimpeachable reputation is credulity."

"We agree with you, Mr. Harmon," was said by many voices.

"I may at least count on your sympathy and aid," said the countess, addressing Mrs. Edgewell.

"I am sorry for you, of course," was the

reply, "but you can see yourself that I have no power to aid you."

"Most of this is a mystery to us," said Mr. Harmon. "Will you enlighten us?" turning to Julian.

"I will. A few incidents came to my knowledge which puzzled me, and made me think that this woman, and the young man who calls her 'aunt,' were not what they represented themselves to be. I made a detective of myself, and succeeded in tracing a chain of events, each trifling in itself, which heightened my suspicions, and at last confirmed them, though I could produce no proof that would stand in law. I took measures to ascertain their antecedents, but received no answer until this evening, when just as I had made ready for the party a letter was brought me from the post-office. By this I learn that the woman who professes to be of noble lineage, was in her more youthful days lady's maid in different English families, and that finally she was engaged by a lady of wealth and distinction as reader and companion. After serving several years in this capacity, she was obliged to leave suddenly and secretly, to avoid being arrested for stealing jewelry and other valuable articles to the amount of one thousand pounds. She was instigated to do this, it was thought, by a man of some personal attractions, several years younger than herself, who was the family coachman. They escaped together, crossed the channel, and thence by means of forged passports came to the United States. We all know how they imposed on the good people of this place. By some things that have transpired, there is reason to suppose that they were engaged in the series of robberies in and about this region, the extent of which those who lost silver plate know more than I do."

"At any rate," said Mr. Harmon, "it must be admitted that the diamonds and other costly jewelry belonging to the ladies

were collected by the self-termed countess, in a manner so unique and so crafty, as to make her worthy of being called, if not a countess, a Queen of Thieves."

"I think it right," said Julian, "to add to what I've already mentioned, that Miss Laurens was induced to submit to being made ridiculous, by inklings of what might have ultimated in success had it not been frustrated."

The mind of Mrs. Edgewell, during this time, underwent a great and rapid change. She had always treated Cecilia's assertion with contempt, of being able

"To read the mind's construction in the face,"

by watching its emotional phases; but she now began to realize that she had suffered herself to be so hoodwinked by her aspirations for rank and show, as to make her incapable of discerning the difference between the false and the true. Her hobby of exclusiveness was changed into a hippogriff, which, spreading its wings, flew away as she looked at the crestfallen, whilom countess, and then at Julian Herbert, who as with his usual unpretending air he stood before them, presented

"A combination and a form indeed,  
Where every god did seem to set his seal  
To give the world assurance of a man."

"I have been self-willed, and, molelike, worked in the dark," said Mrs. Edgewell, "and I must try to make amends for what I did. I therefore intend that my next party shall be a wedding party—that is, if I'm so fortunate as to gain the consent of the young couple, which I think there's a tolerably fair prospect of my doing. I imagine that none of you will attend, when I tell you that my niece, Cecilia Laurens, will be the bride—not as I foolishly anticipated, of a baronet—but of our young townsman, Julian Herbert, who, skillful in constructing a machine, has shown himself equally so in demolishing a plot."

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#### HOPES.

Oft hopes spring as the dawning ray  
 And strengthen as the growing day;  
 Till, like the noon's effulgent blaze,  
 They sparkle in their brightest phase.  
 *New London, Conn., Feb., 1875.*

And then they fall, as toward the west  
 The sun sinks to his darkling rest;  
 At last, as day fades into night,  
 They vanish from our weary sight.

J. A. B.

## BEYOND THE PICKET LINES:

—OR,—

**THE ARMY REMINISCENCES OF CAPTAIN JACK.**

BY M. QUAD, OF THE MICHIGAN PRESS.

## MY FRIEND THE BLOODHOUND.

WHEN Grant and his staff arrived at Bridgeport, on the Tennessee, going to the relief of Thomas's army, which had been "bottled up" in Chattanooga for weeks, I had been waiting there two days, having been ordered to report to the general's adjutant in person. I reported, was recognized, and went into Chattanooga with the party, getting an inkling on the way up of what was expected of me.

I never saw such sights of misery as I witnessed in the town, which had for two or three weeks been spoken of by the press as the doomed city. The men had been on rations for a long time, many of the horses had literally starved to death, the soldiers were ragged and unkempt, and the hospitals had more patients than could be cared for. On the crest of Lookout Mountain, on every hill, on the lowland, scarce half a mile from the business streets, Bragg's soldiers could be seen moving about, and Bragg's earthworks rose up higher and stronger. His lines reached from a point on the river above the town to a point on the river below, forming a half-circle. He held the railroad, the river, the highways, and Thomas could not have abandoned the town, even if the brave old general ever entertained such an idea. The Unionists had thrown up some earthworks around the city, but nothing formidable, and so far as I could learn from officers, the "cooped up" were daily expecting the assault which must have resulted in an unconditional surrender. But Bragg was waiting to starve them out. He had cut off every avenue, except one mountain road, by which supplies could be brought in, and he knew that what came over that road would not keep a hundred men on full rations.

I spent a day and a half lounging around the city, and trying to get acquainted with the Confederate positions. I expected to be called on shortly to make an excursion among the Confederates, and lost no op-

portunity of conversing with those who could post me about the roads, pickets, streams, etc. Therefore, when I received the order, I was ready for it.

I was commanded to penetrate Bragg's line at any point I could, but to make a complete survey of Lookout Mountain, Missionary Ridge, Lookout Valley, and travel from one end of his army to the other. After ascertaining that no one person could perform the feat within four days, if allowed to pursue his investigations uninterrupted, the adjutant concluded to divide the work between three of us. I drew a map of the ground, and portioned off the work, two spies living in the city taking their orders from me. Lookout Mountain and the valley were reserved for my own operations, the two men being given the enemy's right flank and Missionary Ridge. I had nothing to do with the strangers further than to give them a send-off, as they were old residents of the neighborhood, and had their own plans about getting in and out of the city.

As I was to go out that night, I began my preparations at once. West of the town, between three and four miles, was Lookout Mountain, its peak almost touching the sky, and its sides like a precipice. Between the mountain and the town was the valley, a railroad running through it, a farmhouse here and there, a creek winding down along the centre, and the ground held by the pickets of the two armies. The lines of investment were so closely drawn, and the enemy were so vigilant, that there was not the least hope for a scout, and so I was forced to go out once more as a spy. I could go as a deserter, as an officer, as a citizen. Just before dark, with my mind still undetermined, I stumbled across a man in front of one of the hotels who was higgling with a soldier about the purchase of a pipe, which, instead of a stem, had a small rubber pipe about four feet long attached, the rubber having an amber mouthpiece at the end.



The man had a dozen new style canteens, a supply of pocket-knives, envelops and stationery, and was exactly the chap I wanted to see. When I began questioning him, and endeavored to make a bargain for his goods, he grew frightened, and acted so confused, that I called a couple of the soldier patrol, and had him taken to the guardhouse as a spy. When I charged him with that offence, he gave his name as Samuel Green, stated that he had lived at Bridgeport, and did not deny that he had sold his goods to both armies. A thorough search of his person failed to bring to light any notes or proofs that he was what we took him for. Nevertheless, it was clear that he was a Southerner, that he had no business in the city, and it was thought best to hold him a prisoner.

Before informing the man of this intention, I gleaned from him the names of several farmers in the vicinity, and of half a dozen persons at Bridgeport, and some information as to the events which had transpired there during the past three or four months. He had with him a military paper certifying that Samuel Green had been examined and found unfit for military service by reason of being addicted to epileptic fits. Conversing with him about the state of his health, I found that Green had an average of about three fits per week, and that each one generally lasted him about an hour. He carried with him a pint bottle of medicine which some doctor had fixed up for him, and he took this stuff as a sort of assistance to enable him to recover from the attacks. This was all I wanted to know, except one thing, and that he quickly told me. He stated that none of the troops with Bragg or Longstreet were enlisted in that vicinity, so that if I were captured, there would be no one to come forward and announce that I was an impostor. Mr. Green's goods and chattels, even to his military paper and pint bottle of medicine, were seized for the benefit of the United States of America, and I had a plan. He growled and complained, but there was no help. In case he had a fit, there were a dozen army surgeons within call; and when I came back, if he could establish his innocence, it would be right and proper to pay him for his goods. These goods were contained in a sack prepared for the purpose, to be slung over the shoulder, and I had picked

it up and started out, when Green, in his ill-humor, called out:

"If you are going to rob a man of all his goods, why not take his clothing to boot?"

Exactly so. I had reasons for believing that the man had been tramping around through the Confederate camps not three days back, and if I were to personate him, it would be well to go to the end of the line. I therefore returned, informed him that I wanted his garments, and in a few minutes he had exchanged for a suit of blue, though much against his will. His hat was uncomfortable, and his boots anything but a fit, being three sizes too large; but I put on the one, and stepped into the others.

It was dark, and after when my preparations were complete, and the time until nine o'clock was used up in getting supper, studying my part, and ascertaining the whereabouts of the enemy's pickets posted in the valley to the west of the town, I found that a distance of less than one hundred yards separated the pickets, who had been on terms of peace for several days past. There were two or three fences running across the valley, or parts of fences, for the soldiers had used many of the rails for firewood. There were three or four cherry trees, a few bushes, but nothing which offered shelter to any one crossing the valley to the base of the mountain. I had little hope that I should be able to get through without being discovered, but I must try. If I could sneak through, all right; if discovered, why, I was Mr. Green, and would give them such excuses as I had at hand.

"Good-by, Cap'n Jack," said a grizzled old soldier who was on the advance post, as I got ready to leave. "I wouldn't try to go from here to Lookout Mountain for a million dollars. They'll catch you, sure as you're born!"

Shaking hands all around, and listening carefully once more to the instructions kindly given me, I slung the sack over my shoulder, and started forward toward the Confederate line. There was a cowpath leading along here, and as soon as I had got five or six rods from the picket, I turned to the right, crept on until I came to a fence, and then moved along beside it. In five minutes I was between two of the Confederate outposts, and not forty feet from either of them, one being on each side of

the fence. I could see the men through the gloom, leaning on their muskets, or walking to and fro. On my hands and knees, creeping in and out of the corners, I passed the pickets without being seen, or in any way interrupted. Just before I came to the creek, I arrived at a knoll from which I could look down into a depression, where was stationed the reserve picket. Quite a large fire had been kindled, the bank hiding it from the sight of the Union pickets; and I went near enough to count the coffee-pots which the men had placed on the sticks to secure an evening lunch. The fence stopped right here, and I must go either to the right or left to flank the reserve. I was about fifteen feet from the end of the fence, and was just about to move, when a soldier got up from the fire, came up to the fence, and began pulling at a pole for firewood. He was hardly twelve feet from me, and yet I do not think he would have discovered my presence but for an accident. In pulling at the pole, he toppled over a whole length of fence against which I was crouched, and it fell upon me, flattening me to the ground, and pressing so hard that I was forced to cry out.

"Halloo! who in the old Harry is there?" inquired the soldier, coming up and removing the rails.

"It's me," I replied, as soon as I could get my breath. "Now I'll bet fifty dollars that I shall have another fit to pay for this!"

The soldier lifted up the rails, helped me to my feet, jerked me around, and inquired:

"Who are you, and what are you doing here? What business have you skulking around here?"

"Me? Why, I'm Green the peddler, who has fits. Let me see"—looking into his face—"aint you the fellow who bought a pipe of me the other day over by the railroad?"

"No—I didn't buy a pipe," he replied. Then, kicking at my sack, he continued, "What ye got in there?"

I gave him a list of the articles, told him that some colonel, whose name I could not remember, had told me to go down to the picket line, lie by all night, and then pass into town in the morning; and finally requested that we go to the fire, where I would show him my stock in trade.

He shouldered one end of the pole, I the other, and we went forward among the reserve. As we threw the pole down, several of the men looked up, and one of them uttered a laugh, and exclaimed:

"Hang me, if there haint one of those cussed peddlers of notions! Halloo! old rags, where have you been for a week past?"

"Is any one to blame for being unfortunate?" I inquired, in an offended tone, and acting as if hurt.

"I didn't mean anything," continued the soldier, making a place for me to sit down beside him. "Have you got a tip-top pipe that you'll sell cheap?"

The man had met with peddlers in the Confederate camps, and I had made a lucky start. As the other soldiers crowded around, I untied the sack, brought out several pipes, and soon disposed of half a dozen, taking Confederate notes in payment. Not a word was said to show that the soldiers had the least suspicion of me. If I had been discovered closer to the advance pickets, the case might have been different. One of them showed me a knife, which he said he had purchased of me one day on the crest of Missionary Ridge, and two or three more remembered having met me before! Had I needed anything further to convince me that the real Green was a Confederate and a spy, I should have had proof in the remark of a corporal to whom I had made a present of some paper and envelopes:

"I have heard that Bragg employed a peddler as a spy on the Yanks. How is it? Are you the chap? Have you been in town lately?"

I gave him such replies as to leave him in doubt whether the rumor was true; and as to his last question, informed him that I was going to attempt to get into Chattanooga in the morning. The men offered me a place by the fire, and a blanket, if I wanted to stop all night; but I thanked them, and trudged on toward the mountain. In all my experience I had never had so little trouble in passing the picket line, and getting on good terms with my enemies. I secured the name of the captain, two sergeants and three corporals at the reserve, and the number of the regiment; and in case I should be arrested, I now had several good witnesses to prove what I desired.

Tramping along, whistling and singing, I soon bumped against a camp sentinel. He was disposed to call the corporal, to see if he had authority to let me into the camp; but when I had slipped a pipe into his hand, he was convinced that I had a perfect right to go where I pleased. I bribed him out and out, but of course he must not be credited with not suspecting my identity. The force in the valley was not a large one, the enemy having his great strength hidden on the mountains and behind the ridges. I could make no sort of an estimate, travelling around in the dark, and having had such good luck with the men already encountered. I determined to secure quarters for the night. It was now nearly eleven o'clock, and I was within half a mile of the railroad track, which curves around the base of Lookout Mountain before striking the valley. The tents were thicker here, the force being greater, and I knew that if I prowled around much longer some one would ask me unpleasant questions. To get quarter in any of the tents, I must awaken the inmates, and it made no difference which tent I selected, all being alike to me.

Just as I halted, and was about to lift a blanket hung at a door, some one came out of a tent about a rod above me. I heard the rattle of a sword, made out that it was an officer, and saw him move off among the tents at a rapid pace. As he came out of the tent, I caught sight of a light within; and when he had gone, I concluded to make a closer examination.

Leaving my sack, I crept forward, lifted the flap, and saw that the tent belonged to an officer. Two or three uniforms were hanging up, there was an extra sword, two camp beds, a writing-desk, and various other property. I could see no one up or down, and I crawled through and made my way to the writing-desk, which was covered with maps and papers, as was also a board near by. Picking up one of the documents, I read:

"General Bragg instructs you to move—Wednesday—getting artillery in position—a week more at the furthest must witness the surrender—brigade commanders will—"

Reading thus far, skipping along down the page, I saw the importance of the document, and pocketed it. Then hastily

gathering up every other letter in sight, I crammed them into my pockets, and crawled out of the tent. Picking up the sack, I found that I was unobserved, and so I turned sharp to the right, walked forty or fifty rods, and then entered a tent. One of the inmates awoke as I was getting in, but when I explained my wants to him, he gave his consent, and I stretched myself out on a spare blanket. I believed that I had secured possession of some valuable documents, and though anxious to peruse them, I had no opportunity to do so, and must attend to secreting them. In fifteen minutes after I had lain down the inmates of the tent were all sound asleep, and then I went to work. Having no fit place to stow the documents, I removed my boots, made an incision in the lining, and in the course of half an hour had tucked all the papers into the bootlegs, and so secured them that a second glance would be necessary to find them. This accomplished, I drew on my boots, hauled the sack under my head, and in five minutes was asleep, knowing nothing more until an hour after daylight.

The two soldiers who occupied the tent were cooking breakfast when I woke up, and it was an easy thing to bargain with them for a share in the meal. After that was disposed of, they wanted each a new knife; and having no money, I purchased from one a uniform cap and blouse, and from the other a pair of pants, thus giving me a Confederate outfit. The articles were stored away in the bottom of the sack, and I was about to move off, when a soldier lounged along and inquired:

"Say, Sol, the devil's to pay up at headquarters. I don't know what's up, but the shoulder-strappers have arrested all the sentinels on duty between ten and twelve last night, and have taken three or four tents down to search for something."

I knew what that "something" was. It was the papers in my bootlegs, and I made up my mind to get out of the neighborhood as soon as possible. Travelling along, I decided that I need not be alarmed unless some new occurrence caused me to be suspected. If they had arrested the sentinel who let me in and who had taken my bribe, he would, if like other sentinels, deny that I had crossed his beat, for fear that it might come out that I had bribed him. Unless he "owned up," there was

no one in camp who could dispute my assertion that I had come into it from the west instead of the east side. Half of any plan is having confidence in yourself, and so, when I had made up my mind that no one had any business to suspect me, I trudged along without much care.

Stopping now and then to "dicker" with the soldiers, I at length came to the railroad track and the base of the mountain. Here I began to find the enemy's strength. Looking up the mountain, I could see earthworks and guns, and there were defences, cannon, batteries of artillery, and "heaps" of troops whichever way I looked. I could see no road up the mountain—not even a path by which a goat could ascend, and I greatly wondered how the soldiers and cannon found their way up. Some regiments were in line, some changing positions, some in camp doing nothing, and I passed about without eliciting much attention. I was standing on the railroad track looking cautiously about me, when some one gave me a tremendous slap between the shoulders, and a hearty voice cried out:

"How are you, old pancakes—how's your grandmother!"

I turned around and stood face to face with a second lieutenant of infantry, whose actions at once proved him considerably intoxicated. He was just that far "over the bay" to feel jolly, and to care not a straw for the dignity attached to his position. Seeing his situation, I replied that my health was not very good, and as for my respected grandmother, she had been laid in the tomb so many years that I seldom troubled myself about her feelings.

"Bully for you!" continued the officer, shaking hands with me. "If I were General Bragg, durn me if I wouldn't make you a division commander within an hour! You're a sockdologer, you are—a regular steamboat on wheels! What ye got in that bag?"

I enumerated the articles, and then opened the sack for his inspection. He selected one article after another until he had his hands full, and then started to move off without paying me. I mentioned the fact to him, when it would have been wiser to have let him go his way, and his conduct changed in an instant, as any other drunken man's conduct will.

"What!" he exclaimed, dropping the articles on the ground, "what! you charg-

ing officers anything! cuss me if I don't take all you've got!"

I saw that I had made a mistake, but he would accept of no excuses, and at once ordered a soldier to take up the bag and follow him. I could not lose the whole without a struggle, for deprive me of the sack, and I would be arrested within five minutes. Protesting against his actions, I was following along after him, when he pulled out his revolver and shot plump at my head. He was not twenty feet away, and I did not see his action until he pulled the trigger. Nothing but his unsteady hand saved my life. As it was, the bullet passed close to my ear, and buried itself in the shoulder of a soldier a few feet behind. Hundreds of men saw the movement and heard the man scream, and we were immediately surrounded by an excited crowd, among which I saw a division commander, two brigadier generals and several lesser officers. For the first two or three minutes, there was no opportunity to explain, and afterwards such a thing was useless. One of the brigadiers took the sack away from the lieutenant, and that worthy immediately charged that I was a prowler who had no business in the camp, and demanded that I should be arrested and searched.

Nothing is right in time of war but might, and I was the next moment led off to a tent, a soldier lugging the sack after me. Three or four of the officers came in, a guard was stationed to keep back the crowd, and then came the moment which was to show me if I were fitted to play the part of Samuel Green. It came to me like a flash that Samuel Green had fits, and the next moment, after throwing my arms around, I fell down, shutting my teeth, fixed my eyes, and set my legs to shaking.

"Call in Dr. Royer, captain—the man is in a fit," remarked a voice, and the next moment the doctor came in.

He felt of my pulse, unbuttoned my vest and shirt, rubbed whiskey on my throat, and pronounced it a fit. It was my intention to remain in that fit ten or fifteen minutes, but a sudden command for some one to remove my boots, convinced me that it would be safer to come out of it. I opened my eyes, drew my legs up, drank some of the liquor, and in two or three minutes was able to sit up. Before answering any questions. I took a draught

from the pint bottle, and then laid my document in the hand of the doctor.

"Why—the devil—why—ha! ha! ha!" laughed the doctor, handing the paper to the others to read. "Woodstock must be blind drunk to pitch into a harmless fellow like this!"

The officers read the document, laughed and joked, and the result was that I was told to pick up my sack and pass on. I made haste to do so, and passed along the railroad track around the mountain, scarcely able to realize that within thirty minutes I had got into a bad scrape and out of it. I found no difficulty in trading with the soldiers, as I took any sort of money and sold my goods at prices which would have made a sutler's heart go down to his boots. Keeping my eyes about me, I had at noon collected all the information which I wanted from the valley, and determined to leave it and go up the mountain. A soldier whose dinner I shared, gave me directions where to find a road which zig-zagged up the hill. By passing along the railroad track, and following it around the mountain's base, he informed me that I could strike the road by which all the cannon, men and supplies had been taken to the crest of the hill. Deeming this the better way to go up, and thinking to come down by the trail, I planned accordingly.

The soldier's companions were on duty, and just as I was ready to go, a sergeant came along and requested him to serve on a detail for a short time. As he was not to be gone over half an hour, I agreed to remain in his tent until his return, he seeming to have more confidence in my honesty than in that of his companions, knowing that a soldier would "pick up things" whenever opportunity offered. There is an old saying that delays are dangerous, but the soldier had not been gone ten minutes when I had reason to believe that my delay had saved my life. It was raw cold weather, and the tent was fastened up as close as it could be. Lying stretched out on one of the rude beds, I directly heard several men come up, meet some one at the door of the tent, and then a voice asked:

"Have you seen a man around here with a bag of notions on his back—a short fellow, dressed in citizen's clothes, wearing a black mustache, and having a scar under his right eye?"

"No—not up here," answered another voice, "but I saw him about a mile below here this forenoon. Why—what about him?"

"Just let me get eyes on him and I'm good for a hundred dollars," continued the first voice. "He played the durndest game up at corps headquarters you ever heard of. You know Longy's (Longstreet's) scout, Bob Thomas? Well, as near as I can get hold of the story, Bob was sent into Chatty (Chattanooga) the other day. He was fixed out with papers as some one else, had an old suit of clothes and a bag of goods, and Longy got word last night that Bob was in jail. Some one in his clothes and carrying his sack has been passing along the valley. Bob, you know, has red whiskers and mustache, while this man is altogether different in look. They think he's a Yank, and we are after him. This morning, he—"

I sat up on the bed, heard him relate my adventure with the lieutenant, and then I crept softly across the tent, and looked out to see a sergeant and seven men moving away. I saw it all in a moment. My peddler was a genuine spy, and his exemption paper, fits and medicine had been prepared for the occasion. Some citizen of the town had notified Longstreet of his man's capture, and my game was played. The man with the sack would swing if they caught him.

While I was thinking I was also acting. I must leave my sack behind, take a new disguise, and be off before the soldier's return. Opening the sack, I poured its contents over behind one of the beds, drew out the uniform, hid the sack, and in five minutes was a private soldier of the Confederate army—Longstreet's corps. There was an overcoat on one of the beds, and I "borrowed" it, feeling that when its owner discovered my hidden property, he would be satisfied with the exchange. Being all ready, I picked up a musket, slung a cartridge box over my shoulder and stepped out and walked off as if I feared no one. The change in my appearance was so great that I did not believe any one would know me, but I soon had a chance to see. Walking less than half a mile, I came upon the sergeant and his file, who were returning to pursue the chase in another direction. He stopped me and asked about the peddler. I pointed over toward Missionary

Ridge, and cooked up a story of meeting the man there two hours before. Two of the file were two of the reserve picket whom I had talked with at the camp-fire in the valley, but they had no suspicions of me whatever.

When they had passed on, going in the direction pointed out, I pursued my walk. My path was full of soldiers, but they gave me no notice. I fell in with about a dozen travelling my way, and who were going up the mountain, I thought, but they badgered me so about my boots, which as I have remarked were too large, beside being covered with mud, that I dropped behind. Half an hour after, there was scarcely any one in sight, and coming to a farmhouse, I concluded to go in. There was a guard at the gate, to prevent malicious trespass, and one of the finest bloodhounds I ever saw sat on the doorstep.

"Look out for the brute, partner," cautioned the soldier as I opened the gate. "He's one of the real old nigger-hunters, and is as cross as blazes."

I always had a constitutional fear of dogs, large or small, and getting part way to the door, I hesitated. The hound eyed me keenly, growled once or twice, showing fangs which would almost bite through a bar of iron, and then he came down to meet me. He snuffed at my feet, smelled of my hands, and to my great astonishment, began wagging his tail and frisking around as if he had met with an old friend. The guard was as astonished as myself, but the dog continued to show his love and good-feeling, and I passed into the house. There was no one at home but a woman, the wife of a soldier then guarding Union prisoners on Belle Isle. Her greeting was anything but cordial, she having probably received a hundred similar calls. However, when I laid two Confederate ten dollar bills on the table and asked for a picked-up dinner, her frowns cleared away, and she had the meal ready in five minutes.

While eating and talking, I observed a new pair of woollen socks hanging near the fireplace, and made a purchase of them for another note. Confederate money was pretty good money then, especially in that region, and the woman must have thought me a general in disguise.

My socks were old, and the boots chafed my feet, and I therefore determined to put the new ones on. Learning this, the

woman suggested that I wash my feet, and she fixed a pail of water at the back door. I drew off and left my boots at the door, and when I returned, the woman was studying at a paper which I recognized as one I had hidden in my boot.

"This seems to be an important document," she remarked, laying it on the table. "Why do you carry your boots full of papers?"

I told her that they were some private papers which I did not wish to lose, but she looked at me as if she did not believe the statement. I felt angry and chagrined at my imprudence, and hurried into the boots and got out of the house as soon as possible. Apprehending some misfortune, I hardly spoke to the guard, hurrying up the route almost on the run. The paper which I had taken from the table was in my pocket, and desiring to replace it in my boots, I turned aside into a clump of shrubs and vines to make the transfer. I had scarcely sat down, when three soldiers passed, and in a moment more I heard voices in excited conversation.

"The woman says she saw more than a hundred papers sticking out in the inside of his bootlegs, and the one she read was signed by General Bragg!"

I heard this, and laid down and hugged the ground as closely as possible. My own carelessness had got an enemy on my trail again.

"Run down till you meet those men," continued the guard, "and they'll hurry up and help you overhaul him. Be quick, before he gets away!"

Off came the boot, in went the paper, back went my foot, and then I rose up and let myself out for a run. Turning toward the mountain, I ran up the side, covered by bushes and small trees. The way was so steep and difficult that running was soon impossible, and I stopped a moment to "blow," just as the deep bay of a hound and the shouts of men reached my ears. The soldiers were after me, and the bloodhound had taken my scent! I could neither walk nor run—it was a mere scramble. Leaping over rocks, jumping over ravines, drawing myself up the banks, I had just reached a path winding up the mountain, when I heard the bay of the hound not thirty rods away. He was coming along at a slow pace, my jumps puzzling him. My boots were a hindrance to fast speed, but



I ran down the trail at a gait which would have bothered an Indian to beat. Thirty rods down, I came to a loghouse set in a bit of a valley on the left hand side. Some distance beyond the house was a large out-door cellar, excavated from the hillside. It had no door, and running by, I saw the dark mouth of the trap and turned and made for it. As I went in, I turned enough to notice that there were no windows on that side of the house, and that no one was in the yard. The voice of the hound and the shouts of the men came to me as I ran in, but there was no alternative. The dog would overhaul me in five minutes if I kept on, and I had determined to make a stand and shoot him. The cellar was twenty or twenty-five feet long, ten feet wide, and as dark as pitch when one looked toward the back part. At the far end I found two barrels, a board or two, and hustled them around for a sort of breastwork.

Just as I had completed all the defence possible, the dog appeared at the door, his eyes shining like two coals of fire. Drawing my revolver, I took aim, and was about to press the trigger, when he gave a whine of joy, and came trotting in, leaping over the boards, and licking my hands with evident signs of satisfaction. Patting him on the head, I quieted his voice and antics, just as the soldiers stopped in the path opposite, and perhaps two hundred feet away. Hearing nothing further of the dog, they were puzzled to know which direction to take. I could see them plainly, and I held the dog down, and whispered to him to make him lie quiet. The soldiers—there were five of them—ran down the road a few rods and then returned; and after calling and whistling to the dog, they all came into the yard. While the four stood talking within fifty feet of me, the other one went to the house. I heard the shrill voice of a female, a loud conversation, and then the soldier joined his companions; and, accompanied by the woman, they all came towards me. I believed that the woman had seen me enter the cellar, and that death or capture was imminent. They came up within twenty feet of me and stopped.

"I haينت seed no one round here," whined the woman, "and I haينت seed no hound."

"Well, look in the cellar and see if the fellow is there," replied one of the soldiers.

The cowards were afraid to come in themselves, withdrawing to either side, while the woman entered the door, came in a few feet, and then turned and went back, declaring that the place was empty. At this announcement the soldiers crowded in, but their eyes could not penetrate the darkness, and they soon turned away, stopping around the door to hold a consultation. They at length agreed that I had run down the path further, killed the hound, and that they should discover me in that direction. Accordingly, they all started off down the path, and were soon out of sight, bidding the woman keep a sharp lookout for me.

It was getting on toward sundown, and I debated whether to stop or to take the path up the mountain. Fearful that I might in some way be discovered if I should remain until dark, and doubting whether I could find my way up the mountain except by daylight, I concluded to risk all and reach the path again. The dog followed me out, capering and frisking, but immediately took the scent of the soldiers and ran down the path. Turning to look at him, I caught sight of a soldier about musket range off. The man held up his hand for me to stop, but I set out up the hill on the run, knowing that he was one of the pursuers. The woman came to the door in time to see me off, and I saw that I was in for it again. I had retained the musket stolen in the valley, although it had bothered my actions, and I carried it now instead of flinging it away, knowing that I should want it at the crest to complete my disguise.

After running perhaps ten minutes, I heard the bay of the hound again. The soldiers had given him my track, and he was after me. I had nothing to fear from him, as soon shown. He speedily overhauled me, but ran along by my side, playfully snapping at my legs. I was getting pretty well tired out, when I heard voices up the path, and turned aside and leaped into a thicket, the dog remaining on the path. Two or three minutes after half a dozen soldiers came along down; seeing the dog, they stopped a moment, but passed on without a suspicion of my presence. Their appearance was a lucky thing for me. They would meet my pursuers further down, tell them that they had not seen me, and this might end the chase.

As soon as they were gone, I scrambled back to the path and made up the mountain again. I was just congratulating myself on having escaped pursuit, when ill luck confronted me in the shape of two more soldiers coming down. I was close upon them before I discovered them, and so had to push on. They looked at me sharply as we passed, but as they could not have knowledge of me, I began whistling and kept on. As soon as a turn in the path had hidden them, I struck a "lope" again, and met no one for the next half mile.

It was now sundown, and I began to think of the part which I should take on reaching the crest. I could hear a drum beating and a band playing above, and saw that I was near the end of my journey. As soon as I had got rested a little, I resumed my march, and just as it was fairly dark reached the top of Lookout. I had been thinking that I should find a sentinel on the road near the crest, and felt greatly puzzled for a plan to get by him without trouble. As I came within a few rods of the top, the difficulty solved itself without my help. I came upon several soldiers at a spring beside the path, filling camp kettles. There were five soldiers and three kettles, and they were arguing how the men could carry a kettle between them and not leave an odd kettle to an odd man.

"Just in time, comrade!" shouted one of the men, as I came up. "Please give Pete a lift on his kettle."

It was just the thing I wanted; and in this way I passed the sentinel without the least trouble. As I was a stranger, I must "get in" with some of the men; and so, as we walked along, I informed my companion that I was from the valley, and had come up to look after my brother, giving his regiment as one which I knew was with Bragg over on Missionary Ridge. The soldier knew it also, and when we had ascertained that I must take another day for it, I began trying to ascertain where I should put up for the night. His own tent was crowded, the soldier said, but he knew of a tent occupied by three of his company where I could get in, as two of the men had been detailed for guard duty. This was satisfactory, and in a short time I had made friends with the occupant of the tent, and was duly installed as his guest. After supper, and while indulging in eu-

chre, I set to work to draw him out by telling him of the defences which "we" had erected in the valley and on the ridge, and then had a good excuse for asking after the preparations which had been made on Lookout. He assured me that nothing had been left undone. He showed me his hands, blistered with using the heavy tools, and then in detail gave me a list of the defences. He was strong in the belief that no human foe could wrest Lookout Mountain from the possession of the Confederates; and it really looked to me as if it would be sheer madness on the part of any army to attempt it. The path by which I came up was the poorest defended, because, as a child could see, a six-pounder planted at any turn in the trail, and supported by a company of infantry, could cut to pieces any assaulting column, if warning was given of the approach. There were earthworks at the head of the road to the southwest, on that road, on the valley path, on the crest, and he assured me that the plateau was a Gibraltar which could not be even bruised by the hammer of war. It was bruised, broken, captured and held; but there was more reason in the idea that Hooker's men would be slaughtered to the last before reaching the crest.

The soldier was a pretty fair draughtsman or artist, as I saw by two or three sketches in his knapsack. Pretending that some of his explanations were not clear, I put a pencil in his fingers, and he made a draft of the principal defences, and also of some of those on the ridge. When he had finished them, and our conversation was ended, he wadded the papers in his hand, and threw them to the back side of the tent; and I secured and hid them while he was out hunting after some tobacco. I heard him returning pretty soon, but just as he reached the tent some one called out:

"Is that you, Wheeler? Hold on a minute, I've got some news for you."

A man approached, and, as I suspected, he proved to be one of the men who had met me on the mountain. He had also met my pursuers, who gave him the whole story, and he was now relating it as a choice bit of gossip.

"He didn't come up here, because I asked the sentinel at the path," said the soldier, in conclusion; "but he may come

to-morrow, and so I'll give you his description."

And he went on, and gave such a fair description of my face and old boots that I would have been able to pick the man out from a hundred had I been searching. When he was through, he suddenly announced:

"O, I had forgotten! I got a letter from Hannah to-day, and she wrote most a page about your mother. Come over to the tent, and I'll read it to you."

"But I've got company in my tent," replied my host.

"O, hang your company!" continued the other; "he wont dissolve while you are gone."

"Hang your company!" was a suggestive sentence to me, and a load was taken from my mind as the two moved off. I must cut and run, get some new disguise, alter my looks, or "brass it out." Which should I do? I had caught sight of a pair of scissors when the soldier opened a "housewife" in his knapsack, and I had them out in a moment, and in three minutes had clipped my mustache to the hide. Then, from my wallet, I selected a strip of black court plaster, ran it across my cheek, and this was all I could do. I had scarcely time to finish, and to replace the scissors, when the soldier returned. He looked at me curiously, and then, puzzled to know how I had changed, remarked upon it. I replied that he had been deceived about the mustache, and that I had raked my face with my knife during his absence, thus accounting for the presence of the plaster. He was satisfied, or seemed to be, and as the drum beat "lights out" at that moment, he hastily spread up a bed, we covered up, and he extinguished the light. He did not even refer to the gossip which had been retailed at the door of the tent, and for this reason I believed that he suspected me. He was a keen sharp fellow, about twenty-five years old, a Virginian by birth, receiving his education at Harvard; and if there were grounds for suspicion, he was just the man to entertain them. Being a gentleman in breeding, he was too hospitable to turn me out of the tent, and too courteous to disturb me with his thoughts until he had reasons. But I had a presentiment that my fate was in his hands someway, and the feeling had stood

me so well in other instances, that I did not attempt to banish it now.

It was dangerous to attempt to leave the crest at night, guarded as every path would be, and I was as uncomfortable as one could well be under mental anxiety. We both laid upon the same blankets, but had separate ones to cover us, so that we were at least four feet apart. Not a word was said after our "good-nights," and a third party would have supposed that we were bent on sleep. But I was deceiving him, and the result proved that he was playing the same game. We had been lying quiet for half an hour, I against the side of the tent, and he near the door, when I heard a low snuffing near my head. Reaching out my hand, I raised the canvas about a foot, and my friend the bloodhound crawled under as quietly as a mouse and laid down beside me. If the soldier heard us, he did not show it. I was greatly surprised at the presence of the dog, and his coming also added to my anxiety. He might have followed on alone, but the chances were that some of my pursuers had come with him. This belief was soon strengthened by hearing some one whistling for the hound. I had my arm over his neck, and he did not move.

It was plain as daylight that I must leave the camp that night, but it was nearly as plain that I would be captured or shot if attempting it. For another hour I laid there racking my brains for a plan, and then I felt, more than heard, my companion carefully raise himself up. Two or three minutes passed, I being all attention, and he then cast off his blankets and crawled to the door. Here he hesitated for several minutes, but, as if making up his mind that he was right, he crawled out, and I heard him come around to my side of the tent and then move off. He was going to inform on me! As soon as sure that he was out of hearing, I rose up, got hold of his overcoat, which he had used for a pillow, put it on, and then left the tent, followed closely by the hound. I had not taken my musket, and knowing that even the seconds were precious to me, I quickly made my way to the head of the path by which I had ascended the mountain. As expected, I saw the sentinel right at the path. The others were some distance either way, the guard-tent

was ten or fifteen rods off, and I walked boldly up to the man, and said:

"I've lost a gold watch worth three hundred dollars. I was out after water just at dark, and I believe I must have dropped it near the spring. I want to go down to see."

"O! ha! ha! That's played out with us long ago!" he replied. "No one passes here without the countersign."

"Well, here's the countersign, then?" I remarked, going closer to him, and bending forward as if to whisper in his ear.

I had my revolver in my hand, turned end for end, and I meant to hit him on the head with the butt of it. He either caught sight of the weapon, or suspected some injury, for he threw up his gun across my breast, to bar my progress. The hound had stood beside me very quiet, but the moment the gun came up, he leaped under it like a flash, caught the soldier by the throat, bore him down, and I ran down the path just as the powerful fellow gave utterance to a terrible yell. There was no room for further deception, and I ran for life, the dog overtaking me in about two minutes. I heard the soldiers shouting, knew that I would be pursued, and my old boots were picked up and put down as if drawn over the feet of a trotting horse. I think I made a gain of at least half a mile before there was any great alarm, and then three or four muskets were fired. I was too far ahead to hear if any one was sent after me, but taking it for granted, I "pegged in," with scarcely a halt until reaching the house and the outdoor cellar. It was hard on to three miles from the crest to the house, but going down hill is fast motion, and I do not think I was more than thirty minutes, if that, making the distance.

I at first decided to hide again in the cellar, but reflecting that I was pretty thoroughly posted as to the defences, having my friend's drawings beside, I then determined to get into Chattanooga before daylight, if possible. I judged that I was about five miles from the city, and that the time was about eleven o'clock. The fact that I got out of the town without much difficulty was not a guaranty that I could get in without being arrested. It would be a dangerous task to attempt to return by the valley, and I therefore concluded

to take to the river. If I could secure something to float me, I might pass down the river unseen, and land at the town; and I at once proceeded to the bank and cast about for boat or raft. If any one had pursued me down the path, they had given up the chase, and I now found no one to trouble me. Keeping close to the river, I passed down opposite the house where I had first met my friend the dog, but I had not then succeeded in finding so much as two good-sized sticks. From this point I could plainly hear the soldiers in the valley, and knew that I should directly strike the point where the extreme left wing of the army rested on the bank. Passing down fifteen or twenty rods further, I was about to despair of finding a float, when I suddenly stumbled over some one stretched out on the ground.

"Whizzer doing 'ere? Whizzer kickin' feller for? Whizzer want of me?"

Before I knew what had happened a man sat up, looked about, fell back, and slept again. There was a strong smell of whiskey in the air, and the words of the unknown showed him to be drunk. Looking closer, I saw another man, a camp kettle, a dying fire, and three or four shirts hanging on a line suspended between two saplings. I saw in a moment that the fellows had come to the spot in the afternoon to wash their garments, and getting drunk, had remained there. This was not all. After waiting until I was sure that the man slept, I approached closer to the water, and to my great joy discovered a large scow moored to the bank by a grapevine. Setting on it were a washtub and washboard which the boys had borrowed at the house. There were several large blocks of stone lying about, and it was easy to conclude that the scow had been used to float building material down to the town.

As the men were in a measure helpless, I had no fear of them, and determined to capture them both. Removing the tub and board to the bank, I took the first man by the feet and carefully drew him on board. He growled and mumbled, but did not awake, and I soon had the other man beside him. There was neither oar nor paddle, but I went to the fence, secured a long pole, and then I was ready. In my haste and excitement I had forgotten all about the dog, until the lumbering old

craft was moving away. Then there came a whine from the bank, a dark body shot through the air, and the hound landed at my feet.

As soon as getting clear of the bank and into the current, I laid my pole down and then stretched myself out. Without word or sound we drifted rapidly down, not even being seen by any of the Confederates; and when getting to the head of the town, I worked the old scow in so that I landed without accident, and the sentinels aided me to discharge the drunken cargo.

It was my intention to make an early call on the man whom I had jailed before leaving, and to do my best to have him hung; but after I had reported at headquarters, taken a few hours' sleep, and walked around to the jail, I was grieved

to learn that he was probably safe among his friends, some outsiders having aided him to escape that very night.

A few days later, when Hooker's men crossed the valley and arrived at the base of Lookout, I was at the head of the column to point out the path and the road. I did not go up among the clouds with them, nor did I believe that a man of them would reach the crest. Nevertheless, they did go up, the battle was won, and the siege of Chattanooga was raised. The dog? I had not forgotten him. He lies curled up near the stove as I write, older by several years than when we first met, but still one of the best friends I have in the world. What his reasons were for befriending me I shall never know, though I would give much to understand the singular mystery.

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### MY HUSBAND.

BY MRS. E. M. BOLLES.

In my quiet home I listen  
For the step I long to hear;  
Time is passing, I am waiting  
For the one to me most dear;  
While a great love, all unmeasured,  
Fills my restless beating heart  
For my husband, of whose being  
I myself am but a part.

Does he dream, I often wonder,  
That in him I live and move!  
That my path would be most dreary  
If unlighted by his love!  
When to him my troth was plighted  
My love seemed almost supreme,  
But the light which then was kindled  
Now seems but a fitful gleam;

For, through all my cares and troubles,  
Brighter glows the sacred flame,  
Till my path by it is lighted,  
And in pride I bear his name.  
*Providence, R.I., January, 1875.*

Though I seldom count my blessings  
In the wear and tear of life,  
And my courage often fails me  
In the weariness and strife

Which beset the path of duty—  
Of his love I feel so sure  
That it lightens all my labor,  
Makes it easy to endure.

Thus while waiting for his footstep,  
Longing to behold his face,  
I renew my waning courage  
For life's long and trying race.

Hand in hand we walk together  
Through the world with loving hearts;  
Poverty our path may darken,  
Envy pierce us with its darts—  
All the ills of earth may hover  
Over each devoted head,  
Still our love shall grow and strengthen  
Till we're numbered with the dead.

## WILL SHE MARRY HIM?

BY FLORENCE MARRYAT, AUTHOR OF "AN UNFORTUNATE MATCH," ETC., ETC.

## CHAPTER XXV.

"I WILL BRAVE HIS ANGER."

"LADY VALENCE, I will be frank with you," continued Dr. Newall. "I cannot deny that your husband is ill, and that his illness has been to me a very mysterious and inexplicable thing—until to-day. Mentally, he is very ill; but I do not say he is incurable."

"Thank God! O thank God!"

"Still, his disease has so much more to do with the mind than the body, that ordinary means will, I am afraid, be of little avail. The plain fact is, that Lord Valence has unhinged his own mind. From a child he has been of a sensitive and emotional temperament; and this disposition, which should have been combated in every possible way, through the means of healthy interests and exercise, he has fatally encouraged by the nature of his studies."

"Do you mean to say he has brought this state of things on himself?"

"Entirely so. As would any one who gave himself up, body and soul, to the unravelling of mysteries, which, if even the Divine law intended at any period to be made more clear to us, it never meant that in their pursuit we should neglect the higher human duties to which we were born into the world."

"Dr. Newall! you speak as though you believed it all."

"Believed what, my dear lady?"

"That it really is possible to hold communication with the unseen world. I know," continues Everil, rather unsteadily, "that I began by telling you that I had seen the—the—spirit; but I thought—I hoped—that is, I fancied—"

"That I could contradict your statement, and tell you that it was all nonsense—the effect of your heated imagination. No! Lady Valence, I can't do that! I do not know, of course, in this case whether it was fancy or not. Your nerves may have been—doubtless were—worked up to the highest pitch, and have raised a phantom of themselves to frighten you."

"O no! indeed they did not. I know

now—I feel sure—that I was not mistaken—that it really was there. Yet—"

"Yet—you are surprised that I believe you. My dear child, this is nothing new to me, or to any one. What you have experienced is as old as the hills."

"Then you think that all the stories of ghosts that one has heard are true?"

"Certainly not. Not one in a hundred is true; but do you suppose such stories would ever gain ground without *some* foundation? From the earliest ages, Lady Valence, man has at times attempted to raise the veil that hangs between us and the unseen world, and to peer into those mysteries which for some wise purpose have been hidden from ordinary sight, and he has generally suffered for it."

"Is it wicked?" demands Everil, in a low voice.

"It is not for me to say whether it is wicked or not, Lady Valence. The Catholic church, the church to which I belong, has decided that her children had better not meddle with it; consequently I have no personal experience of its effects on the human mind. But I have, unfortunately, been called on more than once during my professional career to cure a patient whose bodily health has been wrecked by the unnatural strain upon his mind caused by this unnatural study."

"I have heard of spiritualism, of course, on occasions," says Everil; "but I never took any interest in it, and I little thought it could be productive of such awful results as these."

"No more it is in ordinary cases; but your husband's is not an ordinary case. From a child he has been unusually subject to such influences. I remember when his dear father died, and I went to announce the fact to him, he met me at the door with the intelligence that he was *not* dead, and that he had but just seen him standing in his room. I can see his boyish face now, lighted up, almost as it were ethereally with the conviction. I tried to combat the idea. I hoped then it might have been his imagination; but I soon saw I was mistaken. He has never been like

other boys or men since that night."

"Tell me all about him," says Everil, imploringly.

"He grew too slight and delicate; too fond of solitude and study; too silent and reserved in company. There was no bodily disease apparent, excepting that his pulse was higher and more fitful than was suited to his age, and that he occasionally suffered from slight attacks of fever. Then he went abroad, and for some years I lost sight of him."

"Did he see these—these things then, Dr. Newall?"

"I cannot tell your ladyship; but I fancy not. I think it must have been whilst abroad that he was first imbued with a desire to turn his study of necromancy to account. When he returned I saw a great alteration in him. I ventured once or twice to speak to him on the subject; but he did not encourage me to renew the attempt."

"O, why were you not brave? You should have risked his anger—anything—to save him from himself."

"My dear lady, remember that my duty extends no further than looking after Lord Valence's body. With his mind, his thoughts, his inner self, I have no right to meddle. It is you alone, who are one with him, who have the privilege to search his soul."

"And I have found it out too late—too late?"

"We will not say that yet," replies the old doctor, kindly; but she observes that he does not say it hopefully; "though you have not found it out one day too soon. I knew then that your husband pursued this study more than was good for him, and I saw his health gradually give way; yet I was at a loss to link the two facts together, which, as I observed before, under ordinary circumstances, would have had no connection. But what you have told me to-day makes it all clear to me. If Lord Valence has permitted his curiosity to go to such lengths as you describe, and his mind to believe all the so-called revelations made to him, it is no wonder his health has sunk beneath the torture. Lady Valence, I have told you all I know. Be equally frank with me, or we may lose the last chance of disabusing your husband's mind of this terrible superstition."

"I will tell you everything, Dr. Newall;

but remember my knowledge only dates from last night. Valence has always told me that his premature death was certain, and nothing could prevent it; and yesterday he said the very day and hour were fixed. Then it came—O, what a fool I was to faint; but I never believed that it could be really true. He called it *Isola*, and I remember nothing more. But when I recovered, and questioned him, and implored him to tell me the whole truth, he said that it had told him that he should"—faltering—"that he should"—stopping short.

"Yes, yes, my dear child, I understand," says Dr. Newall, soothingly.

"Next February—on the 3d—at noon," concludes Lady Valence in a despairing whisper.

"And the poor boy—with a power of emotion that wears out his nature as a sword does its scabbard—is so thoroughly impressed with the idea that what he has heard is true, that the flame of existence flickers down lower every day, and threatens to go out at the appointed time from sheer belief in the impossibility of its lasting longer. And what a life it is to be thus thrown away!"

His words ring in her ears as if they were a death knell. She rises suddenly from her seat, and throws herself at his feet.

"O no!—O no! Don't say that, Dr. Newall! for Heaven's sake, don't say that! You will save him, will you not—now that you know all? You will think of some means by which we may save him from the effects of his own weakness. I know it is nothing, and I cannot say what I want to say; but if my life—my fortune—if I could work—if I could die—O my God! I am talking such folly, when I want to say so much?"

"Poor child! And do you really love him like this?"

She is sobbing so violently that at first she cannot answer him, but as the feeling of the kind old hand that is laid upon her bowed head soothes her into peace, she makes her humble confession to him, still on her knees.

"I did not once. The conditions of my father's will that brought us together were repugnant to me. They roused my worst feelings, and I almost hated him. But since we have been man and wife—since I have lived with him, and seen how good, and honorable, and kind he is, and what a



world of tender feeling lies hid beneath his gentle nature, I have learned"—in a lower tone—"not to love, I think, but to—worship him."

"God reward your goodness to him, my child, tenfold into your bosom. And whatever happens—whether the worst we fear comes to pass, or you are spared to spend your lives together—the remembrance of this time, and the strength that has been given you to overcome your pride and acknowledge that you have been in the wrong, will remain to comfort you to the very end."

She has regained her calmness by this time, and she rises and takes a seat opposite to him with only a trace of sadness on her features.

"But what am I to do, Dr. Newall?" she says, after a pause. "What can we do, in order, if possible, to avert this awful calamity?"

"I am not prepared all at once to tell you that, Lady Valence. With this new knowledge in my mind, I must watch the earl narrowly for the next few days, and see what effect the warning has had upon his general health. It has appeared to me better of late. I hoped it was mending."

"So did I. And if you could only have seen him this morning! He looked so young and cheerful as he bid me good-by. No one but myself could believe the horrors he went through last night. But Mrs. West, who has been his companion throughout this fatal study, tells every one that he is dying. And he believes it. And—"

"Lady Valence, excuse me for interrupting you, but I have made up my mind on the matter. I will speak to the earl myself. No! do not be afraid I shall not mention that I have seen you; but I will lead him on to speak about his general health until I draw the real truth from him."

"But will he not be angry with you? Agatha has told me he will not permit his most intimate friends to approach the subject."

"I will brave his anger, for your sake and his own. At the worst, he can but disbelieve me, and my arguments if convincing, may turn his thoughts into another direction. Meanwhile, Lady Valence, the one thing needful is to divert his mind. Don't mention spiritualism to him in any way—don't even allude to it; but engage

him in lively conversation and pursuits, and draw him out of himself."

"Ah! that is easier said than done. You don't know the difficulties of what you propose. In this gloomy old castle, too, of which every nook and corner is associated in his memory with some spectral illusion. He is not free from them even in his own chamber. His world is peopled with unnatural creations. He lives in an atmosphere of mystery."

"Take him away from Castle Valence, then."

"Where? Abroad? Do you think he would come?"

"Why not make the attempt? Ask him to go—for your sake."

She clasps her hands together. A red glow of hope suffuses her cheek.

"Perhaps he would! And when we are far away from all that can recall the past to him—he and I, together and alone—I shall have courage, perhaps, to speak openly and do combat with his fears to convince him that it is imagination. But no! no!" she continues, shrinking back, as the thought of what she saw in the library the night before comes back upon her mind. "How can I say that when I know it to be real—so real?"

"The apparition may be real, Lady Valence. It is no reason that its prophecy should be real also. The line of argument I should wish you to adopt with your husband is, not that his sense of sight has deceived him, but his sense of reasoning."

"I see—I understand," she says, rising. "Dr. Newall, how can I thank you sufficiently! You have given me hope. It is but a glimmer, but it is hope."

"Your ladyship has given me more than hope," he answers, cheerily. "You have given me the certain assurance that my dear friend's son has at last some one to care for and look after him. Lady Valence, I never liked Mrs. West. I may be unjust in my conclusions, but I do not think Mrs. West is to be trusted."

"No more do I, Dr. Newall; but Agatha is one of Valence's infatuations. He believes she is devoted to his interests, and she takes good care to keep him up to the belief."

"Get rid of Mrs. West as soon as you conveniently can," remarks the doctor quietly—so quietly that he makes Everil laugh.

"She tells Valence that somebody intends to relieve me of the trouble, Dr. Newall."

"The sooner the better. Come Lady Valence, that is something like a face to take back to the castle. I never saw you look so happy, nor—if you will allow me to say it—so beautiful before."

"I am going back to *him*!" she answers brightly, as she leaves him to ponder over the intelligence he has received.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

### "MY HONOR—AS A GENTLEMAN."

NATURALLY it occupies his mind for the remainder of the day, though he is not so much puzzled by it as most men might have been.

Dr. Newall has been bred up in the Catholic faith, and miracles are no subjects of incredulity with him. He knows that they have occurred from the beginning of time. He believes they will continue to the end, and he is not prepared to argue when they should or should not be revealed to men. But none the less is he able to see how fatal a power that of communication with the unseen world would prove in the hands of most mortals, nor how the man must suffer who resigns his will and reason to those of spirits in nowise better fitted to guide him than his own, except for the fact that they have been unclothed from the flesh with which he is still encumbered. He is so troubled on the matter that he cannot rest, and, having left his early dinner untasted on the table, strolls towards the castle in hopes of finding Lord Valence at home. On his way he encounters Mrs. West.

"Well, Mrs. West, how is the little man going on? Famously, eh! I thought we shouldn't make a long job of it. But you must be careful not to let him get out of doors too soon. It is treacherous weather for taking cold."

"O no, Dr. Newall. I should be careful of any one in such a case; but with Arthur, whose life is so especially precious!"

"O!—ah!—yes! an only child, of course. They're always spoiled. But you'll marry again some day, Mrs. West, and make up your baker's dozen."

She alluded to her child's chance of inheriting the earldom, and Dr. Newall knows as well as possible that she intended

him to understand it so; but he will not flatter her ambitious hopes.

"Even if I do," replies the widow, not entirely displeased with the supposition, "I don't see how it will make any difference to my dear Arthur's prospects. How ill poor Valence is looking, doctor?"

A notion comes into the doctor's head. He will question this shifty little woman and try to bring her to book before he sees the earl, so that he may have some foundation on which to rest his sudden determination to trace the cause of his indisposition to the root.

"Very ill, Mrs. West; and I have had reason to think lately there is some ulterior cause for his illness, which has not yet been disclosed to me, and without discovering which my medicines will continue to be of no avail. Now, I think you can help me in the matter. You are the earl's constant companion, I may say his most intimate friend. You have assisted him also, if I guess rightly, in the pursuit of this study of necromancy, to which he is so much addicted. Now, tell me the truth. How far does he permit it to affect his daily life?"

How quickly the wind changes. It may be blowing in your face one moment, and apparently, without rhyme or reason, you find it against your back the next. Mrs. West's tactics are like the wind. She commenced the conversation with the idea of hearing Dr. Newall reiterate his former statements that Lord Valence's symptoms are such a puzzle to him that his disease must take its chance; in which case she would have confirmed his suspicions, and lamented with him the sad prospect of their mutual bereavement; but directly she hears his appeal to her to disclose all she may know of Valence's private studies, and the effect they have produced on his mind and body, she scents danger and disappointment in the distance, and is ignorance itself upon the subject.

"Necromancy, doctor? What an awful term! Do you mean spiritualism? Just sitting at a table, and all that kind of nonsense?"

"No, Mrs. West. I don't mean any kind of nonsense. I mean this study which is affecting Lord Valence's brain, and may be productive of the most fatal consequences to his health. Do you not pursue it with him?"

"Do I not, what is called 'sit' with him, you mean. O, sometimes."

"How often do you call 'sometimes'? Every day?"

"O now, Dr. Newall, how do you suppose I could attend to my darling child, and to dear Valence himself, for that matter, if I were always playing at turning tables? No, of course not."

"Every other day, perhaps?"

"I really couldn't say. I go when dear Valence asks me, just to please him, you know, for an hour or so after the rest have gone to bed."

"And what occurs at these sittings? Please be frank with me, madam. Your brother-in-law's life may depend upon your answers."

How well she knows it!

"I wish you wouldn't talk in that horribly solemn way, doctor; you make one feel so nervous. Besides what have our little *seances* to do with dear Valence's health?"

"Everything, as I imagine."

"O doctor! What, just watching a table turn round, or hearing it rap? How could that hurt anybody? I am sure I would never sit again if I thought so. I should be afraid of it for myself."

"Do you mean to tell me, that after so many years of patient investigation on the part of Lord Valence and yourself, Mrs. West, nothing more occurs at these *seances* than you have already mentioned? No sounds or touches—no appearances?"

"No *ghosts*, do you mean? Goodness, doctor! *no!* Do you suppose I should be alive to speak to you about them if there had been *appearances*? Good heavens! how you make me creep! I feel as if I should never be warm again."

"Then what are these faints or fits—these lengthened periods of unconsciousness, which I understand Lord Valence suffers from?"

He looks at her sternly, and Agatha does not quite know what to answer. If she denies all knowledge of the earl's trances she may be convicted of falsehood, for Valence may have mentioned them himself to the doctor, or the servants may have been bold enough to carry the report to him. Agatha seldom finds herself in a quandary, but she is in one now. Yet catlike, she shuffles out of it, though tamely.

"O, his faints, you mean. People foam at the mouth, don't they, when they have

fits? Besides, I know these are faints. I have often fainted myself. There is not much danger in fainting, is there?"

"The question now is, not what is dangerous, or what is not, but how far has this disease gone. Why have I not been informed of Lord Valence's fainting? You have seen me constantly, Mrs. West, and have discussed this subject almost as often as we have met. Why have you never directed my attention to this phase of his illness?"

"I really did not think it was of sufficient consequence."

"Does it occur often?"

"O dear, no!—only occasionally. When he is over-fatigued, I suppose. You will allow that I have never denied that he is very weak, Dr. Newall."

"How long do the attacks last?"

"Not very long. They are ordinary fainting fits."

"Yet a rumor has reached me of his having had one that lasted above an hour, Mrs. West."

She colors at this.

"Ah! that was an exceptional occasion; and I should have sent for you then, of course, Dr. Newall, if it had been in the day, but it took place at night."

"You might have told me of it afterwards."

"Well, perhaps I should; but poor dear Valence is very sensitive, you know, and most averse to the subject of his health being commented on. He would not be pleased to hear that we ever discussed it together."

"He must hear it without being pleased, then," answers the doctor, roughly, "for I am determined to sift this matter to the bottom. Is the earl within doors?"

"I think so; I am not sure. But O Dr. Newall," continues Agatha, with real alarm, "I *hope* you will confine your inquiries entirely to his bodily health, and not mention a word about spiritualism. He will never forgive you if you do."

"I shall act for the best, madam, and say and do exactly as occasion requires, without any reference to Lord Valence's feelings. The business has gone too far for that now."

"But it is matter of so entirely private a nature, doctor. I don't think any friend, however intimate, has a right to pry into the secrets of another's breast."

"I hope I have always proved myself a friend of Lord Valence, Mrs. West; but in this instance I go to him purely in the character of his medical adviser."

"But you will startle him; you will shock his sense of delicacy if you dash at once into a subject which he has considered a profound secret. Let me go to Valence first, doctor. Let me prepare him."

"By no means!" says the doctor, as firmly but gently he puts her on one side. "I do not need your assistance, Mrs. West. I wish to see Lord Valence by himself; and if he is not at home when I call, I shall wait until he returns." And so saying, he leaves the little widow very ill at ease, and puzzled to conjecture what can possibly be the issue of the coming venture. Will Valence be so weak as to disclose all; and if he so discloses it, will Dr. Newall have the power to laugh him out of his belief, or convince him of its fallacy? Who can have aroused the doctor's suspicions?

As this question presents itself to her mind, a sudden look of intelligence—of disappointment—of fear, passes over her features. She would run after the doctor, and at all risks forestall the communication he is likely to receive, so as to infuse a little of her own coloring to the facts which must inevitably startle him into further inquiry; but he is already past the possibility of being overtaken. Even as she looks round for him, she sees him disappearing within the castle walls; and she has no better companions than her conjectures and her fears for the remainder of her walk.

\* \* \* \* \*

When Lord Valence hears that Doctor Newall is waiting to see him, he comes bounding into the library as if he were a boy.

"How are you, Newall? Splendid day, isn't it? I've just come back from Ballybroogan. Have you seen Lady Valence? I left her not a minute ago, tossing my poor old books hither and thither, and transforming all my bachelor neatness into exquisite confusion."

He seats himself on the edge of a table as he speaks, and with folded arms regards the doctor smilingly. His eyes are bright, his cheek is flushed, his hair thrown carelessly off his forehead. His old friend thinks he has never seen him look happier

or better before. Is it possible that this is the man who believes in a gloomy foreboding of death to such a degree as to permit it to sap the very springs of his existence? It appears incredible. And yet, beautiful as are his speaking features at this moment, there is a hectic spot upon his cheek and a glitter in his eye too deep, too bright for health. He looks like a votary of that terrible god Consumption, who bedecks her victims to the last, hides their sunken cheeks with roses, and lights up their dying eyes with the lamp of fever.

"No, my lord, I have not seen her ladyship since I entered the castle. I trust that she is well."

"O, I think so; but she complains of a little headache this morning. We were up rather late last night."

As he says the words some happy recollection strikes him, and a glorious smile breaks out over his countenance.

"Is she not beautiful, Newall? I don't think I ever saw such another figure, so graceful, so elastic, and yet so firm. It is difficult to conceive her ever getting ill."

"She appears, indeed, the very embodiment of health. I wish she could impart a little of her strength to you, my lord. You do not make the progress I should like to see."

His countenance falls directly.

"O, I'm well enough, Newall; as well as I shall ever be. Don't trouble yourself on my account."

"But I *must* trouble myself on your account, my lord. It is my duty as well as my interest. And when I consider how much depends upon your well-doing—what wealth you have to account for, what a wife to cherish, what a long race of heirs, I hope, of which to be the founder—I feel that no more sacred charge could have been placed into my hands by your dear lamented father than the charge of your health."

Lord Valence has shifted his place during this colloquy; he has moved from beneath the piercing gaze of the doctor's eyes, and is now walking restlessly about the apartment, taking up a book from one table and laying it down on another, but never bringing himself again under the scrutiny of his old friend.

"You have nothing to reproach yourself with, Newall," he says, at length. "You have done your part of the business con-

scientiously, and if I don't repay your care, it's the fault of my constitution alone. The cleverest doctor in the world can't keep life in a sinking body when the leak is sprung by Heaven."

"I don't believe Heaven has anything to do with the springing of your leak, my lord," replies the doctor, bluntly.

Valence colors.

"I don't understand you. You've been attending me now for some years. I've followed your advice whenever it was practicable, and I've swallowed all your stuff. Why, didn't I even embark on the venturesome sea of matrimony on the strength of your advice? I don't see what a man could do more. And yet I don't get well. Feel my pulse!"

"It is at fever heat, my lord."

"And half an hour ago it was scarcely perceptible. My spirits, my energy, my appetite, play for nothing. I become feverish for the same cause. I am strong one hour, and utterly prostrated the next. You may be puzzled at my symptoms, but I know them well, Newall, and they mean—death."

"I know, too, that they mean—death."

"You agree with me at last, then?"

"Not entirely. The death you would signify is a succumbing to God's will. The death I mean is—suicide."

"Newall!"

"It is the solemn truth, my lord. There is no physical reason you should not live. If you die before your time, it will be by your own hand."

"This is strong language, Newall. I have not been used to hear you speak like this."

"Because I have never seen so clearly as I do now the stern necessity there is for my speaking so. I have watched your malady increasing year by year. I knew there was no ordinary cause for it, and I hoped that marriage, with all the interests and joys it brings in its train, might have the effect of weaning you from the contemplation of yourself. But what has been the result? You have youth, and every prospect of happiness, wealth at your command, and a wife who loves you dearly—"

"God bless her!" cries his listener.

"Whom any man might be proud to call his own; for whom most men would sacrifice their dearest interests; resign their

most cherished hopes; and yet for whom—excuse me, my lord, if I offend you—you appear to be unable to give up even your unhallowed pursuits."

Valence's countenance clouds over again.

"I don't understand you," he repeats.

"Answer me frankly, my lord. Remember I have known you from a boy. Does the conviction that you are not long for this world spring entirely from your observation of your own health, or is there not rather some ulterior cause for your belief?"

He has touched his patron now upon his tenderest point, and the galled withers wince.

"I cannot perceive the object of your curiosity, Newall. Your business lies with my body; please to confine yourself to it."

"My business lies with your general health, and it is your mind which is affecting your body."

"I don't believe in the mind affecting the body. Besides, my theory—my conviction—Newall," he continues, suddenly interrupting himself, "you know of old how averse I am to metaphysical discussions on the reason of my ill health. If you consider that my blood is out of order, or my heart is affected, or any other of my natural functions require regulation, regulate them, for Heaven's sake, but leave the subject of my brain alone. I will attend to any reasonable directions you may give me. I will swallow any filth you may think fit to order me, but I won't be talked to as if I were a child or an idiot, ready to frighten myself into fits at the first shadow that crosses my pathway. You might as well tell me I am mad at once."

"You *are* mad," cries the old doctor, reckless of the effect his bold words may create. "You are worse than mad, my lord, to throw away all your chances of happiness for the sake of maintaining your reserve. I know you have a secret canker gnawing at your heart, that some thing, or act, or person, has laid on you too heavy a burden for you to bear. You will not confide in me—you will not take advantage of the benefit my advice, my reasoning, might afford you; and if you die (which God forbid!), weighed down by a load no mortal could sustain unaided and unharmed, you will as surely die by your own hand as though you placed the muzzle of a pistol in your mouth and blew out your brains."

The old man's unexpected energy has

startled Valence, who leans his weight against a table and turns pale visibly.

"Confide in me, my lord," continues Dr. Newall; "tell me everything, and it will go hard but we will find a remedy between us by which to exorcise the demon that holds you in his thrall."

"It is impossible—it would be useless," says the earl, with closed teeth. "You do not know of what you speak!"

"But if I do not know, I may be able to guess. Your secret studies are no secret to me, my lord; neither are they incomprehensible. I can imagine the hold they have gained over your natural feelings, the fetters they have cast about your mind. But let me hear the worst; disclose to me the utmost lengths to which they have misled you—the depths of mystery into which you have dived—and I may yet aid you to see daylight from the bottom of the dark well in which you seek for truth."

The earl becomes excited, his gestures are violent, his voice raised and discordant.

"I tell you again it is impossible. I can never tell what you desire, to you or any man. I have passed my word of honor. Now that you know that, you know you are renewing the subject at your own risk."

"Heaven pity you!" says Dr. Newall, sadly. "And you can resign that lovely wife of yours, give up all her love, her sweet companionship, her true sympathy, and go down into the grave before your time, for the sake of a chimerical honor which binds you to your superstition like a slave!"

"It would be useless to break my word," says Valence, faintly. "Nothing can save me now."

"It is not true!" exclaims the old doctor, loudly. "God can save you, my lord—but he helps those who help themselves. Be a man! Shake off this slough of superstition and blind bigotry which has unsexed you. Resolve to give up your unnatural studies; to have nothing more to do with them, or anything that concerns them, but to take your place bravely, like other men, upon the battle-field of life; and I'll engage, with the blessing of Heaven, to restore you to your former health and to your wife."

"Can it be possible?" cries Valence, starting forward, his face all aglow with the bright picture conjured up before him.

"To live, for her, with her! O no—it will never be. It is too good to be true!"

At this moment the library door opens, and Everil appears upon the threshold.

"May I come in, dearest? Ah, Dr. Newall, I did not know that you were here!"

Valence does not answer, but he turns his eyes wearily towards her. She comes forward and lays her hand upon his shoulder.

"Are you not well, love? O Valence! what is the matter? Speak to me! Do not frighten me like this!"

"Everil—my wife!" is all that he can say.

"I am glad you have come, Lady Valence," chimes in the doctor, in a cheerful voice. "I have just been speaking to your husband about the necessity of looking a little more after his health; and now I want you to persuade him to take a holiday somewhere—to go away together for a short time, that he may have change of scene and rest."

"You will come, my darling, for *my* sake!" she urges, tenderly, with her arms about him.

"What would I *not* do for your sake, Everil?" he answers.

"Except—break down your barriers of reserve," says the doctor, significantly.

"Except—prove false to my honor as a gentleman," the earl replies.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

### THE EARL'S DIARY.

"MENTONE! I have been alone with her in this sweet place for the last ten days. Winter is on the world, but there is no trace of it here. The roses and myrtles are blooming as contentedly as if they were in the midst of summer, and the sun is so powerful and the air so soft and balmy, that we are out of doors all day long, with huge umbrellas over our heads. It is only after sunset that the atmosphere becomes chilly, and then we retreat to the shelter of our villa, and are together and—alone.

"Alone! with my dear girl's head resting on my shoulder, her sweet eyes fixed on mine, our hands clasped with a firm firm hold, that mutely says, 'till death.'

"In all my life, throughout my vague

dreamings, in my warmest imagination, I never conceived such happiness as this. This is our real honeymoon, our true marriage: when our hearts are no longer afraid to look on one another and to tell the truth—that we have loved and longed to show our love from the beginning. O Heaven! I have lived long enough, since I have lived to hear my wife say that she loves me. I hardly know how she brought me here. I found myself in Mentone almost before I knew that I was coming. I think it must have been some deep-laid plot between old Newall and herself to get me away from Castle Valence. Everil asked me to come for *her* sake, and how could I refuse?

"Anyway, I am here, and glad to be here. Would it could last forever! There was a grand commotion at the castle the day we left. Staunton had just taken his departure, and my friend Bulwer seized the opportunity of the party breaking up to declare his affection for Miss Mildmay. Of course the women were tremendously upset by the announcement. Alice cried, first in my wife's arms, and then in Agatha's arms; and both Everil and Agatha considered it due to the occasion to mingle their tears with hers, until poor Bulwer looked very much as if he wished he had never broached the subject, and would like to run away somewhere and hide himself. It happened on the very eve of our intended journey, and delayed it for a day, as Everil would not stir till her friends were made happy by a telegram from old Mildmay containing his consent to their engagement. Miss Alice then, all blushes, smiles and tears, took her departure for England; and Bulwer went home triumphantly. He's a dear good fellow, and I hope he may be as happy as he deserves; but I can't understand his caring for a pink-and-white piece of prettiness like Alice Mildmay. She's all very well, I dare say—healthy, and amiable, and lady-like; but when you come to compare her with—well, say with my Everil—what a difference there is! The one, all fire, and energy, and action—the other, just a pretty simpleton, nothing more. In fact, I can't understand any man falling in love with any woman whilst Everil is within the range of sight. I tell my lady this, and she laughs and says it is very lucky for me that other people are not of the same opin-

ion, or she might be tempted to change her mind. *Change!* Heavens! how the word went through my heart like the point of a poniard! *Change!* Is it possible her heart can be ever less mine than it is at the present moment? I did not let her see it, but I *felt* the pallor that crept over my features at the idea. For the first time in my life I experienced the sting of jealousy. It is not a pleasant feeling. It made me cognizant at once of the fact that were it not for outward circumstances, I might be a murderer! I believe that were Everil to change towards me now—to take back the sweet love with which she has enriched my life, and bestow it on another—that I should kill him—that I should fly at his throat as a dog flies at a bull, and hang there till he dropped. And then I should get the heel of my foot upon his false upturned face and grind it into a shapeless mass! Bah! Of what am I dreaming? Am I going to let this new beautiful love, instead of raising my nature, debase and lower it? O Everil, how unworthy I am of you! Were we to live long together, how disappointed you would become in me! But for the short time you are to be mine, I will keep all lesser feelings that dishonor our love out of sight, that you may have no bitter memories of me when I am gone.

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"Well, Bulwer and Alice are happy, and have promised to return to the castle at Christmas, when we hope to meet all our friends again. Staunton, too, is to be there. I cannot understand my wife's feelings with regard to Staunton. He appears to me to be a very nice young fellow—quick, good-natured and gentleman-like—and he is a special favorite of Agatha's; but Everil seems to have conceived a positive aversion to him. I never mention his name but she changes the subject, and has several times said she wishes she might never see him again. However, I asked him to rejoin us at Christmas, more for Agatha's sake than my own; for Agatha not only thinks very highly of young Staunton herself, but has evident reason for believing that Staunton thinks very highly of her. I have caught them several times lately whispering, with their heads close together, and looking very confused, and uncommonly like lovers, when I disturbed them. Well, I cannot



disguise to myself the truth that it would be a very good thing if Agatha did marry again. What is she to do, poor girl, when I am gone! Everil and she do not get on as well together as I should like to see. Bulwer cannot bear the sight of her, and says so openly. Even Alice Mildmay seems afraid of making her a friend; and the servants are almost really rebellious. No one seems to care for poor Agatha as I do; and even I must confess I should be happier, and feel freer, alone with my wife. Agatha and I had a sad scene a few evenings before we left Ireland. I think it must have been the day after we had decided to go, and I was putting away a few things in my library, when her tap sounded on the door. She looked haggard and careworn, as if she had been crying, and I accused her of the fact. She came up to my side and laid her hand upon my arm.

"How can I be otherwise than miserable, Valence," she said, "when I see all confidence between us is at an end?"

"I guessed she alluded to my projected journey, and told her how my wife had extracted a promise from me to go in the very presence of the doctor who had advised it.

"And should not I have advised the same?" she answered. "Have I not had at least as much care for your health as Everil has?"

"Her reproach came home to me; for, for the last five years Agatha has really been indefatigable in looking after my comfort, and devoting herself to me in every way. I always have been, and always shall be, grateful to her for her care and solicitude; but of course my affection for her fades into nothing by the side of what I feel for my wife. I tried to thank her; but I suppose my words sounded cold, for she refused to accept them as they were intended.

"It is of no consequence," she kept on repeating. "Of course I am nobody now. I knew that it must come to this; but O Valence, however happy you may be in the future, don't forget what I have been to you and poor Arthur! Don't forget the scenes we have passed through together—the wonders we have witnessed—the—"

"Her allusion recalled me to myself. I left the work on which I was employed, and staggered to a chair.

"Isola!" I murmured, "my father! my

brother!—how can you talk to me of a happy future, Agatha, when you know my days are numbered—that I shall never live to see another year complete its course?"

"And if so, dear Valence, why should you not enjoy life to the close? If you have but a few more months to remain with us, why should they not be happy months? Isola would have them so. They would all have them so. Go to Mentone, and be as happy as you may. It is not of your probable happiness I complain; it is that you should think I should not be the first to rejoice at it?"

"But her words had quenched all my joy. I threw the articles I was packing away down on the floor in a heap.

"What is the use," I exclaimed, angrily, "of my attempting to cheat myself into the idea that I can enjoy life or love like other men? The dark shadow of death hangs over everything I do and say. I am a doomed creature, and even my wedding feast is spread on a funeral pall."

"Dear Valence, this is wrong—this is ungrateful," said Agatha, softly. "What would Isola say?"

"My sister-in-law has a very sweet voice and winning way; but I wish she wouldn't introduce the mention of Isola upon every occasion. I know my fate well enough—no one can blind my eyes to it; but surely I may forget it for a while—for a little while—and deceive myself, if I can, into the belief that it has never been revealed to me.

"I am sick of the name of Isola," I exclaimed, impetuously. "All my unhappiness, all my want of courage has sprung from the moment I heard it mentioned."

"O Valence!" said Agatha, reproachfully; "and after all her kindness—when she loves you so!"

"Was it kindness to disclose to me a secret that has embittered my existence ever since? Was it love to hang a drawn sword by a hair over my head, that might descend at any moment? That is what Isola has done for me. If she foresaw the doom in store for me, why couldn't she let me go on, like other men, in happy ignorance until the moment came? Anticipation, which is the worst part of pain, has killed my heart before my body dies."

"Never mind, Valence—let us say no more about it."

"But here a sense of my ingratitude

struck me. Why was I such a coward—such a traitor, to the cause to which my life has been dedicated? I turned and seized my sister-in-law's hand.

“‘Forgive me, Agatha; but if you knew how much I suffer! To love her so much—to know she loves me—’

“‘To know Everil loves you!’ repeated Agatha, in an incredulous tone.

“‘Yes. You may look surprised; but I do know it, thank God; and on the best authority. She has told it me with her own dear lips.’

“‘O, she has told it you herself, has she?’ replied my sister-in-law; but I did not quite like the sound of her voice.

“‘Her own self. Did you know it, Agatha?—did you guess it?’

“‘I certainly never guessed it. It is the last thing in the world I should have guessed.’

“‘But it is true as heaven; and it is at her wish that I am going to Mentone, that we may have a few weeks of quiet happiness together. Nor can you wonder, Agatha, that, if possible, I should like to forget, if only for this sweet brief interval of pain, the fate that lies before me.’

“‘O no. It is very natural, my dear Valence, and I only hope you may forget it. I hope you may be very happy, and find no cause to regret old friends in the possession of new ones. I hope you may never be disappointed in anything you desire, nor place too much confidence in a rotten reed. And I could hardly wish a better wish for you than that, could I, my poor boy?’

“Her words were kind, so was her manner, as she kissed and left me. There was nothing in either that I could find fault with; and yet they left an unpleasant impression on my mind, as though she thought me an infatuated fool for loving Everil when I shall so soon be called on to exchange this world for another.

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“Everil is so different from Agatha; indeed, she is different from any woman I ever met in the world before. I did not understand her until I brought her to this sweet quiet place, where we are together all day long, and know no one to break in upon our solitude and distract our thoughts from one another's company. At her own home in Herefordshire she was always so grand, and stately, and dominant, so much

‘*La Belle Chatelaine*,’ that I almost forgot she was a girl in years; and since we have been married, her distress at our mutual reserve and unconscious fear lest we should never love each other have made her appear still more womanly in her proud silence and melancholy. But now that the floodgates of our hearts have been opened and all barriers are broken down between us, my darling has come out in a new character. She runs about the house, she talks, she laughs, she dances, she sings, and it is only now and then, when some allusion to the future brings my destiny before her mind, that I see a dark cloud pass across her lovely face and quench the light of her dear eyes, as though they were blinded with unshed tears. But a smile, a caress from me, has power to make the sun break out again; and I can sometimes hardly believe that the bright happy girl who sits on my knee, or at my feet, coaxing me into laughter by her quaint mimicry, or almost moving me to tears by the exhibition of her love, is the same willful, defiant, and apparently heartless cousin who met me on our betrothal morn with the assertion that she would marry me all the same were I a chimpanzee. We have often talked over that time. Everil has spoken of it and lamented over it till her sweet face has been bathed in tears, and I have been forced to make her smile again by an account of my first impression of herself, and what a dreadful hoyden I thought I was taking as a wife. We have talked over everything that has either distressed or gladdened us. We have had sweet confidences that have laid our hearts mutually bare and made us feel that never again can we misunderstand each other. But there is one topic that we cannot approach with ease, and that is spiritualism.

“Everil has attempted it. Greatly as she shudders at the remembrance of the night she spent with me in the library—that night which proved to be the saddest and most joyful of my life, inasmuch as it gave me what I longed for, only to name the very hour when I must resign it again—she has forced herself to question me searchingly and to try and argue me out of the reason of my belief. I have told her as little as I could in reply. Why should I leave the dear child my sad experience as a legacy? Rather would I have her, when

I am gone, forget that such a fatal study exists, or that it had any part in embittering the short time we spent together. She is stronger minded and more courageous than the generality of her sex; she is also cleverer and more independent. What if the relation of my experience should cause her at any time to determine to solve such mysteries for herself!

"O, if I thought that my beautiful blooming Everil would ever lose her health and spirits as I have done in the pursuit of this fatal and unnatural study, I would tear my tongue out to-night rather than utter another syllable upon the subject. She is very pertinacious. It is difficult to silence her when she is once bent upon discovering a thing. She coaxes and coaxes, and questions and argues, till I am fain to give her a blunt denial. Then she draws herself a little away from me, and says, poutingly:

"'You do not love me, Valence.'

"*Not love her!* Good heavens! if she could only know *how* I love her. That I would not resign this brief life of love with her for a century without her! and rather see her eyes beaming on me as they

are beaming now, for one short moment, than possess all the loves of all the other women in the world eternally.

"O Everil, if you only knew how much I love you!

"Old Newall's words ring in my ears day and night—'I'll engage to restore you to your former health and to your wife.'

"What would I not give to prove them true!

"Sometimes I fancy, if we could stay forever in this sequestered spot, where it is always summer, and the bright life around us seems to deaden my ears to sounds from the spiritual world, I might pass over that fatal date in safety.

"Pshaw! What folly am I writing! Has it not been decreed by a Higher Power than I have communicated with? Are not his angels ministering spirits sent forth to bear his fiat to mankind? As if I—as if she—as if anything lower than himself could cancel his own words. There is nothing left for me but to submit.

"Yet O, my love! my wife! how beautiful this world appears! How hard it is to quit contentedly—whilst *you* are here!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## THE WISHING-CAP.

BY LOUISE DUPEE.

Did you ever hear of the foolish maid,  
My golden-haired little one,  
Who hid her bright eyes with a wishing-cap  
From the merry summer sun?

All the green world was as bonny and blithe  
As a fairy holiday;  
White lillies were sailing the sparkling lakes,  
Red roses flashing the way.

Wild bees and buttercups, bobolinks gay,  
Made the morning shine and sing,  
But the little maid sat there with folded hands,

A wishing for some strange thing.

And while she was wishing a fairy came,  
And held o'er her head so high  
The very gifts that were dazzling her dreams,  
And the golden birds drew nigh.

"And if you would have these jewels so rare,  
You must reach them," said the fay;  
*Cambridge, Mass., October, 1874.*

But the wishing-cap blinded her drowsy eyes,  
And her thoughts were far away.

"And if you would capture us," sang the birds,

"Busy your fingers must be!  
Busy your fingers and watchful your eyes!"  
But she could not hear nor see.

And when she wearied of wishing at last,  
The birds were flown and the light;  
The leaves of the roses scattered the grass,  
And she was alone with night.

Then clear the mist from your brown eyes,  
my dear,

Stir the wee hands in your lap; [by  
Who knows what good fairy may pass you  
While you wear your wishing-cap?

For, sweet, though this happened long years ago,

'Tis just the same now as then:  
Who'er would find treasures must reach for them,

And to wish is not to win!

## CHARITY IN A BALL DRESS.

BY HELEN LUQUEER.

SUCH an excitement had not been in Squashville for many a long day! A new minister had been installed, young, handsome, and, withal, unmarried!

There was not an unmated heart in the village that did not increase its palpitations even to a flutter. Every pretty head was completely turned by the possibility of the owner thereof becoming some day the Rev. Mrs. St. Clair. Even the old maids and widows of the congregation put on youthful manners and fresh ribbons, and the entire feminine portion of the congregation suddenly became pious. The prayer meetings were crowded by sanctimonious faces, and heads were bowed in devotion, while the rich tones of the new minister bore his charge up, on the wings of eloquence almost divine, to the throne of grace.

The first Sabbath of his ministerial duties the choir had arranged to sing an anthem at the opening of the service. Of course there had been the usual quantity of growling over it, but finally it was practised to perfection. And as the tall and commanding figure of the minister passed up the church aisle, there broke upon his ears a voice as clear and pure as the murmuring waters of a woodland brook. It was a soprano whose liquid notes thrilled him exquisitely. And when the rest of the choir took up the refrain, this voice soared like a bird in midair above all others, distinct in its individuality and superb melody. Over the bowed head and through the devout heart of St. Clair floated and penetrated the gush of heaven-born song. Involuntarily he raised his eyes up to the triumphant choir for the owner of that sweet voice. One fairer than all the rest, with eyes blue as the heavens and full of liquid light, hair like a web of sunlight sweeping back from a pure intellectual face, marked by strength of character, yet earnestly tender, riveted his gaze. All this he saw in one swift and comprehensive glance, and that the beautiful woman was the head of the village choir.

Every word uttered by the young minister was as so many pearls to the gaping

half-fed people. "How logical and original!" said the old heads, with congratulatory voices; while the younger ones exclaimed, "How splendid! What lovely eyes and hair, and such a commanding presence!"

The church awoke from its lethargy, and life and action entered its portals. Such tea-gatherings, socials and mite societies had not made Squashville notable within the memory of its oldest inhabitants. Not a cloud obscured the brightness of the sky of the young divine. Everything within the church and without went merry as marriage-bells. Green pastures and clear waters were all about him, through which he confidently thought to lead the entire populace of the village to heaven.

He was possessed of talents, and eloquence, and a magnetic temperament, which seemed to govern and carry all with whom he associated in the direction he chose. But as a natural result, his egotism grew like a mushroom in so congenial a soil.

Yet presently a tiny cloud appeared in the horizon of Squashville, arousing the antagonism of the new minister. He would preach it down at once—crush it in the bud—and hastened to do so. One prayer meeting night but a few of the younger people were present. He missed the fairest face of the flock, and the sweet voice of the rare songstress of the choir, Bella Harrison. Rumor whispered that the young people had instituted a series of hops, and that she was among the number who attended. It was absolute profanation!

The next Sabbath Bella stood in her place, looking so saintlike and calm, that but for positive proof St. Clair possessed of her actual presence where they tripped the "light fantastic toe," he would not have believed the assertion. How devotional she looked—how almost sadly divine—as she sang, "O had I the wings of a dove." He fancied he detected a look of meek contrition in her face. And now was the time to use caustic and knife.

Now the moment to apply the bitter remedies of the stern physician and create a cure.

When he arose fire was in his eyes, burned upon his cheeks, and tipped his tongue. Gracious! how the opposers of dancing and other kindred amusements did gloat over and fatten upon that sermon! As the new minister warmed with his subject he forgot the sanctity of the house, and gave way to temper a thousand-fold more sinful than dancing. When he spoke of it as "the hellish device of Satan—a damnable pastime," little did he think how the pure soul of more than one woman shrank from his profanity. It was terrible to Bella Harrison, disgusting, rude and personal.

At a single stroke he lost the confidence and esteem of the great majority of the young people of Squashville, aroused their antagonism, and war was declared. Winter was before them, stupid and dreary enough under the best circumstances, but now they would be more than ever gay, and show Mr. St. Clair that dance they would, and how lightly they regarded his opinion—how much it was behind the time, and unworthy of a liberal age.

All the stiff-jointed old maids whose dancing days were over held up their hands in holy horror at the mere mention of the hops and parties inaugurated after the sermon, and gathered about him, a withered phalanx of piety and propriety. They were backed by the saints and "elect" of both sexes who could rob the poor, oppress the widow and orphan, and, like whitened sepulchres, stand up and oppose all lightness and vanity, unmindful of what was within themselves, of the heart black, deceitful and desperately wicked.

Sustained by this class, and spurred on to renewed warfare by deceit, St. Clair poured forth again and again the fiery thunders of his eloquence and invective upon the young sinners' heads, until half of the congregation filled other churches, and youth and maidens openly whispered and smiled their comments in his very face. Gone was the devotional feeling of the church. The leader had turned it into a theatre of sensational lectures or sermons. The sweet voice of Bella Harrison alone sanctified the place, and gave the hearers a glimpse of the peace of angels and har-

mony of heaven. Even Mr. St. Clair took into his troubled conscience and heart a little of the heaven of kindness and charity with her tones.

During a visit one day he met the fair songstress at the door of a poor widow. She was just leaving the humble and miserable abode, and upon entering, St. Clair found the penury-stricken woman weeping tears of gratitude over a bundle of warm flannels Bella had left. And in glowing terms did the poor old creature describe the goodness and generosity of the dear young lady.

"It is the salt ov the earth she is, sirr. May the blessid saints an' howly angils kape her from all throuble and harum. Shure the roomatix 'ill not be after rackin' and scourghin' me ould bones wid all this flannin any more. Look till it now, will your riverence? There's a pound ov the best tay yees could mate wid in a day's travil. Why, she's jest the most charitable angil in the world. And there is mittens for me ould man. And she knitted them wid her own pretty white fingers, Heaven bless her!"

After giving the old woman some consolation in her poverty and trouble, St. Clair departed with a tender appreciation of Bella Harrison, and more than ever determined to bring her to a realizing sense of the enormity of dancing. If she could be convinced (being the acknowledged belle and leader, as well as the most intellectual and influential), others would be certain to follow, and the good work fairly commenced. That very night he would call upon her and earnestly endeavor to convince her of the error of her ways. If the task should prove difficult, it would at least be a sweet one, and he would have done his duty.

A few hours later he was ushered into the cheerfully-lighted parlor of Judge Harrison, where he found waiting one of the village beaux, in very elaborate attire, even to light kids. Presently a rustling upon the stairs proclaimed the coming of Bella, and St. Clair almost drew his breath with a gasp as she stood bowing and smiling upon them, radiant in a ball dress of turquoise silk, with an overskirt of soft white fleecy muslin, ruffled and puffed, the snowy neck and rounded arms half concealed and half disclosed by its folds. Her white and slender wrists were banded

with rare jewels and gold. In the meshes of her hair, and upon her bosom, nestled rosebuds, and in the heart of each sparkled a tiny diamond, like a drop of dew.

She gave her reverend friend one small white-gloved hand, and expressed her regrets that an engagement deprived her of the pleasure of his visit. Would he be kind enough to excuse her, and call at another time? She went away with the gentleman he had found waiting for her, leaving him to a prosy visit with her parents.

And this, he thought, in the seclusion of his own room, is the charitable young creature old Mrs. McGuire called the blessing of Heaven down upon with the most genuine tears of gratitude? Charity in a ball dress! The very fitness of things forbade it. Had she not always walked in the garb of a nun, plain-robed, sad-colored and meek-eyed? What wonder that his dreams that night were filled with visions of the peerless Bella, dispensing bounty to the Squashville poor, and that he awoke disgusted with himself for such vagaries of Morpheus?

At a concert a few nights later, fate or St. Clair's evil genius, seated him just behind Miss Harrison and a lady friend. It is proper, you know, for preachers to attend such gatherings, even if the most silly of songs or negro melodies are rendered, or juggling sleight-of-hand, or any other humbug, or if indecent characters strutted upon the boards, so long as it was not called "theatre" or "dance." Ah! that a rose by any other name should smell as sweet!

It so chanced that every word of an animated conversation, during the waiting for the commencement of the music was wafted to the somewhat willing ears of the young minister.

"I dread next Sabbath's sermon, Bella. Wont we catch it again for dancing at Mrs. Dayton's party? But we had a splendid time."

"Yes; dancing, even if it is such a sin, does a mission work for me," laughed Bella. "It relieves such parties of the insufferable stupidity. I detest sitting still and talking with people who have not a dozen ideas, to be picked to pieces by envious gossips, or stared at and followed about by languishing admirers, dinning into one's ears their soft nothings."

"Mr. St. Clair and his church think we

ought to enjoy playing 'authors,' music, conversation, and silly childish plays. I verily believe they would prefer horrible 'kissing' parties to a dance. Who ever heard a sermon against a 'bussing bee?' Why, they are common at the majority of donations in Pennsylvania."

"There is no accounting for tastes," replied Bella, shrugging her shoulders with infinite disgust. "But I must say that Mr. St. Clair excites my most profound commiseration. If he would only subdue his pride and temper, and drop the subject of dancing, for a time at least, the religious and moral tone of the church would improve."

"I presume he is conscientious, and thinks he is doing his highest duty."

"Undoubtedly. But if he would only preach against greed, envy, malice, and all uncharitableness—against backbiting, lying tongues and the follies of youth, we might be benefited."

St. Clair did not remain until the performance was concluded. He stole out with very much the feeling and fate of an ordinary listener. Dally he had been growing into a state of disquietude, and his thoughts dwelt upon the beautiful soprano who would defy his advice and precepts, and dance when she chose so to do.

One day both his pen and brain refused the bidding of his will, and he went out to pay his customary visits to the poor. The little dirty ill-smelling places required all his grace to endure, especially as he was out of sorts with himself and the world. Nothing but a long breezy ramble over the frosty hills would extract the bad odors from his nostrils and take the fever and excitement from out his blood.

Returning from his long walk at the close of the day, just before him upon the brow of a hill that overlooked the village, he saw outlined against the sky the tall lithe form of the woman whom of all others he was trying to forget.

She turned as he drew near, with the exquisite color of health tinting her cheeks and sparkling in her eyes. After the first words of greeting, she said:

"I've had a glorious climb, Mr. St. Clair, to get a most glorious view." And she pointed down the valley, within whose heart was locked a frozen stream; and away off, over undulating hills, evergreen-crowned, and patched with snow, through



which brown rocks thrust themselves, the setting sun flamed through the gateways of the clouds, tinting the sky with a summer glory and warmth, flooding the barren and dreary landscape, and streaming down as a benediction from the tops of the highest hills.

"It is indeed glorious, and worth the effort, and I am glad to be permitted to share it with you, Miss Harrison," he replied.

She drew a breath of positive enjoyment as they watched the rapidly changing scene, which, like some beautiful dream, vanished almost as soon as it was born, leaving nothing but a faint golden light upon the western sky to tell of the glory that had been.

"To my mind," said St. Clair, "that changeful sky is typical of pleasures that are as fleeting, and leave behind only gloom and disappointment; even as Dead Sea fruit, beautiful to look upon, but turning to ashes upon the lips."

"And to me," responded Bella, "it speaks of the coming summer and resurrection of nature."

"True. It is indeed the symbol not only of the resurrection of inanimate nature, but of life everlasting. Miss Bella, I am delighted to meet you here surrounded by nothing conventional, but only God and his wonderful works. I wish to speak to you as your pastor and friend about the frivolity and sin of vain amusements—of dancing, and of your influence and accountability, and I hope that I shall be forgiven if I speak plainly."

"Certainly, Mr. St. Clair. But do you not think you have already exhausted the subject in the pulpit? I am sure you cannot complain of my being inattentive there."

She was almost offended, and in the quick coming breath and the increased color it expressed itself, though her tones were submissive enough. St. Clair bit his lip as he glanced down upon the splendid creature by his side, so vigorous and buoyant of nature, and with the grand inheritance of perfect health. He noticed the firm set of the red lips over the white even teeth, and the expression of defiance flashing out of the wonderfully expressive eyes. Then he cleared his throat, opened his mouth, and said something very wide of the mark. And Bella, with the magnanimity of her

nature, brought him back at once to the subject in question.

"I know, Mr. St. Clair, I may be wrong, and perhaps to me the simple pleasure of dancing may not be antagonistic to a Christian life. Yet I grant it is vanity, as indeed must be all youthful pleasures. But our natures are childlike and frivolous. We have not as yet taken up the burden and the cross of life. There is time enough to settle down. But since the magnetism of youth draws us together, why complain because we select the most innocent of pastimes?"

"Does it appear innocent to you, Miss Bella—can you not see that it leads to excitement and dissipation? Are not young men led to drink as a stimulant to their taxed energy, and are not the constitutions of young ladies often seriously injured by the excesses of a heated room? And are not reputations jeopardized by the promiscuous intermingling of society?"

"These social meetings lead to late hours, I grant, and there ought to be many reforms. Dancing should be confined to one's particular set, and if our teachers would only set themselves to regulating these things by advocating more moderation—in short, if they would pluck from it all evil tendencies, it would become only, what it really is, a healthful practice, and as devoid of immorality and dissipation as skating or any other amusement."

In reply St. Clair spoke at length of its opposing influence to the gospel, and serious hinderance to the church.

"That is only because you opposers make it so," she replied. "As I said before, if you would teach us temperance in this, like most forbidden pleasures, it might lose something of its charm."

The shadows of the chill February evening had long since swept up the valley, and darkened and shut out the prospect, and St. Clair turned with a sigh to accompany the obdurate young lady down the rugged path to the village.

"You must forgive me," she said, melting at his silence. "I fear I am a little spoiled. I have always been allowed to think for myself. Yet if you can convince me of my error I shall yield the point as gracefully as possible. At least, Mr. St. Clair, let us be friends. I will try to use my poor influence to modify and purify our dancing parties."



She gave him her hand at her own door with an appealing gesture and look that conquered the already besieged heart of the divine, and the clasp he gave her, and the low spoken good-night, conveyed more than a pastoral benediction.

"Friends?" were they not more than that now? Had not this fair young lady showed him how weak and sinful was his best endeavor? In place of preaching to her, had she not rather preached to him and gained the day in more senses than one? In short, had she not won his first and deepest affections, next to his God? Struggle as he might, there was no escape out of the dilemma. He could not marry "a dancer," one of the most gay and influential of her set in the village. And yet he had no hope of convincing her of the error of her ways. Her mind was too logical and firm to easily yield a disputed point. It was, therefore, only left for him to seek forgetfulness in another field. To remain there now was madness. Bella Harrison had the voice and power to sing him to destruction, if she willed so to do. He drew up a request for his dismissal, and proposed handing it in at an early day.

When again he met Bella on a mission of charity, the poor fluttering moth proposed a walk to the hilltop from whence they had enjoyed the rare sunset. The conversation drifted to the needy and suffering, and then to themselves.

"When I am gone, Miss Bella," he said, "I shall often recall this spot and the delightful walks with you."

"Gone, Mr. St. Clair?" And her face flushed and then grew pale.

"Yes, Miss Bella. You have destroyed my influence here—and my peace of mind, I fear, forever. It only remains for me to seek new duties and forgetfulness, if I can."

"Your influence? your peace, Mr. St. Clair?" faltered Bella. "What do you mean? What can I have done?"

"This—just this. You have taught me to love you dearly, and madly, and—and—"

"And I am not fit to hold such a power

over your heart? I understand?" she replied, in a low and quivering voice.

"No, not that, as Heaven is my judge, my dear girl. You are all that a noble woman could be, lovely, and unselfish, charitable, but alas!"

"I will dance?"

The comical side of the wooing presented itself to the quick-witted girl, and she could not but smile through her tears.

"I fear I shall not be understood," he replied, as he grasped her hands, wholly disconcerted. "I had not thought to speak at all, but Providence seems to have ordained the meeting just to humiliate me and show you my weakness. But whatever happens you must know that I love you very dearly. Yet I am not wholly a free agent. I belong to a sacred calling and cause, and to espouse one ever so dear or worthy holding views antagonistic to the welfare of the church would very much if not entirely do away with my usefulness."

"Have you so mean an opinion of me, Mr. St. Clair? Do you think that I, as the wife of a minister, would do anything to retard his advancement or usefulness, or that I would fritter away in vain amusements time which should be big with self-improvement and duty?—that for the man I loved I would not make any reasonable sacrifice?"

He was distressed beyond measure as Bella uttered her angry protest, and drawing her hand from his, turned away and began ruthlessly to demolish the bright green fringe of a low-bending hemlock.

But it is enough to know that with the eloquence born of love St. Clair so pressed his suit that half an hour later two happy young creatures passed slowly down the hill path amid the gathering gloom, walking as on air and feeling as on moonbeams!

They are married now. The dancing days of Bella are over, but not her influence. To the young people she preaches moderation—to her husband the charity which is kind; and peace and prosperity reign in the village, as they should and will everywhere if people will be less bigoted and more lenient.

## THE IRISH COURT.

BY PROF. JAMES MACKINTOSH.

THE lively capital that lies on the banks of the Liffey has distinct features of its own, and that individual character which is always so welcome to the connoisseur of cities. The jaunting-cars, so gay and rattling, with their joking drivers, the handsome Sackville Street; Merrion Square, with its faded gentility; and, above all, that exceptional institution, the Lord-Lieutenancy of Ireland, impart a piquancy, or at least inspire curiosity. There is always almost a foreign stir and bustle; the streets are crowded; and along Grafton Street and Nassau Street, at shopping, there is met a stream of brilliant flashing-eyed girls, from whose rosy lips proceeds a pleasant and voluble chatter that could not be matched in any city. This air of motion, however, is rather delusive, as less money is spent now than formerly, though trade is increasing and the taste for mercantile pursuits coming into fashion. The genteel live now at their country-seats, and go to London when they wish to live "in town," while the middle classes and traders have their villas at a convenient distance on some line of railway. For a stranger who is "sojourning" there—the invariable phrase of the Irish "Court Circular"—or for an officer with tolerable gifts, nothing could be more agreeable than a dip into Dublin society; he will be greeted with a welcome that will surprise him, and a hospitality that is almost effusive. A young gentleman of good family and fortune, though otherwise endowed with those inept gifts which have been the favorite subjects for ridicule to professional satirists, might be fairly confounded at the almost tender assiduities with which he is pursued; only, such a character naturally accepts these attentions merely as a recognition of his merits denied to him by other less sagacious persons. The cynic, or even the average observer of human manners, might be well entertained by resolving this Dublin society into its proper elements.

At the top of a hill, and fixed at the edge of one of the most squalid and dilapidated districts, stands The Castle, a pile of ancient brick buildings laid out in two court-

yards, with a pretty gothic chapel and a bulky round tower. The rooms are handsome and spacious, contrived with a view to vast balls and large "banquets." Hither the new viceroy repairs, having ridden through the city in a very creditable procession; through streets lined with military, and great crowds gathered to gaze, who either cheer or are silent, according to their political feelings. To the object of this homage, the whole position must be one of considerable novelty, and certainly of no less gratification; and it is a matter of surprise that a position which, though divested of substantial power, yet offers a sultanic magnificence, and is attended by an almost Eastern submission on the part of all who have authority in the place, should not be much more coveted. Military, police, magistrates, lords, ladies, gentry, all join in this reverential homage; and the awful deputy cannot appear in public an instant without being pursued by this fetish kind of worship. No wonder that there should be found a sort of fascination in the office for those who have held it long. The old spell, that makes the English "more Hibernian than the Hibernians themselves," is found to operate to a certain degree. But there is a prose side to the romance; and as the grand procession defiles through the streets, a slave in the rumble whispers the sultan that twenty thousand a year is but a slender aid—it must be supplemented by twice or thrice that sum. The names of Earl Spencer and the Duke of Abercorn will always be associated with a lavish expense. The latter particularly delighted in displays of gorgeous show and pomp, and the late Earl of Carlisle was famous for his rather indiscriminate hospitalities. But there have been others of a sparing turn, who have economized successfully, and the memory of that viceroy, in front of whose departing cortege was borne a banner with a strange device, a real piece of meat—his actual soubriquet being "Shin-of-beef, H—y," drawn from a meagre donation of that species at Christmas—is still held in just odium. The offi-

cial mind is wholly unsuitable; and with the doctrinaire Kimberley, who would gratify the mob with a barren *largesse* of figures, "returns," "readjustment of poor-law boundaries," and the like, in lieu of more substantial *cates*, the country had but an imperfect sympathy.

As we walk around the castle yard, little squeezed hall doors, belonging to tenelements just as squeezed, meet the eye. These are labelled, on well-worn brass plates, "The Chamberlain," "The Comp-troller," "The Dean of the Chapel Royal," "The Private Secretary," and the like. Here reside these respective officials with their ladies. All the retinue of a court is found in miniature. There is a secretary and assistant secretary (the easy and good-natured Carlisle feelingly contrived an assistantship to the assistant, to find a place for a friend), six or seven aides-de-camp, "gentlemen-at-large" (a title that has puzzled and amused many), and a state steward. Some holders of these offices have grown gray in the service, like the Phippses and Knollys of greater scenes. Such familiar figures were the genial Everard and the veteran Willis, both of whom died in harness. These held all the traditions—were precise as to matters of state and ceremonial, the infringement of which seemed to them an awful thing. They lived in a curious atmosphere, suggestive of that of one of the old petty German courts of the Pumpernickel type. They could telka good deal as to intrigues and cabals, and could rehearse scandals connected with the days of the gayer viceroys. Everard, one of the best amateur actors of his day, always inspired and directed the yearly garrison theatricals, which since his death have become extinct. The Duke of Abercorn took pride in having these posts filled with persons of suitable rank; but often they were found filled with mere "hangers-on," to whom the trifling salary was an object.

The "first levee" is a strange compound of state and meanness. For weeks previous, notices have appeared in the papers to the effect that these solemnities were at hand, and giving warnings as to cards being sent in and the like. A nice exclusion is affected, though there are always mysterious stories of "an apothecary" having been "presented at court." During the day, the whole city is alive with carriages

and cabs, through whose windows glimpses are seen of uniforms, wigs and ermine, and the court suits. Every old rickety vehicle, ancient as the "wonderful" American shay, is dragged from its yard and put to service. The court suits, quite as ancient, which have figured in the tailors' windows, are withdrawn; being "on hire" with a view of exhibiting humanity under the most degrading conditions. But this element is now happily abolished, owing to the adoption of the new liver—costume that is. Certainly the mingle-mangle of shattered conveyances, shapeless calves, faded old brown coats, rusty swords, and, above all, embroidered waistcoats, stained and soiled as if with wine, made a singularly disagreeable exhibition. The "drawing-room," however, is of a different pattern. This is always held at night, and is really worth seeing. Papa, with his lady and two fine girls, arrives from Galway, and stays at the Shelburne or the Bilton, eager for amusement and enjoyment. About Mrs. M——'s, the eminent modiste's rooms, there is a block of carriages all day long; trains and corsages strew the chairs and floors, while the young ladies of the establishment fly up and down express from the workrooms. On these occasions much extravagance is indulged in, and the good-natured squire often rues the day that he was beguiled into bringing his girls to town "to take their proper position," through his own baptism of fire. Not but that this modiste is admirable in her way, among the first in quality and workmanship, nor for that matter dear in her prices. The gala character of the season is impressed on the whole city; every hotel being full, and every hairdresser, native and foreign, dressing for the bare life from ten o'clock in the morning. This ceremonial, too, is but the inauguration of a series; for "state banquets," balls, etc., etc., are to follow, and the young country belles are out of their wits with delighted anticipation.

All round the castle yard the windows are illuminated, the soldiers are piqueted in the middle; while the long line of carriages comes winding up, a curious crowd peering into each as it goes by. Up the grand staircase, lined with soldiers and servants, ascends the stream of "feathers, lappets and diamonds." The matron, swelling on the billows of her rich train,

like some dignified swan with her fleecy cygnets behind, passes on into the crush-room, where are gathered all the postulants, gayly uniformed, her spouse being probably "D.L.," a much coveted honor, and therefore entitled to ruffle it in scarlet and silver of an antiquated cut. For this matter of uniform, there is almost as great a craze as at the French court; and indeed, it has not been noted, as one of the obstructions to the assimilations with British manners, how much the country is ruled on French principles—the influence of the police, of "the castle," being directed after a truly Gallic fashion. The ingenious variety in uniform is positively amazing. Such functionaries as "inspectors of prisons" and "clerks of the crown" even, have a distinct dress. The police officers have a neat rifle equipment; militia officers abound; the judges muster, with great officers; as well as divines, expectant of promotion, before the Irish Church had been laid in ruins, and who were often seen with a lady on each arm. In the "throne-room," all gold and crimson, stands the duke or earl who acts as king, the centre of a long line of glittering officers, who pass the card of the presentee from one to the other, proclaiming his correct style and titles. Behind stand a few, privileged with the "private entree—and there being some jealousy as to this distinction, the list is duly regulated—who find real entertainment in watching the nervous agitation of the fair and blushing creatures who file past and have to undergo a somewhat trying probation. Every novice has, as it were, to pay toll, levied with a strict but good-natured severity, and the ascetical *roi faineant* must find some compensation for the tedium of his duties in the pleasant octroi duties which he un-faillingly levies off every fair cheek that passes by him. The charming confusion—the piquant air of indifference, only assumed—the hopeless agony of bewilderment, reaching even to utter blindness, as figures, gold, lights all merge into one dazzling glitter, without form or coherence—the stumbling over trains—the sinking down in reverent abasement, so as to wholly miss the attendant salute—all this contrasted with the cool and assured bearing of the regimental "chargers" who have been practised in the business, makes up a most dramatic spectacle for those

looking on. Sometimes the fair *debutante*, quite distraught, totters on past everybody and everything, only to be brought back, more dead than alive. Then come the greetings, when every one crushes and is crushed, and is "so delighted." The fine ballroom sees all kinds of revelry. At "St. Patrick's Ball," all the world with his wife and daughters attend in full court dress, and the night opens with "Sir Roger de Coverley," led off in brisk style. Then there follows such a riot of feathers and lappets, such a flutter of old-fashioned flaps and coattails, of entangled trains, that the whole seems like one of Mr. Ward's pictures. Often a thousand people crowd in to one of these festivals. The smaller and more select balls, of which half a dozen or so are given during the year, are usually the pleasantest that terpsichorean can conceive, albeit inaugurated by a fantastic procession of the host and his household, two livery servants clearing the way, and the guests falling back into a somewhat servile avenue. The ladies curtsy low as the band plays "God save the Queen;" the pageant goes on, the half dozen aides in their pretty uniform (coats with sky-blue facings, white waistcoats and gilt buttons), the "gentlemen-at-large," the "physician in ordinary," "surgeon to the household," "state steward;" the whole being closed by the "ladies of the household," wives and daughters of the magnates aforesaid. Then the first quadrille is formed, a "state" one being contrived at the top of the room, formed of such august elements, lords, lordlings and ladies as happen to be in town. The late Lord Eglinton had a passion for waltzing, and the effect was rather droll, as some of the functionaries hurriedly stopped all profane dancing while the august terpsichorean went gravely through his performance, for a couple of rounds, with the lady of his choice. The amiable and genial Carlisle revelled in the more sober and decorous quadrilles, and his white head, with the florid face and juglike mouth, jerking through the puzzling measures of the Lancers with a boyish eagerness, was a sight to see! He might be called the patron of all pretty girls; he took a fatherly interest in their progress, taking good care that they found partners, and sometimes husbands. He enjoyed Dublin society to the full, and his

followers knew that the way to entertain him was to come provided with the latest gossip as to the marriage that was "on" or "off," Mrs. —'s ball, or Mrs. F—'s theatricals. As he made his various progresses through the country, he fell in with many a "delightful" family—for there is a tender susceptibility in acquaintance, as well as in love affairs. He discovered many a charming though unsophisticated *ingenue*, it might be in some remote Galway "Castle Rack-rent"—a rural Baby Blake, whose little wits he upset by the invitation, "You must let me see you at my drawing-room." The bait took the rustic squireen and his wife as though something special, and though mortgaged to the ears, the ill-advised administrator, in his child's interest, makes this one last effort at pawnbroking of his real estate, and comes to Dublin for the season.

Then follows Mrs. M—, without the *cachet* of whose style no provincial can shake off his almost boorish rusticity—the carriage—the house in Fitzwilliam Square, or "Lower Leeson Street," a street popular with such exotics—and the "job" on hire from those deliciously-named equestrian caterers "*Gerty and Rorke*," whose beasts attend marriages, and burials, and soirees, with perfect indifference. The result of which disastrous outlay was of course a delighted recognition, and some slender attention; but other beauties and newer families succeeded, the old satrap was a little fickle, and loved change; and the half-ruined Galwegians had to return to their bogs or stone walls, ruing the day that they had put their trust in sham princes. The variety, too, of his pastimes was surprising—the syllabub parties at the park, the cricket matches, when he marked all day long, the theatricals in which he himself once took a part, and the riotous meetings on St. Patrick's Day, literally "in the morning," when the scum of the population was admitted to hear the band play, and the viceroy invited them to dance jigs. These were certainly queer, if not droll times. Between these successive sovereigns, as they come and go, comparisons must naturally be made; but it may be doubted if any were more gracious, regarded from the circle of those that knew them, than the late viceroy, Lord Spencer, and his graceful wife, whose attractions caused many an allusion to "Spencer's

Fairy Queen." At a sort of farewell party given at the "Lodge," there were absolutely filling of eyes, and dismal leave-taking.

It would be difficult to appreciate after a philosophical fashion, the direct influence of this institution upon Dublin society and the country in general. That it lends a semi-theatrical tone to everything is true; but the people, like the French, have a theatrical taste. Anything like a show attracts; and there is an extraordinary love of the ornamental side of office. The Dublin police are a magnificent body, with helmets covered with silver chains and medallions, and an exceedingly smart uniform. Their bearing, however, is amusingly pompous, with exactly the "posing" in which French gendarmes indulge. In the country districts the "sojers" are followed with interest and delight; in short, a little study of some of these tastes would not be unworthy the rulers of all parties, and would save the nation a good deal of money.

On Dublin society "the castle," of course, acts and reacts, but not nearly to the extent it used to do formerly. That passion for being "asked" belongs to the past; as well as the belief, often seriously felt by the struggling barrister and his family, that if he did not hire a court suit and go to the levee, his excellency would be hurt, or forget the suitor. This rage for places, indeed, is at the bottom of everything—politics, law, church, society. For the party to be "in" is the meaning of being Whig, Tory or Radical; and the earnings of the profession would be found too meagre to be worth the attention of such a crowd of clever and laborious men, were it not for the amount of prizes and pickings; some twenty judgeships, with salaries from £8000 to £3500 a year, with a quantity of minor ones, offices known as "chairmanships," together with such posts as "taxing masters," "masters of the court," etc., all well paid. The struggle for these good things is always going on; and it is extraordinary to find what ingenious combinations of influence are made up by enterprising candidates to secure the prize. Noblemen and members of parliament of influence find their lives a burden, in consequence of these demands. Everybody, indeed, in the country may be said to look hopefully for some kind of place. There are the "resident magistrates," for

which it was stated some time ago, there was a list of some sixteen hundred names, each fairly well-backed by local influence. The attorneys look for "clerkships of the crown," the younger sons for places in "the castle" or in the constabulary; and though many of these are now only to be obtained by competition, there is a handsome balance left to stimulate importunity. All those who have secured places are looking for promotion. The system is thus rather demoralizing.

The doctors, with which the place abounds, are perhaps the only class that enjoy a genuine prosperity. They are increasing and flourishing at a rate that betokens either an alarming increase in the bills of ill-health, or a more than usual luxuriousness in the pleasures of hypochondriacism. The joke about Saville Row will fail beside what an exploration of Merrion Square will discover; where the profession, sharklike, snaps up every mansion which death or other cause leaves vacant. There is a belief in the public that a house in "the square" is a certain proof of skill (or prosperity—it is all one), and consequently every nerve is strained to hang up this attractive sign. The principle is carried out in all the professions. Every one lives more or less beyond his means. Every one who wishes to "get on" must "entertain." It is incredible what a rage there is for this shape of hospitality; and it must be said that the general hospitality is ceaseless and magnificent. The judges (save in the instance of one or two "starvelings"), the leading barristers and doctors, together with a few professional entertainers of good fortune, keep up the ball. The area, however, is limited, and there is a sort of strict, though friendly, debtor and ledger account kept. Judge A., for instance, receives Judges B. and C., with leading barristers D., E., F., with a baronet doctor or two—the stray lord and lady who are in town for a fortnight—two officers (asked for the daughters' sake)—the one or two sprightly young men with prospects—the one professional dinner-giver, and the four professional diners-out (man and wife, man and wife), good solid persons, who rarely spend an evening at home. In a couple of days Judge B. has "the honor of" Judge A.'s company, with one or two out of the list of entertaining barristers as before, the lord and lady pass-

ing through town, who are eagerly competed for, the officers, and the professional diners-out—as before. These "state" banquets, as they are called, generally reach to twenty-four or twenty-six persons—are sumptuously set out with plate, flowers, and every "delicacy of the season," which have often to be supplied under circumstances of difficulty—such concomitant delicacies as sweetbreads, rare game, turtle, etc., having to be obtained specially from London. A word must be said in praise of the wines at these banquets. These are of the choicest kind, selected not by the test of money, but by the taste of the proprietor, which is checked and regulated by the criticism of friends who have cellars as good. Those clarets loaded with hermitage, which the London merchant purveys to his patron, and at enormous prices, are unknown here. Every dinner-giver is the proprietor of a cellar, inherited or duly stocked some twenty years before.

In Dublin society there is a genuine taste, if not for music, at least for the exercise of musical gifts. It is indeed, a city of song, though of late this taste seems decaying, and there is not the same amount of good voices and cultivated talent. A pleasant society, known as "The Strollers," contributes vastly to the cultivation of this taste. These jovials meet in a convivial fashion at fixed intervals, and after a frugal dinner, succeeded by pipes and punch, discourse charming glees and solos. The best and most tuneful voices belong to it; their ranks are large, and they sit down sometimes thirty or forty strong. They assume theatrical proper names, sustain the credit of the name they have adopted, and have presented operas, with full orchestra and chorus, in a highly respectable way. Another society, now extinct, was the Glee and Madrigal Union, which discoursed in the old fashion, not after the stiff colorless principles of the English society, but with a modern warmth and grace. It must be said, however, that a genuine taste for solid music is altogether wanting. Oratorios or classical music seem unintelligible to the average crowd; and various societies for the performance of classical music, after languishing for a time, have collapsed. The operas are in favor, though the performances are interrupted by much misplaced rapture and enthusiasm—which, however, shows quite an Italian taste in

the middle classes—and takes the shape of obstreperous demonstrations and vehement partisanship that is highly characteristic and interesting. Mdiles. Piccolomini and Titiens could tell strange tales of the almost inconvenient adoration of these rough admirers—of the letting down of birds, garlands and presents from the galleries—of horses taken off, to the disquiet of “*Gerety and Rorke*,” beforenamed, and the car-dragged to the hotel—of the speech required from the windows. Ilma di Murska, Trebelli, and the ladies abovenamed have always been idols; but the somewhat cold graces of Patti made but little impression.

Dublin contains a large garrison; a regiment of the guards, cavalry, artillery, and foot in abundance, to say nothing of what may be considered outlying quarters. This recommends the place as a sort of matrimonial Tattersall's, where every worthy matron brings her pretty daughters. It is indeed ludicrous, the almost adoration which attends the military; a scarlet tunic being rather childishly supposed to signify a large fortune. Not but that there are many suitable *partis*, compared with which local admirers have but little chance; though often, after several weary winters' work, and dinners sufficient to victual a

ship for a long voyage, when the prize is duly “gaffed,” the coveted result is but comparative poverty, the meagre allowance having to be supplemented by an allowance from papa—her papa. On the other hand, brilliant *coups* sometimes reward the skill and outlay of the adventurous parents; and these whet the ardor of the less fortunate. The cynic would be amused to see some little wittling of sixteen or seventeen, of Hop-o'-my-thumb stature, surrounded by a number of eager virgins, listening with eagerness to his infantine prattle, insisting that “he must repeat that again for mam-ma.” Night after night the flirtation, as it is called, goes on, with sittings on the stairs in the hall in retired recesses. The round of dinners and lunches proceeds, the vast matron who is conducting the operation being only too proud to *afficher* her progress. For it is fondly believed that extensive publicity and the evidence of bystanders will go far to “commit” the “pretender.” But there is a reserve of effrontery in the military mind little dreamt of; and some morning he goes “on leave,” a phrase of elastic virtue.

Such is Dublin. A city of fun and jollity; of excellent hunting and racing; of pretty dinners and pretty girls.

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**MADemoiselle SYLPHINA :**  
—OR—  
**THE FORTUNES OF A CASTAWAY.**

BY ELIZABETH BIGELOW.

CHAPTER XIII.

WHEN Dely came back to consciousness it was with a feeling of deathly sickness, that for a time banished all thought. Gradually she became sensible of a motion very different from that of the carriage rattling over the stony streets—a steady and soothing motion, and yet she fancied that it added to her sickness. She wondered vaguely where she was. Surely in a close and narrow place, for she felt as if she were stifling! She was in almost utter darkness, too; the only light was a very faint one that came through what seemed to be a window, at a little distance from where she lay. With difficulty she raised her head, and drew herself along, so that she could look out.

What she saw was a great waste of waters, with a dark sky, through which a pale moon was trying to shine, hanging over it!

She was in a vessel on the ocean; that was what the strange motion meant. She realized it with a thrill of terror that brought her wholly back to consciousness

and recollection; she had never been on the water before, and simply to be there seemed a terrible thing to her. And close upon that came the frightful thought that she must be in the power of that dreadful man who had tried to kill her, who had pursued her so relentlessly ever since she ran away from Still River poor farm.

But how he could have seized her, in the saloon, with Mr. Jones standing by, and Miss McFadden so near, was a mystery.

Surely they would have followed, and raised an alarm.

And then she remembered her first distrust of Mr. Jones. Could he have been in league with her enemies? Could Miss McFadden also have known of a plot to entrap her? No, she would not believe it of her, but of Mr. Jones she could think it possible.

However that might be, she was surely in Dennett's hands; nobody else would have carried her away; and there was no help for her. What did he mean to do with her? Would he shoot her, or stab her with a knife, or throw her overboard,

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into that dark water, that rolled and beat angrily against the window?

All these thoughts tortured the poor child, until she screamed aloud in an agony of terror.

The sound of her own voice terrified her still more. She could hear heavy footsteps over her head. Had she aroused the man by her scream, and so hastened her doom?—for that he meant to kill her she could have no doubt.

She buried her face in the pillow, and put her fingers in her ears, that whatever came she might shut out sight and sound as long as possible.

But nobody came near her, and she gradually recovered courage enough to lift her head, and take as much of a survey of her surroundings as was possible, by the dim light. It was a very small cabin that she was in, she judged, so small that a man could scarcely stand upright in it, and it contained only the one small berth in which she lay; and the bedding on that, she knew both by touch and smell, was very coarse and filthy.

An hour, perhaps, passed, though to Dely it seemed like a lifetime, while she sat there, straining her eyes to see into the darkness, and listening, with a fast-beating heart, to every slight noise.

The footsteps had ceased overhead, but suddenly she heard the cabin door open. The moon broke suddenly through a dark cloud, and shone full upon the face of the new-comer—Mr. Jones!

"O Mr. Jones, help me! save me! Do not let that dreadful man Dennett get me! I thought he had carried me off! Wont you get me away from this dreadful place?"

"O yes, my ducky, of course Mr. Jones will help you! Of course he'll get you away from this 'dreadful place,' and carry you back to your loving friends! Of course such a good kind-hearted clown as he is will do as much as that for you! He is the servant of the ladies, you know. Of course he'll get you away from 'that dreadful man Dennett!' Didn't he toast you nicely at the gay little supper that was given in your honor? and didn't he express an earnest hope that that 'dreadful man Dennett' would get his deserts? And he *has* got his deserts, my dear—he has got the little devil that he chased so long!"

He took off the auburn wig and beard,

and disclosed to Dely's horror-stricken gaze the mocking evil face of Dennett! He laughed—a wicked fiendish laugh—at Dely's shrinking terror.

"Ha! ha! my ducky! You don't admire Mr. Jones so much without his beautiful auburn wig and whiskers, do you? I wonder if any of those lovely ladies of the circus troupe would? That was a very neat trick that I served them, now wasn't it? There's the angelic Miss McFadden waiting for me in Hickey's saloon at this very minute, I've no doubt. I told her that I was going to send you out of the country with my brother, 'because you were the pretended heir to half a million that really belonged to me; and if she would help me a bit, by getting you to that saloon—Hickey's a good friend of mine—I'd marry her, and we'd live in clover on that half a million! Ha! ha! I thought I'd come with you myself, instead of sending my brother—killed two birds with one stone, you see; got away from the lovely McFadden, besides getting off with you! By the time she gets mad enough to tell, we shall be out of the way nicely, don't you see? The briny deep is the place! if I have you on it you are out of reach, and if I put you in it, you wont tell any tales! It's much surer than a pistol shot, Mademoiselle Sylphina, much surer! The sharks will devour you at one mouthful, and not so much as one of your bones will ever be found! Now don't you wish you had never run away from Still River poor farm, and given me such a wild-geese chase after you? I might have been willing to let you live if you hadn't done that; but now, miss—"

He laid his hand heavily on her shoulder as he said this, and Dely, wild with fear, uttered a loud cry.

"Hush, you little devil! don't let me hear you open your mouth again! If you yell like that again, I'll pitch you overboard in a minute! I want you to understand that it will be for your interest to behave yourself. If you do, I *may* be induced to carry you across to Liverpool. But mind, I don't promise to do it, and I *do* promise to put an end to you the minute you give me any trouble. Screaming wont do you any good, either, you *may* depend on that; for Jack Nell, the captain of this vessel, is a friend of mine. And what you want to scream for is more than

I know; aint you satisfied, with the best place in the vessel given up to you? I wouldn't have done that, I can tell you, but Jack is a gallant man—as gallant as Mr. Jones of Pennant's circus—ha! ha!—and he insisted upon it that it wasn't polite to put a young lady anywhere else. You ought to be happy and grateful, to be treated with so much consideration, instead of yelling away like a young hyena. So now you'd better go to sleep, and to-morrow I'll make up my mind what I shall do with you!" And to Dely's unspeakable relief, he left her.

Why did he not kill her? she wondered. What did he mean to do with her, providing he should "carry her across to Liverpool," as he said? There was a gleam of hope in that, for if she were once on land she might find some way of escape from him. But, alas! even if she reached there, good kind Mr. Lamm would not be there to protect and befriend her. Even if she were allowed to live, she should never see him again, nor Johnny, nor any of the circus people who had been so kind to her! She almost felt that it would be better to die.

Could it be that it was this very night, only a few hours ago, that she was riding gayly around the ring on Rosetta's back, kissing her hand to the applauding audience? She could almost believe that everything that had happened since was a frightful nightmare.

A flood of tears came to her relief at last, and then, worn out with her grief and terror, she fell into a soft dreamless slumber, just as a faint streak of dawn crept through the narrow window of her cabin.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

DELY was awakened the next morning by Dennett, who brought her something to eat, and told her to come up on deck as soon as she had eaten it.

Her first waking thought was that she had dreamed a horrible dream; but the sight of Dennett soon dispelled that fancy. But with the morning had come a little hope and courage. She felt as if it would be impossible to eat in the wretched place; yet she was so young and healthy that she had an appetite, in spite of her distress, and the coarse hard bread and bitter cof-

fee were not worse than she had often eaten at the poorhouse.

She felt better after she had eaten, but she had no inclination to avail herself of Dennett's permission and go up on deck. Anything was better than to go where he was.

And yet, before long the dreadful feeling of dizziness and nausea that oppressed her made her long intensely for a breath of fresh air. She thought, too, that among the number of men that she knew must be required to manage a vessel there might be one kind-hearted one; she might find a friend. She resolved to leave her cabin, and try to find her way on deck.

It was not a very easy task, and but for the assistance of a sailor—who was very good-natured, though he stared very curiously at her—she thought she should never have succeeded in finding the steps. And when she did find them, they were so steep and narrow, that but for her recent practising of gymnastics, she would have found it almost impossible to climb them. It was evidently a very small vessel, and it was not very clean; Dely's hopes of finding here a friend to protect her grew fainter.

And when she reached the deck, they faded almost entirely away, for the captain, whom Dennett introduced to her, with a great deal of mock politeness, calling her "Mademoiselle Sylphina, a star whose fame had undoubtedly reached his ears"—was a dissipated and reckless-looking man, though his face, Dely thought, did not look quite so wicked as Dennett's. The sailors whom she saw were mostly rough and bad-appearing men, and they stared at her with more of curiosity than of pity or friendliness in their faces, she thought.

The captain said, when Dennett introduced him to her:

"Tush, Roger, don't torment the young one! You've got her into a bad enough scrape without that, and so long as she is peaceable, you had better let her alone."

Dely felt grateful to him for even this slight interference in her behalf, but it was evident that he was Dennett's friend, as he had said, and it was vain to hope that he would befriend her.

She sat down on a coil of rope, in an out-of-the-way corner, and looked over the waters. Behind the vessel only a narrow

belt of land was visible against the horizon; at each side, and in front, was only water, and a brisk wind was blowing them swiftly on, away from that glimpse of home that her gaze clung to as the one link that bound her to hope! Watching, she saw it fade away into the mist, and nothing was left but the wide desolate waters.

Once she saw a vessel, apparently coming near them, and she sprang up, with a wild hope that she might cry out to the people in it, and they would rescue her, and take her home; but it did not come near, after all, and her first thrill of disappointment was succeeded by the thought that her cries would have been stifled too soon to be of any use. There was no hope for her in the wide world! God alone could help her, and it seemed as if he had deserted her!

She crouched down again despairingly, and hid her eyes from the bright blue sky and the dancing sunlit waves, that seemed mocking her misery.

The captain and Dennett were talking together in low but excited tones, and with an occasional glance at her, which showed her that she was the subject of conversation. But she was utterly despairing now, and cared little what they decided to do with her.

A sailor came and roughly ordered her to move, as he wanted to use the rope on which she was sitting; and she crouched down on the bare planks of the deck at a little distance, and hid her face in her hands again. A very gentle touch on her shoulder aroused her. It was an old sailor, with a face so sunburnt, and wrinkled, and weather-beaten, that it looked like leather. There was a kindly expression in his light blue eyes, though they looked faded and bleared, and had red rims around them, that reminded Dely of one of the clowns who was turned away from the circus company because he drank so badly. The old man had folded a sailor's rough pea-jacket, and laid it down for a seat for Dely.

Dely looked up at him with tears of gratitude in her eyes, it seemed so strange that anybody in that dreadful place should be kind to her.

He hurried away, without a word, looking fearfully around to see if anybody had observed him. But the captain and Den-

nett had retired to another part of the vessel, and there was nobody to see. When the old sailor had assured himself of that, he came cautiously back to Dely, and slipped a handful of peanuts into her lap, whispering:

"I had a little darter once, and she had yaller hair like yours! I reckon if she had not died, I shouldn't be so hard a case as I am now!"

Dely did not want the peanuts,—she was too miserable for that—but she was very grateful for the kindness.

It sent a ray of hope into the midst of her despair to know that one person on board the vessel had friendly feelings towards her. But she did not see the old sailor again that day, and she knew that he was afraid to show her any kindness, lest Dennett or the captain should see him.

She staid on deck nearly all day. Nobody molested her, or even spoke to her, and she was much more comfortable there than in the stifled little cabin, whose one window would open but a very little ways.

Several days passed, not unlike the first one. She spent most of her time on deck, and she was scarcely spoken to by any one. Whenever Dennett spoke to her, it was in a harsh and brutal way; but he took so little notice of her, and seemed to think so little about her, that she began to hope that she should be carried to Liverpool; and if he saved her life now, when it would be so easy for him to put her out of his way, he surely could not mean to kill her when they reached land. The sailors were a very rough set; they swore, and quarrelled among themselves continually, but they evidently all stood in awe of the captain. Her friend the old sailor, whom she had heard called Boltsby, sometimes gave her a pitying look or a kind nod, and she was sure that he would have helped her if he could, for the sake of his "little darter" who was dead; but he, as well as the others, was very much afraid of the captain.

Dely spent most of her time thinking about her friends whom she should never see again, and wondering what object Dennett could have in pursuing her so, and what he meant to do with her. Sometimes she tried to get sufficient courage to ask him, but one look in his evil sinister face was enough to prevent her.

But one night she overheard a conversation which revealed to her the mystery in regard to his purposes.

The sky was dark and lowering, and the captain had staid on deck, as he often did, when there was the prospect of a storm. Dely could not sleep, and she sat on the foot of her berth, beside her open skylight. The captain and Dennett were walking backward and forward over her head, and she could hear their voices. They stopped at length, leaning over the skylight, and she could hear what they said. They were talking of her, and she held her breath to listen.

"If it hadn't been for your silly old-womanish superstition about it's bringing ill luck to the vessel, I could have been rid of her long ago. I thought it was included in the bargain that you were to make no fuss about her, anyway! It's a pretty time of the day for you to have scruples!"

"I don't care what you do with the young one!" replied the captain, with an oath. "But I won't have murder committed on my vessel! You may sneer, as much as you please, but you've been a sailor yourself, and you know, as well as I do, that such things don't bring good luck. Besides that, you would get yourself and me into hot water!—the men are a tough set, to be sure, and there's not much that they would flinch at, but they are superstitious, as you say I am, and they would not have such a thing done on this vessel without making a row!"

"It wouldn't be done *on* this vessel. There would be nothing done, anyway. Don't accidents ever happen? What is more likely than that the child should fall overboard? She very often leans over the side."

"The men are not fools; and it is plain enough to be seen that the girl is with you

against her will. They can guess a good deal of the story, and they know very well that folks don't fall overboard when anybody wants them to. The young one has fretted herself almost to death; she looks like a ghost; she'll die soon enough of herself, if you let her alone!"

"Die! there's no such luck as that; folks don't fret themselves to death when they are wanted to, any more than they fall overboard! What if the men do make a row?—they can't prove anything! The risk is nothing to what I should run by getting rid of her after I got to Liverpool! I tell you, Jack, it must and shall be done, and that before to-morrow night! You agreed not to make a fuss, and I paid you well, and I am willing to pay you more—"

"By —! what a cloud that is!" said the captain, interrupting him. "I should not wonder if we should see some fun before morning!"

He hurried away, apparently to give some orders, and Dennett followed him, as if reluctantly.

Dely was not thrown into wild terror, as she had been when she had awakened from unconsciousness on board the vessel, and known that she must be in the hands of her enemy; but she realized, by the bitter agony she suffered, how strong was the hope she had cherished, in spite of all.

The prospect of being thrown overboard, into those dark awful waves, was terrifying, if it was not new. And the world was so bright! life was so beautiful! she had been so happy!

It seemed to her now, that even those old days at the Still River poor farm had been happy, in spite of Mrs. Robinson's cruelty; for she had had Johnny for a friend and consoler—Johnny whom she should never see again, who would never know her cruel fate!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

**BREAKING A CHILD'S WILL.**—"Men often speak of breaking the will of a child," says Theodore Parker, "but it seems to me they had better break the neck. The will needs regulating, not destroying. I should as soon think of breaking the legs of a horse in training him, as a child's will. I would discipline and develop it into harmonious proportions. I never yet heard of a will in itself too strong, more than of

an arm too mighty, or a mind too comprehensive in its grasp, too powerful in its hold. The instruction of children should be such as to animate, inspire, restrain, but not to hew, cut and carve; for I would always treat a child as a live tree, which was to be helped to grow, never as a dry dead timber, to be carved into that or this shape, and to have certain mouldings grooved upon it."

## LITTLE BENNY ANGLES WITH A PIN.

BY GEORGE JAY VARNNEY.

SINCE Benny went smelting he had taken to fishing considerably. There was a little tinkling stream that ran from the fountain near the end of the house, quite across the garden, and down through the pasture. Here Benny had often dropped a line, and caught a good many nibbles, but very few fish. His fishing-tackle consisted of an old rod that had lost the tip and butt, and a broken trout-line on which John had fastened a big bright pin, bent up into a hook, and a little tin matchbox, with a string to it, which he kept his bait in. A thin piece of lead was wound about the line just above the hook, for a sinker. In the basin at the fountain, there were trout, and little redfins, and silver-sides; but Benny wasn't allowed to fish there. The fishes couldn't get out from the basin, for it had no outlet but the wire strainer, where the little rill ran out and away. But there were lots of tiny fishes in every pool of the little brook; and in the deep places where the rill fell bubbling down, there were sometimes seen beautiful fellows an inch or two long.

Benny used ever so many things for bait—bits of cheese and pork, flies, bugs and grasshoppers, and, once in a long while, an earthworm, when he could get John to put him on. For those fellows wriggled so, and felt so cold and damp, that Benny never liked to touch them.

One day John and their neighbor, Dick, had been off, and caught some fine trout—thirty apiece. Benny counted the bright spots on their little sides, and examined the blue and olive-colored little scales on their backs and sides, and their pink and yellow bellies, where there wasn't a scale to be found. Next day, as soon as the family were through breakfast, Benny took his rod, and line, and baitbox, and got John's fish-basket, then started for the little brook in the garden. This time he had for bait two worms he dug before breakfast from Jennie's flower-beds, a bit of cheese, and three flies. He disliked to touch the worms, so he put the cheese on first. He dropped in his hook all along the stream, but somehow the fishes all seemed very

small to-day. He went to the deepest spot there was, and threw the hook in there, having first put on a fresh piece of cheese. Out came a swarm of fishes, an inch long or more, and set themselves around the hook in a circle, with tails out, and noses smelling at the cheese. They had no idea that it was good to eat. After a spell of smelling, they began to rub their noses together, and appeared to hold a consultation. Then they all turned at once, and began to nibble.

"Go away, you little fishes," said Benny, shaking his hook. "O, don't go, big ones!" he continued. But big and little alike flew away on their water-wings. "You're all poor little mites of fishes," said Benny, angrily, when he found the fishes wouldn't come back. "You aren't fourth as large as trout."

And Benny left them, and climbed over the fence into the pasture.

There was a large rock on one side of the brook here, and close on the other side were three little trees. The water was quite deep, and Benny thought there must surely be a big fish here. So he put on one of his blue flies, and dropped his hook towards the water. He couldn't see it strike the water, because of the long grass at the margin. In fact, before it touched the water, something jumped out of the grass with a sudden sharp noise, like "Uk!" that made Benny jump; and instantly there was a sudden jerk at the line. Benny waited a minute to think what he should do, then cautiously lifted the rod, so that he could see down to the hook. What do you think was there? It hadn't any tail like a fish, but two long legs, with feet like fans or fins, hung straight down behind him, and two little forepaws were fighting the hook that held fast in John's mouth. It was a big mouth for such a little fellow; and underneath it his chin was all yellow, and his belly, too. Then he stopped struggling, and stuck his great goggle-eyes out, trying to see what kind of a fly it was he had caught that hurt his mouth so, and hung him up in that way.

"You isn't a fish," exclaimed Benny,

sternly. "You oughtn't bite, 'less you are a fish."

But he must be got off the hook somehow. So Benny opened the basket, and took hold of the head of the pin, where it was fastened to the line, and turned him right off. Then he clapped the basket-lid down quick, and had him safe and snug. But he heard him bumping against the sides of the basket for a long time, as he jumped around, trying to get out.

Now for some distance the brook was small and swift, and without any place for fishes; but at a place where the cattle crossed, or stopped to drink, it spread out into quite a broad pool. Here lots of little tadpoles or polywogs wiggled themselves about with their long flat tails. Benny laid down his rod, and went to making a hollow in the sand, at the edge of the water. When it was done, he opened a little place, so that the water ran in and filled it full. Then he drove in a dozen polywogs. He called the big ones whales, and when they wouldn't come in, he harpooned them with a long stick. At last when he had driven in a very great one, he caught him, and put him in his basket, and two little ones with him. He opened the little hollow to the brook, so that the others could run out, then took up his fishing-rod, and found another deep place.

This time he put on one of the earth-worms for bait. He sat down on the bank, and watched the hook go down almost to the bottom, where a great fellow fully two inches long slipped up to the hook. Before Benny thought to stir the rod, he had taken off the bait as slick as if he was used to taking his food from just that kind of a fork.

"Ere, 'at wasn't fair!" cried Benny. "You bring it back." And he leaned over to see what the greedy fellow would do with his prize.

He came out from under the bank pretty quick, with a swarm of little fishes chasing him.

"Go it!" cried Benny; and his image down in the water smiled till you could see his white teeth.

Away went the fish, with the worm hanging from his mouth, and the other fishes close by him. Round and round they went, some behind him, some beside him, snapping at the delicious morsel. They got him surrounded, finally, and, dodge as he would,

they got bite after bite, till 'twas all gone.

"I'm glad you lost it!" cried Benny. "You stole it off my hook. Now if you'd taken a good honest bite, 'ey wouldn't got 'e bait away from you."

The fish looked very much ashamed, and slunk away under the bank out of sight.

The worms were gone now; two flies had got away, and old goggle-eyes, you know, swallowed the other. Benny tried fishing with the bare pin. The little fishes would run up and bump their noses against it, but they wouldn't bite it. In one broad deep place, the bottom was all marked over with little curved lines, as if somebody had been writing with a sharp cane. Benny laid down on the bank to find if anything in the brook had done it. His eyes followed along the lines, and he found that every one ended at a little black clam.

"What you doing down there, little clam?" said Benny. "You writing your name?"

The clam didn't make any reply, more than if he hadn't been spoken to; only he kept sliding further away. Now he had neither hands, feet, wings nor fins—and how do you suppose he moved himself? We shall see by-and-by. Benny tried to entice him to bite the hook, swinging it right up against his long black head. In it went, without noticing the pin at all, and then the shell shut close. Benny tried another, but he acted just the same; none of them were fond of pins. There was lying on the bank a long stick, with one end very small; and Benny took it, and put the small end down easy to a very big clam, that had his mouth wide open. The old fellow drew his head in, and in went the stick right after it, before he had time to shut the door. But he tried to shut it, and so held the stick very hard; and Benny pulled him out by the stick, and laid him on the bank. Then Benny laid down to examine him, turning him over and over, and trying to peep inside his house. He couldn't, though; for the surly old fellow kept the door shut, and there wasn't a window in the house. That made it very dark inside, and I don't believe the fellow could have read his own writing in there, without spectacles, do you?

Benny thought he heard a call, just then; and turning, he saw Jennie at the garden fence, beckoning to him. So he dropped the clam in his basket, with the other cap-

tives, picked up his pole, and went back with Jennie. Just as they entered the house, they met John and Dick. John burst out laughing, as Benny came marching in. He was a funny little fisherman, I tell you, with such a long pole over his bit of a shoulder, and the basket dangling just above his heels.

"What have you caught, Benny?" asked Dick.

John took the basket, and looked in. There sat old Goggle-eyes, with one foot in the clam's mouth, winking as hard as he could.

"Halloo!" shouted John; "here's old Stick-in-the-mud, eating frog like a Frenchman."

They all looked in the basket. Then John pried the sides of the shell apart, and let froggy out.

"Let's see if old Stick-in-the-mud's got any pearls," continued John. And he took the shell apart with an old carving-knife.

There was one pearl inside, but it wasn't round, nor any larger than an apple-seed. Well, the clam's front door was open now, and you could see right into his parlor. It was very beautiful, with floor and ceiling of mother-of-pearl, glowing with every color you could think of. And all around the room were scalloped curtains, from faint straw-color to dark purple. And then such a contrivance he had for shutting the door! There are two very thick elastic cords, one attached to each valve of the shell, with the other end grown to his shoulders; so that he lets himself out, or shuts himself in, as he pleases, just by

shrugging his shoulders. And though he has shoulders, he has neither legs nor arms. He travels on the edges of his parlor curtains, just pushing them out between the sides of his shell.

Then John began to call off the rest of the contents of Benny's fish-basket:

"Here's one great big goggle-eyed frog, Big tadpole, little tadpole, and polywog."

"What will polywogs be when they grow up, Benny?" asked John.

"I don't know. What would 'ey be? Whales?"

"They'll be whaling big frogs," said John, laughing.

"Look at this one," said Dick, showing Benny the largest of the tadpoles. "See the feet growing out."

"What do 'ey do with 'eir tails?" inquired Benny.

"Their tailor goes around with his shears, and cuts 'em off when their legs are grown," replied John. "Next time you go a fishing, you'd better pick up all the polywogs' tails you find lying around loose; they make good bait."

"What do 'ey have a tailor for? 'Ey don't have any coats and towses," said Benny.

"They don't have any tallors, Benny," said Dick. "They don't have their tails cut off, either. I'll tell you where they go to. The Polywogs outgrow them. They grow out to the ends of them."

"Yes, Benny," said John; "that's a fact."

"The tail of polywog  
Is back bone of frog."

**BOYS IN BED.**—Whoever has lifted the curtains of boys' alcoves soon after their inmates have gone to bed, and has looked lovingly in, has seen a pretty sight. Generally their faces are lying restfully, hand under cheek, and in many cases look younger than when awake, and often so infantile, as if some trick of older expression they had been taught to wear by day had been dropped the moment the young ambitious will has lost control. The lids lie shut over bright busy eyes; the air is gently fanned by coming and going breaths; there is a little crooked mound in the bed; along the bed's foot, or on a chair beside, are the day clothes, sometimes neatly folded, sometimes huddled off in a hurry; bulging

with balls or marbles; stained with the earth of many fields where birds have been trapped, or perhaps torn with the roughness of trees on which squirrels have been sought; perhaps wet and mired with the smooth black or gray mud from marshes, or the oozy banks of streams, where "sticklebacks" have been caught. Under the bed's foot lie the shoes—one on its side—with the gray and white socks, now creased and soiled, thrown across them; and there, in their little cells, squared in the great mass of night, heedless how the earth whirls away with them or how the world goes, who is thinking of them, or what is doing at home, the busiest people in the world are resting for the morrow.

Send all communications for this Department to EDWIN R. BRIGGS, WEST BETHEL, Oxford County, MAINE.

*Answers to May Puzzles.*

80. Mandrill. 81. Intemperance. 82. Misrepresentation. 83. Indestructibility. 84. Prevarication.

85. T o r t o i s E  
I d A  
G r o G  
E z e k i e L  
R a t t l e s n a k E

86. S-park. 87. S-pike. 88. S-pill. 89. S-pin. 90. S-pine.

91. P 92. P A R I S  
R A T A V E R T  
P A P E R R E F E R  
T E N I R E N E  
R S T R E W

93. Texas. 94. Oregon. 95. Ohio.  
96. Vermont. 97. Maine. 98. Kentucky.  
99. "Christmas Eve." 100. Regiment,  
Regimen, Regime.

1.—*Charade.*

My *first* is the price of a passage,  
And is a good or bad state;  
It is taken by the conductor,  
The captain or the mate.

My *second* is a pit of water,  
A fountain or a spring;  
It is also health and happiness,  
And every pleasant thing.

My *whole* is a wish of welfare,  
And is the language of the heart  
When from our dearest friends  
We're called upon to part.

ELIZA H. MORTON.

2.—*Numerical Enigma.*

A mischievous 1, 2, 3, gave a 3, 4, 5, 6,  
7, 8, some 3, 8, 1, 2, 7, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, and  
gave out a 8, 7, 3, 4, 5, 6, the 1, 2, 3, 4, 5,  
6, of which was such that the 1, 2, 3, 4, 5,  
6, 7, 8, felt obliged to 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, some  
new 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, and discharge his old  
3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8. CYRIL DEANE.

*Syncopations.*

3. Syncopate a fish, and leave a weapon.  
4. A whip, and leave to perplex.  
5. A machine, and leave slow.  
6. To inform and leave low.  
7. A fruit, and leave an American lake.  
8. A piece of money, and leave to  
enrich. "BEAU K."

9.—*Cross-Word Enigma.*

The 1st is in good, but not in bad;  
The 2d is in trout, but not in shad;  
The 3d is in owl, but not in wren;  
The 4th is in duck, but not in hen;  
The 5th is in old, but not in new;  
The 6th is in rain, but not in dew;  
The 7th is in down, but not in up;  
The 8th is in plate, but not in cup;  
The 9th is in cur, but not in pup;  
The whole should be found in every  
household. "AUNT JERUSHA."

10.—*Poetical Anagram.*

Ouy vgae em sores ni showe thares  
Saw hidsern a lehtwa fo chir feerpum,  
Ewsho scormin leesav ahd stuj ngbue  
Ot peon noit fercept molbo.

EMMA M. CHAMPLIN.

11.—*Hour-Glass Puzzle.*

The centrals, read downward, name the  
standard by which we rise in the estima-  
tion of others:

A trustee; accidents; the main part of a  
plant; unworked metal; a vowel; an ac-  
tion; to go in; seriously; in a poor condi-  
tion. WILSON.

12.—*Diamond Puzzle.*

A consonant; a house; a title; a sea an-  
imal; pleasant in hot weather; a monkey;  
used in the morning; kidney; a consonant.  
"BEAU K."

13.—*Curtailment.*

Curtall a town of Spain, and leave a cel-  
ebrated French author of the 17th century.  
"BEAU K."

14.—*Word Square.*

Cold; to honor; places in which to cook,  
and a consonant; above; before, and a  
pronoun; lower. "ENDICOTT."

15.—*Double Acrostic.*

The initials name a tree and its fruit,  
and the finals a fruit.  
To examine; a fish; a Scripture name;  
to redeem.

DEXTER E. CHAMBERLIN.

*Answers in Two Months.*



## CURIOUS MATTERS.

**THE DEEPEST SHAFT IN THE WORLD.**—The deepest mining shaft in the world is said to be that of the colliery of St. Gilly Chatillineau, three miles from Charleroi, Belgium, which is 860 metres in depth (940 1-2 yards). The deepest coalpit in England is that of the Rosebridge Colliery, in the Wigan district, being 815 yards deep, and 16 feet in diameter. There are four seams of coal being worked. The Wigan 5 feet, at 450 yards; Wigan 4 feet, at 470 yards; the yard coal, at 680 yards; and the Arley, at 860 yards. The ventilation of the pit is by a furnace, and is very good. The deepest mine in Cornwall is Dolcoath, which is 360 fathoms—720 yards. In the Hartz Mountains there are several shafts more than 800 yards in depth.

**REPELLING ANTS.**—Some years ago, says a correspondent of the London Times, at my house in the country, a colony of ants established themselves under the kitchen flooring. Not knowing the exact locality of the nest, I endeavored to destroy the insects with treacle, sugar, arsenic, etc., but although I slew numbers thus, the plague still increased. At last, bethinking myself that ants dislike the smell of tar, I procured some carbolic acid, and diluted it with about a dozen times its weight of water. I squirted a pint of the mixture through the air-bricks under the flooring, and my enemies vanished that day, never to return. It has always been successful. For crickets, etc., also, a little of this sent into their holes acts as an immediate notice to quit.

**LOCOMOTIVE CAPRICES.**—It is perfectly well known to experienced engineers that, if a dozen different locomotive engines were made at the same time, of the same power, for the same purpose, of like materials, in the same factory, each of these locomotive engines would come out with its own peculiar whins and ways, only ascertainable by experience. One engine will take a great meal of coal and water at once; another will not, but insists on being coaxed by

spadefuls and bucketfuls. One is disposed to start off when required at the top of his speed; another must have a little time to warm to its work and to get well into it. These peculiarities are so accurately mastered by skillful drivers that only particular men can persuade engines to do their best. All locomotive engines are low-spirited in damp and foggy weather. They have a great satisfaction in their work when the air is crisp and frosty.

**AN ANCIENT BIBLE.**—A Bible in the possession of John Achenbach of Chestnut Ridge, Bergen County, is quite a curiosity. It is in the Holland Dutch language, contains numerous maps and pictures, was printed in Amsterdam, bearing date 1702, and is consequently 173 years old. The book is a very large one, with great thick covers and brass castings for clasps, which are almost heavy enough for the fastenings of a barn door.

**SAGACITY OF THE PARTRIDGE.**—An interesting instance of the sagacity with which the partridge will protect its young is given by Mr. Henshaw, of the Government Survey west of the one hundredth meridian. While riding through pine woods, a brood of partridges containing the mother and eight or ten young about a week old, was come upon so suddenly that the feet of the foremost mule almost trod on them. The young rose, flew a few yards, and, dropping down, were in an instant hid in the underbrush. The mother meanwhile began some very peculiar tactics. Rising up, she fell back again to the ground as if perfectly helpless, and imitated the actions of a wounded bird so successfully that for a moment it was thought she had really been trodden upon. Several of the men, completely deceived, attempted to catch her, but she fluttered away, keeping just out of reach of their hands until they had been enticed ten or twelve yards off, when she rose and was off like a bullet. Her tactics had successfully covered the retreat of her young.

## THE HOUSEKEEPER.

**ROASTING COFFEE.**—Coffee should never be roasted darker than a rich chestnut brown. When the color approaches to black, it gives a burned dry flavor to the infusion.

**MINCE PIE.**—Chop the meat, apples and suet separately, and then measure the ingredients thus: three bowls meat, three of apples, one of suet, one of citron, cut in fine pieces, two of raisins, four of sugar, one of molasses, one of vinegar, one of whiskey or brandy; add powdered cloves, nutmeg and cinnamon.

**FROSTING FOR CAKE.**—One pound best white sugar, the whites of three fresh eggs, one teaspoonful nice starch pounded and sifted through a very fine sieve, the juice of half a lemon, and a few drops of the essence. Beat the whites to a stiff froth, then add them to the sugar and stir it steadily until it will stay where you put it. Dredge a little flour over the cake and brush it off with a feather. Lay it on smoothly with a knife, and return the cake to the oven twelve or fifteen minutes.

**TO CLEAN PAINT.**—Housekeepers will find the following recipe for cleaning paint useful: To one pound of soap and half a pound pulverized pumice stone, add an equal quantity of pearlash, and mix with hot water into a thin paste. With an ordinary paint brush, lay on this mixture over the paint which requires cleaning, and in five minutes wash it off with boiling water.

**COFFEE STARCH.**—This is an excellent starch for black calicoes and colored linens, much better than that made with water, for it increases rather than lessens the depth of the color. Take a cup of strong coffee, boiling hot, and turn it upon two tablespoonfuls of starch mixed with just enough water to make it into a thin smooth paste. Let it boil for fifteen or twenty minutes, and stir it around two or three times with a paraffine or spermaceti candle. When nearly cold starch dark col-

ored calicoes, black muslins and brown linens with it.

**TO CURE CROUP.**—Spirits of turpentine is a sovereign remedy for croup. Saturate a piece of flannel with it and place it on the throat and chest, and send for your family physician. If the case be very urgent, and the child in great distress, and the distance to the doctor's residence be very great, drop three drops of the turpentine on a lump of sugar and give internally. Or a good emetic of tincture of blood root, or lobelia, or both combined, should be given. Every family should keep a bottle of spirits of turpentine in the house.

**FOR BLEACHING CLOTHES.**—One ounce borax, eight quarts water, three pounds of soap. Put the borax in the water and let it boil. After it boils, add the soap in small pieces.

**TO REMOVE MILDEW.**—Soak the parts of the cloth that are mildewed in two parts of chloride of lime to four parts of water, for about two hours, or till the mildew has disappeared; then thoroughly rinse it in clean water.

**MILDEW FROM LINEN.**—Mix soft soap with starch powdered, half the quantity of salt, and a piece of lemon; lay it on both sides with a painter's brush. Let it be in the open air—on grass is preferable—till the stain is removed.

**TO WASH RIBBONS.**—Do not throw away your ribbons because they are soiled. Wash them in suds made of fine toilet soap and cold water, squeezing them quickly through. Then iron them between two cloths, with an iron not too hot.

**TO EXTINGUISH THE FLAMES OF KEROSENE.**—A Wisconsin man says that the flames of burning kerosene can be extinguished by throwing on flour. It seems reasonable that any absorbing material not really combustible might be effective for such a purpose.

## FACTS AND FANCIES.

The other day Cato, our nigger was heard saying, "Come heah, dreckly, sah! I'll larn you to be playin' in de mud puddles, you young sweep!—an' nuffin but your ole gray bobtail shirt on, too. Pretty capers dem for 'spectable man's chil'en—don' ye tink so? Come out dat, I say, 'fo I baash you ugly head wid a rock-'tone! come out dat, yah! Nex' ting peoples comin' 'long de road be s'pectin' you's some low 'fish young one'r nudder!" But here Cato's adjuration was cut short by a shriek of concave-rending laughter. Behind him two men rolled helplessly on the grass, while a third, desperately clinging to the palings, choked out, "You drunken ole rang-a-tang! that aint your Cato; that's Squire Haliburton's monkey broke loose, an' a wringin' the necks of Mother Mulholland's young ducks—" But Cato heard no more.

The following conversation was overheard the other day among a lot of school-girls, who had congregated in front of a house. Each one in turn appeared to be holding up the domestic skeleton which afflicted their several homes. One told how her little brother had broken his leg; another about how sick her mother was, and still another told about how drunk her father would come home every night. In short, they all appeared to have some grief to hold up, all but one little beauty, who seemed only unhappy to think there was nothing that she could tell to excite the envy or sympathy of the rest. She listened to the recital of all these troubles as long as she could, and finally she expressed herself in this way: "Well, girls, we all have our troubles. Some have sick brothers, and drunken fathers, and ugly mothers. Some of us have got measles, and small-pox, and scrofula. We've got something awful in *our* family." "What is it?" asked several. "My little brother Benny's lefthanded."

A Chicago reporter wrote up a column about Albiani's jewels, and concluded with the following 18 karat fine paragraph: "There, piled in a confused mass, a myr-

iad of tangled stars, scintillating galaxies and gleaming constellations met the eye at every glance; it was imprisoned light seeking escape; a miniature Golconda, the product of a gold mine, and all in that small measure. But why enumerate more? There were handfuls, yea, quarts of precious gems, tiaras, bracelets, finger-rings, earrings, jewelled flowers, still untouched."

A lady we know went to a Dutch corner grocery the other day for some trifling thing. The goods wanted were on the very top shelf. The woman placed a box on a chair, and climbed up to the shelf, at the evident risk of her limbs. Her husband sat by the stove playing with a small dog. Lady said, "Why don't you make your husband reach it?" A look of infinite contempt came into her face as she replied, "My husband! I got awfully sucked in mit dat man. He knows nothing but to play mit a dog."

Old man Wheeler, of Minnesota, wants a divorce from his wife. She sent him down the cellar one night last week after a bottle of yeast. He got it, and was trudging along up stairs, thinking of nothing in particular, when the bottle exploded, scaring Wheeler so that he fell, with one great whoop, down into a soap barrel under the stairs. When they pulled him out he pranced around yelling, "Cuss a wife; cuss yeast; cuss the whole of ye!" And the lawyers say he has got a good case.

"What a nuisance!" exclaimed a gentleman at a concert, as a young fop in front of him kept talking in a loud voice to a lady at his side. "Did you refer to me, sir?" threateningly demanded the fop. "O no! I mean the musicians there, who keep up such a noise with their instruments that I can't hear your conversation."

"The glad springtime has come at last!" soliloquized a citizen, as he pawed around with his snowshovel yesterday to open the gutter in front of his house. "Yes, this

is the joyous season when the notes of the redbreasted robin and the bluebird fill our hearts with glee, and—" The shovel slipped, and he fell into a pond of icy slush; and when he scrambled up, he was heard by a man, two blocks away, saying he'd start for thunder and Texas before he was a week older.

How delightful it is, says the Mining Journal, to come home from the lodge, go to bed, and when your wife thinks you are sound asleep, have her try to worm the secrets out of you by pinching your little finger, while you gasp and mumble out, "Yes, I've got to kill him—the lot fell on me!"

"Biddy," said a lady, "step over and see how old Mrs. Jones is this morning?" In a few minutes Biddy returned with the information that Mrs. Jones was seventy-two years, seven months and two days old that morning.

Pause, young man! You want to get married, and it is about time you did. But recollect that unmarried men don't have to sit up all night once a week with a shot-gun, watching the clothes-line.

A countryman who came to the city yesterday morning visited the No. 3 engine-house, and set his watch by the steam-gauge of the engine, which measured twenty pounds of steam.

A Jersey City man of a scientific turn of mind, allowed his mother-in-law to assist him on a cold day recently by simply putting her tongue against a bar of iron. She did this very accommodatingly, and the man of science declares that if luck favors her she will be able to resume her remarks on the evil tendencies of this age in about five weeks from date.

Mr. Felix O'Rafferty, a disguised toxicologist, doing business in Bridgeport, holds views upon the civil rights agitation as follows: "Will, sor, the laaw is the laaw all the wurreld over, an' wherever you go, an' bein' the laaw as it is, you can't laygally go forninst it. An', sor, if a mutherin' black shpalpeen came into me saloon, an' axed for a dthrink, I'm not goin' to lay meself open to foines, an' the divil an'

Phil Hoyne only knows phwat, by refusin' him, illaygally, d'ye moind? No, sor, I'd take the omadhaun by the ear, an' hit him a poult in the gob, an' I'd land the ugly divil out uv the dure into the guthier where he belongs. Yis, sor, peaceful resistance is phwat I'm in favor of."

Woman does a great deal to discourage lofty sentiments of patriotism. When a man is leaning over the back fence, telling a neighbor how he would shed his last drop of blood for suffering Louisiana, it disturbs him to have his wife yell from the kitchen, "Look a here! are you coming with the bucket of water, or shall I come out and see to you?"

A story is told of an old gentleman who always took notes of his minister's sermons, and on one occasion read them to the minister himself. "Stop! stop!" said the latter, on the occurrence of a certain sentence, "I didn't say that." "I know you didn't," was the reply; "I put that in myself to make sense."

"That carpet," said a dealer to an old farmer the other day, "that carpet is one dollar thirty-five per yard; but, seeing it's you, you can have it for one dollar twenty." While he was cutting it off the farmer proudly said to his wife, "I never met him before, but you see he takes me for some big man. Now, then, Mariar, see what 'tis to have a husband who looks smartish."

He didn't tell the young man not to come around any more; he didn't bid his daughter reject the suit; he didn't sit up at night with a shot-gun, or let the fire go out in the front parlor. No, no. He knew a plan worth two of those. He hung out a smallpox flag every evening at dusk, and that did the business effectually.

A woman recently died in Alabama, leaving to somebody, it is said, an inheritance of no less than 287 hoopskirts. That woman was as well hooped as an imported barrel of French brandy.

"A cold day, Mr. Smart, an awful cold day. Where did your thermometer stand this morning?" "On the hall table, sir, when I left home," was the freezing reply.

# A Brilliant Announcement for 1875.

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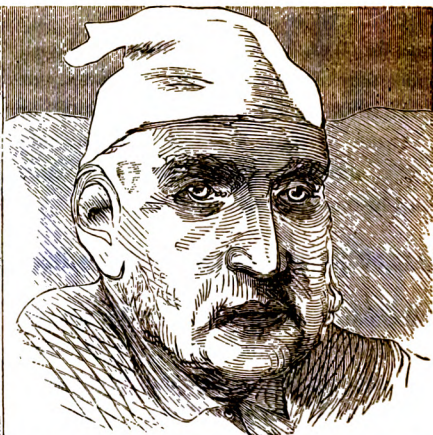
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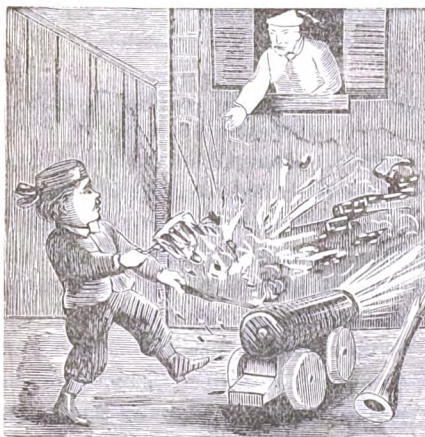
## *Celebrating the Glorious Fourth.*



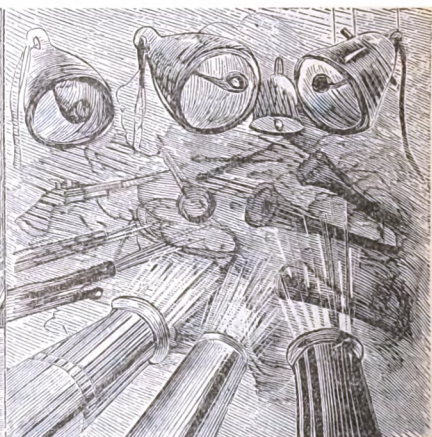
Portrait of Master Fred.



Portrait of his grandfather, who anticipates trouble.



The explosion under the old gentleman's window at 4 A.M.



At 6 A.M. the celebration progresses.



Fred's important part of the programme.



The close of the day.



# BALLOU'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

Vol. XLII.—No. 2.

AUGUST, 1875.

WHOLE No. 248.

## THE PARTING.

BY MARY HELEN BOODEY.



### HE SPEAKS.

Bitter, my love? Ay, bitter next to death,  
And *only* next to death because a hope  
That we may meet again doth still remain.  
For what were life, this human life of ours,  
With all its petty trials and great griefs,  
If *thou* wert not? If to my lonely heart



There came not the sweet whisper of thy love,  
 And the sweet memory of thy words and looks?  
 When I am far away, the welcome thought  
 That time, which separates, shall yet unite,  
 And as it passes, bring me nearer thee  
 Will nerve my arm for effort, clear my brain,  
 And strengthen every purpose of my soul.  
 I shall be anxious over present work,  
 Because it holds in practical embrace  
 The blessings of the future. Ah, my love!  
 Men laugh at lover's ravings; but should I  
 Let loose upon your ears the pent-up flood  
 Of tender names and fond comparisons  
 That rolls resistless through my mind, whene'er  
 My thoughts revert to thee (which doth occur  
 So often, that it is my chiefest thought)  
 Thou wouldst cry "Mercy!" and be sick of it.  
 And we must part! The hand which now I hold  
 I must take my farewell of; that dear hand  
 Which thou hast yielded in this parting hour,  
 And which may yet be mine, all mine, to keep.  
 God grant that while we two must dwell apart  
 No harm may come to thee; no wind may blow  
 Too harshly on my love! May life be fair,  
 And health and happiness alike be thine.  
 O, never do we feel our lack of power,  
 As when relentless fate marks out our paths  
 Afar from those we love! With them, we feel  
 That we can shield, can comfort, can sustain;  
 But once the weary miles are placed between,  
 What value all the willingness of love?  
 Some cruel dart may pierce the heart we prize  
 And we not there to pluck it out, and pour  
 The balm of consolation; O my love!  
 May angels guard thee, and may fate be kind!

---

SHE ANSWERS.

I would this were a dream, and I might wake,  
 As I have sometimes done, to cry aloud  
 In very gladness that it was a dream  
 And not a dark reality. Fear not  
 For me; a voice within my soul asserts  
 That life, for us, hath brighter scenes than this.  
 Beyond the darkness of this parting hour,  
 Beyond the grief that needs must follow it,  
 My woman's faith discerns a fairer sky;  
 And at the thought of all it promises  
 My fainting heart renews its hope and trust.  
 You go because the cruel pride of wealth  
 Hath set its bar between us, and hath said  
 That gold, and gold alone, can buy my hand.  
 I will be true, and Fortune will be kind;  
 For love like ours can never be in vain!  
 Yes, I am bold, and say our love, because  
 These are the last words you can hear me speak  
 Before we part we know not when to meet;

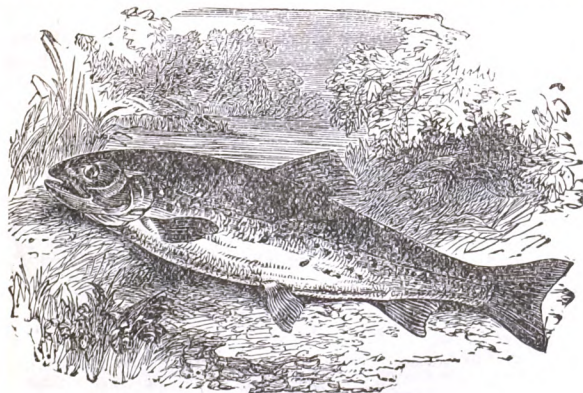
And you shall bear for comfort in your strife,  
 And as an amulet to guard you well,  
 The knowledge that you do not toil for one  
 Who lives unheeding all your care and pain.  
 I will be true, and God will give me strength  
 To bear with all the patience that I can  
 The grief of separation, and to wait  
 The dawning of the brighter day to come.  
 That day *will* come—the roses bright will bloom  
 Full many times, it may be, ere I lay  
 My hand again in yours;—but it will come!  
 And do you go? Ah, what can ever be  
 One half so bitter as this parting is!

### A CHAPTER ON FISHES.

The various finny tribes that inhabit the waters of oceans, lakes, rivers and smaller streams, are interesting in their variety and immensity of numbers, and have furnished the most delicious food for man, thus winning his esteem from an economical and culinary point of view. The sport of angling has many followers, and has been most eloquently descanted upon by some of its talented advocates, who make

many of the tribes of American fishes is too well known to require much comment; while European waters can boast of some few varieties not to be found here, such as the *Sole* and the *Turbot*.

Ranking next to the far-famed salmon as a dainty for the table, are the various species of trout, some found in Europe and some in the United States. At the head of these fishes is the *Salmon Trout*, which



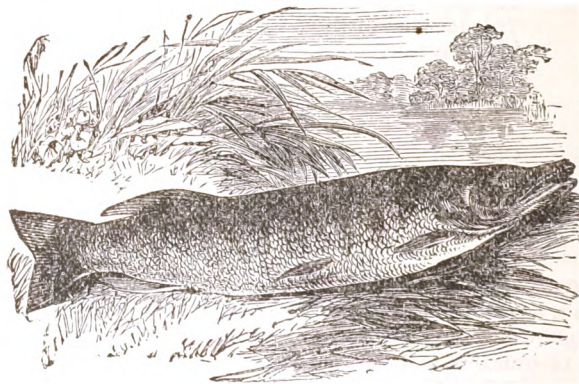
THE TROUT.

a fine art of the lazy and pleasurable employment. And truly it combines so many agreeable conditions that more than one avenue is open to enjoyment; for the angler in summer who seeks the riverside with hook and line has not only the excitement and pleasure of his occupation, but can also rejoice in the beauties of nature spread around him, and breathe fresh vigor from the free and uncontaminated air. No country in the world offers greater inducements to those who like to "go a fishing" than this, and the excellence of

migrates from the sea to fresh waters. Its usual weight is from two to four pounds, but sometimes increases to twelve or seventeen pounds. It abounds in the rivers of Scotland, and is there sometimes taken in nets, by which as many as two hundred have been secured at a haul. With the hook a man may, if very successful, take thirty a day. The food of the salmon-trout consists of flies, beetles, insects, etc., and it is found in the waters of Europe and those about the Gulf of St. Lawrence in this country.

The common European trout is a famous fish, esteemed by anglers but little, if any, less than the salmon. Its length varies from ten to thirty inches, the usual size being fifteen; it weighs from one to twenty pounds, and is an extremely beautiful fish

lakes only. It is a very powerful fish, and is captured with strong hooks and lines; it weighs from two to fifty pounds, but is not highly esteemed for the table. The *Bull Trout*, *Gray Trout*, or *Whittling*, is another European variety which is not unlike

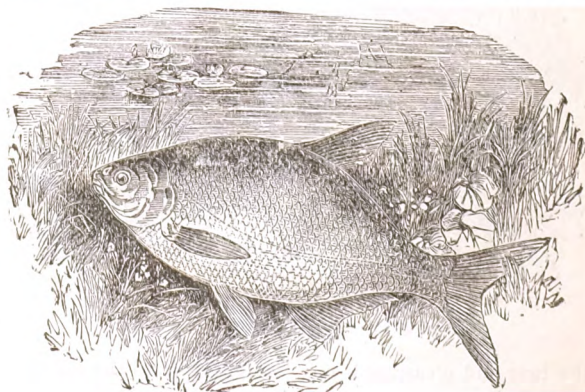


THE PIKE.

in shape and color. It dwells in lakes and rivers, and is a very greedy specimen; but notwithstanding its voracious appetite it is by no means easily caught, for it is suspicious, watchful, and always on the alert, challenging the sportsman to display his greatest skill in order to secure it. Re-

the common salmon in looks and action, weighing from six to twenty pounds. It is valued more for the amusement which sportsmen derive from it than for its eatable qualities.

Our own *American Brook Trout* is very similar to the common European trout, in



THE BREEM.

maining very quiet during the day, the larger members of the tribe only become active at the approach of night, when they dart from point to point in search of small fish, insects and larvae. The spawning season is in October.

The *Great Gray Trout*, also called the *Great Lake Trout*, exists in England, Scotland and Ireland, where it is found in the

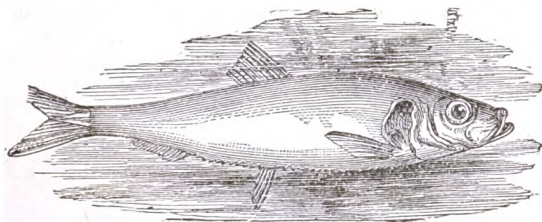
every respect, although a distinct species. It may be found in most of the clear running streams of this country north of Virginia, and is well known to all who have ever indulged in the art of fishing. The many varieties known as *Silver Trout*, *Black Trout*, *Sea Trout*, *Hucho Trout*, etc., are only slightly differing members of the same species, the differences in appear-



ance among these fish being mostly those of color caused by the various qualities of the water in their native streams. To this class belongs the *Red-Bellied Trout* of the lakes of Western New York.

The *Lake Trout* attains a length of from two to four feet, and abounds in Lake Ontario and the lakes of Western New York

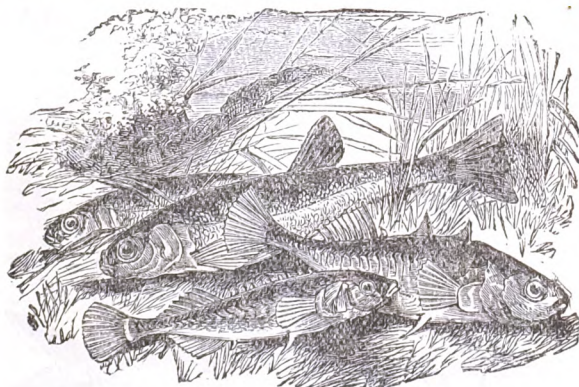
bow. It abounds in the chief rivers and lakes of Europe, and also in the British Islands, where it is supposed to have been introduced from the continent centuries ago. The length is usually from one to two feet, although the growth of the pike would seem to be limitless. The following illustrates its voracious appetite:



THE WHITEBAIT.

and Northern New England. It is popularly called *Lake-Salmon* and *Salmon-Trout*, and is taken in large numbers where it is most abundant, five hundred pounds having been secured by one person in a week's time. It is for sale in the Atlantic markets, cured in salt, and is brought fresh to the city of New York. Its flavor and delicacy are considered as in the second rank,

"Eight pikes consumed nearly eight hundred gudgeons in three weeks, and the appetite of one of these was insatiable. One morning I threw to him, one after another, five roach, each about four inches in length; he swallowed four of them, and kept the fifth in his mouth for about a quarter of an hour, when it also disappeared.



THE MINNOW AND STICKLEBACK.

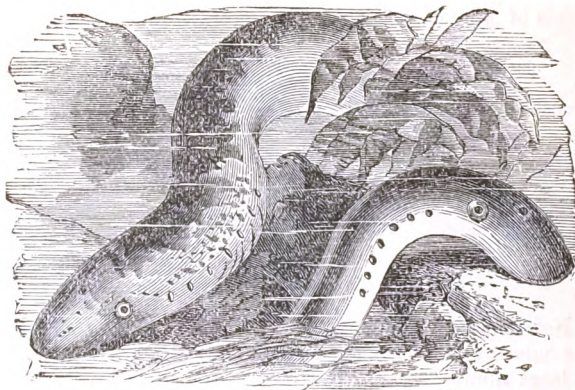
though in these respects it varies greatly, some specimens proving to be excellent.

The *Pike* is celebrated among fishes for its exceeding voracity, its mouth being furnished with a set of teeth evidently well calculated to do mischief among its unfortunate companions. It is found only in fresh water and in temperate climes. The *Common Pike*, or *Pickrel*, of Europe, is a strong, savage and active fish, swimming with great rapidity, and sometimes darting forward like an arrow from the

"Digestion in the pike goes on very rapidly, and they are therefore most expensive fish to maintain. In default of a sufficient quantity of other fishes to satisfy them, moorhens, ducks, and, indeed, any animals of small size, whether alive or dead, are constantly consumed—and their boldness and voracity are equally proverbial. Dr. Plot relates that at Lord Gower's canal at Trentham, a pike seized the head of a swan as she was feeding under water, and gorged so much of it as killed them

both; the servants perceiving the head of the swan under water for a longer time than usual, took the boat, and found the pike and swan both dead. Gesner relates that a pike in the Rhone seized on the lips of a mule that was brought to drink, and

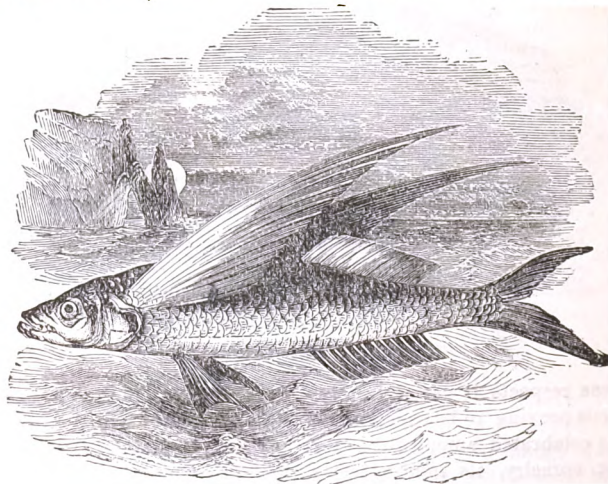
in Suabia, wearing a brazen ring on which was engraved this sentence, in Greek: "**I am the fish which was first of all put into this lake by the hands of the Governor of the Universe, Frederick the Second, the 5th October, 1230.**" Accordingly, the pike



THE LAMPREY AND LAMPER.

that the beast drew the fish out before it could disengage itself. Walton was assured by his friend M. Segrave, who kept tame otters, that he had known a pike in extreme hunger fight with one of his otters for a carp that the otter had caught, and was then bringing out of the water."

must have been two hundred and sixty-seven years old, and is said to have weighed three hundred and fifty pounds. The skeleton of this enormous fish, nineteen feet long, was for many years exhibited at Mannheim as a wonderful curiosity. Very large specimens are taken in the Scottish



THE FLYING-FISH.

The pike was considered by Pliny as the longest-lived of the fresh-water fishes, and likely to grow to the greatest size. One that was ninety years old is mentioned by Pennant; but the patriarch of all the pikes is referred to by Gesner, who says that in 1497 one was secured at Hailbrun,

lakes, but these are more remarkable for size than excellence, the smaller ones being tenderer and of better flavor.

The *Common American Pike*, or *Pickarel*, is from one to two feet long, and abounds in the New England lakes, where it is taken in large numbers. Its habits are

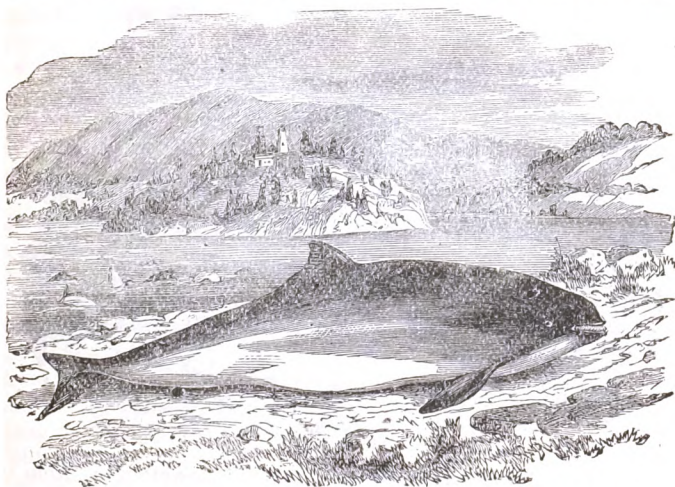


similar to those of the European pike, and it will prey upon all fish to a most injurious extent if it has the chance. It is caught in winter by cutting holes through the ice. Other varieties found in this country are the *Long Island*, or *Varied Pickerel*, the *Great Northern Pickerel*, found in the large rivers and lakes, from Lake Superior to the St. Lawrence, and the *Muscalonge*, existing only in the great lakes and waters of the St. Lawrence basin, frequent in Lakes Erie, Ontario and Huron.

The *Sea-Bream* and *Black-Bream* are two European varieties very much resembling each other, both feeding on fish as well as seaweed, and not greatly esteemed for the table. The *American Variegated Bream* is a beautiful species, and of good

the fact that unlike most of their race they carefully prepare a place for the reception of their young, and guard them with the greatest care, the labor chiefly devolving upon the male, which displays much courage and affection. They are found both in Europe and America.

The *Lampreys* include several varieties; the *Sea-Lamprey* is about two feet long, and of a yellowish color marked with brown. It feeds upon soft animal substances, and exists in European rivers, near the sea. It is considered excellent for the table. The *American Sea-Lamprey* is similar to the European species, but larger, sometimes growing to three feet in length. It is also esteemed for eating. The plain *Mud Lamprey*, usually called *Lamper-Eel*,



THE PORPOISE.

flavor. The *Whitebait* is quite a celebrated fish, very numerous in the river Thames, and held in high estimation by epicures. It is a frequent occurrence for the Londoners, from the Lord Mayor down, to take a trip to Greenwich or Blackwall for the purpose of enjoying a feast of "Whitebait."

The *Minnow* is one of the most familiar of fishes, and every schoolboy is well acquainted with its looks and habits. The European variety is not usually more than three inches long, while some of the American minnows attain a length of five inches. They are often used as bait for other and larger fish, such as pike, perch or catfish.

The *Sticklebacks* are small fishes four or five inches long, and are remarkable for

is common in the United States, and is used for bait by fishermen.

The *Flying-Fishes* are mostly found in the Atlantic, in its more tropical portions, though sometimes venturing further north. They often may be seen leaping from the water to escape the persecution of the dorados and bonitos. They will spring into the air to a height of twenty feet, and sometimes sail along for the space of six hundred feet, occasionally falling on the deck of a ship.

The character and habits of the *Porpoise* are well known. Swimming in shoals, they pursue the mackerel, herrings and salmon with great eagerness, and their numbers are often so great that they seem to darken the sea as they rise to take breath. They are frolicsome fishes.



## THE VAMPIRE BAT.

A more curious family than that of the bats cannot be found among all the tribes of animated nature. Creatures of darkness, passing the day in slumber, and only becoming active as the twilight shadows begin to shroud everything and render all objects more or less indistinct, the superstitious and ignorant have for a long time held them to be evil in their natures, and allied to the inhabitants of the lower world. How far these ancient superstitions have deserved belief, and how much

the blood of the larger animals and birds. They approach their victims while asleep, and bite a small hole in the skin, through which they suck the blood. They frequently attack cattle and horses in this manner, and those animals often seem to lose considerable blood from the wound after the satisfied bats have departed; but no serious results commonly occur, though if there were many bites the victim might be less fortunate. With fowls the effect of the visits of the vampire bat is more



they have exaggerated the peculiarities of the bats, science clearly and reassuringly tells. Like many other unfortunate creatures not personally prepossessing, and of eccentric habits, these animals have been regarded with fear and dread quite out of proportion with their actual powers or inclinations.

The most formidable and repulsive members of the bat family are those designated as *Vampyres*, illustrated on this page, and which are found in the tropical portions of South America, often in large numbers. They are of hideous appearance, having a singular leaflike appendage on the nose, and are called by the French *Fers de lance*, or *Spearhead*, or *Javelin Bats*. The largest of them measure six inches in length, and the wings expand two feet. The chosen food of this variety consists of

deadly, as they often die from the injury. The true type of this order is the *Spectre Bat*, which is six inches long, with wings spreading two feet. The *Javelin Bats* are smaller, and less to be feared than the spectre bats, but have the same propensity for sucking the blood of their victims. Another species is found in Guiana and Brazil called the *Glossophaga*, which have a long slender tongue, thinly covered with hair, that is used by the creatures as a means of more readily sucking the blood of their prey. It also feeds upon insects.

With such habits as those we have mentioned, it is no wonder that the bat family has in times past been looked upon as in league with powers of evil; and the more inoffensive branches of it have suffered for the sins of their brethren in the popular estimation. The immense amount of good

done by the exclusively insect-eating bats has not been taken into consideration by many. In those tropical countries where they exist in great numbers, life would become a burden on account of the persistent attacks of mosquitos and other insects, were it not for the nightly feasts of the bats, which lessen the numbers of these pests, though plenty more remain to annoy man and beast. Yet the characteristics of the vampyre bats are sufficiently repulsive to arouse the imagination, and to stamp them upon the mind as something ghoul-like and unearthly. Coming forth in the darkness which wraps them about like a cloak, stealing upon their sleeping and unsuspecting victims, and draining their life-blood, these animals seem the fitting representatives of fiends and demons, and have been pictured as such by the active fancy of the credulous, until their performances have been very much exaggerated. It has been declared that they will attack men in the night, open an artery, and drink the lifeblood, while they fan the sleeper with their wings, thus inducing prolonged slumber, until complete exhaustion is the result of the drain upon the system. Azara, however, states that the inhabitants of Paraguay do not fear the vampyres, though they often enter the houses, and suck the blood of those who carelessly expose their persons; and he also declares that no harm results from their attacks beyond a painful sensation that lasts for several days. He denies that they open any of the larger vessels, but says they simply make a small incision in the skin. We are assured by Tschudi, the naturalist and traveller, that on one occasion an Indian was bitten in the face by a bat while sleeping a drunken sleep in the woods; and in this case, though the wound appeared to be very slight, it caused so much swelling and inflammation that the features of the man were distorted beyond recognition.

Some of the superstitious fancies met with in classical literature doubtless were inspired by the tales prevalent about the habits of bats: thus the *Harpies*, represented as flying creatures having the faces of women, and the wings, bodies and claws of birds, that emitted a disgusting odor and defiled whatever they touched, might have been suggested by the large species that in all probability once existed in the south of Europe and in the adjacent countries of

Africa and Asia. The dreadful conception and description of a terrible demon which stealthily sucked the blood of individuals in the night, and which was called a *Vampyre*, was doubtless an outgrowth of the tales told of the performances of bats like those of South America. Following this train of thought a little further, it is easy to understand how the famous oldtime *Dragons*, *Basilisks*, *Griffins* and *Wiverns*, peopling the legends of the Middle Ages, originated from the serpents, crocodiles, and other strange animals first seen by the Crusaders during their warlike expeditions to the East. In such times, and with such material, no more than this was needed to excite the already overwrought imagination to a ready belief in the miraculous power of those strange and formidable creatures. We have already mentioned the blood-drinking propensities of the vampyre bats, and have shown them at their worst; but when we reflect that these singular animals possess bodies not more than six inches long, it is apparent that their reputed destructive powers have probably been increased by exaggeration.

But, however repulsive the nature and habits of the tropical bats may seem, those inhabiting more temperate regions display none of their ferocity, and are indeed an inoffensive and useful race. They subsist upon those insects most destructive to vegetation, and also upon those bloodthirsty wretches the mosquitos, which, though they are as it is a great annoyance, would be without this thinning out by the bats, an insupportable torment. The bat family has its representatives in almost all portions of the world, and in each its name varies yet corresponds. The English call bats *Flutter-mice*, the French, *Chauve-souris* or *Bald-mice*, the Germans, *Fleder-maus*, or *Flying-mice*. They possess a skeleton similar to that of quadrupeds, but their forepaws are developed into long fingers which sustain an extremely thin, fine, hairless semi-transparent membrane, on each side of the body, which answers the purpose of wings. The flight is light, noiseless and wavering; not so strong and well-sustained as that of birds; yet they are able to turn from point to point with the greatest ease, and can thus chase and capture insects that are also on the wing. It is said that some of the family will kill and feed upon the smaller of their own species, and



that on still evenings the megaderms of India may be heard crushing the heads and bones of frogs. The legs of the bat, by which it is enabled to move easily on the ground, are terminated by strong claws, and these are useful for clinging to the crevices of walls, buildings or rocks; a strong hook terminates each thumb, and also serves as a means of support in those dark and secret places chosen as the appropriate home of the night-loving bat. One division of the tribe is distinguished by a singular leaflike appendage to the nose, and such ones are designated as *Leaf-nosed Bats*. Says an authority: "Though the bats are, upon the whole, useful rather than hurtful to man, they are creatures to which poetry and superstition have in all ages had recourse to deepen the feelings of loathing and horror. They are not only of strange forms, but they are things of the doubtful light—the dim twilight—which in ages of ignorance converts white stones into ghosts, and bushes into spectres. They dwell in the ruined wall, or riven earth, or gloomy cavern; in Eastern countries they often find their way into the sepulchres and catacombs of the ancients. They have been observed, therefore, as dwellers with desolation and death; and it was stretching the imagination but little further to suppose that they were in league with these loathed and dreaded powers. The rapacity of the larger bats, such as are found in the warm countries, feeding during the twilight gloom, gave color to these suppositions. Hovering about the Pagan temples, they ate greedily the blood and other remains of the sacrifices. When famine or pestilence, which were then of frequent occurrence, strewed the earth with

the bodies of the dead, or when night closed upon the horrors of the battlefield, the bats thronged to the nocturnal feast. As in all cases they came dim and apparently formless, with wing most unlike any organ bearing the same name which is spread to the light of day, they perfected their claim of poetical alliance with the infernal regions, and the powers which hold dominion over them. Hence, as the peacock was the bird sacred to Juno, the queen of Heaven, so the bat became the creature sacred, or accursed, as it may be, to Proserpine, the empress of Hell.

"The use of bats for these purposes is as old as Homer, who very skillfully manages them in heightening the graphic effect of the splendid passage in which he describes the shrieks and wailings of the ghosts in the regions of woe; and after Homer, all poets and painters who have ventured upon similar delineations have made use of the bats for the purposes of effect. Even to this day, painters must borrow the wings of bats for their devils, in the same way they borrow the wings of doves for their angels; and one has only to throw a deep Rembrandt shade over a piece of canvas, and show a bat's wing partly displayed from a cave, in order to give an infernal air to it, and make it, with very little painting, a good poetical representation of the gates of Hell. It is easy to see how a race which is linked with such associations should have had but a scanty measure of justice meted out to it by the half-superstitious naturalists of the middle ages; and a remnant of the same superstition is, no doubt, the cause of much of the horror which is still connected with some of the larger species of warm countries."

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### THE MAIDEN AND THE MOON.

*From the German of Robert Prutz, by FRANK LEIGH.*

O moon, did you aught behold  
When me my lover kissed?  
I'll own—if not too bold—  
'Twas sweet to be caressed.

But alas! I know not truly  
How yester-even it came,  
*Washington, May, 1875.*

If the kiss I gave him duly,  
Or if he stole the same.

I pray you'll not it mention—  
(Of kissing you've seen some),  
And if the people question  
O dearest moon, be dumb!

# THE FATAL GLOVE:

—OR,—

## THE HISTORY OF A STREET-SWEEPER.

IN FOUR PARTS.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

### PART II.—[CONTINUED.]

Towards the end of March, Alexandrine Lee came to pass a few days with Margie. Some singular change had been at work on the girl. She had lost her wonted gayety of spirits, and was for the most part subdued, almost sad. Her beautiful eyes seldom lighted with a smile, and her sweet voice was rarely heard in sprightly conversation or brilliant repartee. Her friends marvelled at the change; but Alexandrine was not a person one could question too closely. She had a way of drawing back within herself, when she chose, that deterred the most impudent of her acquaintances from pushing their investigations too far.

She came, from a day spent out, one evening, into Margie's dressing-room. Miss Harrison was preparing for the opera. There was a new prima donna, and Archer was anxious for her to hear the wonder. Margie had never looked lovelier. Her pink silk dress, with the corsage falling away from the shoulders, and the sleeves leaving the round arms bare, was peculiarly becoming, and the pearl necklace and bracelets—Archer's gift—were no whiter and purer than the throat and wrists they encircled.

Alexandrine stood a moment in the door, looking at the lovely picture presented by her young hostess. A pain, vague and unacknowledged, wrung her heart, and showed itself on her countenance. But she came forward with expressions of admiration.

"You are perfect, Margie—absolutely perfect! Poor gentlemen! how I pity them to-night! How their wretched hearts will ache!"

Margie laughed.

"Nonsense, Alex, don't be absurd! Go and dress yourself. I am going to the

opera, and you must also accompany us."

"Us—who may that plural pronoun embody?"

"Myself—and—Mr. Trevlyn."

"Ah! thank you. Mr. Trevlyn may not care for an addition to his nice little arrangement for a tete-a-tete."

"Don't be vexed, Alexandrine. We thought you would pass the evening at your friend's; and Archer only came in to tell me a few hours ago."

"Of course I am not vexed, dear." And the girl kissed Margie's glowing cheek. "Lovers will be lovers the world over. Silly things, always, and never interesting company for other people. How long before Mr. Trevlyn is coming for you?"

Margie consulted her watch.

"At eight. It is now seven. In an hour."

"In an hour! An hour's time! Long enough often to change the destiny of empires!"

"How strangely you talk, Alexandrine! What spirit possesses you?" asked Margie, filled, in spite of herself, with a curious premonition of evil.

Alexandrine sat down by the side of her friend, and looked searchingly into her face, her great black eyes holding Margie with a sort of serpent-like fascination. For her life, she could not have stirred or looked away, though she longed to scream aloud and break the terrible spell.

"Margaret, you love this Archer Trevlyn very dearly, do you not?"

Margie blushed crimson, but she answered, proudly:

"Why need I be ashamed to confess it? I do. I love him with my whole soul."

"And you do not think there is in you any possibility of a change?"

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1886, by THOMAS & TALBOT, Boston, Mass., in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, Washington.]

"A change! What do you mean? Explain yourself."

"You do not think the time will ever come when you will cease to love Mr. Archer Trevlyn?"

"It will never come!" Margie replied, indignantly; "never, while I have my reason!"

"Do you believe in love's immortality?"

"I believe that all true love is changeless as eternity! I am not a child, Alexandrine, to be blown about by every passing breeze."

"No, you are a woman now, with a woman's capability of suffering. You ought also to be possessed of a woman's resolution, of a woman's strength to endure sorrow and affliction."

"I have never had any great affliction, Alexandrine. The death of Mr. Linmere was horrible to me, but it was not as if I had loved him; and though I loved Mr. Trevlyn, my guardian, he died so peacefully, I cannot wish him back. And my dear parents—I was so young then, and they were so willing to go! No, I do not think I have ever had any great sorrow, such as blast people's whole lifetimes."

"But you think you will always continue to love Archer Trevlyn?"

"How strangely you harp on that string! What do you mean? There is something behind all this; I see it in your face. You frighten me."

"Margie, all people are blind sometimes, but more especially women when they love. Would it be a mercy to open the eyes of one who, in happy ignorance, was walking over a precipice which the flowers hid from her view?"

Margie shuddered, and the beautiful color fled from her cheek.

"I do not comprehend you. Why do you keep me in suspense?"

"Because I dread to break the charm. You will hate me for it always, Margie. We never love those who tell us disagreeable truths, even though it be for our good."

"I do not know what you will tell me, Alexandrine, but I do not think I shall hate you for it."

"Not if I tell you evil of Archer Trevlyn?"

"I will not listen to it!" she cried, indignantly.

"I expected as much. Well, Margie,

you shall not. I will hold my peace; but if ever, in the years to come, the terrible secret should be revealed to you—the secret which would then destroy your happiness for all time—remember that I would have saved you, and you refused to listen!"

She drew her shawl around her shoulders, and rose to go. Margie caught her arm.

"What is it? You *shall* tell me! Suspense is worse than certainty."

"And if I tell you, you will be silent as the grave itself?"

"Yes, if you wish it."

"Will you swear it?"

"I cannot; but I will keep it just as sacredly."

"I want not only your promise, but your oath. *You* would never break an oath. And this which I am about to tell you, if known to the world, involves Archer Trevlyn's life! and you refuse to take an oath."

"His life! Yes, I will swear. I would do anything to make his life safer."

"Very well. You understand me fully? You are never to reveal anything I may tell you to-night, unless I give you leave. You swear it?"

"I swear it."

"Listen, then. You remember the night Mr. Linmere was murdered?"

Margie grew pale as death, and clasped her hands convulsively.

"Yes, I remember it."

"You desired us, after we had finished dressing you, to leave you alone. We did so, and you locked the door behind us, stepped from the window, and went to the grave of your parents."

"I did."

"You remained there some little time, and when you turned away, you stopped to look back, and in doing so you laid your hand—this one,"—she touched Margie's slender left hand, on which shone Archer Trevlyn's betrothal ring—"on the gate post. Do you remember it?"

"Yes, I remember it."

"And while it rested there—while your eyes were turned away, that hand was touched—by something soft, and warm, and sentient—too warm, too passionate, to be the kiss of a disembodied soul. Living, human lips, that scorched into your flesh, and thrilled you as nothing else ever had the power to thrill you!"

Margie trembled convulsively, her color came and went, and she clasped and unclasped her hands with nervous agitation.

"Am I not speaking the truth?"

"Yes, yes—go on. I am listening."

"Was there, in all the world, at that time, more than one person whose kiss had the power to thrill you as that kiss thrilled you? Answer me, Margie Harrison!"

"I will not! You have no right to ask me!" she replied, passionately.

"It is useless to attempt disguise, Margie. I can read your very thoughts. At the moment you felt that touch, you knew instinctively who was near you. You felt and acknowledged the presence of one who had no right to be kissing the hand of another man's promised wife! And yet the forbidden sin of that person was sweet to you! You stooped and pressed your lips where his had been! Whose?"

"I do not know—indeed I do not! Why do you torture me so, Alexandrine?"

"My poor child! I will say no more. Good-night, Margie. I trust you will have a pleasant evening with Mr. Trevlyn."

Margie caught the flowing skirt of Miss Lee's dress.

"You shall tell me all! I must know. I have heard too much to be kept in ignorance of the remainder."

"So be it. You shall hear all. You know that Archer Trevlyn was in the graveyard, or near it, that night, though you might not see him. Yet you were sure of his presence—"

"I was not! I tell you I was not!" she cried, fiercely. "I saw no one; not a person!"

"Then, if you were not sure of his presence, you loved some other; else why did you put your lips where those of a stranger had been? In that case, you were doubly false."

Margie's cheeks were crimson with shame. She covered her face with her hands and was silent.

"How many can you love at once, Margie Harrison?"

"Alexandrine, you are cruel! cruel! Is it not enough for you to tell me the truth, without torturing me thus?"

A flash of conscious triumph crossed the cold face of Miss Lee, and then she was calm as before.

"No, I am not cruel—only truthful. You cannot deny that you knew Archer Trev-

lyn was near you. You will not deny it. Margie, I know what love is—I know something of its keen subtle instincts. I should recognize the vicinity of the man I loved, though all around me were black as midnight."

"Well, what then?" asked Margie, defiantly.

"Wait and see. I followed you out that night, with no definite purpose in my mind. Perhaps it was curiosity to see what a romantic woman, about to be married to a man she did not love, would do. I stood outside the hedge of arbor vitæ while you were inside. I saw the tall shadowy figure which bent its head upon your hand, and I saw you when you put your mouth where his had been. When you went away, I did not go. Something kept me behind. A moment afterward, I heard voices inside the hedge—just one exclamation from each person—I could swear to that! and then—O heaven!"

"What then?"

"A blow! a dull terrible thud, a smothered groan, a fall—and I stood there powerless to move—stricken dumb and motionless! And while I stood transfixed, some person rushed past me, breathless, panting, reckless of everything save escape! Margie, it was so dark that I could not be positive, but I am morally certain that the person I saw was Archer Trevlyn!"

"My God!" Margie cowered down to the floor, and hid her face in the folds of Alexandrine's dress.

"Hear me through," Miss Lee went on, relentlessly, her face growing colder and harder with every word. "Hear me through, and then decide for yourself. Let no opinion of mine bias your judgment. I stood there a moment longer, and then, when suspended volition came back to me, I fled from the place. Margie, words cannot express to you my distress, my bitter burning anguish! It was like to madness. But sooner than have divulged my suspicions, I would have killed myself! For I loved Archer Trevlyn with a depth and fervor of which your cool nature has no conception. I love him still, though I feel convinced, from the bottom of my soul, that he is a murderer!"

Her cheeks grew brilliant as red roses, her eyes sparkled like stars. Margie looked into the bewilderingly beautiful face with suspended breath. The woman's passion-

ate presence scorched her; she could not be herself, with those eyes of fire blazing down into hers.

Alexandrine resumed:

"I am wasting time. Let me hurry on to the end, or your lover will be here before I finish."

"My lover!" cried Margie, in a dazed sort of way—"my lover? O yes, I remember Archer Trevlyn was coming. Is it nearly time for him?"

Alexandrine took the shrinking, cowering girl by the shoulders, and lifted her into a seat.

"Rouse yourself, Margie. I have not done. I want you to hear it all."

"Yes, I am hearing."

It was pitiful to see how helpless and weak the poor child had become. All sense of joy or sorrow seemed to have died out of her. She was simply *enduring*. The great affliction had come, and this was how she bore it.

"I feared so much that when the body of the murdered man should be discovered there would be some clue which would point to the guilty party! Such a night as I passed, while they searched for the body! I thought I should go mad!" She hid her face in her hands, and her figure shook like a leaf in the autumn wind.

"When the dog took us to the graveyard, I thought I would be first inside—I would see if there was anything left on the ground to point to the real murderer. You remember that I picked up something, do you not?"

"I do. Your glove, was it not?"

"Yes. It was *my* glove! I defy the whole world to take it from me. I would die before such a proof should be brought against the man I love!" she cried, wildly. "See here!"

She drew from her bosom a kid glove, stained and stiff with blood.

"Margie, have you ever seen it before? Look here. It has been marked; sewed with *blue* silk! Do you remember anything about it?"

"Yes; I saw you mend it at Cape May," she answered, the words forced from her, apparently, without her own volition.

"You are right. He had torn it while rowing me out one morning. I saw the rent, and offered to repair it. He makes his gloves wear well, doesn't he?"

"O don't! don't! how can you? Alex-

andrine, wake me, in mercy's sake! This is some horrible dream!"

"I would to heaven it were! It would be happier for us all. But if you feel any doubt about the identity of the glove, look here." She turned back the wrist, and there on the inside, written in the bold characters which were a peculiarity of Arch Trevlyn's handwriting, was the name in full—*Archer Trevlyn*.

Margie shrunk back and covered her eyes, as if to shut out the terrible proof. Alexandrine returned the glove to her bosom, and continued:

"The handkerchief found near Mr. Linmere was marked with the single letter *A*. Whose name begins with that letter?"

"Stop, I implore you. I shall lose my reason! I am blinded—I cannot see. O, if I could only die, and leave it all!"

"You will not die. I bore it, and still live; and it is so much harder for me, because I have to bear it all alone! You have your religion to help you, Margie. Surely that will bear you up! I have heard all your pious people prate enough of its service in time of trouble to remember that consolation."

"Don't, Alexandrine! It is sinful to scorn God's holy religion. Yes, you are right; it will help me. God himself will help me, if I ask him. He knows how much I stand in need of it."

"I am glad you are so likely to be supported," returned the girl, half earnestly, half contemptuously. "Are you satisfied in regard to Mr. Archer Trevlyn?"

"I will not credit it!" cried Margie, passionately. "He did not do that dreadful deed! He could not! so good, and noble, and pitiful of all suffering humanity! And besides, what motive could he have?"

"The motive was all-powerful. Has not Mr. Trevlyn, by his own confession, loved you from his youth up?"

"Yes."

"And Paul Linmere was about to become your husband. Could there be a more potent reason for Archer Trevlyn to desire Mr. Linmere's death? He was an obstacle which could be removed in no other way than by death, because you had promised your father to marry him, and you could not falsify your word. All men are weak, and liable to sin; is Trevlyn any exception? Margie, I have told you frankly what I know. You can credit it or not. I

leave it with you; decide as you think best. It is eight o'clock. I will go now, for it is time for your lover to come for you."

"O I cannot, cannot meet him—not to-night! I must have time to think, time to collect my thoughts. My head whirls so, and everything is so dark! Stay, Alexandrine, and excuse me to him. Say I have a headache—anything to quiet him. I cannot see him now! I should go mad! Let me have a night to think of it."

Alexandrine put her hand on the soft hair of the bowed head.

"My poor Margie! it is hard for you. Hark! there is the bell. He has come. Will you not go down?"

"No, no, no! Do what you judge best, and leave me to myself and my God!"

Alexandrine went out, and Margie, locking the door after her, flung herself down on the carpet, and buried her face in the pillows of the sofa.

Miss Lee swept down the staircase, her dark bright face resplendent, her bearing haughty as that of an empress. Arch was in the parlor. He looked up eagerly as the door opened, but his countenance fell when he saw that it was only Miss Lee. She greeted him cordially.

"Good-evening, Mr. Trevlyn. I am deputized to receive you, and my good intentions must be accepted in place of more fervent demonstrations."

"I am happy to see you, Miss Lee. Where is Margie?"

"She is in her room, somewhat indisposed. She begged me to ask you to excuse her, as she is unable to come down, and of course cannot have the pleasure of going with you to the opera."

"Sick! Margie sick!" he exclaimed, anxiously. "What can be the matter? She was well enough three hours ago."

"O, do not be uneasy. It is nothing serious. A headache, I think. She will be well after a night's rest. Cannot I prevail on you to sit down?"

"I think not to-night, thank you. I will call to-morrow. Give Margie my best love, and tell her how sorry I am she is ill."

Alexandrine promised, and Mr. Trevlyn bowed himself out. She put her hand to her forehead, which seemed almost bursting with the strange weight there.

"Guilty or not guilty," she muttered, "what does it matter? I love him, and that is enough!"

### PART III.

THE long night passed away, as all nights, however long and dark they may be, will pass away.

Margie had not slept. She paced her chamber until long after midnight, utterly disregarding Alexandrine, who had knocked repeatedly at her door; and at last, overcome by weariness, she had sunk down in a chair by the open window, and sat there, gazing blankly out into the night with its purple heavens, and its glory of sparkling stars.

It seemed as if all the light of the world had been suddenly quenched. She found herself wondering if the sun would ever rise again—if the birds would ever sing, or the flowers glow with gold, and crimson, and azure.

Leo came and crept up against her shoulder, resting his soft head against her cheek, and uttering the low whine that told her how he knew she suffered, and lamented it.

"My poor faithful dog!" she cried, pressing him convulsively to her—"my poor Leo!"

Leo nestled closer, and licked her hand. "All I have left to love!" she exclaimed, pitifully; "Leo, you will never deceive me—never prove false to me, will you, Leo?"

He looked into her face with his sagacious wistful eyes, telling her as plainly as words could have done, how true he would always be to her; how entirely she might trust him.

Do not think that because Margie was made wretched by the dreadful revelation of Miss Lee, that she lacked faith in her lover. Do not think that she failed in trusting him. Nothing could have tempted her to have credited such a story of him, had it not been for the overwhelming evidence of her own senses. Ever since the night of Paul Linnere's assassination, she had at times been tortured with agonizing doubts. From the first she had been morally sure whose lips had touched her hand that night in the graveyard; she knew that no other presence than that of Archer Trevlyn had the power to influence her as she had been influenced. She knew that he had been there, though she had not seen him; and knowing that he had been there—for what purpose had he been there? It was a question she had asked herself a thousand times! A question she could never answer, and which she had put out

of her thoughts with a shudder always. Now she was forced to look the matter bravely in the face. The time had come when she *must* decide for herself. The happiness of her whole life—her peace of mind for time and eternity—were at stake.

There could be no doubt any longer. She was forced to that conclusion at last; her heart sinking like lead in her bosom as she came to acknowledge it. In a moment of terrible temptation, Arch Trevlyn had stained his hands with blood! And for her sake!

She felt sick and faint; she tried to reach the bellrope, but she was powerless to move. A paralysis of heart and brain had fallen upon her. The window was open, and the cold wind chilled her through and through, but she could not close the sash. By-and-by the weather changed—the sky was clouded, the rain fell and beat against her. The moisture acted as a restorative. She rose feebly and pulled down the sash.

There was a violent warfare in her heart. Her love for Arch Trevlyn had not sprung up in a day; its growth had been slow, and it had taken deep root. O, how hard it was to give up the blissful dream! She thought of his early life—how it had been full of temptation—how his noble nature had been warped and perverted by the evil influences that had surrounded him, and for a while the temptation was strong upon her soul to forgive him everything—to ignore all the past, and take him into her life as though the fearful story she had just listened to had been untold. Marry a murderer!

"Good God!" she cried in horror, as the whole extent of the truth burst upon her; "O my God, pity and aid me!"

She sank down on her knees, and though her lips uttered no sound, her heart prayed as only hearts can pray when wrung with mortal suffering. She saw her duty clearly. Archer Trevlyn must be given up; from that there could be no appeal. Henceforth he must be to her as though he had never been. She must put him entirely out of her life—out of her thoughts—out of her sleeping and waking dreams. She should manage to live some way; life was very short, and people dragged it out very often when all hope and joy, and every impulse of happiness, were dead and buried.

But she could give him no explanation of her change of mind. She had passed her

word—nay, she had sworn never to reveal aught that Miss Lee had told her, and a promise was binding. But he would not need any explanation. His own guilty conscience would tell him why he was renounced.

She took off the rose-colored dress in which she had arrayed herself to meet him, and folded it away in a drawer of her wardrobe, together with every other adornment she had worn that night. They would always be to her painful reminders of that terrible season of anguish and despair. When all were in, she shut them away from her sight, turned the key upon them, and flung it far out of the window. There she would leave them to moulder and decay; she never would look upon them again.

Then she opened her writing-desk, and took out all the little notes he had ever written to her, read them all over, and holding them one by one to the blaze of the lamp, watched them with a sort of stony calmness until they shrivelled and fell in ashes, black as her hopes, to the floor. Then his gifts; a few simple things. These she did not look at; she put them hastily into a box, sealed them up, and wrote his address on the cover.

The last task was the hardest. She must write him a note, telling him that all was over between them. The gray light of a clouded morning found her making the effort. But for a long time her pen refused to move; her hand seemed powerless. She felt weak and helpless as a very infant. But it was done at last, and she read it over, wondering that she was alive to read it:

"MR. ARCHER TREVLYN, SIR:—Yesterday afternoon, when I last saw you, I did not think that before twenty-four hours had elapsed I should be under the necessity of inditing to you this letter. Henceforth, you and I must be as strangers. Not all the wealth and influence of the universe could tempt me to become your wife, now that my eyes are opened. I renounce you utterly and entirely, and no word or argument of yours can change me. Therefore, do not attempt to see me, for with my own consent I will never look upon your face again. I deem no explanation necessary; your own conscience will tell you why I have been forced to make this decision. I return to you with this note everything that can serve to remind me of you, and ask you

to do me the favor to burn all that you may have in your possession which once was mine. Farewell, now and forever,

"MARGARET HARRISON."

There remained still something more to be done.

Margie knew that Archer Trevlyn would seek her out, and demand an explanation from her own lips, and this must never be. She could not see him now; she was not certain that she could ever see him again. She dared not risk the influence his personal presence might have upon her. She must leave New York. But where should she go? She had scarcely asked the question before thought answered her.

Far away in the northern part of New Hampshire, resided old Nellie Day, the woman who had nursed her, and whom she had not seen for twelve years. Nellie was a very quiet discreet person, and had been very warmly attached to the Harrison family. She had married late in life a worthy farmer, and giving up her situation in New York, had gone with him to the little out-of-the-way village of Lightfield. Margie had kept up a sort of a desultory correspondence with her, and in every letter that the old lady wrote she had urged Margie to visit her in her country home. It had never been convenient to do so, but now this place was suggested to her at once, and to Lightfield she decided to go.

She consulted her watch. It was five o'clock; the train for the North, the first express, left at half past six. There would be time. She would leave all her business affairs in the hands of Mr. Farley, her legal adviser and general manager; and as to the house, the maiden aunt who resided with her could keep up the establishment until her return, if she ever did return.

She went about her preparations with the strong calmness of despair. Her hands did not tremble; she felt only tired and dull. There was no pain or grief in her dry eyes, and no moan of sorrow escaped her white lips. She packed a few of her plainest dresses, and some other indispensables in a trunk, arrayed herself in a dark travelling suit, and rang for Florine. The girl looked at her in silent amazement. Margie steadied her voice, and spoke carelessly enough.

"Florine, I have been obliged to leave home very suddenly. My preparations are

all complete. I thought I would not wake you, as I had so little to do. Tell Peter to have the carriage at the door at six precisely, and bring up Leo's breakfast, and a cup of hot coffee for me."

"You will surely take some breakfast yourself," began Florine.

"No, I shall not need any, it is so early. And when I am hungry I can get some refreshments on the route."

"But, mistress dear—"

"Obey me, Florine. I know what is best. And do not disturb the household on account of me. You can be depended upon?"

"Yes'm."

The girl returned soon, bringing some food for Leo, and a tray of coffee, sandwiches, cold chicken and cake.

"Do eat something," she said, anxiously; "indeed you must. I shall not see a bit of comfort all day for thinking of it, if you do not."

Margie forced herself to swallow a little of the chicken, and a piece of the cake, and at six o'clock—having written a note to Mr. Farley, and one to her aunt, giving no explanations, but merely saying she had been called away—she put on her bonnet, entered the carriage, and was driven to the depot. And before nine-tenths of New York had thought of leaving their beds, she was being whirled rapidly northward, her only companion Leo, who, watchful and alert, lay curled up on the seat beside her.

Arch Trevlyn had not slept that night. Some sense of impending evil, some demon of uneasiness oppressed him strangely. There was no rest for him. He tossed about until daybreak, then he rose, dressed himself, and went out. Everything was still on the streets except the clatter of the milk carts, and the early drays and huckster wagons. The air was damp and dense, and struck a deadly chill to the very marrow of this unseasonable wanderer. He walked a few squares, and then returned to his hotel, more oppressed than when he went out.

Did ever time move so slowly before? Would the morning never pass? He wrote some urgent letters, read the damp morning paper, without the slightest notion of its contents, and went down to his breakfast, to come away again leaving it untasted. Eight o'clock! The earliest possible hour



at which it would be proper to call on Miss Harrison was eleven. Three mortal hours first! How should he ever endure it? She might be very ill. She might even be dying! Arch, with the foolish inconsistency of love, magnified every evil until he was nearly beside himself with dread, lest she might be worse than Miss Lee had represented.

Nine o'clock struck; he was walking the floor in a state of nervous excitement which would have forced him ere long to have broken all rules of etiquette and taken his way to Harrison house, had not fate saved him the necessity.

A waiter entered, and brought in a letter and a package. He snatched them both, and saw they were directed in Margie's handwriting. For a moment his heart stood still with a deadly fear. Great drops of perspiration covered his forehead, and he dropped letter and package to the floor. Why was she writing to him when she must expect to see him in a few hours? And that package? what did it contain?

He picked it up, and tore off the wrappings. The betrothal ring rolled out and fell with a hollow sound on the floor. The ring he had put upon her finger—the ring he had seen her kiss more than once! He looked over the contents of the box hurriedly; every little thing he had ever given her was there, even to a bunch of faded violets! He lifted them from the paper in which they were folded—remembering so vividly when he had gathered them—how she had smiled and blushed when he gave them to her. Perhaps because he had put the violets in her hand and his lips to her soft cheek, all at the same time. And she had worn a white dress, with pale blue ribbons, and a cluster of the bells in her hair. And it was near sunset, and they had stood together on the banks of the Hudson, and they had been speaking of flowers. Margie had wished for spring violets, and he had given her these, obtained that day from a hothouse, where the tropical atmosphere had deceived the little blue-eyed things into thinking the chilly autumn-time was blossoming May.

But the letter? He had almost forgotten it, in pondering over the dread significance of this return of his presents. He took it up, and broke the seal with slow deliberation. It would not tell him any news, but it might contain an explanation.

His face grew pale as ashes as he read, and he put his hand to his heart, as though he had received a blow there. Twice he read it through, and at the last reading he seemed to realize its dread portent.

"She gives me up! Margie renounces me! Strangers we must be henceforth! What does it all mean? Am I indeed awake, or is this only a painful dream?"

He read a few lines of the missive a third time. Something of the old dominant spirit of Archer Trevlyn came back to him.

"There is some misunderstanding. Margie has been told some dire falsehood!" he exclaimed, starting up; "I will know everything! She shall explain fully!"

He seized his hat, and hurried to her residence. The family were at breakfast, the servant said, who opened the door. He asked to see Miss Harrison.

"Miss Harrison left this morning, sir, in the early express," said the man, eyeing Trevlyn with curious interest.

"Went in the early train! Can you tell me where she has gone?"

"I cannot. Perhaps her aunt, Miss Farnsworth, or Miss Lee can do so."

"Very well"—he made a desperate effort to seem calm, for the servant's observant eye warned him that he was not acting himself. "Will you please ask Miss Lee to favor me with a few minutes of her time?"

Miss Lee came into the parlor where Archer waited, a little afterward. Arch, himself, was not more changed than she was. Her countenance was pale even to ghastliness, with the exception of a bright red spot on either cheek, and her eyes shone with such an unnatural light that even Archer, absorbed as he was in his own troubles, noticed it. She welcomed him quietly, in a somewhat constrained voice, and relapsed into silence. Archer plunged at once upon what he came to ascertain.

"The servant tells me that Miss Harrison left New York this morning. I am very anxious to communicate with her. Can you tell me whither she has gone?"

"I cannot. She left before any of the family were up, and though she left notes for both her aunt and her business agent, Mr. Farley, she did not in either of them mention her destination."

"And did she not speak to you about it?"

"She did not. I spent a part of last evening with her, just before you came, but she

said nothing to me of her intention. She was not quite well, and desired me to ask you to excuse her from going to the opera."

"And you did not see her this morning?"

"No. I have not seen her since I left her room to come down to you last night. When I returned from my interview with you, I tapped at her door—in fact, I tapped at it several times during the evening, for I feared she might be worse—but I got no reply, and supposed she had retired. No one saw her this morning except Florine her maid, and Peter the coachman, who drove her to the depot."

"And she went entirely alone?"

"She did from the house. Peter took her in the carriage."

"From the house! But after that?" he asked, eagerly.

"Mr. Trevlyn," she said, coldly, "excuse me."

"I must know!" he cried, passionately, grasping her arm; "tell me, did she set out upon this mysterious journey alone?"

"I must decline to answer you."

"But I will not accept any denial! Miss Lee, you know what Margie was to me! There has arisen a fearful misunderstanding between us! I must have it explained. Why will you trifle with me? You must tell me what you know!"

"I do not wish to arouse suspicions, Mr. Trevlyn, which may have no foundation to rest on. Only for your peace of mind do I withhold any information I may possess on the subject."

"It is a cruel kindness. Tell me everything at once, I beg of you!"

"Then if it distresses you, do not blame me. Peter saw Mr. Louis Castrani at the depot, and is confident he went in the same train, in the same car, with Miss Harrison."

"Castrani! Great Heaven!" he staggered into a chair, "is it possible? Margie, my Margie, that I thought so good, and pure, and truthful—false to me! It cannot, cannot be! I will not believe it!"

"I do not ask you to," said Alexandrine, proudly. "I insinuated nothing. I only replied to your question."

"Pardon me, Miss Lee. I am not quite myself this morning. I will go now. I thank you for what you have told me, and trust it will all be explained."

"I trust so," answered Miss Lee, turning to leave the room.

"Stay a moment! To what depot did Peter drive her?"

"The Northern, I think he said."

"Again I thank you, and good-morning."

He hurried away, got into the first coach he came across, and was driven to the Northern depot. Once there, he felt the necessity of restraining himself, for his haste and his distracted air had already attracted the attention of several persons.

He was somewhat acquainted with the ticket agent, and assuming as nonchalant an air as was possible in his present disturbed state, he strolled into the office. After a little indifferent conversation, he said:

"By the way, Harris, do you know Mr. Castrani, the young Cuban who has turned the heads of so many of our fair belles? Some one was telling me that he left town this morning."

"Castrani? Yes, I think I do. He did leave for the North this morning, in the early express. I marked his baggage for him. He had been hurried so in his preparations, he said, that he had no time for it."

"Indeed! It's a bore to be hurried. Where was he checked to?"

"Well, really, the name of the place has escaped me. Some little town in New Hampshire or Maine, I think. We do so much of this business that my memory is treacherous about such things."

"Were you speaking of Castrani?" asked Tom Clifford, a friend of Archer's, removing his cigar from his mouth. "Deuced fine fellow! Wish I had some of his spare shillings. Though he's generous as a prince! Met him this morning, just as he was coming down the steps of the Astor. Had to get up early to see after that confounded store of mine! Walker's too lazy to open it mornings. Deuced lazy, Walker is! and I pay him a thousand a year, too."

"You met Mr. Castrani?" said Archer, referring to the point.

"Yes. He told me he was going away. Woman somewhere mixed up in the case. Said he expected to find one somewhere—well, hanged if I can tell where! There's always a woman at the bottom of everything."

"He did not mention who this one was?"

"Not he. But I must be going. It's nearly lunch time. Good-morning to ye."

Trevlyn stopped a few moments with Mr. Harris, and then went back to his rooms.

He was satisfied. Hard as it was for him to believe it, he had no other alternative. Margie was false, and she had gone away from him under the protection of Castrani. He could have forgiven her anything but that. If she had ceased to love him, and transferred her affections, he could still have wished her all happiness, if she had only been free and frank with him. But to profess love for him all the while she was planning to elope with another man, was too much! His heart hardened toward her.

If there had been, in reality, as he had at first supposed, any misunderstanding between him and her, and she had gone alone, he would have followed her to the ends of the earth, and have had everything made clear. But as it was now, he would not pursue her an inch. Let her go! False and perfidious! why should her flight ever trouble him?

But though he tried to believe her worthy of all scorn and contempt, his heart was still very tender of her. He kissed the sweet face of the picture he had worn so long in his bosom, before he locked it away from his sight, and dropped some tears, that were no dishonor to his manhood, over the half dozen elegant little trifles she had given him, before he committed them to the flames.

That over, what was he to do? . How very bleak life seemed to him. He had not felt so utterly desolate and weary since the morning after his mother's burial. Then he had had Matty to cheer him—now, he had no one.

There was a nine days' wonder over Miss Harrison's sudden exodus. But her aunt was a discreet woman, and it was generally understood that Margie had taken advantage of the pause in the fashionable season to visit some distant relatives, and if ever any one coupled her flight and the departure of Castrani together, it was not made the subject of remark. Alexandrine kept what she knew to herself, and of course Archer Trevlyn did not proclaim his own desertion.

For a week, nearly, he managed to keep about, and at the end of that time he called at Mrs. Lee's. He wanted to question Alexandrine a little further. The idea possessed him that in some way she might be

cognizant of Margie's destination. And though he had given the girl up, he longed desperately to know if she were happy. He had felt strangely giddy all day, and the heat of Mrs. Lee's parlors operated unfavorably upon him. He was sitting on a sofa conversing with that lady and her daughter, when suddenly he put his hand to his forehead, and sank back pale and speechless.

In the wildest alarm, they called a physician, who bled him, put him to bed, and enjoined the severest quiet. Mr. Trevlyn, he said, had received a severe shock to his nervous system, and there was imminent danger of congestive fever of the brain.

His fears were verified. Archer did not rally, and on the second day he was raving in delirium. Then the womanly nature of Alexandrine Lee came out and asserted itself. She banished all attendants from the sick room, and took sole charge herself of the sufferer. Not even her mother would she allow to take her place. When tempted by intense weariness to resign her post, she would take *that stained glove* from her bosom, and the sight of it would banish all thought of admitting a stranger.

"No," she said to herself, "people in delirium speak of their most cherished secrets, and he shall not criminate himself. If he did that terrible deed, only I of all the world can bring a shadow of suspicion against him, and the secret shall never be revealed to any other."

So she sat the long days and longer nights away, by the side of this man she loved so hopelessly, bathing his fevered brow, holding his parched hands, and lingering fondly over the flushed unconscious face.

He sank lower and lower day by day; so very low that the physician said he could do no more. He must leave the case. There was nothing for it but to wait with patience the workings of nature.

Arch had never had a sickness before, and the fever ran mad riot in his veins. He was never lucid, but he was not violent. He talked for the most part of Grigg Court—of his mother—of Grandma Rugg, and a great deal of Mat. He fought imaginary battles for her over and over again, and divided his pennies and red apples with her every day.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## THE YOUNG SCAPEGRACE.

BY MISS CAMILLA WILLIAN.

THE McGregors were a goodly family, both in quality and quantity. Alexander McGregor, the nominal head of the family, was a lithe rosy-cheeked Highlander, with black eyes and black hair—a perfect crow's nest of little ringlets. This gentleman was a dry-goods merchant—made money as Scotchmen always do, and spent it as they do not always; loved his children, and obeyed his wife; appeared out once or twice a year in Highland costume, gallant and gay, to the boundless admiration of modern Athenians, and of his own lads and lassies, and to the intense pride of his wife, who would wipe her eyes as she saw him, and remembered the blue hills and lovely glades of “bonnie Scotland.”

McGregor *mere* was of different build, physical and mental, from her husband. Her tall brawny height exceeded his by an inch; her face was rather pale, the high cheekbones and narrow severe forehead being adorned with freckles instead of roses. Keen gray eyes and yellow sandy hair finished this not too charming *ensemble*. Mrs. McGregor was industrious, honest, thrifty, and a bit shrewish, but kind-hearted withal. Though not merry herself, she looked with a sort of grim indulgence on the pranks of Aleck and the weans, as long as they kept within bounds, and could even be provoked into a quaint quick smile upon occasions.

Seven children had grown up in this house in rapid succession; first, Wallace, a staid sandy-haired young man of twenty-four—such a person as old ladies of both sexes involuntarily destine to the ministry—an unremarkable cut-and-dried young man, whom nothing will induce me to mention again. Then came Annie, the same style, but a little enlivened and pretty; then, alas! came our scapegrace, Master Archibald; then a pair of twins—Aleck and Jessie, for father and mother—two little ones, who slept no longer tucked under the snowy counterpane by mother's careful hands, but were laid side by side, under a green cover in lovely Forest Hills, to the father's passionate grief and the mother's silent despair. Stealing shyly into the va-

cant baby places, came a little human sunbeam—Mary, they called her—a winsome lovely pet, with yellow locks and blue eyes, wherever she got them. Lastly, there abided on the lowest round of the family ladder a year-old boy, with round black eyes, and round rosy face, and plump strong fists, which belabored, unchecked, each and every member of the family who came within his reach. And this young Goliath was yept Bruce by his patriotic parents.

Having defined his surroundings, let us return to our friend Archie. The boy had been a rebel from the first moment of his existence. He had not made his appearance in the world until a week after he was expected, which was an impertinence not to be pardoned by the waiting powers—least of all, by the punctual mother, who felt her credit at stake; and when at length he did make it convenient to appear, one of his first exploits was to kick a bowl of gruel over into the baby-basket, which had cost sister Annie infinite pains, and no little money, thereby daubing its pretty blue silk lace-covered lining, pockets and cushions, making paste of the delicate pearl-powder in its Scotch-plaid box, gumming up the teeth of his tiny ivory comb, and ruining the downy brushes and knick-knacks.

Following up this beginning, Master Archie bawled night and day, and would not be pacified, until nurse, or mother, or father, or some other walked about with him, or tossed and played with him, when he immediately became smiling as a May morning. Lying upon his back, except for the shortest of catnaps, was what he absolutely declined doing; and since his mother, in giving his age, persisted in ante-dating his actual birth by a week, the child seemed also impressed with the idea that he had time to make up, and must keep busy.

All the other children had been decidedly either dark or fair, and were distinguished as “father's children,” or “mother's children;” but here again Archie was contumacious. First, he made believe have

black hair all in kinks, but while the father complacently tucked the end of his little finger through the jetty rings, and compared his own unfaded locks with them, a gradual change came over them day by day. A soft shimmer of light stole over each wave and turn, the deep shadows lightened slowly, the close rings loosened, and the beautiful shining hair waved out a moist golden chestnut, owned neither by father nor mother. The disappointed parents fell back upon the eyes. Surely no ink could be blacker. But babies are treacherous things, and this one more than all. As, day by day, the father watched the restless lustrous orbs, little streaks of burnt amber and pale gold began to creep across their blackness, raying out from the dilating pupil. The fine luminous lines waved, and intertwined, and melted, and lo! the little wretch laughed and winked in his father's face, with beautiful golden-brown eyes, to match his lustrous hair.

The child did not improve as he grew older. He was continually climbing into high places, for the express purpose, it would seem, of tumbling down, and was never without a huge purple bump, or an ugly red scratch to adorn his face withal; he fraternized with the dirtiest Hibernians that could be found; he made mudpies in his Sunday clothes; he gave his mother's best cakes and tarts to hideous stray dogs, which congregated eagerly around him; he got out, in spite of threat and lock and key, and got lost, chasing after funerals, bands and shows; he walked over the best carpets, with his small shoes laden with mud; he left accurate photographs of his fingers, in molasses, or butter, or otherwise, on the margins of beautiful illustrated books in the parlor. But it is useless to attempt recounting his misdeeds, which would fill volumes. It is enough to say, that if any mischief was done in the house, it was always and immediately laid to Archie, and nearly always, I regret to say, with justice.

Had the boy not possessed or acquired some impervious moral armor, his heart would have been broken by the continual hail of reproof, blame and petty punishment that fell on him. At first he used to cry, make the usual child's promises, and protest he "never meant to," "couldn't help it," "wouldn't do so again," etc.; but as he grew older, such things rattled

harmless off his careless coat-of-mail. Not that he was not tender and honest; but he had got used to being a scapegrace, and took it all for granted. Reckless ways, which a more judicious management might have cured, still clung to him, and since he was continually told that he would come to no good, he did not think it worth while to try to do good.

He led all the rebels at school, and was continually getting into trouble there. Being betrayed by a confederate in writing love-letters to his master, signed Amelia, he was solemnly told that one more offence would procure his expulsion. Only the fact that these affectionate epistles had imposed on the master, and obtained several answers, saved him now. Detected shortly after in popping beans at an obnoxious school-committeeman from behind his desk, he was dismissed with contumely.

There was the usual hubbub at home, after which he was installed as clerk in his father's store, where he distinguished himself by giving promiscuous and unlimited credit to whoever asked for it, and by selling at cost to poor people.

Being promptly dismissed from this situation, Master Archie was left to himself for a time. He wandered about the streets, seeing the troops go off, and getting a little melancholy for the first time in his life. He was now twenty, and felt somewhat ashamed of his escapades and blunders, but saw no encouragement at home to confess his sins. His sense of justice told him that they magnified his faults, and though he knew that they loved him, still he could not remember a day when he had been treated with unvarying kindness. He was of an active temperament, and hated idleness, and the things he might like to do his parents objected to, without giving him better employment.

One day he was wandering about in an uneasy fretful state of mind, when he came across a poor man, who had sawed wood for them. The man was going home from his work, weeping like a child. He had been drafted, and could not afford to hire a substitute. Moreover, he had a wife and children dependent on him for support.

A bright thought struck Archie. He bade the man take courage, and he would, perhaps, help him, then hastened eagerly home to his mother.

Mrs. McGregor was in no mood to listen

to any one—least of all, to her wild shiftless laddie. The poor lady had her own troubles that day. Going unexpectedly into the kitchen, she had caught her husband patting very tenderly upon the head her pretty pert hussy of a cook. To administer a sound box on the gentleman's ear, and thus recall him to a sense of the dignity proper to his position, and to turn the girl out of the house, rather the worse for her mistress's tongue and hands, was not a work of time. But not so quickly did Mrs. Jessie McGregor's ruffled feelings find quiet.

So when Archie came to her, hat in hand, an eager blush on his handsome face, a flashing light in his beautiful eyes, she had no smile or kind word for him.

"Ah, go away about your mischief," she cried, as he commenced speaking. "It's small comfort you are to me. I don't want to hear you."

"But, mother, I want to tell you something," he persisted.

"You never told me any good, and I'll hear nought of you!" she cried, angrily. "Away with you!"

"I'm going away, mother. I've got something to do," he said, determined not to give up yet. "I want your consent to my going."

"Away wi' your blatherie, and go to the dell for aught I care!" persisted the mother, still with a vision of that awful kitchen tableau before her eyes.

Archie looked gravely at his mother for a moment, then turned and left the room. He went into the sitting-room, where Annie and the two younger children were.

"It does look so idle to see you about the house in the middle of the day," was Miss Annie's greeting. "And do shut the door quick! Can't you see that Dick is out of his cage?"

The young man went to little Bruce, who was trying to open a book at the back, and had got himself into quite a fever with his futile efforts.

"Let Archie show you the pictures," he said, setting the book open before the child.

A sounding thump and a push were his reward.

Archie rose quickly, and left the room. As he opened the front door, a light figure flitted down the stairs, and a sweet voice called his name. His heart gave a bound

as he turned and caught little Mary in his arms.

"O Archie, you kiss so hard!" she said, with a little silver laugh, shrinking from him, then putting her small white arms around his neck.

"Where is you goin'?" was her first question.

"O, somewhere far away; and I want you to go up stairs and get me a pair of scissors, to cut a lock of your hair," he said.

"Here they is," she said, triumphantly producing a pair from her pocket. "Annie sent me after them."

He severed a silken yellow lock, cut one of his own darker ones and gave to her, making her promise secrecy; then, with a last fond kiss, and a choking sensation in his throat, set her down, and left the house.

That evening he slept in the conscript camp at Long Island, and Pat Mulligan rejoiced in having found a substitute who cost him nothing; and Mrs. Pat Mulligan said her whole rosary for the dear young gentleman who had saved them from misery, and the six little Mulligans, all sleeping in one bed, whispered about it, and finally, at their mother's recommendation, said an Ave for the beautiful Mr. McGregor, and then fell asleep, as comfortable as a nest of young pigs.

But in the McGregor household were fear and trembling. When the time passed for him to come, and evening grew into night, the mother remembered his words, and the strange steady look he had given her as he went out. And Annie remembered his silence and seriousness. Little Mary said nothing. She laid the dark lock of hair in her most precious gilt-paper box, and his words in her memory, and hid the ache in her young heart, for she had promised not to tell; and this little, frail-looking, yellow-haired Scotch lassie was a Spartan in her way, and knew not how to break her word.

Archie could easily enough have been found, had it occurred to them to look in the right direction for him; but the thought that he would enter the army never entered their minds. Circumstances pointed to a ship which had that day sailed for the Mediterranean, and they doubted not that he had shipped in her. If he had ever expressed a desire for any particular life, it

was for that of a sailor. So the mother shut her sorrow and remorse in her own heart, and sister Annie wept herself to sleep nights, and the father frowned and sighed as he remembered poor Archie.

Meanwhile, Archie was trying to conform to the new order of things, which he managed to do by dint of resolution, and setting his teeth hard together. He ate bread and bacon, and drank raw coffee without milk; he slept on the ground, in a little tent, with half a dozen others; he did police duty—that is, cleared up and carried off whatever filth might collect about the camp; he drilled patiently as might be, under a young puppy of a lieutenant, who berated men old enough to be his father as though they were children.

He did not doubt that his family knew his whereabouts, for he had told Mary that he was going to the war, and had expected her promise of secrecy to bind her only that day. But, like Casabianca, the child waited the word of release, while he hardened his heart with the conviction of their unforgiving resentment.

Weeks dragged by wearily. Archie tried to get a furlough, and was told that they were not given to substitutes. He spent the little money he had, in buying the most tragical descriptions of novels, which he read lying on straw, with his candle stuck in a loaf of bread, but these soon palled upon him.

Finally he made up his mind to run away. To be sure, two or three had been shot for such an attempt since he came to the island, but Archie was not easily discouraged, and coolly laid out his plans, willing to run any risk, rather than endure such a life any longer.

Miss Minnie Leighton came down to the island to visit her father. His regiment was to start the next morning for Beaufort, and she staid with him till the last minute. Archie had seen the fair girl walking through the camp, leaning on her father's arm, bravely trying to smile, but turning often to brush off a tear that would come.

"There's nobody to cry when I go," he thought, bitterly; and he watched the girl, and longed to speak to her, and listen to one kind word from those rosy tremulous lips. For he knew that he should hear nothing but kind words from her. But she passed by without noticing him, intent only on her father.

The night drew on cloudy and dark. The sentries paced wearily to and fro, and the whole camp seemed to be asleep, all but a small portion from which a detachment of fifty was to be sent up to the city about nine o'clock. The headquarters were still brightly lighted, and the faint sound of laughter from there stole over the silent camp, and fell on the ears of one who listened with his heart in his mouth.

Had the night been less dark, or had the sentry been keener-sighted, he might have seen a shadow creep along the ground from the tents, toward the shore, between eight and nine o'clock. It crept slowly along in the withered grass, stopping as he approached, and starting again as he turned. Archie drew himself along on his face, inch by inch, his heart beating loudly in his ears, perspiration starting out over him, at every crackle of a dry twig under him, or gleam of light from headquarters, expecting every moment to hear a challenge, and the sharp click of the rifle-lock. His plan was to reach the shore, which was near, swim silently round to the boat at the wharf, get on board, or cling to her in some way, and get to the city.

On his way, he had to cross the very path of the sentinel, and his best way was to get as near as possible to it while the man was approaching, then cross it while his back was turned. He crawled near, and lay in a chill of fear, till the sentry turned, then slowly passed, and began descending the hill. Two minutes more, and he would be in the water. His blood began to flow warmly again, and he allowed himself to breathe freely. He even ventured to rise to his knees, and relieve his strained limbs, cramped by their half-hour's restraint. Scarcely had he done so, when a hand fell heavily on his shoulder.

"What are you doing here, sir?" demanded a stern voice.

Overcome by the sudden revulsion of feeling, Archibald McGregor could only sink half fainting at the officer's feet.

"O papa, don't tell anybody!" pleaded a soft voice. "Spare this poor man for my sake, dear papa. You know I may never ask you any favor again."

Colonel Leighton, who had been about to call the sentry, hesitated.

"What have you to say for yourself?" he asked, in a gentler tone. "Are you a bounty-jumper?"

This insulting question, by making the young soldier angry, restored his self-possession, and he immediately told his whole story.

"You say that you are willing to go into action, and only meant to take a furlough?" said the officer. "If I can get you exchanged, will you go with me tomorrow to Beaufort?"

"Yes sir; gladly."

"The young man who did my writing is ill, and will have to be left behind. I can get you into his place, I think. Come, now, and I will go by the sentry with you. Wait one moment for me, Minnie, and I will go to the boat with you. There's the signal."

"I want to speak one word to him," whispered the girl. Then, taking the soldier's hand, she raised her pale face, and said, in a passionate undertone, "You will take care of my father?"

"I will, miss. You have saved my life, perhaps, and I will save his, if I have to die for it!"

Soft hands pressed his convulsively, there was a murmured word of thanks and good-by, then the colonel took him by the arm, and walked him back to his tent again.

The next morning Archie McGregor steamed down the harbor, on board the transport for Beaufort. There was little for them to do there, and presently they were sent up to Petersburg.

No lack of work in front of Petersburg. They dug and bored into the earth like moles, laying out sunken avenues; they crawled toward the enemy, scooping out safety-pits for themselves as they advanced; they made and repelled charges; they sent shell and shot into the stubborn doomed city. And no one worked harder than Archie. He felt his colonel's eye upon him, in calm cool observation, and burned to wipe out the stain of that attempted desertion. Moreover, he had ever in his heart the tender pleadings of that gentle girl, and resolved, at whatever risk, that she should be proud of her protegee, and should see that he had redeemed his promise.

He had the opportunity to do so sooner than he expected. One day the colonel was examining some works, and exposed himself quite incautiously. In an instant Archie saw a glint from a rifle-pit not

far from them, and had just time to throw himself upon the officer, when the iron messenger pierced his shoulder. There had been the glint of another rifle-barrel nearer, and a shot struck the little moving heap of earth that covered the rebel's head. A stifled cry, then silence.

Archie was borne tenderly to the rear, the colonel walking beside him, and holding his hand all the way. The stern soldier had liked the boy, but could never quite forget the occasion of their first meeting till now. Now, as he walked by his side, and saw the blood flowing, which had probably saved his life, he reproached himself for his mistrust and coldness.

"My dear boy," he said, "what induced you to do such a thing?"

Archie smiled faintly.

"I promised her I would, colonel."

"Her? Whom?"

"Your daughter, sir. She begged me that night not to let you get killed."

Tears rushed into the soldier's eyes. It was his little Minnie's hand, then, that had warded the blow from her father's life.

"Tell her I kept my promise," said Archie, in a whisper, as his senses floated slowly to oblivion on the rushing tide of blood.

Nothing was omitted which could be done for him. Colonel Leighton himself took him to a hospital in Washington, and when his duties recalled him to the front, left him in charge of a surgeon who was his friend, with orders that nothing should be spared to aid his recovery. The colonel also wrote to his parents a letter, highly commending their son's bravery and devotion; and finally promised him promotion.

When Archie came out of his fever-dream, there sat his mother beside him, in the long silent ward. It took but a few words to make him understand that the colonel's letter was the first intimation of his whereabouts, and the young soldier read in her fond tearful eyes, that at last his mother was proud of him, while he could not doubt she had always loved him.

As he grew stronger, she put a paper into his hand, her eyes shining. It was a lieutenant's commission. Then a little missive, which he opened blankly, but read with many blushes—a letter of enthusiastic gratitude and affection from Miss Minnie Leighton. Never was such a blissful wound, he thought.



As he got better, Mrs. McGregor attacked the dilatory surgeons, and completely routed them, announcing and carrying out her intention of taking her son home, furlough or no furlough. And, after a weary time, the son, who went out in silence, flouted by each one, was brought back in triumph, and the whole family bowed down before him, and waited on him, and wept joyfully over him. Little Mary's greeting was singular.

"O, I never told! I never told, Archie!" she cried, hysterically, embracing him. "It was Colonel Leighton that wrote."

"Dear Mary!" said her brother. "What, did you never tell them where I was?"

"No, Archie," she sobbed; "and it has most killed me. I kept the lock of your hair, and I never told."

Archie fairly burst into tears at the poor child's devotion and suffering.

"And so that child knew where you were all the time?" exclaimed Mrs. McGregor. "We saw that she was pining for you; she hasn't been the same child since you went away, Archie; but to think—"

The mother stopped, choked a little, as she tenderly smoothed the silken locks, then began bustling about for her son's comfort.

The day after his arrival, as he lay asleep upon the sofa, a slight stir at the door roused him.

"If I might only see him a minute, without disturbing him," said a soft voice.

Archie shivered with a delicious tremor, but kept his eyes closed. Presently a soft hand touched his, warm tears fell on his face, and a kiss, light and sweet as the touch of a rose-leaf, was pressed on his forehead.

"He saved my dear father's life, Mrs. McGregor," said Minnie Leighton's weeping voice. "I can never thank him enough, never love him enough. There's only father and I, since mother died, and either of us would die without the other."

Archie opened his eyes, and met the lovely tearful ones of his beloved. Something in the glance made them both blush.

"O, did I wake you?" she said, drawing back.

"No; yes—"

"See, I brought you some flowers," she continued, recovering.

If our young scapegrace did not mend

rapidly, it was not for want of attention. Besides his family, and five hundred friends, and friends of Colonel Leighton, who called on him, Minnie came to see him every day. She was eighteen, and he twenty-one. The result was inevitable. Before Mrs. McGregor well knew what she was about, Archie announced to her that he and Minnie were engaged, on condition of her father's consent.

"Engaged!" repeated his mother, holding up her hands in astonishment. "Why, how long is it since you were popping beans at a school-committeeman, Archie?"

"O mother, it isn't fair to remind me of those things now," he said, gently. "I am far from them in experience, if not in years; and I am as old as father was when he was engaged to you."

"True; but your father was a thrifty laddie."

"And I am going to be one, mother. Father has promised to take me into business with him when the war is over."

Minnie's first intimation of the state of affairs to her father, was answered by an order for Lieutenant McGregor to join his regiment immediately.

"And so you're going to marry my daughter, sir?" was the colonel's first greeting.

"Not without your consent, sir," said Archie, with modest firmness. "I am not worthy now, but I hope to earn her by-and-by. There's no hurry."

Archie was back just in time for the last struggle. Everybody has read of those last five days; but everybody does not know that our friend Lieutenant McGregor commanded a company in the sixth corps, when it rushed over those two miles of defensive works, taking them all, their solid bank of glittering bayonets closing up as fast as the murderous fire of shot and shell plowed them, charging forward in the face of such a fire as the war had scarcely seen before, enveloped in smoke, rushing into the enemy's very bayonets, finishing up Sunday noon, by driving the last rebel out of Fort Mahone. And then, Monday morning into Petersburg! It was worth while lying in the ditches around that town so many months, if one might at last enter it so gloriously.

"I'll go to Petersburg," a distinguished officer had said, "if I have to go from the mouth of the 'Petersburg Express.'"

This "Petersburg Express" was a gun in a battery near Friend House, from whose mouth our Union soldiers had been in the habit of sending daily complimentary bombshells into the city. Now the gallant general rode in at the head of his division, with Colonel Leighton at his elbow, and Lieutenant Archie not far behind.

A few weeks after a boat put off from Long Island, Boston harbor, and was rowed across to Galloupe's Island, where the party on board took the government steamer to the city. The party consisted of two officers, an elderly and a young one, and a young lady.

"I was determined to go over, papa, and I'm glad I did," said the lady, "I wanted to welcome you again there where I said good-by to you."

"I suppose McGregor has nothing to do with your memories of the place?" remarked papa, between the whiffs of his cigar.

Miss Minnie blushed and pouted a little, but said nothing. She only stole her hand down into one that waited to receive it.

As they steamed slowly up the harbor, in the summer twilight, pert little sloops

and brigs fled past them, their masters obligingly offering a rope in passing. But nobody minded these taunts. Precious freight had that boat pulsed slowly over the waters with, day after day—men who went out to fight and die for their country and for justice. The boat that "carried Cæsar" was not so richly laden. They moved past vessels, like ghosts, some fixed, others gliding along, the foam just hissing about their bows, as though saying "Hush!" and up toward the city, that stood out in soft lights and shadows against the orange background of a cloudless sunset. Then the "sentinel stars set their watch in the sky," and long tremulous reflections from lighted gas-burners reached far out over the waters toward them.

Minnie remembered an old song, and, sitting between her father and lover, sang softly:

"In distance, like a vision  
That floats on the shades of night,  
The town with all its turrets,  
Through twilight gleams on the sight;"

murmuring the words to a wild melancholy air of Mendelssohn's. Then, sighing, she was silent.

## THE WINDOW GARDEN.

BY A. B. WEYMOUTH.

When flaming Sol withdrew his scorching rays,  
And gorgeous trees adorned the shortening days,  
Fair cousin Mary, wishing cheerful flowers,  
To beautify the house in wintry hours,  
With loving care arranged each tender pet.  
Carnation, tuberoses, jasmine, mignonette,  
Alyssum, heliotrope, petunia rare,  
With honeyed fragrance filled the balmy air;  
While oxalis and primrose blossoms vied  
In charming tints of color side by side.  
How coy a bird is pleasure! Frost, one night,  
An entrance gained. Ah, cruel-hearted blight!  
Next morning Mary saw, with tearful eye,  
Her ill-starred stricken treasures wilt and die.  
Then glancing toward the window's dazzling sheen,  
She spied new stems and leaves, with flowers between,  
All clad in white, with brilliant gems aglow;  
No earthborn plant or flower e'er sparkled so!  
"Are these the souls of my poor flowers," she said,  
Or do I see sweet heavenly flowers instead?"

Medford, Mass., March, 1875.

## THE FATE OF THE LADY ROSWELL.

BY W. H. MACY.

MANY years ago—before the Australian gold fields were opened to immigrants—I found myself adrift in Sidney, out of employment and out of money. As a change from the round of whaling cruises which I had made in American ships, I was induced to try my fortunes in a colonial “lime-juicer,” and shipped as able seaman in the barque *Lady Roswell*, bound on a general trading voyage among the islands in the Pacific. Trinkets and tobacco were to be bartered for marine shells, sandal-wood, *beche-de-mer*, cocoanut oil, or whatever else could be turned into money at the end of the voyage. In short, all was fish that came to our net.

The *Lady Roswell* was not exactly the style of vessel one would select as adapted to a voyage of the kind. She was no great traveller, and had a cumbrous, castellated, old-Admiral-Benbow appearance clinging to her, as if she were a relic of past ages. She was stanch and tight, however, and had been purchased cheap by her captain, Joe Beecher, a harem-scarem Englishman, who had invested his all in the venture.

We visited a number of islands, and did a smattering of barter trade; but the sandal-wood business, on which the captain had built his chief calculations, was found to be a failure. The article was very scarce, and the little obtained was, to use a whaler's phrase, “like skimming slicks.” We made a start for the Gilbert Islands, hoping to make up a good voyage with cocoanut oil. The method pursued was to land a few casks to be filled, then proceed to another island and land a few more, and so on, making the rounds of the group, and collecting the oil by small installments.

At Epimama, generally known to mariners as Simpson's Island, we had put about twenty casks ashore, which would contain nearly one hundred barrels. Rackaboo, the reigning chief, had promised to fill them all for us; but, at the rate these savages work, it would take several weeks to get this quantity of oil together, and have it ready for shipment. Meanwhile, he was at war with the chief of Koorua, another island under his lee, and his mind

was burdened with preparations for a grand warlike expedition, or raid, which he was intending to undertake against his enemy. He was especially desirous to secure the aid of Captain Beecher, with his ship, in this naval campaign, and was profuse in his promises of indefinite quantities of cocoanut oil and other valuable truck as compensation for our services. The captain, reckless adventurer as he was, lent a favorable ear to these proposals; and some of our crew appeared delighted with the mere excitement of the thing, without considering at all the right and wrong of the matter.

But our chief mate, Edward Doyle, a very intelligent Irishman, protested stoutly against such a course, declaring that it was no quarrel of ours, and that if the two barbarians wanted to knock each other on the head, they ought to be left to do so, without our interfering at all.

“Why, we know nothing about the rights and wrongs of this quarrel!” said he to the captain.

“Well, what if we don't? We never do know much more in *any* case of war, do we? The queen calls for our services, and we just obey orders, without asking questions.”

“Ah, but we're not to put this old copper-colored thief of a Rackaboo on a parallel with our rightful sovereign. There's a vast difference between fighting for one's country, and disgracing the British flag by taking part in a row between a couple of heathen Kanakas, as a mere mercenary, to be paid off in cocoanut oil and *ticket-mose-mose*!” (This last is a kind of sweet syrup or treacle, made by boiling down the cocoanut sap.)

“O don't be afraid that I shall flaunt the British flag,” said Captain Beecher. “I don't care any more about it than any other piece of rag of the same size. I'm a sort of—what d'ye call it?—cosmopolite, myself, and though it's all very fine to talk of fighting only for one's own country, and all that sort of thing, yet I think it's all humbug; and that *patriotism*—if that's the right word—don't pay so well as oil, or

even the cocoanut molasses, whatever may be your name for it.”

It was useless arguing with such a man as this. Mr. Doyle was overruled, and if not convinced, he was at least silenced for the time being.

So we took on board Rackaboo, and two or three subordinate chiefs with their immediate suites of warriors, veering the canoes astern to be towed behind us. Other canoes fell into our wake, numbering about fifty, each manned with eight or ten men. We up helm and squared the yards to the brisk trade wind, and thus the expedition started, like a flotilla of small craft under convoy of a single frigate.

The canoes at the Gilbert Islands are swift enough to hold way with a ship under moderate press of sail, but they are very frail structures. For, as they have no trees here of suitable size and texture for making “dug-outs,” each craft is built of hundreds of little bits of wood, seized together, the interstices being filled up with a kind of white cement. They always leak, and it is one man’s work the greater part of the time to bale the water out. With an outrigger to hold them right side up, and an immense leg-of-mutton sail, made of matting, they are swift and moderately safe craft at sea; but the pump-or-sink quality is common to them all.

The appearance of the fleet was picturesque as it swept in battle array down towards Koorua. But we found them by no means unprepared for an attack; and had the conflict been confined to the two tribes of savages, I have no doubt Rackaboo would have got as good as he brought. But the appearance of the “big canoe,” Lady Roswell, as an ally of their enemies, struck dismay to the hearts of the sturdy Kooruans.

“How do you propose to make the attack?” inquired the mate; for the captain had as yet given him no inkling of the plan of the campaign.

“I shall cast off the canoes, sending Rackaboo and his crowd to fight after their own fashion. Meanwhile, we’ll stand in with the ship within short range for our two nine-pounders, and blaze away at the village on the shore, while the canoes are having their battle out.”

“This is a cowardly piece of work,” said Mr. Doyle. “I’ve no stomach for it; and though I never yet shirked my duty

in fifteen years’ experience at sea, you may depend, Captain Beecher, that no gun will be fired by me, or under my orders, unless it be in self-defence.”

“Very well, then,” said the obstinate skipper. “You must go off duty, and let the second mate take your place. I must say, Mr. Doyle, you’re the first Irishman I ever knew who didn’t want to take part in what Yankees call a *free fight*.”

“And I will make bold to say,” retorted the mate, “that you’re about the first and only Englishman I ever sailed with who didn’t stand up for what you call *fair play*.”

“Ah! but I’m not an Englishman—that is, not particularly so, as I told you before. I’m only a cocoanut-oil merchant, and shall hoist no flag to-day.”

So Mr. Doyle, as a matter of conscience, put himself off duty, and Schmidt, the second mate, a big stupid Dutchman, took charge of the barque under the direction of the cosmopolitan Beecher. Rackaboo and his gang got into their canoes, and took their places in the line to lead the fleet of Epimama, while the canoes of Koorua were seen coming out from behind a point of the land and advancing warily to meet the foe. But no human being was to be seen on the shore; it appeared as if the houses were deserted, and the women and children all spirited away to some safe place before the warriors were sent forth to battle.

The two squadrons approached each other within what might be called a clever yelling distance, and both sides struck up the war-whoop. Each savage seemed to be lashing himself into a fury, as if his object was to strike terror to the heart of his enemy before a blow was struck. If so, both armies were quite successful, for before they arrived within stone range, their headlong valor, like that of Bob Acres, oozed out at their fingers’ ends. Volleys of stones were interchanged, but with little or no damage, most of the missiles falling short.

“You see, sir,” said Mr. Doyle, who was standing idle near the taffrail, “what sort of warriors you have for allies. If any real destruction is done here, it will have to be done by our nine-pounders. To see those canoes advancing to the attack, one would suppose they were prepared to die to the last man rather than to

retreat; and that they would come together with a shock like that of Regulus and the Carthaginians."

The captain made no reply. It was evident that he was disgusted at the bravado and poltroonery of his Epimama friends, and was now more amused at the sham-fight itself, than interested in the result of it. The lines of canoes alternately advanced and receded, throwing stones and occasionally a light spear or two, but we could not perceive that any one was killed or seriously injured. The shouting and yelling continued incessantly throughout. It was plain that the stock of ammunition on both sides must soon be used up, they having done little more than spatter each other with water by throwing stones into the sea; but their stock of breath seemed to be inexhaustible. As the mate expressed it, "they had cowardly hearts, but very brave lungs."

There was a lull in the storm, and Rackaboo's canoe was seen approaching the ship. He came to remonstrate at our inactivity, and to hold Captain Beecher to his promise. If we did not bombard the village on the shore, we should get no coconut oil.

"I must keep my word, I suppose," said the captain; "but I guess, as the whole thing seems to be only a scare, we can do our part of it without wasting any ball. Put up the helm, there, and square the after-yards. Load the guns with blank cartridge, and we'll bombard the town—with powder! Go back and lead your brave squadrons, Rackaboo. I'll look out for my part of the work, and *scare* the women and children to your satisfaction."

The barque fell off slowly before the light breeze, and forged ahead, steering directly in towards the coral reef. The mate, foreseeing danger, again remonstrated.

"If the wind dies away any more, sir, we may find that we are quite near enough in already. There's a horse of a current setting down through this group, and we have been nearing the land ever since we have been lying aback."

"What does it matter to you? you are not on duty."

"But my life is worth just as much to me, whether I am on duty or off. I would sell my chance cheap if these heathens could once get the ship hard and fast on the coral."

Even while he spoke the sails flapped in against the masts, and the ship lost steerage-way. The Dutch second mate was in the act of slueing one of the nine-pounders into position for firing, having rammed home the heavy charge of powder, when the captain seemed for the first time to realize the peril of our situation.

"Hold fast, all, with that gun!" he shouted. "Get the anchor— No, no, that's no use! It's bold water right up to the coral bank. Mr. Doyle—never mind what's past—come on duty, and help us to save the ship, if we can do it. I'm afraid it's too late already."

The mate at once responded to the request by action, without stopping for any verbal reply. He ordered the whaleboats, of which we had two, to be got out and manned, with a hope that they might be able to tow her head off round shore. To man these took all the men out of the ship but four, besides Mr. Doyle himself and the captain.

"Make a signal to Rackaboo to send his canoes," said Captain Beecher. "If we had them all hooked on ahead of us, they might tow the ship bodily up to windward."

"Ay! but let's see you get them," answered the mate. "That thief Rackaboo would like nothing better than to see us bring up on the reef. And I'm thinking he'll have his desires before many minutes. We begin to feel the heave of the swell already."

This was quite true; and it was evident our two boats could be of no service to save us from shipwreck by towing. The combatants in the fleets of canoes had ceased their noisy hostilities, and were watching the ship with a common interest in view, for they seemed to understand the dangerous situation we were in as soon as it fell calm.

The Lady Roswell was not the style or build of vessel to claw off from a lee-shore, even with a working breeze. But under the present circumstances little short of a miracle could have saved any vessel, dependent upon sails alone, from driving on to destruction. Captain Beecher still continued making frantic signals to his savage allies to come to our aid. But they remained inactive, as if waiting for the crash, and rather enjoying the spectacle. The heave of the swell became stronger

and stronger as we drew nearer to the coral barrier, and the mate seeing that hope of safety was past, assumed command and issued his orders without waiting for instructions from his superior.

"Cast off, there, in the boats, and come alongside at once! Get the boats up as fast as possible. Load those guns, both of them, and *with ball*, too! We shall soon have work for them, I reckon, and will want no boy's play with blank cartridges."

"Rackaboo is coming with all his force," said the captain.

"Ay, but not to haul us off the reef. He is coming to see us well on, and to pick our bones! See! the other fleet is coming too! There's no war between them now. They expect to find better business. Run those boats up on the cranes—lively, before she strikes!"

We were none too soon, for our boats and men were hardly secured, when the barque brought up, lightly at first, on a projecting spur of the reef, and the next roller, lifting her high, dashed her further on with force enough to make her timbers crack, and dispel the last shadow of hope that she might be saved. The captain was now in great trepidation and trouble.

"All that I have in the world is under my feet," said he, "and nothing insured!"

"Devil take your insurance," said Mr. Doyle. "It's too late to think of that now. We shall have enough to do to fight for our lives against the warriors of both islands. Are those guns ready, Schmidt?"

"Ay, ay, sir!"

"Keep all fast until you get the word. I said I wouldn't fire one of those to-day, unless in self-defence, and I spoke truly. There must be nigh a hundred war-canoes in the two squadrons, now both ready to fight under one leader. This comes of meddling in other people's quarrels—like interfering between man and wife and getting a thrashing from both."

After the first two or three heaves of the sea, the ship seemed to be firmly bedded and the immediate danger of going to pieces was over, though she still rose and fell a little, pounding quite smartly, and the water in the pump-well showed that her fate was sealed. Mr. Doyle now really commanded this forlorn hope, for Beecher appeared to be entirely unmanned by the great disaster. This did not discourage the rest of us; for we had much more confi-

dence in his successor than in him, and the orders were obeyed with alacrity. The canoes, both of Koorua and of Epimama, gathered round near the edge of the reef, hemming us in with a complete cordon of enemies, confident that we were wholly in their power, when the favorable moment should arrive for an attack. They had things all their own way, and could afford to wait.

There is but little rise and fall of tides at these low islands in the tropics; but this little might be enough to drive the vessel over the reef when the full flood should arrive. We should then only have the satisfaction of seeing her sink in deep water; and when we could no longer hold our position on the wreck, we must take to our boats, provided these should still be in a condition to float, until the rise of the tide in the evening; we could only watch and wait like our bloodthirsty foes.

Both nine-pounders were loaded and trained to bear down upon the enemy who knew enough of their effects to stand in wholesome fear of advancing within range. The women and children of Koorua had come forth from their hiding-places, and now thronged the beach of the lagoon gazing upon us in our helpless plight, and chattering and yelling in anticipation of expected plunder. As the tide rose gradually, the ship thumped harder and harder as each successive wave lifted her and let her fall again. The captain had absolutely nothing to say, now that he saw no safety for his property; but Mr. Doyle exhorted vigilance and patience, holding himself in readiness to take the lead in any movement that might be opened to us by circumstances.

The evening was dark, and the lights in the canoes were all extinguished early, and silence preserved, so that we had no exact knowledge of the enemy's position. All this rendered the suspense even more intolerable; but we ascertained by ranges and bearings of objects on the land that we were altering our position, working in toward the inner edge of the coral bank, which was not very wide at this point. The breeze freshened, too, with the flood-tide, and we felt sure that every heave of the swell was bringing matters nearer to a crisis.

At nine o'clock, the tide was at its height, and suddenly the old barque seemed lifted

and borne onward as if by what is known as a tidal wave. "Stand by, now!" cried the mate. She settled again heavily, making every timber buckle and groan; another lift and she shot headlong over the edge of bank. We were afloat and in the lagoon!

"Starboard your helm! Shiver in the maintopsail. Lively, boys, lively! So, steady, Jack—keep her right away for the lee passage!"

The outlet for which the mate ordered the helmsman to steer was on the south side of the island, and had been noted and surveyed from the masthead before dark. The line of "white-water" on each side of it now indicated the limits of the narrow channel even in the darkness. But all depended upon whether the barque would float and mind her helm long enough to pass out through it, for she was gradually settling, and at such a rate that to man the pumps would be lost labor. As soon as she became water-logged, she would be entirely unmanageable, and orders were given to make sail as fast as possible. Nearly all the canoes had been let go by the run when we struck, but the maintopsail had been kept set to help force her over. The ship was a little sluggish in obeying her helm, but with a smart breeze and smooth water, she forged ahead quickly, running the gauntlet of the savages, who set up their infernal yells both from the shore and from the canoes outside, at seeing themselves baffled, and their prey about to escape. Mr. Doyle, on the bow, conned the movements of the ship with great skill, and conducted her handsomely into the narrow and tortuous passage.

But she was now settling heavily, rolling and swaying under the load of water in her hold. A large force of war-canoes was drawn up in line outside the reef, and seemed to be meditating an attack. But we steered boldly for the centre of the fleet, and they were not slow in opening ranks and getting out of our way, when they perceived our unwieldy craft driving hard on, threatening to overwhelm them in her own destruction. As if with a last dying effort, the *Lady Roswell* forced her way out into the deep Pacific, the water at this moment being nearly level with the lower combings, and swashing up between decks at every roll. But to sink at sea and take our chance in the boats was the best that could be done. There was no safety for us if

we were once in the power of these savages.

"Light O!" was cried from the fore-castle. A rush was made at the sound; the light flared up again more brightly, revealing the masts and sails of a ship; and there, within two miles under our lee was a whale-ship, boiling! We were saved! But the ship could hardly be steered; now. A few moments more and we must leave her there, wallowing in the trough of the sea. Rackaboo and his gang were so desperate that they determined to make an attack, hoping to secure some plunder before she went down. But coolly, under the mate's leadership, we made preparations for lowering our boats; training the two guns to bear upon the advancing savages, and reserving our fire until the decisive moment should arrive. Slowly we wallowed down towards the strange ship, which seemed not as yet to have observed us. Soon we made a broad yaw from the desired course, and the mate sang out, sternly:

"Port your helm, Tom! Hard a port!"

"She wont mind her helm, sir. It's been hard a port for some time, sir."

The crisis had come. "All right," said Mr. Doyle. "Stand by the guns. I said I wouldn't fire one of them unless in self-defence, and I said truly."

It was none too soon, for the foremost canoes were within two ship's length of us when the word "Fire" was given. Crash went the two nine-pound balls among the barbarians, and we heard the cries of anguish mingled with yells of baffled rage, that followed the discharge; but we did not wait to learn how much damage had been done. Down went our boats into the water, for every man had been assigned his station beforehand, and knew exactly what to do. While the savages were in their first panic of surprise and fright, we were stretching away under full power of boat-sails and oars towards the whaler's welcome firelight.

The crew of the strange ship, now thoroughly aroused by the report of our guns, understood something of the situation and were ready to cooperate with us. Our enemy dared not follow us far in this direction, for these natives will seldom venture to cope with a ship, unless she can either be taken unawares, or is in a crippled condition, as was the case with the *Lady Roswell*. The pursuit, in fact, amounted to nothing, and in half an hour we were all



safe on board the Curlew of Hobart Town, and telling our story to the greedy ears of our own countrymen.

The Lady Roswell, left to her fate, went down very soon after we arrived alongside of the whaler. She had no great weight of cargo, but there was enough stone ballast in her bottom to effectually finish the job. The captain's loss was heavy, for he had saved nothing but what he could bring

away in the whaleboat. He had no one to blame but himself for his misfortune.

We were unable to reach the spot again where the barque went down, as the current set off to the westward, so that next day we had lost sight even of the lee end of Koorua. But we were sure that the tawny pirates got no plunder, beyond a few little articles which may have floated off when she went down into the depths of the ocean.

## THE MAD STUDENT.

### *And How he made me a Victim.*

BY M. QUAD, OF THE MICHIGAN PRESS.

WE were a jolly set of fellows, we thirteen who boarded at Mrs. Fondlake's around on Blank Street. There were nine compositors from the "Morning Glory" office, two reporters from the "Old Flag," and Temple and I represented the "Democratic Guide," or the local page thereof. Yes, even Mrs. Fondlake admitted that we were "good boys," which meant with her that we paid our board promptly, came in without undue noise, never got intoxicated, and always ate her tough beefsteak and watery potatoes without murmuring.

Really, we were fourteen, but we never counted the other man as any part or parcel of our "gang." How he came to the house we never knew, but if he had not been there before us, we should have planned to oust him. He was a tall slim man, Roman nose, black eyes and hair, and there were days at a time when he came and went without exchanging a word. We finally came to ignore his presence altogether, and to look upon him as we did upon the familiar earthen teapot, minus half its handle, but valuable to Mrs. Fondlake because her grandmother had used it fifty years before.

We were not selfish or disrespectful in adopting this course toward Ellis. He drove us into it, in fact. When a man comes in, sits and thinks until the bell rings, eats his food like a machine, uses the table-cloth to wipe his mouth, mutters to himself about drugs, knives, forceps and surgical operations, never replying to a "good-morning" or a question about the weather, how can one be sociable with him? or how can one treat him like a brother?

I had been at Mrs. Fondlake's all of two months before I found out about Ellis. He got pinched for funds one day, and selected me out from the rest to do him the favor of advancing an "X" for a week or ten days. He made the request in an absent way, muttering to himself about a new and wonderful table, and was going off without the money when I called him to take it.

"Now, see here, Ellis," I commenced, holding the bank notes between my fingers, "I'll let you have the money on one condition. I want to know what you are doing in New York, and why in the old Harry you can't answer a civil question? Further, what have you got in your head about medicine or surgery which keeps you muttering about such things all the time?"

"I don't mind telling you, of course I don't," he replied, in a dreamy way. "I came here from Wisconsin to attend a medical college—to graduate as a physician, surgeon and chemist. I don't get along as I would like to. I study hard, never lose a lecture or take an hour to myself, and yet I don't get along. I have had enough of theory, but not enough practice. I want some subject, some man who is willing to let me experiment on him a little."

I laughed at the idea, but checked myself as I saw that I was wounding his feelings. I could see that he was not quite right in his mind, and I did not wish to add to his troubles. I gave him the money with a promise that he might experiment on me some day, and he suddenly grew confidential.

"I'll tell you a secret," he whispered, coming up close to me, "a great secret

which you must never divulge to any human being. I have a room on the third floor of No. — Maiden Lane—a room which I have fitted up to experiment there in chemistry, and to study anatomy. I have some wonderful things there, and if you have any interest in such matters, I should like to have you call up some night. It's room number 29."

I promised that I would do so, and only saw Ellis twice during the next week. He then acted so much like a lunatic that I wondered how he had escaped the attention of the police. He hardly recognized me, muttering about "wonderful invention—painless death—tables—laughing gas," etc. I made up my mind that he would soon be in a lunatic asylum, and that it was a case of too much brain work.

The third night after, which was Thursday night, Temple and I were sent to a locality near No. 231 to report a case of murder. After having secured all facts, he had to jog along seven or eight blocks to attend a ward caucus or some sort of political meeting, and I was free to return to the office and write up. It struck me all at once that I would pay a visit to Ellis's room. I detailed our conversation to Temple, told him what I intended, and as his own curiosity was somewhat aroused, he agreed to drop in as he came along back, expecting that he should return within an hour at the furthest.

I had no difficulty in reaching Ellis's room, the door of which was locked. There was a strong smell of drugs and chemicals in the hall, and I wondered how the man could endure the odor. He opened the door a little in answer to my knock, but I had to repeat my name three or four times before he seemed to recognize me.

"Ah! excuse me!" he exclaimed, opening the door at last. "Walk right in—glad to see you. I've wanted you all the evening, and am a thousand times obliged for the call. I keep the door locked all the time, as there are hundreds of students prowling around nights, and some of them might steal some of my secrets!"

The room was a large one, a partition having been torn out and two rooms thrown into one. Everything seemed to have been flung into the room and left lying just where it fell. There were large bottles, jugs, jars, phials, dentist's tools, surgeon's tools, and a hundred other things, piled up

on shelves, setting on chairs, lying in the corners.

"You couldn't expect me to have a parlor here," remarked Ellis, noticing how observant I was. "I have to make experiments, deal in acids and other nasty things, and it would be useless to attempt to keep the room in order."

I lighted my pipe to do away with the smell, and after a few words of conversation the student invited me to the other end of the room, where stood a table about seven feet long and three feet wide. It was stoutly made, and the work was creditable to the mechanic. I saw that several clasps and bands made of wrought iron, and perhaps three inches wide, were fastened to the table, but these I merely noticed. As I stood surveying the table, Ellis said:

"I won't wait for you to ask me what it is for. Now, every well-posted man knows that surgeons labor under great difficulty while performing delicate operations, because the patient, from pain or nervousness, is always moving a little, even when under the most powerful drug. Now, I have invented this table to obviate these difficulties. The patient once stretched out, these clasps and bands are made fast about his ankles and arms, and he must remain quiet whether or no!"

The idea was so ridiculous, and Ellis spoke with such warmth, that I could not refrain from laughing. He took offence right away, and when I saw it, I stopped laughing and pretended to believe that he had a fine thing.

"If I only had some one who would stretch out for a moment and let me see if the clasps were properly adjusted—if—if?"

"Oh! as to that, I'll be the patient," I replied, rather anxious to propitiate him, even if he were crazy.

I took off my coat, removed my boots—he suggested the latter—and stretched out with a laugh. There were two gas-burners in the room, making it very light, and I could not help but notice how nervous and excited the man was as he proceeded to fasten me. He fitted the clasps over my ankles—they fitted exactly—and then hauled my arms back until the elbows were on a line with my shoulders, and then fastened them. Stepping back and surveying me he asked:

"Can you move leg or arm?"

I attempted to, in vain, and informed him

that I was as firmly fast as one could be.

"That's it! Ha! ha! ha! That's it—that's what I've long wanted!" yelled the man, dancing about and clapping his hands together. "Now I can make my experiments on a human being!"

That moment I would have given a year's salary to have been off the table. I saw his madness in his eyes and actions, and I feared for my life. But I was determined not to let him get an inkling of my anxiety.

"O! come Ellis, unfasten the clasps and let me get up," I remarked, in a coaxing tone. "Your table is a very valuable invention, but you ought to provide it with a cushion."

He was busy at the bottles, and made no reply. He searched about for two or three minutes, and then he exclaimed, "Good!" and came over to me with a phial in one hand and a sponge in the other.

"This," he commenced, as he wet the sponge, "is nitrous oxide gas, or laughing gas. It is a new thing, and is said to be a fine substitute for chloroform, especially in dental operations. I shall now proceed to experiment a little."

"Get back, you fool!" I shouted, as he came near. "Don't you know that you may kill me with your infernal stuff? Take it away, and release me as quick as you can!"

"Laughing gas is only fatal when administered in inordinate quantities," he continued, his voice never changing at all. "After through with this, I'll show you how chloroform works."

I shouted "help! help!" as he came nearer, but then remembered that all the other rooms were deserted, and that there was not one chance in a thousand of my cries being heard on the street. Then I tried to reason with him, but he suddenly pressed the sponge over my mouth, held my head, and in a moment I began to feel the effects of the stuff. I felt my head grow large, had no more care, and soon dropped off in a dream.

All of a sudden I felt as if some one were tearing my jaws apart, so great was the pain, and the next moment I opened my eyes to see that the madman had jerked out one of my teeth! He held it up before me, laughed as if greatly pleased, and then muttered:

"Fine—very fine—only I should have

kept him under the influence about twenty seconds longer."

Suffering great pain, and now thoroughly cognizant of my unpleasant situation, I struggled and shouted, but all to no purpose. Then I suddenly remembered that Temple had agreed to stop for me on his way back. As near as I could make out, I had been in the room about half an hour, and Temple might soon be along, if the meeting was as unimportant an affair as he had looked for. But suppose he were detained another hour—two hours—forgot to stop as he went by!

Ellis again approached me, having a bottle and sponge as before. The smell of chloroform came to my nostrils, and again I begged and entreated him to let me off.

"Chloroform is a fine thing—a very fine thing!" he muttered, paying no attention to my words. "It takes only a little to produce a death-sleep. But I must not go as far as that. I only want total unconsciousness for five or ten minutes."

"If you will let me get up, I'll pass this all over as a joke, and give you a hundred dollars!" I exclaimed, as I saw that he was going to put me under the influence of the drug.

He made no reply, but seized me by the hair with one hand, and with the other held the dampened sponge to my nose. I fought against the influence all I could, but I had to breathe at last, and it was not three minutes before my senses were leaving me. I tried to shout, but my voice died away. I tried to catch the madman's eye, but I saw a dozen men standing over me instead of one, and my eyes closed, and I was unconscious.

"There! you are all right again, and I'll bet a hundred dollars to one that you never felt the lance at all! Come, now, did you?"

It was the student who was speaking. My eyes unclosed, but there was a terrible roaring in my head, and it was several minutes before I could make out what he meant. I then ascertained that he had picked a vein in my arm and was bleeding me! I could feel the blood running away, and felt considerably weakened.

"That is one of the first lessons which a physician must learn," remarked Ellis, cutting away coat and shirt, and bandaging the arm. "I could weaken him to a baby's strength, if I wished, but I must save him—I have more experiments."

More experiments!

My heart sank like a lump of lead. What about Temple? Why didn't he come? He *was* coming! I heard a step on the stairs, and my heart bounded with hope. It came up one, two, three steps, hesitated, and I saw that Ellis also heard it. His face assumed a crafty expression, and he walked softly to the door, locked it and pocketed the key. Then, as we listened, the unknown retreated down the stairs, and again I was at the mercy of the madman.

What would he do next?

I was free to move my head this way and that, and I watched him as he handled the bottles and surgical instruments. He was five or ten minutes fussing around, but last found what he desired.

"Half the hurts which humanity receive are wounds which require needle and thread," he said to himself, as he threaded a shining needle, stuck it into my clothing, and then went and brought a sharp knife. And then, as he looked me over, holding the knife ready for use, he continued:

"I only want a small clean cut to practise on—one which will take about four stitches. Where shall I have it?"

I saw what he intended, but dared not protest, for fear that he would give me something to render me unconscious; perhaps get in a passion and stab me. He at length decided to take the calf of my leg. Rolling up my pants, he made everything ready, and then gave me a cut which made me yell with pain.

"Splendid! splendid!" he shouted, wiping off the blood. "It ought to be more jagged for one to make a real first-class display of surgery, but then, this will do on this. When I come to amputate the arm, I shall work to make a nice job of it!"

I shouted as loud as I could, struggled until exhausted, and offered him all the gold in New York if he would set me free. But he made no reply, and did not hesitate for a moment. The needle made me groan at every stitch, but he pushed it through, drew the edges of the cut together, cut off the thread, and then stood back and surveyed his work, as if well satisfied. He then looked all around the room, walked up and down as if puzzled, and finally remarked:

"Yes, I'll try it! Five drops of Prussic acid is said to be sufficient to kill the

strongest man in five minutes. I'll give him five drops."

I shouted until the room echoed, and yet not one of the pedestrians below made the least halt, nor did Ellis himself seem to realize that I was using my voice. He stood upon an empty carboy, to get down a bottle from the top shelf, and then I watched him as he partly filled a spoon with water, and dropped into it five drops of the deadly poison. He brought bottle and all as he came to me, and set the bottle on the table close to my head.

The man seemed to have concluded that I would shut my teeth and resist, for he seized me by the hair in a savage way, and then made a dash at my mouth with the spoon. By a quick turn of the head I made him spill the contents of the spoon on my cheek, and the same movement knocked the bottle off and broke it into a hundred pieces. Seeing the ruination of his plans, Ellis struck me four or five times with his fist, and then went off to his bottles again.

Would Temple come? I judged it had been two hours since I entered the room, and surely my friend could not be detained much longer. His arrival was my only hope. If he did not come, Ellis would experiment me to death in another hour. Temple would find the door locked, but I meant to shout to him, and then depend on him to burst in the door, or run down and get a policeman.

"Amputation is the main thing in surgery," muttered Ellis, coming forward. "A job well done saves a life; poorly done the patient dies!"

He came closer, felt of my legs and arms, and finally pushed up my coatsleeve and shirt as far as the iron band which held the arm. He could not get quite to the elbow, and so remarked to himself that he would amputate the arm at the wrist! If he did it I would be a dead man in fifteen minutes. I knew that he had no practical knowledge of surgery, and the pain itself would be more than I could stand.

"Let's see," mused Ellis, his hand up to his head. "I want the saw, bandages, knife, needle, thread, and a dish of water. I must cut the flesh to the bone, turn back the skin so as to leave a flap, and then saw through the bone."

It was awful to think of it, and I yelled until faint, and swayed my body until I

nearly upset the table. He seemed to fear that help might come, and came running up with his chloroform again, rendering me unconscious in three or four minutes.

"He's all right—he's coming to; just let him alone."

I heard the words as if they had been spoken a long way off; there was a terrible pain in my head, my eyelids felt as if weighted, and when I at last lifted them, three or four men were standing around me—Temple, two policemen, and a surgeon. I was carried down stairs, sent home, and no explanations were made until the next day.

Then Temple told me that the meeting delayed him; that, remembering his promise, he had come back that way, came up stairs, and had just reached the door, when Ellis came out after a dish of water. Temple caught sight of me on the table, and was about to rush in, when the madman locked the door on him. It was only a moment's work to call the officers, who kicked in the door just as Ellis was ready to use his knife. He attacked the officers, and it was only after a hard fight that he was handcuffed and marched off, being sent, after a day or two, to an insane asylum, where he yet remains.

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### ASHES.

BY M. A. TAINOR.

Only a handful of ashes  
Is the past of my life evermore;  
The fire has burned out on the hearthstone,  
And turned is the key in the door.

Without, I can hear the rain falling,  
And it sounds like the dropping of tears  
Over this grave in the ashes,  
Where lie buried the beautiful years.

I knock at the house called "Memory,"  
Then silently open the door;  
And I, with my handful of ashes,  
Stand alone on the dusty floor.

No laughter rings out in the hallway,  
No footstep falls light on the stair;  
Only I, poor, old and forsaken,  
Alone in my bitter despair—

Alone, with the dead hopes around me  
That have lain here buried for years,  
I kneel by the grave in the ashes,  
And my lashes hang heavy with tears.

I can scarce read the names on the headstones  
Of lost joys and the dreams that were sweet,  
But I know that the hope of a lifetime  
Lies buried beneath my feet.

Clinton, Conn., 1875.

## WILL SHE MARRY HIM?

BY FLORENCE MARRYAT, AUTHOR OF "AN UNFORTUNATE-MATCH," ETC., ETC.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

"WHO SAID THAT I WAS JEALOUS?"

By Christmas Lord and Lady Valence are again at the castle, and find a bevy of their old friends ready to welcome them home. Agatha has been busy sending out invitations in their absence, and Everil finds the house much fuller than she expected. General Hawke and Mr. Mildmay have accompanied Alice back to Ireland; Staunton has procured the leave he anticipated; Bulwer is there, as a matter of course; and even Miss Strong has ventured across the channel to spend a few weeks of her Christmas holidays with her old pupil. Lady Valence hardly understands what this large gathering portends, but Agatha has been used to dispense the hospitality of Castle Valence as she chooses, and has generally some unfathomable motive for her actions. Her very mode of greeting the newly-arrived couple takes Everil by surprise. The air of injured innocence with which she dismissed them has completely vanished, and the sincerest of their well-wishers could not have been more hearty in his congratulations on the visible improvement in their appearance.

"My dears!" she exclaims, warmly, as she seizes a hand of each. "How wonderfully well you look! Everil has grown quite rosy; and as for Valence, I don't believe I should have known him if I had met him in the street. How delighted Dr. Newall will be! But what a paradise you seem to have come from! Your descriptions of Mentone quite made my mouth water; I would have given anything to join you."

"You must go there for your next honeymoon, Agatha," says Valence, laughing.

"You naughty boy! you malicious wicked creature! when you know I was only rejoicing over it for your sake. Well, it has worked wonders for you; there is no doubt about that. What a blessing you went! How can we ever be sufficiently thankful?"

"How is Arthur?" inquires Everil, rather anxious to stop this stream of hyperbole.

"Very well, dear, and growing charmingly. Miss Strong hardly knew him again. She says he is twice the size he was six months ago. Are you not very much obliged to me, Everil, for giving you such an agreeable surprise as finding dear Miss Strong here?"

"I am very glad to see her," says Everil.

"Why, what a tone! you fickle girl! when you were doing all you could to get her to come and live with you three months ago."

"Three months ago is not to-day," rejoins the countess, gayly. "And I am sure I never expressed the slightest wish to see General Hawke again. We never did anything but fight so long as I was under his guardianship, and if he is as contradictory and fault-finding now as he was then, I am afraid General Hawke and I shall quarrel."

"Fancy your not wishing to see the dear old general!" replies Agatha, in a tone of affected disappointment; "and when I had such trouble to get him over. I thought it would please you so much to be surrounded by all your old friends at Christmas."

"O, it doesn't signify; he is quite welcome to spend his Christmas here; but as you invited him here, Agatha, I hope you will take the task of entertaining him upon yourself. As well as Captain Staunton, and the rest of your own guests."

"Captain Staunton a guest of mine?" cries injured innocence, with a look of horror; "that is not fair. Valence invited him to come here himself. Did you not, Valence?"

"Yes, I think I must take the onus of that invitation on my own head. But I gave it for your sake, Agatha."

"For my sake?"

"Of course. You like the man; Everil does not; so I should not have thought of asking him on her account. But I do not suppose he will stay very long."

"I know nothing about that, Valence. It is entirely your affair, and I must beg you will not bring my name into the business."

"Hullo! what's up now? Have you had a lovers' quarrel? It will be all right again to-morrow, Agatha. Remember the old lines:

"The falling out of faithful friends  
Renewing is of love."

"Valence, I wish you would not speak in this manner. It is most annoying to me," cries the little widow, almost in tears.

"Don't tease her," adds his wife. And Lord Valence makes some jesting reply, and leaves the room.

"It must seem so strange to *you*, dear," says Agatha, in an apologetic manner, as soon as they find themselves together, "to hear him talk in such an absurd manner. Even if it were true, I could never let him mention it before you. No woman likes to find herself forgotten."

"Are you alluding to that old business, Agatha? O, pray have no fears on my account. It would not cause me a single pang if Captain Staunton were to marry to-morrow."

"Ah! you say that because you know how safe you are. No man who had cared for you, Everil, would be likely to forget you easily."

"Yet you have given Valence to understand that Captain Staunton comes here for your sake."

Agatha starts and changes color.

"Did he tell you so? What a sieve that old Valence is! Well, should it ever come to pass, Everil (which is very—*very* improbable), I know I should have to play second fiddle all my life, and accept the position as gracefully as I could."

"I don't think there are many men worth marrying under those circumstances, Agatha, and Captain Staunton is not one of them. However, let us change the subject, for, to tell you the truth, I do not care to discuss it. As Valence told you just now, it was not by my wish that Captain Staunton was invited to the castle, and if he does not come for the sake of seeing you, I suppose it will be for the last time. But I have kept too long away from my guests, and must return to the drawing-room. Will you come with me? Thanks. There are rather too many for me to engage alone."

It is a cold, dark December afternoon, just a couple of days before Christmas, and in the drawing-room they find the whole

party crowded round the fire, and talking gaily to one another of every topic under the sun—Lord Valence's voice being the loudest and the gayest of all. As they perceive their hostess, they fall apart, to enable her to enter the circle, where she finds herself close to her husband.

"Rather different from Mentone, dear," she says, with a smile that makes old Miss Strong's eyes quiver with emotion.

"Yes indeed. Come nearer to the fire, Everil. Give me your hands. Why, they are as cold as ice! What have you been doing?"

"Only talking to Agatha."

"On disagreeable topics, I am afraid," interposes Maurice Staunton, insinuatingly.

"They were not agreeable ones to me."

"Well, my lady," says General Hawke, in his gruff style, "and how many horses' knees have you broken since you came to Castle Valence?"

"I've broken nothing, general—not even a heart!"

Valence, lover-like, is longing to put in something here, but etiquette restrains him.

"Not your husband's?" continues the general, coarsely.

"Not yet," she returns, trying to pass his words off as a jest.

"That's a miracle," says General Hawke; and subsides into a newspaper.

"I am longing to see all over this beautiful place, my dear," whispers Miss Strong, who only arrived the day before. "It looks a perfect paradise from my windows."

"And so it is a paradise—of happiness," replies Everil, in the same tone. "I will show you round the premises the first fine day we have, Miss Strong. I have two or three very favorite haunts here, one especially, where dear Valence has been accustomed to study, in fine weather, ever since he was a little boy."

"O my dear, I am so pleased—so thankful to find you thus," says the old governess, with a significant squeeze of the hand, which she finds as significantly returned.

"How pleasant it is to see you all here!" exclaims the host, warmly. "We shall no longer be able to complain of the dullness of the castle in winter, Everil."

"It could never be dull to me, Valence," she replies.

"Come, darling, that is going rather too far, even for such a pair of turtle-doves as you are," interposes Mrs. West. "I re-



member you told me that when you first saw Castle Valence, even though it was in June, you shivered from the effects of its mere appearance. Have you forgotten what a dislike you took to the poor library? Why, I heard you declare one day that you would never enter it again."

"I know better now," says Everil; but she looks uncomfortable, even at the mention of that ill-fated room.

"And what is the history of the library?" demands Maurice Staunton, in his most persuasive voice. "Is it haunted? You ought to possess a haunted room in so old and important-looking a residence as this?"

Bulwer glances at the countess; her eyes are fixed upon her husband.

"Haunted?" says Valence, with a slight laugh; but his eyes move uneasily from side to side as he speaks. "What with? The apparition of a headless man, or the sound of rustling silks? Those are the two stock horrors of haunted houses, Staunton; but I have never seen either of them myself."

"Indeed! Perhaps you are not clairvoyant, as the occult call it. Has Lady Valence been more fortunate?" he continues, turning to Everil, who has risen, and now stands by the earl.

"The worst apparitions I have met with here," she answers, bravely, "are kind thoughts, and words, and actions. The castle is haunted by them, thanks to my husband."

Valence casts a look of gratitude upon her, and Staunton perceives it is his cue to follow in its train.

"Well put, Lady Valence; and not less well than true. Of that, no one who has enjoyed the hospitality of your roof needs an assurance. Though I cannot allow that the castle is complete without a ghost, there is no necessity you should be troubled to bear witness to its reality. Perhaps I may be the lucky man to evoke the hereditary shadow."

"O, don't talk of the 'hereditary shadow,'" cries Agatha, "or you will send Everil into hysterics. You evidently are not acquainted with the legend of the Valence family; that in every fourth generation—"

"Agatha! I will thank you not to repeat that lying prophecy," exclaims the earl, with apparently unneeded energy; "you know how averse I am to tittle-tattle."

"Call a prophecy of upwards of two

hundred years old tittle-tattle!" rejoins Mrs. West. "I think you are most disrespectful to the warnings of your ancestors, Valence! Besides, remember how singularly it has been fulfilled. You have surely not forgotten the story of your great-grandmother and the puissant duke of—"

"I tell you again I will not have such folly made the subject of discussion," says the earl, angrily. "The rumor was as false as its forerunner. But had the prophecy proved true from generation to generation, it must have failed now, when Castle Valence is in the possession of myself and Everil."

"Very good, dear. I am sorry I alluded to it; but it was poor Arthur's fault it ever reached my ears. He was never tired of talking of his family history."

The earl mutters something not very respectful to the memory of his dead brother, and the conversation is immediately diverted into a more agreeable channel.

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"What made you allude to that insane legend?" demands Valence of his sister-in-law, a few days later, as they chance to discuss the proceedings of the day in question. "You must have been aware it would not prove an agreeable topic."

"My dear Valence! how could I suppose you would be affected by it? But it has come curiously true, has it not? Still, I should have imagined that *you*—"

"That I, who have so short a time to live, must be entirely indifferent to what people may say of my wife? Not so, Agatha! The guardianship of my treasure may be soon wrested from my hands; but so long as they hold it no breath of scandal shall sully her fair name. I am a weak—a dying man—I know it well; but whilst I am a man that legend shall be proved a lie."

"You talk with much certainty, my dear brother-in-law; but I thought that ladies were generally considered to be the guardians of their own honor. At all events, they should be capable of being so. Captain Staunton is not looking so well as he was in the autumn, is he?"

"What makes you bring Staunton's name in at this juncture? I thought we were discussing the folly of that old prophecy."

"And I thought you wished the subject ended."

"So I do. It is waste of time to speak of it."

"Then there can be no impropriety in my passing on to another topic. So I repeat that Maurice is not looking well. Everil was mentioning the fact to me only now."

"You have come to call him by his Christian name, eh, Agatha? Your intimacy is advancing fast!"

"I think I only repeated what dear Everil said to me; but perhaps I had better not have mentioned it."

"Have mentioned what?"

"O, never mind. I hate bandying words in this manner. But she knew him, remember, before she ever set eyes on you."

"And if she did, you cannot compare a chance acquaintance with her husband."

"My dear Valence! as if anybody thought there could be any comparison between you. As well liken a lion to a mouse! But you men are all tyrants, a set of jealous Bluebeards. I suppose if you found out that Everil had ever had a love affair before she met you, you would be up in arms at once?"

"On the contrary, she informed me frankly she had engaged in some such little *affaire de cœur*, but I had no wish to inquire further."

"O, you know all about it, then! What a load you have taken off my mind! I have been so afraid of putting my foot in it."

"How could you put your foot in it?" he replies, his suspicions immediately aroused by the uncertainty of her manner.

"Dear Valence, don't ask me anything further. If Everil has told you all, there is no need for me to supplement her narrative. I am so glad you take it in this liberal spirit. Most men would have made such a fuss. And, after all, 'least said soonest mended' is one of the best maxims we possess."

"From the way you speak, I infer you know the name of the man to whom my wife alluded."

The little widow stops short, and regards the earl with a look of astonishment.

"You don't mean to say she didn't tell you his name! O, the sly puss! Though, after all, it can't make the slightest difference."

"Of course not; yet I should like to hear it."

"How curious the male sex is!"

"If you know it, I see no reason why you should not confide it to me."

"My dear Valence, you might as well ask me to cut your head off. Divulge your wife's secrets! For shame! Inquisitiveness is a quality supposed to be peculiar to us poor silly women."

"Everil has no secrets from me; I am sure she would not mind your telling me."

"No—no! you must ask her yourself, though I hardly think you will obtain an answer—at least now."

"Is it any one in the house, then?" cries Valence, quickly.

"My dear Valence! how you do shake my nerves! Do you imagine dear Everil has had a little affair with General Hawke, or that poor dear stupid old Mildmay?"

"There are other men in the house besides Mildmay and Hawke," returns her companion, with a frown.

"You are growing suspicious in your old age, you naughty boy. There is nothing makes a woman so unhappy as to have a jealous husband."

"Jealous! Folly! Who said I was jealous? I am not a man to suspect wrongfully, and Everil would never give me a cause."

"If you believe that, you are all right. And as for this nameless gentleman who seems likely to disturb your peace of mind, take my advice, and think no more about him."

"I shall not. He is not worth thinking of."

"That is what Isola would tell you. By the way, did you get good manifestations at Mentone?"

"I did not try to get any."

"You have not spoken to Isola since you have been away from home?"

"Not once."

"O Valence! How fickle—how unkind of you! Poor Isola! She is indeed soon forgotten."

"I have not forgotten her—or anything. But I have been so happy, Agatha—the time of our absence passed so blissfully and peacefully away, I had not the courage to break in upon its calm."

"I thought Isola's messages were always of so comforting a nature."

"They used to be, in my solitude. But now of what can they remind me but separation and decay?"

"Will the loss of the spiritual affection you used to lean upon serve to make the contemplation of the change more bearable?"

"No. I see I have been wrong. I have been unkind—ungrateful. Yet I think the complete rest did me good, Agatha. Happiness is so new a feeling to me."

"My poor Valence! May it never prove a fallacious one. Well, go on, and be as happy as you may. And don't let this little snake in the grass have any power to mar your happiness. You start. Have you forgotten?—I mean the great unknown?"

He comes to the recollection with a sigh.

"Why should I? I thought we had already disposed of that subject. But I will not neglect Isola, Agatha. I will sit with you to-night as usual. Only—I think it will be as well not to mention our intention to dear Everil. She has grown so fidgety about my health lately, and so alarmed lest I should do anything to injure it. Yes, I should like to see Isola again. She may have some consolation for me—who knows! Mentone has done wonders for my body, and she may work a miracle for my sick soul."

"O dear Valence! I don't like to damp your spirits (it is so delightful to see you cheerful and happy again); only, remember Isola is not a mortal, and able to chop and change her opinions like the wind."

"You are right, Agatha. I am altogether too disposed to be hopeful. Well, let us make the appointment for twelve o'clock to-night; and, meanwhile, not a word to Everil."

As soon as his sister-in-law has left him, the earl relapses into his first mood, and begins to wonder who his wife's first love can possibly have been.

"It is strange she did not mention his name to me," he soliloquizes. "She said, if I remember, rightly, that the name could not signify—that she had done with him and with his name forever." At this remembrance his countenance grows brighter. "Of course she did, dear girl! She said she had done with him forever; and Everil is not the woman to tell a lie. She trusted me; I will trust her in the same way—I should be less than man if I did otherwise. From this hour to that of my death, she shall never hear the subject mentioned by me."

Having arrived at this conclusion, he

goes in search of her, but rambles through the vast rooms in vain. The countess is not in the castle. That fact is self-evident, but no one appears able to inform him where she is.

Lord Valence passes out into the grounds, and makes the terrace walks and gardens reecho with the name of Everil, yet she does not answer to the call. Puzzled, and somewhat disappointed, he orders his horse round from the stables, and sets off for a ride, thinking he may encounter his wife in some of the lanes surrounding Castle Valence. As he traverses the drawbridge and enters the leafless park, he comes upon her suddenly. She is not alone. By her side, walking close and talking earnestly, is Captain Staunton. Something in the sight seems to paralyze Lord Valence. He reins in his steed and addresses her.

"What are you doing here, Everil? The morning is rather cold for outdoor exercise."

She greets him with a bright loyal smile and takes up her position by his saddle girths, Maurice Staunton standing a little on one side, and digging vigorously in the earth with his slender cane.

"Cold, dearest! I am as warm as possible. I was just saying I think we shall have a thaw. Where are you off to?"

"Only for a ride to kill time. I was in hopes you would have accompanied me."

"O what a pity! I should have enjoyed it so much. But to dress now would bring it too near luncheon. Besides, Captain Staunton asked me out here for a special purpose. He wanted to speak to me."

"Very good. I hope you will enjoy yourselves," replies the earl, coldly, as he prepares to move on. She does not perceive his humor. She does not attempt to detain him.

"Good-by, dear. And do not be late for luncheon, as you were yesterday," she calls out, gayly, as he turns his back upon her.

## CHAPTER XXIX.

"WHO GAVE YOU THOSE FLOWERS?"

WHAT Everil said was true. Maurice Staunton had asked for a private interview with her. As breakfast was ended that morning he had approached her side, so as to be out of hearing of the others, and

said, in a low voice, "If Lady Valence will not consider the request impertinent or obtrusive, may I ask for a few minutes' private conversation?"

Her first impulse was to refuse him. His very presence had become obnoxious to her; she hated the thought of the intimacy which had formerly existed between them, and, above all things, dreaded that he should make an allusion to it. For a moment she was silent, and he seemed to guess what was passing through her mind.

"My business does not concern myself alone," he said. "It involves the welfare of another person." And the countess's thoughts immediately flew to Agatha.

"If that is the case, and it is anything of importance, Captain Staunton, I shall be happy to talk to you on the subject; but I have not much time to spare, with so many guests to attend to."

"Half an hour will be sufficient."

"I am just going to take my dogs a run through the park. Perhaps you would like to accompany me?"

"I shall be but too grateful for the privilege."

"Very well; then you will find me on the terrace in ten minutes' time."

She would have avoided him altogether if she could; but she thought that, when asked, she could hardly do less than this for a guest invited by her husband; and, averse as she was to mentioning a circumstance of which she had become heartily ashamed, she resolved, whilst dressing herself for her morning ramble, that if an opportunity occurred, she would speak out boldly to Maurice Staunton, tell him how distasteful his presence was to her, and ask him, as a gentleman, to rid her of it henceforward.

"I think I can guess what it is you wish to speak to me about," she continued, as they took their way towards the park. "It concerns my sister-in-law, Mrs. West, does it not?"

Maurice Staunton put on an expression of well-acted surprise.

"How very strange! I did not think anybody had seen it but myself."

"That is a common error under similar circumstances, Captain Staunton. But Agatha is not of a very reticent disposition, remember."

"You distress me to a marvellous de-

gree, Lady Valence. What can you possibly think of it all?"

Here she colored vividly, but did not hesitate. "I anticipated you would say something of the kind. I imagined it was for that purpose you asked to speak to me alone; and I tell you truly, Captain Staunton, that had it not been so, I should not have granted you this interview. But, as things have taken so unexpected a turn, it is best we should speak plainly to each other, and come to a perfect understanding."

"You are, as you always were, all goodness; only you will promise not to misapprehend my meaning?"

"I will believe your statement, as you make it; it would be impossible to do more; only be brief, if you please, and keep to the matter in hand."

"Let us premise, then, that I had no idea of what was coming, or I should not have accepted the earl's generous invitation to the castle."

"I do not follow you. It appears to me the only reason for which you need have come."

"But it was so unexpected, so entirely spontaneous. You must remember that last May—"

"Please to keep to the matter in hand, Captain Staunton."

"How shall I put it, then? You know I never felt anything for Mrs. West except friendship; and had I done otherwise, I should have wooed her anywhere but here."

"We seem to be playing at cross-purposes. How could you woo her except in her own home?"

"Under your eyes?"

"O Captain Staunton! let us understand each other here. If I had any objection to seeing that you had engaged the affections of my sister-in-law, it would be from a very different motive from that with which you credit me. I am more than indifferent to the past; I dislike the remembrance of it. Were Agatha my own sister, I might be alarmed for her well-doing; but as she is only my husband's sister-in-law, and perfectly capable of looking after herself, all I can say is, that if she mars her happiness by marrying you, it will not be for want of warning and experience."

"But—excuse me, Lady Valence—you speak as if the feeling existed on both

sides. Can Mrs. West have voluntarily deceived you?"

"Do you mean to insinuate that it is her affections alone that are engaged—that you have no serious intentions respecting her—that you are going to repeat the villany—"

But here she stopped. It was too great a compliment to him to speak so vehemently of his defection towards herself.

"Your ladyship is hard on me," he replied, mournfully.

"Tell me the truth, then," said Everil. "Are you, or are you not, in earnest respecting Mrs. West? She imagines that you are. She has hinted as much both to the earl and myself. I thought you had brought me out here expressly to say you wished to marry her."

"I wish to marry Mrs. West! I am placed in a very painful position, Lady Valence; but I will conceal nothing from you. I asked to speak to you with a very different intention—in order to tell you that your sister-in-law, having been good enough to conceive a certain interest in me, which I unfortunately find myself unable to return, has threatened to disclose the fact of our former relations to the earl, and inform him that I have assumed the appearance of affection for herself for the sole purpose of obtaining a footing in Castle Valence."

"She could never stoop so low!" cried the countess, indignantly.

"She says she will do so; and I appeal to you, Lady Valence, to tell me what I shall do. I place myself in your hands; you may command my actions."

"If this is true, you should leave the castle, and never return to it. If Agatha carries out her threat, she will only tell the earl of what he knew before; but perhaps your departure may prevent the renewal of so unpleasant a topic."

"Do you mean to say that Lord Valence knows—all?"

"I mean to say that I have told him as much as he would care to know. I have no secrets from my husband. For Agatha's sake—supposing what she said was true, that she was the attraction that brought you here—I did not mention your name; but with your departure I should have no objection to do so."

"But will not flight look very much like guilt?"

"I do not know. I should not care. If you did not come here for Agatha, there is no reason why you should stay. You must have seen that your presence is distasteful to me."

"I have seen, and mourned over it bitterly."

"Captain Staunton, this interview and its results give me an opportunity which I have wished for. I am sorry, as your hostess, to be obliged to say anything that appears rude or inhospitable; but as I was unable to imagine what should have induced you to accept the first invitation you received to come here, so am I now unable to understand, hearing what you have told me this morning, why you permitted it to be renewed. If you do not come for the purpose of seeing my sister-in-law, you inflict unnecessary annoyance on me, for my only wish with respect to yourself is to forget that we ever met each other."

"If you are entirely indifferent to the memory, why should it continue to pain you?" he muttered.

"It does not pain, but it irritates me! I see now what a fool I was to have preferred you even for a moment to such a man as Valence. This sounds terribly rude, I know, but I must tell you the truth. I love my husband dearly!"

"You know how to torture a man, Lady Valence."

"If the intelligence tortures you, it can be only through wounding your self-love. But knowing this, you must feel how little I can care for seeing you. If I had my own wish, I would never look on you in this life again. And had it not been for Agatha, I should have told you so before, and prevented a repetition of your visit."

"You are queen here, Lady Valence, and I have nothing to do but to bow to your wishes. But how differently we feel upon this subject! I have become an object of aversion to you—"

"Not quite an object of aversion?" she cried, relenting her harsh words.

"The next thing to it, then; whilst I, however sad I may feel the retrospect to be, can never look upon the past except as sacred. But you are mated and happy—whilst I am—alone. Perhaps that may cause the difference."

"Of course it does! You will be married too, some day, and thank God you waited till the right person came!"

It was at this juncture they perceived the earl riding towards them. Everil's face lit up like the sun.

"There is my husband! I wonder where he is going!" and then ensued the brief conversation narrated in the last chapter.

\* \* \* \* \*

"You have not yet told me what I am to do with regard to Mrs. West?" says Maurice Staunton, as Lord Valence again leaves them.

"It is really a most difficult matter on which to advise you. Agatha is not a young girl on her promotion. I think you had better speak as openly to her as you have done to me, and then leave the castle."

"I am to be banished, then, in the midst of my holidays. It is rather hard!"

"I do not banish; I simply advise you."

"You would not speak to Mrs. West for me?"

"Decidedly not! I must refuse to have anything to do with her affairs or yours, Captain Staunton."

"If I speak to her and she is reasonable enough not to demand my immediate absence, may I stay here for the remainder of my visit, Lady Valence?"

"That decision must rest with yourself, or her. I did not invite you to the castle, remember! You are, I believe, my husband's guest, and accountable to him only, for the length of your visit. It is entirely indifferent to me what you do."

At this he sighs and makes no answer.

"All the same," continues the countess lightly, after a pause, "I don't think it would be a bad arrangement if you were to marry Agatha. She is still young and pretty, and she has a tolerable income of her own. What are your objections to the match?"

"I shall never marry!"

"Indeed! I think I have heard people make the same observation before. You will not marry till you see some one richer than Agatha, perhaps; but I would not give much for your determination when that occurs."

"Your own position is so strong, you can afford to be cruel."

"No! Don't say that! Say I am so happy myself, I can afford to laugh a little at other people. But here we are on the terraces again, and I must go and look after my lady guests. Good-by for the present."

"Say that we are friends, Lady Va-

lence?" he pleads, humbly, as they are about to separate.

"I can never say that any one whom my husband takes by the hand is *not* my friend," she answers, gravely; and he is compelled to be content with the equivocal reply.

\* \* \* \* \*

The following day the countess is standing by her boudoir table rapt in thought. Valence has not appeared so cheerful the last few hours, and the fact worries her. Either he is not well or out of temper, and in either case she fears that the study she so much dreads for him is at the bottom of the change. Ever since they returned to the castle she has been longing to ask him to have nothing more to do with spiritualism, but his gayety has prevented her alluding to a subject which is always sure to bring a cloud upon his brow. But should his present humor continue, she resolves at all costs to speak out plainly, and tell him he is killing her with himself. Would that rouse him? she thinks, eagerly. Would the idea that he was injuring her have any power to dispel his infatuation?

As she ruminates, a modest tap sounds upon her door, and on her giving the usual permission for entrance, who should appear but Maurice Staunton carrying a bouquet of hothouse flowers!

"O, is it you, Captain Staunton! I thought you had gone to Ballybroogan."

"Gone and returned with this trophy in my hand. May I lay it at your feet, Lady Valence?"

"What splendid camellias! I wonder how it is that the O'Connors get everything floral better than we do. I fancy our houses must have been very much neglected before I came. These are certainly prize blossoms."

"Then they are all the fitter to present to you. Is my little offering accepted?"

She does not quite know what to say. She has no wish to take anything from Captain Staunton, but she feels that to make a fuss about doing so would invest the act with an importance of which it is not worthy. So she answers, carelessly:

"O, certainly—if you have no one else to give them to. I suppose Mrs. O'Connor intended they should come to me. Please put them on the table, Captain Staunton. I am just going to embroider, and the stalks will soil my fingers."

"They are protected by paper."

"So they are. But the flowers will not last unless they are placed in water, so I will ring for my maid to perform the operation."

"May I stay and see it done?"

"Certainly not! This room is strictly private, and no one ever enters it but my husband—except on invitation. I shall be down to luncheon. Good-morning."

She allows him no alternative but to withdraw; which, looking rather crestfallen, he does, leaving the door open behind him.

A footstep sounds along the passage. Everil takes up the flowers, and turns towards the doorway with them in her hand.

"Parsons," she commences, thinking the new-comer to be her maid.

But it is Lord Valence who stands before her.

She is about to greet him warmly, when, glancing from her face to the flowers in her hand, he demands in a rough tone, utterly unlike his usual gentle manner:

"Who gave you those flowers?"

"Captain Staunton, dear; he has just brought them over from Ballybroogan."

The earl raises his hand and dashes the bouquet to the ground.

"I won't have you accept flowers from any d—d jackanapes who chooses to bring them to you," he exclaims, loudly.

"Valence! Valence! what is the matter? What makes you behave in such an extraordinary way?"

But the next moment he has flung his arms wildly round her, and clasped her to his breast.

"O my darling! my own, own darling! never make me jealous, or I shall go mad!"

"Make you jealous, dear Valence!—how could I, when I love you so much? I would lay down my life for you, Valence!"

"I know you would! I feel you would! This is an insanity that has come over me. But I am so unfit to love you, Everil! I am so unused to pay women these small attentions; and then, when others steal a march on me, I am angry with myself and you, poor innocent child! and fancy you must prefer their company to mine. But you don't—do you, Everil?"

"My love! how can you talk like this, when I have said that you are dearer to me than all the world beside? What do I care for flowers, or anything else that does not come from your hands? I did not even

wish to take them, but Captain Staunton would insist upon leaving them on the table."

"Forgive me, darling! It is all my wretched temper. But you are so precious to me, Everil! I could not bear to lose even the least morsel of your interest. It is very strange," he goes on musingly, "I do not seem ever to have known what jealousy was before you told me that you loved me. When I thought you were indifferent to me, I was miserable and discontented; but now that I know I possess all your heart, I am in constant terror lest you should discover how unworthy I am of such a treasure, and take it back again."

"You wrong me, Valence," she says, reproachfully.

"I know I do—and I will crush out the wretched feeling as though it were a temptation from the devil. But, O Everil!" he continues, earnestly, "never make me jealous, even in the remotest degree, or you will raise a demon in me difficult to quell. If I felt your heart were going from me, I should forget everything in the world beside—sickness, sorrow, misfortune, even death itself, would appear less than nothing by comparison. My life is in your hands—as is all my hope, and trust, and joy. Tell me, dearest, that I am safe—that you will never care for any man as you now care for me."

"You know I shall not, Valence!—that I am yours, and yours only, until death parts us!"

"Ah!—and that will be for such a little while!—such a little, little while! I shall go before you have learnt how much I love you in return. To-morrow, Everil, will be the first of January—the last new year that I shall ever see on earth."

"I cannot believe it!" she whispers, as with closed eyes she leans against his breast. "You will be saved, even though God has to send an angel from heaven to rescue you!"

"You are my angel!" he answers, fondly; "and it is God who sent you to cheer the last months of my life, and make even the prospect of death, in your arms, seem like an easy sleep!"

"I will be your angel!" exclaims Everil, suddenly but determinately.

She does not know by what means her resolution will be performed. The future is all dark before her, and no help appears



on any side; yet in that moment of inspiration she believes that what she says will come to pass, and that she has been raised up for the salvation of her husband. A mighty faith takes possession of her soul; her eyes kindle; she lifts her drooping head from Valence's breast, and stands upright, feeling as though she had the strength of a lion to accomplish his deliverance.

"I will save him!" she thinks again to herself when he has left her. "I cannot see the way, or the means; it is all confusion and mystery; but something or somebody spoke to me at that moment, and told me that if I have the will, the way is not inscrutable. I told Alice long ago, when we were talking about love, and she was arguing the subject in her feeble manner, that there was no love worthy of the name in these effete modern days. No love that would sacrifice itself for its object; that would trample down all obstacles that lay between them; endure the breath of shame and obloquy—and even render back the love that makes its own happiness, in order to secure that of the beloved.

"Could I do as much as that for Valence, I wonder? If I could save him by it—restore him to his reason and his friends—could I bear that he should think me heartless, ungrateful, unworthy of his true affection, and bear his scorn and his contempt, where I now receive his love?

"Could I bear to see him pining for the caresses I longed but did not dare to bestow on him; and find, when he was cured of his sick fancies and mad infatuation, that he was also cured of any liking for myself?

"It would be terrible! It would be worse, a thousand times, than merely giving up my poor life in exchange for his. It would be a moral suicide—a living death—the tomb closed over all my hopes whilst they still struggled and fought for existence!—yet I think that I could bear it—*for him!*

"To see him restored to health, and life, and action; to know that the old name should not die out; that his intellect was once more free from clouds, and that my Valence should live to a good old age, and leave an honored memory behind him—to obtain this, I would sacrifice all that I possess, even to his precious love!

"O my husband! I think there must be some true love left, even in these 'effete modern days.'"

## CHAPTER XXX.

### "I WILL DIE IN THE ATTEMPT."

A FEW days afterwards John Bulwer is seated before the fire in Dr. Newall's cottage, smoking, and engaged in conversation with the old man on the subject of Lord Valence's health. It is evening, and Bulwer has strolled down from the castle, after dinner, without confiding his intentions to any one. He is becoming seriously alarmed about his friend Valence, and Dr. Newall's remarks do not tend to decrease his fears.

"There is no doubt about it," says the old doctor, decisively; "the man will die!"

"But can nothing be done to save him?"

"I have done all I can. I have physicked him mentally and bodily. I have kept his blood cool with medicine, and I have placed the risk he is running as plainly before his eyes as common English words will do it. He heeds neither my warning nor my advice. He has taken every possible means to kill himself."

"Is he insane?" asks Bulwer in a low voice.

"Temporarily, he is insane."

"Could he be treated for it?"

"No, Mr. Bulwer! A man may do the maddest things possible. He may risk his own life, or those of other people, squander his money, drink himself into a state bordering on idiocy, or deny himself the common necessities of existence; yet if he is capable of managing his domestic affairs, there is no law in England by which they can be managed for him. Lord Valence is in far greater need of control than half the poor wretches we confine in asylums. He can neither manage himself, his health, nor his estate. He has permitted a miserable superstition to obtain so firm a hold on his mind, that he is walking into the grave with his eyes wide open; yet there is no power but his own free will that can restrain him. I had hoped so much from the influence of the countess, who is one of the best women I ever came across; but from what you tell me, she appears, like the rest of us, to have failed."

"I have told you nothing but the truth. I can hardly describe to you what a difference even this last week has made in him, I knew, of course, that there was some mystery connected with his studies; but I had no idea of the evil till Lady Valence spoke to me last night. It seems too awful to

think that a man should throw his life away in this manner! Surely Mrs. West, who has been with him all these years, might have done something to prevent it."

"My dear young man!" exclaims Dr. Newall, emphatically, "don't repeat I said so, but Mrs. West is a snake in the grass, a double-distilled hypocrite, an incarnation of the Fiend himself. I detest that little woman! Mark my words! For all her peachy dimpled cheeks, and her sweet smile, and her insinuating manner, it will be found out some day that she has had more to do with her brother-in-law's infatuation than the world thinks for! I have tried to catch her in vain. She is as soft-footed as a cat, and as slippery as an eel; but I know that she rejoices at poor Valence's ill-health, and that the worst news you could take her would be the news of his recovery."

"But why should she harbor enmity against him, when he has so generously given her a home?"

"A home which she would like to retain altogether, Mr. Bulwer. Are you so blind as not to see she has a son, and that if the earl dies little Arthur will become Lord Valence? O, it is all as plain as a pike-staff to me. I read Agatha West's mind years ago. She only married poor Arthur because he stood a very good chance of getting the title; and when he so unexpectedly died, she turned all her attention to the interests of her child."

"I knew Mrs. West was a deceitful woman, but I little thought she could be as bad as that."

"If a woman is deceitful, Mr. Bulwer, she will go to any lengths her fancy may direct her. A bad woman—and by a bad woman I mean a godless woman—is generally very bad indeed. The sex has too little foresight, too feeble reasoning power, too little fear of consequences, to be upright and honorable on principle alone. Touch their hearts—make them once believe in and feel the love of the man-god for their individual selves, and they will be capable of any sacrifice for his sake; but without this power of emotion they are unsexed—no longer women as God intended women to be, yet without the mental strength of man. A man can be moral from no other sense than that it is for the good of society he should be so; a woman snaps her fingers at society, and if she be

not moral because the Almighty is offended by sin, will, in all probability, embrace the first opportunity of falling. A man may be irreligious and yet honorable in his transactions; if a woman is not religious, Mr. Bulwer, she is nothing at all; a building without foundation, an empty shrine, a bubble that bursts whilst you are looking at it! And yet some men complain that their wives are too fond of going to church, and singing psalms, and being generally God-fearing. Short-sighted fools! If, by forbidding their religious observances, or driving them through sheer weariness of argument to adopt a lighter course of action, they pull out the foundation stone so that the whole building totters and becomes frail, let them not complain if it fall on themselves, and crush them down to a deeper hell than their imaginations have ever pictured."

"You speak feelingly, Dr. Newall."

"I speak from experience, sir! I know that a woman must either belong to God or the devil, and that if she once gives herself up to the power of evil, there is no saying to what depths her feeble unprotected nature may not fall."

"What you have said of Mrs. West shocks me greatly."

"You would be more shocked if you could read her heart. If you have any regard for your friend, Mr. Bulwer, watch that woman—watch her day and night, and try to find out how far she influences him when away from his wife."

"I will. You have aroused my suspicions, and they shall not sleep again. Mrs. West has a spy dogging her footsteps from this time forward. Who can that be knocking at your door so late?"

"I cannot imagine. Lord Valence always turns the handle for himself. Bridget!" says Dr. Newall, calling into the passage, "there is some one knocking at the door. Bless that woman! she is always out of the way when I require her. I will answer it myself."

He undoes the fastenings, and finds upon the threshold a woman, breathless with running, and enveloped in a dark cloak, with a shawl about her head.

"Lady Valence!—at this time of night!"

"O, doctor don't look so astonished! It is not so very late, is it? And I have run all the way here from the castle, and I must go back directly, or he will miss me. Let

me come in, doctor. I must speak to you—I have so much to say!”

“Come in at once, my lady. It is unfit you should remain out in the cold—only I must tell you that Mr. Bulwer is sitting with me; so that if your communication is a private one—”

“I will go at once, if Lady Valence desires it,” says Bulwer, rising to his feet.

“No, not at all,” she answers, waving her hand. “I have no secrets that Mr. Bulwer may not hear. Only I have come, doctor, to tell you that I will save my

husband’s life, or that I will die in the attempt.”

She has thrown off the shawl from her head, and stands before them like some inspired prophetess. Her hair is disordered from the unusual headdress, her cheeks are crimson, her eyes are lighted with a feverish fire. Bulwer thinks as he looks at her that she ought to have a drawn sword in her hand.

“I will save my husband’s life,” she repeats, firmly, “or I will die in the attempt!”

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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## MY LOVE STORY.

BY EVELYN SOMERS.

### TO CELESTE.

YOU asked me to tell you my love-story, Celeste, last night, when you had told me your own, hiding your blushes on my bosom, and thrilling through all your being with that richest wine of life—“Love’s young dream.” It is nectar that can be drunk but once, darling—drain the chalice slowly. It is sometimes Heaven’s own sacrament. Thank God for it.

My parents were of the strictest sect of Orthodox Christians, and held, cold and somewhat puritanic views of life. They instructed me early of the deceit and wickedness of mankind. I think I embraced too readily the lessons of distrust and suspicion. At fifteen I was sent to my aunt’s to attend school at the B— Seminary.

They lived quite out of the village, in a bright sunny place, in a pale yellow cottage house with a little garden in front. Below was a stretch of meadow, with a thread of silver streamlet, that wooed wild flowers, and murmured under a little rustic bridge. Opposite was a white cottage with a garden of miniature magnificence, whose odors of spicy pinks, waving lilacs, and sweet June roses, seem to breathe their perfumes over me still.

My aunt had been a wild gay creature when a girl; ardent and impetuous, easily swayed, and narrowly escaping the temptations and pitfalls of a too Southern temperament, flirting away all worthy and honest lovers. Finding herself suddenly stranded upon the sands of thirty, she repented of her gayety, joined the church, married

a Methodist, and became as ardent a saint as she had been a sinner. Her own experience led her to assume a peculiar sphere of duty, which she pursued with all the zeal of a Luther. It was to watch over the ways of all young maidens that came within her care, to keep them out of the paths wherein she had well nigh slipped—never thinking that the fault was in her own feet, rather than in the roseate paths of girlhood. My parents had great confidence in her judgment, and confided me to her care, with a sense of security that I would be guarded from the wolves and hyenas of life. I have often thought since of wolves in sheep’s clothing. Yet I loved my Aunt Jane, and had an earnest desire to be as good and saintly as she.

I would sit in the garden at twilight, and sing songs to my guitar, though I knew she would shake her head and sigh, and ask me how I could expect to be a Christian as long as I indulged in such vanities. There was better music in the hymn-book than “Allan-Water,” and “Coming through the Rye.” So in penance I had to bring my guitar and sing with her, “Hark from the Tombs,” and “St. Martin’s.” In vain I urged that such tunes were too slow for the guitar. But she assured me it sounded far better than quick music. And she hunted up some verses that I could sing to the tune of “Robin Adair.” “When shall I see the day that ends my woes?” mentally I said. “Soon I hope.”

At the seminary, I had a seat next to a thoughtful-looking young man, whose only

claims to beauty were a well-built frame, a pure healthy complexion and expression of open truth and honor; and, indeed, there can be no type of manly beauty without these, Celeste. One day I was in disgrace about my algebra, and he kindly passed his slate with the problem solved in the neatest and most elegant figures I ever saw, and on the margin of the slate was printed in old English letters the name of "Grenville Deane." This will seem very simple to you, Celeste, if you never had a schoolgirl romance, but to me it is full of a delicious fragrance that mingles with the breath of pinks and roses in the garden opposite.

That evening I sat on the doorstep playing and singing "My Heart and Lute," when the garden gate opposite unclosed, and Grenville Deane came across the street to the garden gate where I was sitting, and with a shy smile of greeting offered me two or three sprays of lilies of the valley.

"Do you live there?" I asked, blushing vividly, at the thought of his thinking I was singing on purpose for him to hear.

"Yes; and now will you not sing for me?"

"I don't sing well enough."

"But I think you do. Sing 'Midnight Hour.'"

"With you?"

"Well."

So we sang together in the twilight, and so quietly and sweetly began my heart to dream the lotus dream of love. Presently Aunt Jane opened the door and said:

"Good-evening, Grenville," in a sharp wiry tone, that seemed to say, "What are you here for?" and bade me come in.

I felt that I had done something very wrong, though I could not tell what.

Aunt Jane wrote to my mother:

"Mary does very well, but is too fond of attracting the attention of young men—a propensity I do not like to see. I shall try to do my duty by her."

I will do my parents justice to say they were too pure and noble to suspect guile in every innocent demonstration of a young maiden. Such degrading suspicions could only come from a depraved heart. They did not know what I had done. They only knew that I had committed some indiscretion which had grieved my aunt and called for her censure. Consequently, I received a letter of fourteen pages full of sorrow and disappointment at my conduct, and

rehearsing the careful admonitions I had received. I was dumb with amazement, and carried the letter to Aunt Jane.

"What does all this mean? What have I done?"

"Do you think any modest girl would sit on the doorsteps night after night singing, to attract the notice of young men, and call them to see her?"

My aunt was shocked.

"I didn't know anybody could hear me. I didn't know he lived there."

But the look of pious incredulity on her face showed me that she only thought I was adding falsehood to my indiscretions. I felt like a bird in a net—helpless and fluttering. I was convinced that I was very bold and very naughty, and so I avoided my neighbor in every possible manner, while he sought every opportunity to be near me, and would lie in wait for me coming from school. Then I knew the Argus eyes of Aunt Jane were upon me, and I felt that I had committed unpardonable sins.

I did not know I loved him then. I did not even dream he cared for me. If I thought him attentive, I instantly thought of the deceit and wiles of mankind, as my parents had taught me. Yet I missed him when he was not in the schoolroom the moment I entered, but I missed no other; and if he were absent half a day, the house seemed dark, and desolate, and lonely, and only brightened when he appeared.

The last day of the term arrived. It vaguely seemed like the last day of my life. Our class had presented the teacher with a gold watch, and had received an invitation to spend an hour at his house in the evening. Grenville insisted upon accompanying me home. It was the first time my hand had touched him, as it lay on his arm, the first time I ever felt his breath upon my brow.

Ah, Celeste, young as I was, I had all the perfect nature of a true, constant and loving woman. The round moon was coming up out of the east. We paused at the gate. He pressed my arm a little closer, and said:

"Let us go down to the brook, May. It's the last time I shall see you—perhaps forever."

"Perhaps forever." The words lay like ice on my heart.

"Are you sorry?" he urged, as I did not speak, but suffered him to lead me on.

"It has been very pleasant." I said it

in a careless way, wondering if he could feel my heart's throbbing.

We sat down by the stream, and cowslips and violets opened their eyes to smile on us. The stars looked down sweetly through the blue. The stream sung on, the song that was in our hearts. All nature seemed to bless us.

"Let us stay here always, May," he said, playing with my passive fingers, but not frightening me by clasping them too tightly.

I laughed and answered:

"What would Aunt Jane say?"

Looking up into his eyes, as I replied, I saw that his thoughts were not on his lips. There was no resisting that magnetic gaze, that took from me all power to repulse the fond movement with which his arms enfolded me, and he pressed his beardless lip to my cheek, in the innocent and earnest fervor of first young love. The scalding crimson went over my brow. I could hear my own heart beat. I was angry with myself that I had given him the opportunity to take such freedom—for I remembered the early lessons of man's perfidy—but I forgot to withdraw my hand from the caressing clasp with which he held it between both his own, tenderly and softly as he might have held a nestling robin. I was the first to rise to return, and we went back in silence. He went through the gate, under the shadow of the doorway, clasped my hand, and said:

"Good-by, May. Shall I write to you?"

"Well—yes—I suppose so—if you wish."

Then he broke out in a little impatient passion!

"Don't go, May. I can't bear to have you go."

I smiled back at his boyish speech, and suggested that I had nothing to stay for. But that strong magnetic look caught my heart again in its power, and I could no more resist it than with my puny arm stay the Alpine avalanche. He clasped me closely to his heart, kissed my lips, and with a hasty good-by left me in a moment.

I stamped my foot in rage and passion—not at him, but at myself, that I could be duped and insulted. I did not know it was the omnipotent hand of Love that grasped me like a Fate. I said to my heart, "I will not love him. I am not old enough to love any one." So I strove to crush it out, root it up, tear it out of my being. I felt the wretchedness that unrequited love must

bring, and shrank from it. I saw how easy it was for me to make him my idol, and yet he might forget me to-morrow, while I could never, never, never forget that he had kissed me.

I went home, and he wrote to me—letters my father and mother insisted upon seeing. There was nothing they might not see—he was careful not to commit himself.

"May," "My Friend," "Sister May," were the fondest terms with which he addressed me. I boldly declared to myself each day I did not love him; but at night one of those daintily written letters always slept under my cheek.

The correspondence waned. Few and far between the letters. I did not care—not I. I never cared for him. Once I saw him. I was very gay. So was he. I snatched a letter out of his pocket—with a delicate girlish superscription. He seemed alarmed, and took it rudely from me.

"You can't read that, May."

I was very rude. But O the blow to me. I never had a letter he might not have seen. It was all true, then, the rumors of his flirtation with Louise. Well, I never cared for him. O Celeste, Celeste. Love is omnipotent. No one knew how my pillow was nightly drenched with tears of the bitterest anguish.

He wrote once more, a short letter beginning "Friend May." I resolved to bring this cruel uncertainty to an end. I had suffered him to kiss my lips. No woman, pure and guileless, ever yields the treasures of her lips, where she would not gladly give her hand, her life itself. You know this, Celeste. So I wrote him an equivocal letter, asking if the correspondence had not become irksome; if we were not getting too old to be childish, and left it with him to do as he liked about sending back my letters.

I was foolish enough to think he might say I was too dear to him. But he did not. He sent them all back to me, the foolish little notes, struggling between all my girlish affection and reserve, that told so plainly how inexpressibly dear he was to me. My eyes were heavy in the mornings, after that.

I went to B—, to the exhibition the next spring, two years from the time we went to the little brook together. He was there, stouter, handsomer—admired by all.

Did I ever tell you of Sara, Celeste?

She has been my bosom friend. Full of rich vitality, I leaned on her strength, and admired her common sense. I visited her instead of my aunt. She only guessed the constancy of my love, and folding me in her arms, in her own bed, she told me how unworthy he was of the true unswerving devotion I had given him; how he had wooed the fragile Louise—taking her on all the excursions, to “*Lover's Leap*,” “*Cozy Nook*,” “*The Fort*”—holding her in his arms for hours by the brookside.

“Every one knew of it,” she said. “I do not think he is engaged to her. It's only a summer flirtation. But, Mamie, you do not have summer flirtations. If he ever kissed you, your lips have kept his kisses sacred. No other ever dared to kiss you.”

“Never, Sara.”

“Is he worthy of you? Even if you could win him back?”

“I do not wish to.”

I wept on her kind motherly heart, and buried my love deep in the ashes of the past.

On the next evening we were at a reunion of old schoolmates. It was a merry affair. Louise was there, but she had another admirer, and Grenville was devoted to me. They asked me to sing. I took up my guitar and sung:

“The last link is broken.”

I saw a dark shadow as of pain on his brow. I was kind to him, exactly as to others. He had no power over me again—forever. He could never suffer the long days and nights of grief and pain that I had suffered. He would never know of them until the gates of eternity unfolded to our view.

I was not romantic enough not to love again, Celeste, as you well know, and the full perfect love that sought me made my heart glad again. Not with the tender blushing shame of early girlhood, but the maturer womanly joy of wedded happiness—a dear friend to be always near, and sweet prattling lips call me mother.

Richard is all the world to me, all that he could ever have been, had he been true. I am happier than I ever thought I could be, for I love and am beloved—and who shall say that Heaven has higher joys?

Ten years have passed since then, Celeste. I am growing old. I met Grenville Deane the other day. He was never so cordial, so frank and friendly before. He told me then that he had loved me. No other face came out of the past half so sweet to him as mine. No other memories so dear and tender as the shy sweet meetings of the long ago. I remembered that he never told me before that he loved me. I wondered if men ever can love as women do; but I thought of Richard. It seemed to me that the strong abiding love of manhood only comes with maturer years, while woman's love is faithful forever.

I told Richard all about it, and said:

“I hope you'll not be jealous, dear.”

He kissed me.

Yet the lilies of the valley have a power to set me dreaming; and my old worn guitar seems sentient with those olden melodies. But I love my Richard, and because he loves me I am glad it all happened so. One never marries her first love you know. Heigh-ho. Good-night, dear. Richard is at the gate, calling to me.

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DEATH OF CORNELIUS.

BY L. A. W.

Within a cold and narrow cell,  
Where light and beauty never fell  
To cheer his troubled soul, Cornelius lay.  
His mind to strange forebodings oft a prey,  
As in the solitude of Moro's dungeon grave  
Upon whose turret beats the ocean wave,  
He *lived* in death; and sighed the mortal hour  
When fortune frowned and robbed him of his power;  
He cursed his life, and 'twixt his curses wept  
As through the changeless night his reason slept;  
His mighty limbs, by shivering terror lame,  
Refused to serve, and left the tyrant tame.  
His soul benumbed by life within a grave,  
That echoed with the groans of many a slave,  
And many a frame, which Nature's art had made  
Strong as the oak, and finished as the blade,  
Here pined away, and like the Forest King  
Fell with a crash that made the cavern ring;  
Man's strength was gone, and Nature's power was dead;  
The bowl was broken, and the spirit fled.  
But, while he grasped the chilly hand of Death,  
Beheld his form, and felt his icy breath,  
His mighty frame gave one convulsive start,—  
He clutched his breast, and tried his chains to part;  
Then raised his eyes, and with a fiendish glare  
Gazed into space.

Then suddenly his eyes  
Beheld his shackled limbs; aloud he cries,  
"Stand back—away—and let Cornelius by!  
What! am I here alone? and that to die?  
Cornelius die? O, that shall never be!  
King of the Ocean—Pirate of the Sea,  
I've been and ever will be—Free—Free!"  
He turned, and with an almost deafening yell,  
Bade earth and life a hideous farewell.  
Upon the chilly stones, that had for years  
Reechoed with his sorrows and his fears,  
He fell, as falls by yonder yawning cave  
King of the Forest. Nevermore a slave  
To those whose fears made life a mortal grave;  
But now beyond the blackness of his tomb,  
The woes of life, and all of earthly gloom,  
He sees, within the haven of the blest,  
A shining light that leads to endless rest;  
He grasps the helm, and with a steady hand  
Steers safe to that immortal peaceful land.

*Boston, 1875.*



## HOW IT CAME TO PASS.

BY FRANK A. BROWN.

## I.

MARK EATON was an exception to the rule, and Cupid's arrows fell blunted against what was supposed to be his heart. Nor was he considered an exception by himself alone, for his acquaintances—he said he had no friends—looked upon him as unassailable. Match-making mammas had quite given up all plots and plans concerning him, and entirely ceased hinting Mark's desirability to their dear Amelias and sweet Marias. Happy Mark! for whom no batteries of sparkling eyes directed their murderous fires; to whom the whole petticoat world appeared indifferent, and whose affections were centered on himself alone. Mark claimed a fondness for literary pursuits; in fact, had on more than one occasion let men know that such were his *sole* pursuits. He was one of those fortunate persons who are said to come into the world with a spoon of a certain precious metal in their mouths. Yet Mark's mouth was no larger than the average of infants' mouths, and therefore the spoon must have been of small dimensions; was, in all probability, an egg-spoon. Mark was the only son of his father, and that father was dead. Mark had no recollection of his mother, for the good lady had gone out of the world about the same time Mark came into it; and as he was the only child, he was his only relation in his immediate family. People said that was why he was so selfish; but people say a great deal that isn't true. Because poor Mark lived in a big house with only his parrot, dogs, cats, mosquitos and servants, male and female, and no wife, society called him selfish!

Society is a monstrous imposition—at least so Mark thought; and he was in the habit of occasionally congratulating himself that he was very indifferent to what society thought of him. One thing he felt sure of, and that was that his household loved him from the seven-foot footman to the very small mosquito. Therefore Mark, being satisfied with himself, was happy.

He never learned a trade, nor studied for a profession. He said there was no occasion for it. His college career was, how-

ever, unexceptionably brilliant, and he carried off prizes and honors without end. At college he formed a strong liking for a classmate, Harry Ogilvie by name. When Mark liked anything he liked it very much; and therefore his liking for Harry was of no ordinary nature. Harry, unfortunately, was not born with a spoon in his mouth, or, if he had one at all, it was only pewter. It was never understood how such a liking should exist in Mark Eaton's heart for a poor law student who had none of the bright genius of his own mind, nor his many intellectual attainments. One thing only Harry excelled him in, and that was personal appearance. Mark was dark-haired, with a pale quiet face, deep-set eyes, and firmly-cut mouth, and was of medium height; not good-looking, but of rather striking and remarkable appearance. Though not one to fall in love with at first sight, still he was not easily forgotten; and the impression he left behind was generally one of a peculiarly pleasant character. But Harry Ogilvie, how different! He was tall, of exquisite proportions, with a glorious head of curly blonde hair, deep blue eyes, Grecian nose and forehead, a woman's complexion, and faultless mouth and teeth. There was a drawback to his beauty, however, in the lines of his face, which denoted at times a sort of insincerity and weakness combined. Still, this was only apparent to the closest observer of the human countenance, and even so severe a critic could forgive it when he looked upon so perfect a specimen of mankind.

Mark, unlike Harry, was averse to much society, although the latter occasionally succeeded in dragging him out to a reception or evening party. His time was chiefly occupied with his books and writings, and he looked upon the constant round of parties, balls and operas as only fit for men who had but small intellects, and fops whose time was spent in doing nothing but decorating and languishing neath the glances of an artificial mistress. It was wondered why he should make Ogilvie an exception, for Ogilvie's mind was but shal-

low. Perhaps a reason may have been found in his good-nature and good looks. Moreover, Harry owed his life to Mark, who, in a swimming match, had gallantly rescued him when powerless from cramp. Ever after that event Mark had felt himself drawing towards him, and certainly Harry's gratitude and affection seemed boundless.

It was a raw dreary evening in December not long ago. Time, just after a late dinner. Place, Park Avenue. House, Mr. Mark Eaton's. Mark liked grate fires; he would have them; swore they were snug and looked hospitable; and would not be reconciled to furnaces, gratings, stoves, and modern methods of heating.

On this same raw evening in December Mark was in his study, leaning back in an easy-chair, placed exactly in front of a glowing fire. Between him and the fender there was a creature staring at him in the face with a sleepy self-satisfied stare, and which gave vent to its feelings in a low monotonous murmur, like the hum of a kettle when boiling. This was the cat.

It was certainly a snug-looking room, where all the available space was filled with books, drawings, papers and pictures in great confusion. There was just room enough for a small window, a door, the fireplace aforementioned, and a couple of armchairs and sofa, while a table in the middle stood loaded down with a ponderous desk, reference books and writing paper.

In his private room Mr. Eaton was undeniably untidy; but elsewhere in the house all was in perfect order, being under the control of a very energetic and consequential dame known as the housekeeper. She was afraid of only one thing, and that was the study, into which no one was allowed to go except Harry Ogilvie; hence the disorderly appearance it presented. This was the one great sorrow of her life, coupled with the wifeless condition of the dear young master, which troubled her not a little, for Mrs. Cleaver loved the master for his own sake, as well as the dear lady's who had given him life.

"We are getting old, Blinker, are we not?" said Mark, slowly rubbing one hand over the other, and looking gravely at the cat.

The cat looked gravely at him, but said not a word.

"Did you ever think of marrying, Blinker?" he said again.

Blinker smiled knowingly.

"Well, well, I suppose I am looked upon by society as an outcast, and surely—Halloo, Harry! is that you?" he said, as the door was quickly opened and shut, and that dashing person, tumbling over Webster's unabridged, sank into the one vacant chair; and in doing so pushed Blinker so rudely, that he rose, wagged his tail very slowly, and walked under the table. Blinker never liked Harry Ogilvie. Of course he was a cat, and did not know better. Had he seen how the ladies made love to him, he might have changed his opinion.

"Say, Mark, old fellow! how in the name of all that's holy can you continue to exist in such a hermitage as this?" asked the vivacious Harry.

"It suits me well enough, my boy," said Mark. "You know I take delight in these old books which you look upon with such horror; besides, it is not to be expected you could sympathize with me in my pursuits."

"Hardly!" ejaculated his guest.

"You see, Harry," continued Mark, "you are full of life and spirits; you are a splendid animal, with about as much brains as Blinker. I consider you the best specimen of modern young manhood I have ever seen. Don't be angry, now, because I think you deficient in brains. The Almighty has made that secondary loss up to you in other ways. He made you good-looking. He gave you grand animal spirits, and a fascinating power which I am told the women cannot resist."

"Well, of all the compliments, this beats—"

"Don't talk—I hadn't finished, my dear boy. I was about to say I admired you amazingly. You are a grand specimen of the present age." And, lighting his pipe, Mark proceeded to puff forth smoke in a straight line with Harry's face.

"Well, old boy, I'll forgive you," laughed his visitor. "You are a good fellow—a capital fellow—but, 'pon my life, you do say the queerest things! But what I came here to say was this—"

"Go ahead," said Mark; "I am attentive."

"Well, you know Belle Grandison has come to stop at the Lunds' place, don't you?"

"I do, now you have told me."

"Dear me! perhaps you don't even know who she is?"

"One of your flames, I presume, you have so many."

"Not exactly," said Harry; "she's a bit above me, you know, and an awful swell; though I did think at one time she gave me some encouragement."

"Well, what were you going to say about her?"

"Why, the Lunds—you know Lund, no end of tin—his girls, you know, were at school with Belle Grandison. I was going to say the Lunds are giving a reception in her honor."

"Well," said Mark, laconically.

"Of course, old Lund will have everything in big style, and you will have a formal invitation, you know. I've just got mine."

"I think I saw something of the sort somewhere here. I paid no attention to it," said Mark.

"You don't mean to say you wont go?" cried Harry.

"I had so determined. I get so many, that I never open three-fourths of them."

"It shows how glad people would be to see you."

"Merely on account of my rent-roll," remarked his friend, satirically. "All a sham, my dear boy, and a very transparent one," he added.

"Well, but now, my dear Mark, I have come specially to beg you to come with me."

"Where to?" asked Mark.

"Why, to Lund's, of course. I am sure you wont refuse me, after coming all this way in this beastly weather," said Harry, in a discontented voice.

"I suppose you think I shall fall down and worship with you," laughed Mark.

"O, I know your confounded prejudice against women, and therefore I wouldn't bet on it. But if you don't show her some attention she'll feel pretty badly, for she knows you are the biggest catch in the city; and ten to one she will set her cap at you."

"I will go with you on one condition," said Mark.

"And that?" asked Harry.

"Is that I may do as I like when I get there. Miss Grandison will not look at me a second time, and as it's doubtful

whether I should do her the honor, I shall be able to excuse her inattention. Harry, my boy, I am safe, perfectly safe; don't trouble yourself about me. Where does the beauty come from?"

"Baltimore. I saw her the other day at Lund's, and I tell you she is a stunner, and no mistake."

"Well, I will go, to please you. But you will call for me, I suppose. I shall want you to post me as to names, etc. I have seen so little society of late, and am poor at remembering faces."

"I'll be here, old boy. By Jove! I'm glad you are going. I was much afraid you'd not consent."

"It's only a little matter," said Mark. "And I am glad to oblige you, Harry."

"Well, my task is ended. You yield; many thanks. I must go now. That little French widow will be mad because I am not there. You see I had to take her to Wallack's," said Harry, buttoning up his coat, with his back to the fire. "Rather nice—fine eyes, and an awful temper of her own. But you don't understand such things. Good-night. Old man, be ready for me about this time to-morrow. Good-night—good-night." And again stumbling over Webster, and disturbing Blinker's repose with the fall of a book, this interesting youth made a hurried exit.

"Thank the Lord, he's gone without throwing down my desk, and upsetting my sheets on the Peloponnesian war!" And Mark, having returned to his meditations, Blinker sat down in his old place, and took up his comfortable hum again, from where he had been ruthlessly disturbed.

## II.

ONE of the most elegant mansions on Thirty-Fourth Street was owned and lived in by Septimus Lund, Esquire. A man of the world, every inch of him, and a *New York* man of the world. One who, having made his money in too quick a manner, retired from accumulating, and set up for a gentleman. His house was magnificent, his cook superb, his wife gorgeous, his daughters "very stylish." His furniture was talked about, and his living commented on. In fact, the Lunds were all the rage. Mr. Lund's greatest ambition was to be thought an aristocrat—something he couldn't be to save his life; for Wall Street

would stick out all over him. He gave large sums to charitable institutions, and once founded a college in the South with half a million, on the condition it should be called *Lund University*. It was gratefully accepted, and after that Mr. Lund was looked upon as a religious as well as a rich man, and the leading papers gave sketches of his life, and lauded him sky-high, while a few score beggars cursed him deeply and bitterly. They were of no account, however, merely a few of the many who had helped to build up the Lund family by losing little sums of money in stock speculations and gold corners to Mr. Lund and some others. But they cursed the Lund University, nevertheless, while every one else blessed Mr. Lund. Septimus Lund gave largely to the missionaries and Bible Society, and frequently took the chair at religious meetings. Mrs. Lund worshipped Mr. Lund, and the Misses Lund worshipped themselves. Of course they were amongst the leaders of polite society in New York, and much looked up to; and no party of any pretension was complete unless at least one Lund figured as a participant in the amusements of the evening.

Miss Belle Grandison was a leading Baltimore lady. Beautiful, fashionable and rich—what more was to be desired? The Lunds thought nothing except a husband to take charge of her; and accordingly they invited Miss Grandison to spend a time with them, knowing what scores of suitors they could summon to lay siege to her—*bank account*.

Though only knowing of Mr. Mark Eaton, and never having held intercourse with him—except for a moment when he chanced to be introduced to Mrs. Lund, and impressed that lady as a real gentleman—the Lunds were always in the habit of sending elegantly-gotten-up invitations to that gentleman whenever they had anything particularly *recherche* on hand in the way of a reception or hop. However, Mr. Eaton was backward in responding, and actually never accepted one.

Great was the surprise and satisfaction of Mr. Lund, when, on the evening of the reception in honor of Miss Grandison, his dressing-room was burst into by his better-half, with a note in Mr. Eaton's handwriting accepting the invitation.

Mr. Lund was in the act of fastening an

immense cluster of diamonds to his shirt-front, and was standing in a very stiff attitude to avoid creasing the fair white surface; but on learning the intelligence from his dear Lucinda, he was so overcome that his mouth opened too wide, and something like a quid rolled from under his tongue, striking the shirt just below the cluster. Mr. Lund's annoyance was great, but his delight on hearing the joyful news far greater. "It is an ill wind," etc., for Sparks, Mr. Lund's valet, was better off the same day to the extent of one of Cartwright's finest linen.

"Well, my dear, this *is* gratifying, very indeed," said Mr. Lund.

"It will give *tone* to the reception, Mr. Lund," answered his wife.

"Decidedly, quite so, my dear Lucinda; and we must have Mark Gathorne Eaton, Esquire, *first* on the list of gentlemen present in the 'Home.' eh, my dear?"

"It *would* look well, Mr. Lund, *very* well," responded Mrs. Lund.

"And, my dear, the Somervilles and Lornes will be sure to hear of it, and, of course, accept our next invitation. Really, after this we shall have all New York at our feet. *My* position will be better understood, my dear. Society will be eager to recognize in you and the girls, my dear, its brightest ornaments."

This Mr. Lund said with a majestic bow to the mirror, more than to his wife. He probably saw Mrs. Lund in the glass. The lady in question was large enough, certainly.

"I am so glad, my dear, for the dear girls, you see. You must observe how unusually attractive they are," sighed Mrs. Lund.

"Take after their mother, my love," responded Mr. Lund, with another bow to Mrs. Lund in the mirror.

"O Mr. Lund, how *can* you?" exclaimed the delighted matron, in yellow and other colors which became her well.

"The likeness, my dear, is striking, *striking*, I repeat," observed Mrs. Lund, his eyes on the glass.

"Of course the girls have many admirers—*too* many. But most of them are poor, like young Ogilvie, and want fortunes," continued Mrs. Lund.

"Young Ogilvie, my dear, is of good family, *very* good. His father is a general, you know; and besides, he *is* very hand-

some. My dear, how does this collar set behind? Ah, thanks, thanks, my love! Really, I should not object to him for a son-in-law; and it is plain he is smitten with our Andromeda."

"Who could help it?" asked the wife, with pride.

"Quite attractive; a very dashing girl, my love," said Mr. Lund.

"Have you noticed her hair I got at B——'s? Really, I never saw a finer match of shade. Perfectly lovely! You wouldn't know it from her own."

But Mr. Lund was dressed, and the loving pair left the room.

The magnificent reception-room of Septimus Lund, Esquire, blazed with light. All was a grand glitter of gas-jets, glass, false and real diamonds, gorgeous dresses and sparkling eyes. Crowds of beautiful women moved here and there with studied elegance, followed by a multitude of gentlemen in the extreme of fashion. A continuous hum of voices, the frequent peals of silvery laughter, the chatter and talk, with the dashing execution of a well-known pianist, produced a most brilliant effect. Within, all was gayety and pleasure.

"Bright eyes looked love to eyes which spoke again."

Constant arrivals added beauty to beauty, gallantry to gallantry. Hundreds of the gayest and richest citizens of the great city crowded the *salon* of Septimus Lund; and he had reason to congratulate himself on the keen perceptive faculties and shrewd tact which had procured him such an honor.

"Nothing could be more satisfactory," whispered Mrs. Lund, to her devoted husband. "Surely it will astound Mr. Eaton, on his arrival."

Without, it was very cold, and snowing heavily. The street was lined with carriages and lounging footmen. Around the covering which sheltered the flimsily-attired beauties as they quickly ran across from the carriage door, and up the wide flight of steps, stood a little crowd of passers-by; kept back by two big policemen. One, who had looked like a beggar, was ordered off. She tottered away, for it was a woman, in rags, with a thin cloak over her head, under which might have been seen a pinched white face and staring eyes. As she went she muttered:

"They would call me crazy if I told them I once lived in that very house, a happy wife, until that wretch, that hound, raked all my husband's living into his cursed clutch! O Heaven! why did I not shoot myself with thee, my Willie! I think my time has come at last, Willie! The river is not far away, my love, and it is the shortest road to thy dear side!"

"What is the woman talking about?" roughly asked a pampered footman. "Come, move on! Beggars are not allowed 'ere, my girl. Go to the station 'ouse, where they'll give 'ee a night's lodging for nothing."

A laugh followed, and the shade passed on.

The woman in rags was one of those irreligious people who cursed the *Lund University*.

On went the mirth and dancing within, and all appeared highly delighted with the evening. Indeed, it was afterwards spoken of by the "*Home Journal*" as by far the most brilliant affair of the season; also complimenting in high terms the "generous" host and "charming" hostess.

In a less aristocratic paper of the same day, there was a short notice of an unknown woman found drowned, "cause unknown, possibly temporary insanity." There was one shadow less in this world of many shadows. The sun set on one little atom of woe the less, for Willie's wife had sought his side, and taken "the shortest road" to reach it. Who knows but that she found him, and found him better provided for than even Septimus Lund?

One of the last arrivals at the reception was Mark Eaton, accompanied by Harry Ogilvie; and as the stentorian voice of the stalwart footman at the door of the reception-room proclaimed with a grand flourish the names "Mark Gathorne Eaton, Esquire," and "Harry Ogilvie, Esquire," a flutter of pleasurable anticipation agitated good Mrs. Lund, who, in a blaze of silk and diamonds, stood ready to receive her aristocratic guest.

"It was so very kind of dear Mr. Eaton to come!" she said. "How she hoped she might have that pleasure very often!"

Then followed the necessary introduction. Miss Belle Grandison, be-powdered, be-feathered, be-rouged, smiled sweetly on plain unpretending Mr. Mark Eaton. That she was attractive, had to be admitted. A

grand figure, a glorious complexion, if it *was artificial*, like the figure, altogether a splendid modern young lady. Evidently she expected this literary Croesus to be smitten on the spot. Alas! he was no such thing; and after a while escaped from her and the three heavenly Misses Lund. Up bustled Mr. Lund.

"Of course, my *dear* friend (he called him *friend*), you will be wanted to dance. The young ladies are *dying* to record *your* name, you know," he said, with a smiling face.

"I must ask you, Mr. Lund, with all *due* appreciation of the honor, to excuse me to the ladies," replied Mark, coldly.

"But, my dear sir, my *dear* Mr. Eaton, allow me to *persuade* you. The disappointment, you know—really, I—"

"Excuse me, Mr. Lund. I do not dance."

"Not dance! You don't say, really?" exclaimed the grieved host.

"Unfortunately not; it being an accomplishment I never cultivated. Besides, it would interfere with my digestion," said Mark, laughing inwardly.

"Dear me! how sad! But of *course*, that is entirely another matter. Interfere with your *digestion*! Dear me! dear me! Of course I'll excuse you to Miss Belle Grandison."

"Thanks! a hundred thanks, my dear sir! Just what I desired." And Mark passed on to the other end of the room, where the crowd was much less.

He wandered about, unknown to most there, and seeing a small room adjoining, he walked slowly in, glad to escape from the crowd. He stood watching the snow-flakes beat against the window, grumbling to himself, and wondering where Harry had gone.

"Just like all the other fools," he said. "Wild after these made-up women. Amongst them all I see not the faintest resemblance to a Diana. The beautiful mistress of Adonis would blush to call such gaudy shallow creatures sisters. And yet these modern sparks, as far as they are able, worship them as Leander worshipped Hero, and Perseus adored his Andromeda. By the way, there is an Andromeda Lund." Then this discontented mortal turned round, and encountered a lady!

"Excuse me, sir. I did not expect to find any one here," she said.

The speaker was not more than eighteen, possessing an exquisite round figure, though rather tall. Her eyes were a lustrous brown, and her hair jet-black, wound round her head in coils, like some old Grecian statue. Her features were extremely classical, and her forehead and whole face shone with a purity and sweetness Mark had never expected to behold in this material world. She stood there with such modest grace and bashfulness, that, out of sympathy, perhaps, Mark in turn lost his presence of mind. His first question was:

"Why do you seek seclusion from such a gay scene as yonder? Surely you should be amongst the dancers."

"O, I do not care much for it," she replied; "and they have so many now."

Then he courteously asked her to be seated; and, wonderful indeed, the woman-hater was soon enjoying a delightful talk with one of the opposite sex, with a mind and taste nearly as highly cultured as his own. After a while he made the remark:

"So you do not reside in New York?"

"No indeed," she replied. "My present home is in Baltimore."

"Then I presume you are travelling with friends? Miss Grandison comes from Baltimore, I believe?" he said, in an inquiring way.

"May I ask who addresses me?" said the young lady.

"My name is Mark Eaton," he replied; "and I should feel favored if you would in turn tell me your name."

"Mabel Eastman, and companion to Miss Grandison," she added, with a falter and a blush. "But pray do not let me detain you. Indeed, it will not look well if you are found here with me. I have heard your name mentioned by Miss Grandison, and I feel sure she would much like your company. O dear!" she added, quite overcome with confusion, that she, a poor "companion," should have monopolized the time of the much-desired and wealthy Mr. Mark Eaton.

"Excuse me, Miss Eastman. I am very comfortable here; and besides, I do not think Miss Grandison would like me. I am a quiet man, you know." And he begged her to keep her seat. So they remained in the little room, and he, making the best use of his time and tongue, soon

obtained from her the greater part of her history. It was the old old tale of a reverse of circumstances.

Mabel Eastman was the only daughter of a once wealthy Southerner, who, sacrificing his fortune in the "Lost Cause," found himself at the end of the strife a ruined man. Out of an immense estate, everything but a scanty pittance had gone, and that was only just enough to support him; while he was compelled to part with the darling of his heart, who, with a Christian patience and resignation, became companion to the rich Miss Grandison, a shallow proud woman, who rather liked the idea that her dependant should be a daughter of one of the first Virginian families.

All this, and more, Mark's quick intellect soon perceived, and he felt at last that he was taking a genuine interest in the conversation of a woman. After nearly an hour thus pleasantly passed, and being again reminded by Miss Eastman that he should join the company, he said, rather hesitatingly:

"Miss Eastman, I am afraid I told a lie a short time since, for I informed Mr. Lund, simply to get away, that I did not dance."

"Then you do dance?" she remarked.

"To tell the truth, I do," he said; "and I hear a Strauss waltz striking up. May I do myself the honor of dancing it with you?"

What would they all think? What would Mr. Lund and the ladies say? for they all knew by this time that Mr. Eaton's digestion did not allow him to dance. What would Miss Grandison say when she should discover her companion, "poor Mabel Eastman," gliding away with the first gentleman in the room, especially when he had excused himself from dancing with her? But Mark didn't care one iota what all thought of his actions. He was a cool indifferent individual, and, if it suited him, he would do it though the whole room cried shame upon him. And though Mabel Eastman was very backward about accepting, and foresaw Miss Grandison's indignant frown, still her pride came to her rescue. In another minute the beautiful but poor, and therefore *despised*, companion of the rich heiress was amidst the dancers, gracefully gliding along under the skillful guidance of the reticent and

haughty Mark Eaton. They were a striking couple; the man, with genius stamped upon every line of his face, erect and determined, proud and cool; the girl, with queenly presence and sylphlike form, her face flushed with the consciousness of her position. Now, the centre of attraction; before, a quiet corner, anywhere, to escape the crowd of cold vulgar women, rich in this world's goods, but beggars as to the sweet graces she possessed.

For the first time in his life, Mark felt a glow of pride in dancing. He felt glad to be seen amongst them for the sake of this lovely but neglected girl. On every hand, from those who did not know his sweet partner, came wondering exclamations of "Dear me! who can she be?" "How plainly dressed!" "Not a New York girl, I am *certain*, Mrs. Merton!" remarked a dowager to another of that ilk. "Remarkable I should not know her," another said.

"Look there! by gad!" cried Harry Ogilvie to some friends. "I'm *blowed* if it isn't Eaton! I thought he never danced. But who *on earth* is the girl?"

"The most beautiful one I ever saw in my life," said another; and so the remarks passed on.

Miss Grandison had just been escorted to a seat by Mr. Lund, and raising her eye-glass, she settled herself down to quiz the waltzers, who, she firmly believed, had lost the most brilliant star when she had retired to rest herself.

Suddenly Mr. Lund exclaimed:

"Why, bless me, my dear Belle! but is not that Mr. Eaton dancing?"

"And my companion! the *jade*!" cried that lady, sinking back, pale as a sheet.

"Impossible, my love!" said Mrs. Lund. "You must be mistaken. No, I declare, you are right. It is Miss Eastman."

"I will give her notice to-night, the impudent hussy!—to ingratiate herself into Mr. Eaton's favor in such an unwarrantable manner! It is outrageous! *shameful*!"

"What is *shameful*?" asked Mr. Harry Ogilvie, who had heard all; "what is shameful, Miss Grandison?"

"O—you there?" exclaimed the lady, rather startled. "I was saying how shameful it was that Mr. Eaton should choose to dance so late in the evening, was I not, dear Mrs. Lund?" she asked, with her old self-possession.



"Yes, my love," answered Mrs. Lund, equally unabashed.

"Quite too bad," said Harry, chuckling to himself, over the expert lies of his lady friends.

"I think I know what to do," he said to himself.

After the dance Mark led Miss Eastman to a seat, and devoted himself to her for the rest of the evening, much to the horror and spite of Miss Grandison.

Passing the talkers, Miss Grandison said, in a short curt way:

"Excuse me, Mr. Eaton, but as I intend retiring shortly, I must request *my attendant*, Miss Eastman, to see that preparations are made for me."

She didn't want to know any such thing. Mark rose, and holding out his hand to Miss Eastman, he said:

"I will not detain you longer. I am going to slip away unperceived." Adding in a low voice, "When *you* are gone, I shall not care for other society. May I call on you to-morrow?"

Taking her silence and eloquent blush for a sufficient answer, he wished her good-night, having escorted her to the door. Then he bade a cool farewell to his host and hostess, not appearing to see Miss Grandison, who stood close by him shivering with rage. As he was leaving, Harry sprang into the carriage, and rattled away a quantity of empty nothings, till he found himself alone with Mark and Blinker; then he began:

"Mark, old fellow, I never saw you come out so before. Who was she?"

"Miss Mabel Eastman," replied Mark, slowly, sinking into his chair, and staring at the fire.

"Well, *I never!* if it doesn't beat all!"

"What?" asked Mark.

"Why, *you're caught*, that's all!" laughed Harry.

"You're an idiot!" said Mark, politely.

"Do you mean to say that you are *not* caught? Come, be frank, old man; you can trust me, you know," pleaded Harry.

"I am not ashamed to own to it. I love that girl. *Now* are you satisfied?" he cried, giving the fire a vigorous stir.

"Quite, old man. She's a rare beauty, and looks good as beautiful. Here's my hand."

"Allow me," continued that volatile youth, "to be the first to congratulate

thee, most potent bachelor, in having fallen a prey to that unsparing and destructive though *delicious* young god!"

"Peace, I pray you, Harry!" cried Mark. "She may not like me."

"May not fiddlesticks! *you*, the greatest catch in the city! *you*, the eloquent Mark Eaton! I tell you the girl has taste."

"Well, good-night. I want to think it over," said Mark.

"Shall I tell you something I heard, old man?" Harry said, going to the door.

"Say on, tormentor."

"I was behind Miss Grandison's chair, and that precious creature told Mrs. Lund that she would send Miss Eastman off within a week. I merely tell you so you can arrange matters satisfactorily, you know, old boy. Adieu." And the door closed on the magnificent Harry Ogilvie.

"*Will she, indeed?*" soliloquized Mark.

"Verily, she had better. I will act at once, then, Miss Rouge-pot. Yes, I am in love, 'pon my word! The *darling!* the *angel!* I must get her from the she-dragon—the *beauty!* the *darling!*" he said, again.

"I will propose to-morrow, *directly* after breakfast, by George!"

Blinker looked up, and began to hum cosily.

"Blinker, old man, I am in love. You wouldn't think of it, perhaps, but I am; and I think *she* likes me, Blinker. She has a sweet name—Mabel. Pretty, isn't it, old cat? Blinker, I won't rest till I have her here, right in this chair, too. What do you think of that? Yes, old whisks, I am 'caught,' as that impudent fellow said. I thought I *never* should be. Dear me! I am not very old—thirty-five; just about twice her age, I should say. I wonder if she will object to the difference? I will swear I'm only *twenty*. She won't know, unless you tell her, Blinker. My beauty, how I love you! I don't mean *you*, you cat, but *Mabel*—sweet Mabel Eastman. *Eaton* sounds better, I think." And so he went rambling on, and the old cat sat blinking at him, and humming like a kettle on the hob.

Mabel was dismissed, of course, and went home to her father's little bit of a house in Richmond; though Mark presented herself the day after the reception, and begged her to marry him. She told him if he meant it to come again at a later date. A week after (*she* said six months)

he rushed off to Richmond, and so delighted the old man, and made such violent love to the daughter, that she yielded to him, and married him soon after. And now all three live happily in Mark's house, and Harry is just as foolish as ever, and Blinker hums on more than ever, and tries to drown the "biling and cooing" in the

big armchair, but all in vain. So, though Mark held out manfully so long, and thought he would live and die wedded only to his books and writings, yet there dawned a day in his, as in all lives, when the sweetness of love was unfolded to him, and the wooing, the marriage, and the only perfect and true living, came to pass.

## SONNET.

## ON A PICTURE OF VENICE.

BY KENDALL MUNKITTRICK.

Languishing in Arcadian loveliness,  
 With scarce a zephyr breathing on thy shore,  
 A melancholy silence hanging o'er  
 The castle walls. The painter loved not less  
 Than I such scenes, when thee he did impress  
 So perfect that the Muses might adore.  
 For all the classic beauty which before  
 The wandering poet often did confess,  
 Thou dost retain. Now soft the evening star  
 Shines o'er thy dark sea with a lucid beam,  
 And sweetly steals from lover's light guitar  
 A fond sonata, while quick o'er the stream  
 Glides the gondola. O, how blest they are  
 Who see sweet Venice even in a dream!

*Hoboken, N. J., March, 1875.*

## THE CRANSTON MYSTERY.

BY ADA L. FLETCHER.

## CHAPTER I.

Two pictures I wish to present to my readers before my story proper begins. A valley among the mountains of Virginia just now waking into life beneath the sun's first rays. Not a village—just a little farmhouse hiding itself away in a grove of tall oaks, whose leaves, kissed by the icy lips of the frost, form a many-colored frame for my picture. At the wide rustic gate stands the group I wish you to notice. A man of perhaps thirty-five or forty years, with a face that, being once seen, can never be forgotten, so remarkable is it in feature and expression. The broad prominent forehead, and thick shaggy brows shadowing the keen gray eyes, the firm, resolute, yet kindly mouth, now softened by a tender smile, all show the man's nature at a glance. But the most marked peculiarity of the face is a scar he has

borne for years; commencing at the roots of the hair that some other hand than that of time has rendered gray, it extends entirely over the right side of his face, just missing his eye. Not a dull faded scar, but one that glows and burns as if the fire that made it still lingered within it. The little woman who stands at his side, holding her laughing elf of a baby pressed closely to her breast, could tell you the history of that scar far better than we. Of that night so long ago, when she awoke to find herself in the midst of smoke and flames, with the wild clamor of firebells in her ears, of the gallant unknown fireman who came to her rescue, and bore her in safety away, but was struck full in the face himself by a burning beam just as they reached the ground. Of how she found him out afterward in the city hospital, and nursed him until the terrible burn

was healed; ending at last by leaving home and friends for his sake, and coming with him to make a new home in this lonely spot. Holding the bridles of two horses just outside the gate, stands a boy over whose bright head twelve happy years have passed; sad now at leaving his mother, but proud, too, of the honor of going with his father. Even as we look the farewells are spoken, the horses spring away down the leafy road, and the little woman goes slowly back to the house, whispering to the grieved astonished baby at her breast, "Cheer up, Baby Belle! It is but a little while, and papa and Harry will come back to mamma and their little darling, and then we shall be rich! Only think of it, Baby Belle! We just need this money papa goes to bring, to make the last payment on our farm, and then it is ours. Shall we not be happy, little one?" And baby, whether she understands or not, looks up into her mother's face, and is comforted.

Another picture. Still in Virginia, but in the more thickly settled portion. A hill that slopes gently down to the banks of a rapid foaming river. A wide gravelled walk, with a straight line of evergreens upon each side, leading from the base to the summit upon which stands a building, more like one of the ancient English castles than a house in modern America. It is an old, old house and has been inhabited for nearly a century by one family, the Leighs of Leigh House ranking among the first families of Virginia, and as proud and arrogant as people of such "blue blood" should be. A wild reckless set the men have always been, each generation exceeding the other in extravagance, until now only this house with the land about it is left as the inheritance of the two pretty children playing yonder upon the lawn. And this is weighed down with a mortgage, that if Colonel Leigh does not lift within a month will leave his children destitute.

No wonder the colonel's handsome face is clouded as he stands upon the veranda, and thinks of all this. Harold Leigh, colonel by courtesy, was called the "handsomest of all the Leighs" a few years ago, and though dissipation has left there its unfaceable marks, there is still a bold beauty about his face. There is nothing hidden or sinister about it, but a desperate look that mars it. And no wonder. He comes of a brave but unscrupulous race, and there

is nothing he would not do now if he could, to redeem the old place, and leave it to his son as it came to him. His wife, a still young and beautiful woman, with pride written in every feature of her face, stands at his side, one white jewelled hand resting on his shoulder, and her dark brilliant face upturned to his. "Is there nothing we can do, Harold?" she pleads. "Nothing to avert this disgrace?"

"Nothing, Adele," he answers. "I have asked my uncle for the last time to aid me, and I will starve before I will beg," and turning away, he goes rapidly down the walk, toward the town that lies in the distance. Adele Leigh, with just such a look at all this beauty about her, as Eve must have given the garden when she knew she must leave it forever, covers her eyes with her hands, and hurries into the house.

## CHAPTER II.

It had been raining all day, at Cranston. Not a dashing noisy rain, such as one delights to witness—from the windows—nor a fitful April rain, with flashes of sunlight between the clouds, but all day long it had been gently, steadily raining. A fine misty rain, that did not seem at first to dampen even one's outer garments, but for all that crept steadily through them, until they were saturated. There had been very little business done at Cranston that day, and its people stayed closely beneath their own roofs, if happily they did not leak. But now as night came down, the men began to find their way to their usual places of resort, and the village dry-goods store was soon filled with loungers. A motley company of varied degrees and castes, from the doctor and lawyer, who invariably chose this for their arena of debate, because here they were always sure of an audience, down to the poor half-idiot, who crept behind the stove, because he had no place else to go.

"Good-evening, doctor," said Lawyer Sprague, as he made room for the gentleman beside him.

"Don't know what you'd call a *bad* evening," growled the doctor, as he loosened his woollen comforter from about his throat. "If you call *this* good! I haven't seen a worse night in twenty years."

"I'd hate mighty bad to be out travelling such a night as this," said the one clerk of the establishment, drumming his

heels contentedly against the counter.

"Has the colonel been in to-day, Henley?" inquired Doctor Arnold.

"No, but I'm looking for him every minute. He can't stay away very long from the house next door," said the clerk with a wink, referring to Cranston's one liquor saloon. "And he always comes in here before he goes home."

"He's been looking awful down in the mouth, for him, lately," said the doctor. "His affairs must be in a pretty bad fix, aint they, Sprague?"

"I tell no tales out of school," said the lawyer, with dignity.

Just then the door opened, and Harold Leigh came in, and the rising of the crowd of loungers to make room for him, the way the clerk descended from his perch on the counter to greet him, and the proprietor of the store came forward from the desk with a polite "Anything I can do for you, colonel?" all showed that in spite of his misfortunes, he was still *the* man of Cranston. There was no downcast look about him now. He had been drinking deeply, and the baleful glow of brandy was in his eye and on his cheek. He came forward with the easy grace of movement that characterized him and took the seat that was offered him.

"I shall want a package of candies for the little ones when I start home, Andrews," he said. "But I shall not go just yet—How are you and the doctor making it, Sprague, on the last subject of discussion?"

Before the lawyer could answer, there came to their ears the sound of a faint hallo at the door, almost drowned by the rushing noise of the wind and rain. All crowded about the door as Henley threw it open, curious to see what manner of man it could be abroad on such a night as this. The light of the lantern the clerk held flashed through the rain and darkness, and fell upon two figures on horseback.

"I want shelter, friend, for man and beast," said a clear manly voice, in answer to the clerk's inquiry—"Can you give it to us?"

"Don't stand to ask," called Henley; "but come in out of the storm a while anyway;" and in a few minutes the two, the stalwart robust man, and the slender blue-eyed boy, with raindrops glistening on his long lashes, stood in their midst. All

made room for them about the stove, and a respectful silence was observed, until Henley, whom his employer said, "nothing between heaven and earth could keep still," broke in with, "It's an awful bad night for such a little chap as that to be out, mister. How did it happen?"

"We have been a month away from home, and Harry was as anxious as I to get as near it as possible," said the elder traveller. "But we can't leave our horses out there. Is there no place where we can stable them for to-night?"

"I don't know I'm sure," began the merchant; but before he could go on, Colonel Leigh, who, whatever his faults might be, was the very soul of hospitality, spoke quickly:

"If you are not too tired, sir, to ride another mile in this storm, my stables are at your service."

"I shall go, sir, with pleasure," said the man, rising. "I am only too glad to get a mile further on my road."

"Put up those candies then, Henley," said the colonel, "while I get my buggy." And in a little while more the three were riding away in the storm and darkness together, the colonel, with his head on his breast musing morosely—thoughts called up by the remembrance of the empty stables to which he was going; stables once filled by the finest of blooded stock—thinking he would almost give his life for the paltry sum of three thousand dollars to-night, the amount of the mortgage, when ten years ago he had given that much for a span of carriage horses, with as little thought as he had to-night given a dollar for the candies he held in his hand. The stranger with his hand upon his belt, thought of three thousand dollars hidden there—the price of the wild western land he had once deemed valueless, and thought how the brown eyes of a little woman at home would sparkle with joy, when he counted it into her lap, and she knew their home was *safe* to them at last!

### CHAPTER III.

VERY few who lived in Cranston, at the time our story begins, are alive to-day, but *they* have never forgotten the week of storm that followed that rainy day. Not for an hour did the wind and rain abate, for seven long dreary days and nights, and

people began to look anxiously to the foundation of their houses, almost believing that a second flood was upon them. But at last the rain ceased, and the sun shone forth, brighter, it seemed to eyes so weary of clouds, than it had ever shone before. Early in the morning of this first bright day Colonel Leigh drove into town, and to his lawyer's office, where he was closeted for an hour, then drove out again, but in a different direction, as rapidly as he came. When Sprague entered the store after his client was gone, he was greeted with a clamor of questions. "Where had the colonel gone? What was the matter with him? He looked like a ghost, didn't he?" To which the lawyer answered, that "Colonel Leigh had gone to Richmond, where he had a chance to get the money to lift the mortgage which they all knew burdened his estate; that he was not very well, and perhaps did look pale."

Then Henley, who never forgot anything that everybody else did forget, wanted to know what had become of the guests the colonel took home with him that night. Sprague said he had asked the colonel about them, because he was interested in the man whose face he could not forget. They had gone on, Colonel Leigh said, at daylight next morning, in spite of the weather saying that they must get home. Then the conversation turned upon some other subject, and the travellers were forgotten until a week later. Then a company of men, who were engaged in taking a raft across the river which was now at what was called a "boating tide," were shocked at discovering the dead body of a man lodged in the branches of a tree that had been uprooted by the tide. Swollen and disfigured though it was, Henley who had joined the crowd that day on leave of absence from the store, recognized it in an instant as the body of the elder traveller, who had entered his employer's store that stormy night. And when all those who were present then were called before the coroner's jury, to testify, this was established beyond a doubt. There were no marks of violence on the body, and his pocket-book containing fifty dollars in bank notes, together with a handsome gold watch, were still in their places. These facts led the jury to pronounce it a case of accidental drowning. For many days the river was searched for the body of the boy, but it was not found, and it was

supposed that the two, in attempting to ford the river, had been swept from their horses, and the lighter body of the boy borne on, and on, none could tell whither. The horses had either perished, also, in the swift rush of the water, or had found their way home. Mr. Sprague wrote a full account of the affair to the leading Richmond papers, describing accurately the appearance of the unfortunate traveller, but no inquiries were ever made, and the watch and money remained unclaimed.

And in that little valley in the mountains a patient brown-eyed woman watched through the long long days for her dear ones, or listened for the tidings of their welfare, until in the silence of one anxious sleepless night she heard the trample of horses' feet at the gate, and, springing up her heart beating wildly with hope, rushed out to the gate to find the horses riderless. From that awful hour she knew nothing more for weeks, and so if the papers containing the account of the drowning of her husband and son had reached that isolated settlement, Laura Ainslie would have been none the wiser. The neighbors kindly took care of her and her baby, until she was able to travel, when feeble and utterly broken-hearted, she went back to her old home in New Orleans, and her friends who had known nothing of her for years gladly took the sorrowing woman in. But they were not rich, and after a while recovering health and strength, she made for herself a humble home in a little town not very far from the great city, and there with her needle she supported herself and reared "Baby Belle" to womanhood.

#### CHAPTER IV.

COLONEL LEIGH was immediately made acquainted with the facts narrated above, as he was in Richmond at the time, and no one could have been more startled and shocked than he. He hastened his return, sending orders before him though, that the body of the stranger should be interred at his expense in the private burying-ground of the Leighs. It was noticed by all that a great change had taken place in the colonel's appearance and habits since he left Cranston. From the merry genial "boon companion," lingering long over wine and cards, with a smile and jest for every one, he had become a silent, reserved, taciturn

man. Wine never again passed his lips, and cards were never seen again in his hands. At home the change was even more marked. He had been very demonstrative in his love for his wife and children, but now he scarcely spoke to them from the time he entered the house until he left it again, and seemed to shrink from their caresses. Adele, seeing this, grew more and more proud and reserved, and the two drifted further and further apart, until there was not even the semblance of love between them. And the little Stuart and Lilian grew up in this strange atmosphere as plants grow without sunshine.

Not long after this Colonel Leigh was called to the deathbed of his uncle, whose sole heir he became to a fortune even larger than that which he had squandered; but instead of returning with the cheerful face such a change of circumstances warranted, he was even "more like a walking corpse than ever," said the town gossips. But a band of workmen followed him from the city, and in a short time wonderful were the improvements made in the old "Castle." The old house was so thoroughly modernized and changed that the ghosts of some of the ancient Leighs, who were still said to "walk" through its long halls and corridors, must have been puzzled where to turn their steps; and an entirely new wing was built and fitted up for the occupancy of the family. There had been no company at Leigh House for many years, but now it was announced as the colonel's intention to throw open its doors for the reception of visitors upon a certain night in November, as a kind of "house-warming"—almost a year since the night our story began. Indeed, some of the gossips remembered that it was just a year that night since the week of storm began. Just such another night it was, too, but very few of those who were invited allowed the weather to cheat them out of a glimpse of the grandeur of which they had as yet only heard. And they were almost repaid for their walk or drive through the storm by even a view of its external appearance, so brilliantly was it illuminated. Colonel Leigh received them, more like *himself* than they had seen him for months; and went with them through the beautiful rooms and halls, until all had been seen and admired. Then they were taken to

the drawing-room, where a band of musicians awaited them. They did not see their hostess for a while, and when she did appear, leaning upon her husband's arm, every heart in the assembly felt an awful hush fall upon it, as if, indeed, a ghost had appeared among them. She was dressed magnificently in a rich black velvet robe, with diamonds sparkling in her hair and about her throat. But O, the dreadful pallor of her face! like the pallor of one long dead; and those wild, staring, pleading eyes! She made the rounds of the room, but spoke to no one, and seemed ever striving to break away from her husband, whose grasp, though seemingly gentle, left dull red marks upon the rounded arm. Her presence was a restraint upon all; and when her husband was compelled to leave her alone for a few minutes, and she darted swiftly from the room, every heart drew a sigh of relief.

But ere they had time to wonder among themselves at her strange conduct, they were startled by a piercing shriek that rent the air, followed by another and another, each louder than the first. The timid ones shrank back in fear, but some, emboldened by necessity, sprang up the stairs in the direction of the noise. It was in one of the elegant little bedrooms of the new wing they found her, standing in the centre of the room, still screaming as if every shriek would rend the delicate throat asunder, and pointing with one slender white hand to one of its western windows.

Her husband, who was the first to reach the room, seized her almost roughly in his arms, and bore her away; but not until keen eyes had taken cognizance of the phenomenon to which that trembling hand had pointed. The window was a large one, composed of but four panes of remarkably clear transparent glass. Upon one of these there was distinctly portrayed a human face—a face that no one who had ever seen the face of the stranger whose body was mouldering to dust in the family burying-ground, could fail to recognize.

There had been colored lights suspended in the balconies, and one of these, a dull crimson, shining directly upon this pane of glass, brought out the well-remembered scar in terrible relief, thus rendering the likeness unmistakable.

While they were still standing there, gazing, trembling in superstitious fear,

Harold Leigh came back among them, his cold haughty self again. His words of explanation were few. Dr. Arnold, who was present, would testify, he said, that Mrs. Leigh had always been predisposed to insanity—that it was hereditary in her family. He had found her that evening just at sunset in that room, which had been set apart for her own exclusive use, in the same state in which they had seen her that night, brought on, she declared, by a picture upon the window, which was of course but an insane idea. He had compelled her to appear among her guests, thinking to divert her mind, but the result they had seen. He would be obliged to dismiss them for to-night, thanking them for their kindness, etc.

And they went away, in such a state of mind as can well be imagined but not described. Adele Leigh never recovered her reason, but, after lingering a while, died, raving of that face upon the window, that followed her, she said, with its haunting accusing eyes even to the grave. Her husband allowed no one but the physician to see her while she lived; and after her death, and the gentle Lillian had like a shadow followed her, he shut himself up in the great gloomy house with his little son, neither asking nor receiving sympathy. Many were the dark whispers and surmises as to the cause of the appearance of that face upon the glass, but there was no other proof of their suspicions; and this they knew would not be received as evidence before a jury.

Again and again was the glass taken out and replaced by others, and again and again did the face reappear, until at last, in desperation, the room was closed, and the window boarded up; but not until the phenomenon had been witnessed by hundreds who thronged hither. For though they were refused admittance to the house, the face was plainly visible from the lawn, especially at the hour of sunset, when the scar glowed angrily as in life.

#### CHAPTER V.

TWENTY years from the time our story began we take up the thread again. It is in a crowded railway car we find ourselves this time, whirling dizzily along, for the engineer is behind time, and there is danger ahead. The passengers have been

very sleepy until apprised of this fact, but now they are painfully awake. The least concerned of all appears to be a young man who is trying to write in his notebook as the train flies on. "And why should I be concerned?" he writes. "I am not aware of a single heart that would mourn my loss, and don't know of any reason why I should wish to live longer. I am only twenty-four years old, and have not had many personal trials and tribulations; but—" Here pencil and book flew from his fingers in a sudden jar of the train, and he remembered nothing more until he opened his eyes, two hours later, in the little wayside cottage, whither he had been borne, out of the few surviving passengers from the wreck of that flying train. A pale motherly face bent above him, and a gentle hand was pressed upon his eyes.

"Don't even try to think just yet," she said, kindly; and he went to sleep. And when he awoke refreshed he found his right arm splintered and bandaged, lying by his side, and the bruised swollen hand being very tenderly bathed by a girl whose face was very much like the one he had first seen, only very much younger and fairer. Very familiar did both those faces become to Stuart Leigh during his long tedious convalescence, and so very dear, one of them, that he thanked the kind Providence that brought him on this tour and threw him at the little widow's door; for he had something to live for now. The sweet girl he loves so dearly has promised to go back with him to his stately Virginian home as his wife. And, of course, the little widow will go, too, for he cannot separate the two who have been all in all to each other for so long. So he wrote to his father, his only living relative, and this was the answer he received:

"I am glad, my son, that you have found 'something to live for,' and I sincerely hope you will be happy. But it will be necessary for you to come home before you bring your bride, for, as you know, the house is greatly in need of repair, and I have not the life in me to superintend the work."

So Stuart went home to make the "old cage ready for his bird," he said. His father, a prematurely aged, bent old man, with hair unnaturally white, kept himself closely to the room that had been almost his cell for the last twenty years, but gave



his son permission to do as he pleased with the remainder of the house. So, as nothing was too good for "bonnie Belle," the long unused rooms were thrown open and fitted up in a style surpassing even their former elegance. It was a cold dark night in November when Stuart Leigh brought home his bride. By his father's wish there was no one there to receive him but himself and the long line of family servants who filled the hall, but the house was brilliantly illuminated. Colored lights swung from the trees on the lawn and danced from the balconies. The old colonel was very kind to his shrinking little daughter-in-law, and very gracious to her mother, who seemed strangely oppressed by all the grandeur about her, and very glad when the servant took her to her own room. But scarcely had the door closed upon her when the servant was recalled by a piercing scream from within; and when Stuart, who was passing, came into the room, he found the widow standing as his mother had stood twenty years before, with one trembling hand pointing to the window upon which the swinging red light outside had brought out the ghastly face again in horrible relief. The brown eyes of the woman were widely dilated, and her lips blanched and quivering, but her words fell distinctly on the silence of the room. "My husband! It is my husband's face!" And then she sank insensible to the floor.

Horror-stricken, he knew not why, Stuart stooped to raise her, when he heard another heavy fall beside him, and found his father prostrate but not unconscious; better far for him if it had been so; but with eyes wide open he was gazing steadily at the face upon the window.

Laura Ainslie was a woman of strong nerves, and recovering herself very soon, saw the instant necessity of keeping the terrible truth at which she had but guessed herself from her child, whose lease of life was but short at best, and who now stood trembling and pallid by her side. So she took her gently from the room, explaining as best she could the scene that had just taken place, leaving Stuart and the servants to care for the death-stricken man. After she had quieted Belle, and saw that she was sleeping, she found her way to his room; and as they watched beside him she told Stuart the story of her husband's mysterious disappearance, and her own con-  
 jec-

tures concerning it to-night. And Stuart, remembering the story he had heard when a child of the supposed drowning of the unknown travellers, and connecting it with what he knew of his father's life since that time, and what he had been told of his mother's death, and seeing through all the avenging face upon the window, *knew* that she was right. And what must have been the emotions that surged through that young man's heart as he felt that the man lying there—his father—one of the hitherto proud and unsullied name of Leigh, was a robber and an assassin! No wonder when the gray light of the morning stole in upon the silent watchers, that Stuart's form was bent as with age, and the brown hair, that had lain upon a care-free brow the night before, was heavily streaked with gray.

Harold Leigh never spoke again, but toward the close of the following day he recovered enough to show his son where his written confession might be found; and then, still with that look of unutterable horror and despair in his eyes, he died.

Then the two—the wife of the murdered man, and the son of the murderer—read the confession together. It was minute—giving full particulars. How Satan had entered his heart when Ainslie confided to him his secret, and showed him the fatal three thousand dollars; the very sum he needed to save him from ruin; how he had stolen to his guests' room at midnight, and stifling him with chloroform, had robbed him of life and money at once. He had not meant to take the boy's life, he said, until he had awakened and stared at him in the very act of murdering his father; then the chloroform was used, and with that one look from the blue eyes, the boy's innocent soul went up to God. With almost superhuman strength he had carried the bodies to the river and committed them to the waves, turning their horses loose afterward saddled and bridled. Then he had given out to his household, as has already been told, that his guests had left before daylight.

The confession implicated no one else; and whether Adele Leigh was cognizant of, or accessory to, her husband's crime, her son never knew. Mrs. Ainslee knew that her daughter's life was bound up in Stuart's, and so, for the sake of the living, she spared the memory of the dead; and it

was tacitly agreed between the two that they should keep their awful secret even from Belle. But they could not live there; so the old place passed into the hands of strangers, and the three went back to their Southern home. The curse, though, has been pronounced even unto the third and fourth generation—"Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord." Oppressed by the weight of the secret of her husband's death, it was not long until Mrs. Ainslee left the world; and Belle, gentle angel Belle, could not live without her; and in spite of her husband's watchful care and love, she left him for her mother's arms in heaven. And

to-day Stuart Leigh, though innocent in the eyes of God and man, wanders Cain-like over the face of the earth, seeking peace and finding none.

The secret was not as well kept as they had imagined. The servants, knowing a little and guessing at a great deal more, soon spread the story abroad; and the old house has never been inhabited long at a time since, and is still pointed out as the haunted house, though the first tenants had the glass removed, and the phantom's face, having performed its mission of vengeance, disappeared forever.

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### MR. SMITH'S TENANT.

BY LOUISE DUPEE.

It was nearly dark, so Mr. Smith ventured to drop a few pennies into the hand of a beggar, without putting his hand behind him as he did so, as was his custom of late, in order to escape detection. Mr. Smith was a benevolent man, but he was also a modest man, and his benevolence was always getting him into print. He regarded himself as a most unfortunate and injured individual, for only the other day, just because he happened to give one of those "subscription women" five dollars, more for the sake of getting rid of her than anything else, he found his name in the Daily Telegraph, between a police report and a shocking occurrence; and ever since it had been going the rounds of all the papers in the county. He was in a state of great agitation on the subject. He dared not look a widow or an orphan in the face. He avoided glancing at cripples. He crossed the street, that he need not even pass the charity fair. He frowned on the city missionaries, and closed his eyes on Sunday until the contribution box had passed his pew. He vowed a vow that all his charities hereafter should be kept in as utter secrecy as if they were deadly sins. So the dauntless subscription women did not find him at home; and were searching for him in every direction; and the interesting young ladies who get up fairs for the benefit of poor families, using their smiles for purse-openers, had left his presence of late with very red cheeks, declar-

ing that he was the horriest old bachelor that ever existed.

Mr. Smith was an old bachelor. He was forty-five years old, and was what Mrs. Chalmers, his housekeeper, called "dretful perticklar." An ill-fitting shirt filled his soul with profound melancholy, and it distracted him to have the bread-plate placed on the southeast instead of the northwest corner of the table, which locality it had occupied in the Smith family from time immemorial. He was deeply pathetic on the subject of dirt and small boys, and avoided the acquaintance of affectionate parents. But he was what all the young ladies call fine-looking. He was the possessor of a pair of dark expressive eyes, locks just of the fashionable gray, and a fine commanding figure; and there was a vein of romance in the gentleman's composition, too. He liked music as much as he disliked an unpunctual dinner. The odor of violets thrilled him as it thrills a sentimental youth. He read much poetry, and was always on the eve of being in love. But ever since he was a sophomore in college, and was disenchanted by the dreadful display of a hairpin from which the paint had worn off in his sweetheart's raven braids, some cruel thing had occurred to bring a change o'er the spirit of his dream. Of late all these sweet spells had been broken by the fair ones' injudicious praise of his benevolence. There was pretty Eva Goldthaite, who seemed perfect

tion itself when he first became acquainted with her, and was lovely enough to make her young gentlemen admirers desperate with jealousy on account of her gracious acceptance of his attentions; but she reminded him of his benevolence so often, and with such an appreciative and admiring smile, that at last he rushed from her presence madly, vowing that they must part forever. And so they did. People said that it was a disappointment to Miss Eva, too, and especially to Miss Eva's mamma; for Mr. Smith carried fascinations in his pocket superior to those of his person. Then there was the beautiful Mrs. Twining, a widow with a smile that found a man's heart before he had any idea that he was the owner of such a thing, and a voice as expressively sweet as one of Mendelssohn's songs without words. Mr. Smith commenced to compose a thrilling declaration in his mind on their very first interview, at Mrs. Hale's reception, and found himself in an agony of despair at the mere anticipation of no from those flower-like lips. But alas! that one so fair should be so frail. She raised her eyes to his, full of half-tender half-coquettish meaning. The color deepened slightly on her velvet cheek. The band was playing that delicious waltz of Strauss's, *Tausend Und Eine Nacht*. Mr. Smith dreamily heard the soft notes say, "And we were happy—not a thousand nights but one," and with blissful expectancy waited to hear what was coming.

"I've heard so much of you, Mr. Smith. Indeed, I was acquainted with you long before to-night. I longed to see you. Your benevolence—"

"Indeed!" interrupted Mr. Smith, all the romance dying out of his soul and eyes. "This music is fine, and I am sure you are longing to waltz. There is Mr. Alden in search of you now."

Mr. Smith did not waltz himself, and the beautiful widow had assured him that she liked conversation so much better.

She bit her lip with vexation. Mr. Smith repaired to the balcony to steady his nerves under the cool starlight. He heard her voice from within, and thought how like "sweet bells jangled, harsh and out of tune" it was. Since then, whenever Mr. Smith found himself admiring a lovely mouth or a sweet voice, the word *benevolence* would echo in his mind, and he was

disenchanted at once. But on the night of which I write he felt unusually lonely, and a little sentimental, as he made his way toward his great empty house after the day's business was over. Perhaps it was because it was growing towards spring, when a "young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love;" perhaps it was because he had caught the odor of violets from the open door of the florist's; perhaps it was because an organ-grinder was playing "Believe me, if all those endearing young charms;" and perhaps it was a presentiment. But all the way home he was haunted by the vision of a fair face, a little more womanly than that of Eva Goldthaite, blonde, but not dark and brilliant like that of Mrs. Twining, and a mouth never disfigured by speaking the word *benevolence*. Mr. Smith had a vivid imagination. It painted this face carefully but strongly, it gave the lovely lips a voice. The voice was consenting to be his wife; and at last, through its lively aid, he was actually kissing the charming Mrs. Smith, who was admired prodigiously, but never smiled a hair's breadth too widely on his gentlemen friends. Going up the steps of the dark Smith mansion, the lovely vision vanished with cruel haste. "O, what would it be to have an eye to mark my coming, and look brighter when I came!" he said, half aloud, as he searched for his latchkey.

And as if in answer to his longing, the one eye of his housekeeper appeared at the door, looking unusually bright indeed. She was anxious, for it was just dinner-time, and there was a lady waiting to see Mr. Smith.

"Who is the lady?" asked Mr. Smith, in answer to her information.

"I don't know," said Mrs. Chalmers. "She said she came on business, and would only detain you a few moments."

"Then why did she come at this hour? It is dinner-time, and I attend to business at my office, not here," grumbled Mr. Smith. And he entered the room where she was waiting, with a very unpromising face.

A little lady came forward, murmuring a few words of apology. The light was in her face as she turned. It was very like the face of Mr. Smith's imagination—the same soft brown eyes, the same golden hair, and the same beautiful mouth which

he was almost sure, though he trembled with a little doubt, *could* not utter that ugly word—benevolence.

"Ah!" said Mr. Smith, in answer to some inward thought, as he abstractedly heard what the lady had to say. For the first time in his life he forgot that it was dinner-time. He had taken his meals by rule when he was a baby.

It was a long time before he fairly understood the object of her visit; but at last the lady's look of surprise brought him to his senses, and he begged her pardon somewhat confusedly.

"Your agent said that you would probably make the alterations of which I speak," she was saying; "and if you will do so, I should like very much to have the house."

"What, that little house on Brier Street! You don't mean that?" he said, hastily. "I don't think it would suit you at all. It is very small, and the location isn't at all desirable."

"I know that the location isn't very desirable, but we cannot afford to be fastidious," she said, with an air of quiet dignity; but a quick sensitive blush stole into her cheek, and Mr. Smith was both distressed and embarrassed.

"Poor little thing!" he thought. "She would grace a palace." And it was quite dreadful for him to imagine her living on Brier Street, even though it were only for a little while. He wondered how soon he should dare to ask her to become Mrs. Smith. Then, for the first time it occurred to him that she might possibly be married, already, was probably married already, else why should she be keeping house? The thought overcame him, and he leaned back in his chair quite pale and dejected. He ventured on this, that he might be relieved from suspense. He must know the worst at once.

"Certainly, if you think you will like the house, I shall be delighted to make whatever repairs either you or your husband may suggest."

"Thank you; I am a widow; my mother lives with me, and I have one little boy. I do not think any other repairs are needed. Are you particular about having the rent paid in advance?"

"O, that makes no difference whatever. Pay as it pleases you." And Mr. Smith was radiant again. The possession of a

small boy might have detracted greatly from the charms of other women in the eyes of this fastidious gentleman, but as far as this one was concerned, it only caused a fleeting shadow of sadness, and the sudden hope that the small boy did not always have sticky hands, or an unconquerable passion for popguns.

"Thornton is a better name than Smith," he sighed, reading the card which she had left in his hand. He had assisted her into a street car, and returned to the drawing-room. Mrs. Chalmers had twice given him notice that dinner was served, but he still stood abstractedly in the middle of the floor. The meats were growing cold, and she was beginning to fear that he was growing insane. Something had come over him, certainly.

The next day there were great doings in the little house on Brier Street. The ugly old wooden mantel-pieces were torn away, and marble slabs, on brackets of the most artistic designs, were set in their places. Paper-hangers and painters were doing wonders in making over the dingy little rooms; bright new blinds surprised the whole neighborhood, and Mr. Smith superintended everything himself, getting into a perfect fever of uncertainty over the tints for the walls.

"What is in the wind?" said the wondering workmen; for certainly no Brier Street tenant was ever thus favored before.

Brier Street was a sort of lane, just on the edge of the city, crossed and recrossed by railroad tracks, and in the immediate vicinity of duck ponds. A row of cottages dreadfully alike sat staring at each other from either side, and the loud-voiced wives of the mechanics who dwelt therein quarrelled with each other over clothes-line privileges, and the dream-disturbing voices of one's roosters, and the trespasses of another's ducks. Mr. Smith shuddered at the thought that his divinity was going to dwell among such women as these; but it would not be for long, hope told him over and over again, as he surveyed his work when completed. Then the thought struck him that he had been rather rash in his improvements. What a fine opportunity it would give the lady to speak of his benevolence! Might she not say, in the first flush of her surprise and pleasure, spoiling that sweet thrilling voice of hers, and breaking the spell which

bound him so biasfully forever. "Ah, Mr. Smith, I have heard much of your benevolence, but in this case you are really too kind?"

No, no indeed, she would not say anything of the kind; she was too wellbred. She would accept it with lady-like grace, thanking him not too warmly, but in just the right manner, with just the right words. And Mr. Smith reproached that troublesome imagination of his for suggesting such an unhappy chance.

It came about that she did not thank him half warmly enough. She seemed somewhat troubled, as well as surprised, at the transformation which the little house had undergone, and looked at the embarrassed Mr. Smith as if she thought he were not perfectly sound as to his mind. Her eyes did brighten, though, and she laughed with a real childish delight, as she went from room to room, and he heard her exclaiming to her mother over the prettiness of the tinting.

As soon as the little family were fairly settled in their new abode, Mr. Smith found an excuse for calling. It was a business call, to be sure, but he lingered a good while after the business had been disposed of, to talk about Mrs. Thornton's plants, and inquire, very sympathetically, concerning her mother's rheumatism. He even condescended to be gracious to Master Harry, a curly-haired young gentleman of five, who filled the pauses in the conversation by the energetic beating of a drum. For the sake of the boy's mother, he would have smiled even in the immediate vicinity of his Fourth of July. If Mrs. Thornton had been charming at their first interview, she was perfectly irresistible now. She was small, but she moved about the room with the air of a queen. Her figure was perfection, in a perfectly plain but dainty gray gown; her manner was a charming mixture of elegance and simplicity, and all the arrangements of the room were suggestive of a refined and cultivated taste. She was busied over some silken embroidery, and as Mr. Smith watched her pretty fingers, the whole of his heart was lost hopelessly and forever. He felt that it was so, and grew hot and cold with doubts and fears. After that his chief occupation for many a day was devising some plan, trying to make some errand which should take him at once to

the abode of his fair one. A week or two passed while he was thus engaged, and at last he made up his mind that he would go and make a friendly call, without making any pretence whatever. Mr. Smith was a man of the world, used to society, and not accustomed to be ill at ease in the presence of fine ladies; and though he was a modest man, he had been courted and flattered to such an extent that he could not help knowing that he was at least not disagreeable to the fair sex generally. But now that he was really in love, he was seized with a sudden fit of bashfulness. He was oppressed by doubts, cast down by a sense of unworthiness, and he dreaded his little lady's questioning eyes, and the surprise which he was sure would greet him at number seven Brier Street. The mistress of the house was not inclined to be overgracious to him, and he stood far more in awe of her, clad as she was in her common gray gown, with no ornament save a small bow of ribbon at the throat, than of any of his velvet and satin lady friends.

He *did* find the inquiry in her eyes, but it only remained there an instant. She received him in a quiet matter-of-course way, asked to be excused if she kept on with her embroidery, as it must be finished and sent to the store that night; and talked with him freely enough in a very bright original way. She wasn't reserved, but somehow she kept one terribly at a distance. Mr. Smith felt a little unhappy, in spite of everything.

"There's no danger of *her* accusing me of benevolence," he said to himself, half bitterly; and he dared not ask her to go to a concert with him, as he had at first intended to do in the headlong haste of his passionate love. She liked music, played on the guitar, and, he was sure, sang like an angel. But he ventured to send her a bouquet the next day, and it was not refused; which circumstance gave him courage to make another call in a very short space of time. She confessed that she had no friends in town, and was very lonely. Mr. Smith feared that that was the only reason for her smiles being so bright for him, but he kept on sending her bouquets and books, kept on calling, kept on hoping and fearing, and watching for some little sign that his passion was returned. But since the first week of their acquaintance there had not been the

slightest change in her manner. She smiled on him when he came with just the same degree of warmth; she talked, and laughed, and embroidered with the same elegant indifference. Sometimes she condescended to sing to him, but there was no passion in her voice, save when she sang some old song of sorrow or regret. Mr. Smith was in a state of dreadful anxiety, and one mellow June day, when the blue sky, and sunshine, and silvery water in the distance were making something beautiful even out of Brier Street, he walked impatiently towards number seven, determined to know his fate within one hour. But while he paused for a moment under his lady's window, a sight met his eyes which caused him to stagger back and lean against the wall, quite faint with horror and despair. There was the object of his love closely clasped in the arms of a bearded stranger, who was covering her beaming face with kisses. As soon as he was able to do so, he hastily retraced his steps, and the very next day rushed off to Europe. A European tour is almost as popular a recipe as drowning for unrequited affection, and poor Mr. Smith, in the suddenness of his despair, seized upon this as his only refuge from absolute insanity.

A year passed. He had wandered restlessly through the various cities of the old world, but instead of finding forgetfulness amid these new scenes, it seemed as if his sorrow grew keener every day. "Ah, if she had only said benevolence to me, and cured me of my folly at first!" he said to himself, bitterly, one rainy night in Paris. Then, for the first time in all that year, it occurred to him that there might still be a little hope. Might not this affectionate stranger have been some near relative,

after all? What an idiot he had been to take things so for granted, without trying to find out the truth. He wrote immediately home to his agent, "Does Mrs. Thornton still occupy the Brier Street house?"

He received this in return: "No. Mrs. Thornton's brother suddenly appeared from Africa, with his pockets full of diamonds, and took her away to be mistress of a fashionable house down town. She's been all the rage in fashionable life this winter—and by the way, her brother, a fine, handsome young fellow, is going to marry your old friend Eva Goldthaite."

Mr. Smith hastened home. Trembling with both fear and eagerness, he sought Mrs. Thornton's presence. There was a slight shade of coldness in her manner, but he would not heed it. Before she had hardly time to say how do you do, he was pouring forth the whole story of his love for her, telling her why he had left the country so abruptly, and how he could not cure himself of his love, could not forget her for one moment.

She listened calmly at first, then burst into a perfect flood of tears. "You were cruel to leave me so," she said, "for I loved you all the time."

They were married very soon, and Mr. Smith, the happiest man in the country, grows less "perticklar" every day. He very often forgets that it is dinner-time under the influence of Mrs. Smith's smiles. He has popguns fired in his very ears with the coolest indifference, but he is still sure that that lady's greatest hold on his affections is that she has never once in their whole acquaintance hinted that she has ever heard, or that she thinks him, "benevolent."

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## TIME TO DIE.

BY MRS. HELEN A. MANVILLE.

Low my skyey castles,  
Lying in the dust;  
Is there aught on earth, I say,  
That I now can trust?  
Sweetest dreams enticed me,  
Hopes so bright allured—  
Love is a delusion,  
This I am assured.

*La Crosse, Wis., March, 1875.*

Ay, behold the labor  
Of these toiling hands;  
All my hopes were builded  
On the fickle sands.  
All my dreams vanished,  
Every joy gone by—  
Of a truth, I say, it is  
Time that I should die.

## LONDON A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

BY REV. DR. H. STANDISH.

Two subjects especially engaged the attention of Londoners, during autumn, a century ago—elections and highwaymen. There were two elections going on at once, a general parliamentary election, and the annual election for lord mayor. Nothing in our present newspaper experience comes up (or goes down) to the virulence and vulgar insult of the electioneering articles, placards and pamphlets of that time. All sense of justice and of courtesy was laid aside. The rule was to blacken an opponent by every available means. The famous John Wilkes was this year doubly elected—member of parliament for Middlesex, and Lord Mayor of London; and as he occupied a prominent position in public life, there was a give-and-take vituperation in connection with him. In reference to his candidature for Middlesex, one of the newspapers said, "A fresh instance of the black ingratitude which has ever marked the life of Mr. Wilkes, occurs in his conduct to honest Humphrey Coates, who, in all times and difficulties, not only drew out his purse to aid him, but would as readily have drawn his sword, if occasion had rendered such an exercise of friendship requisite. So singularly abandoned was this god of the popular idolatry, that he presided at the very meeting where the two foolish lords, Pompey the Little, and the stut-tering schoolboy from Germany, were nominated by his own command to oppose his old friend and valuable benefactor." Two "noble lords" are here pilloried, as well as Wilkes himself. On another day, the following appeared: "The attorney-general and Mr. Wilkes were observed yesterday in close conference in Holborn. They walked together to the end of Fetter Lane, where Mr. Wilkes turned down, went into the pork shop in the middle of it, and bought a pound of sausages, which he wrapped up in his handkerchief, and then marched off for Princes Court." A county candidate, named Oliver, had a rhetorical stone thrown at him, thus: "We admit that Sir Watkin Lewis's estate is no more than eight hundred pounds a year; but at the same time we defy, and call upon Par-

son Horne to declare, whether his perfect man Oliver has so much as eight pence a year estate in Great Britain; and in what city, county or borough it is." A "Protestant Freeholder" announced in a newspaper that he would not vote for Joseph Scarwen, Esq., because (amid other choice bits of insult) "his mind is as feeble as his body." One candidate was to be opposed because he had belonged to the majority in the late Parliament, a body thus characterized: "A loathed and detested Parliament, that was begotten in an ill hour, brought forth in division, and bred up in oppression; of a bloody countenance, hard breast, and seared conscience; that hath brought all the plagues of God upon a nation, turned the church as by law established out of doors, our love into hatred, and our freedom into slavery; and brought upon a brave and innocent people, instead of blessing, woes and lamentations." The flow of language in reference to the candidates for the mayoralty was, as nearly as possible, like that applied to the candidates for Parliament; we need not quote it further; suffice it to say that all gentlemanly treatment of gentlemen was abandoned.

Highwaymen, in the autumn of the year of which we are treating, appear to have become more numerous and daring, near London, than at any former period. It is literally true that not one single number of any London newspaper was without reports of highway outrages. The well-to-do classes seem to have been utterly paralyzed or cowed, whenever they came in contact with the Dick Turpins of the road. The following samples will illustrate the general character of the narratives. "On Sunday evening, as Mr. and Mrs. Bailey were going in a carriage from Hammersmith to Turnham Green, they were stopped near the 'King of Bohemia' by three men well-mounted, who robbed Mr. Bailey of two guineas. On being assured that he had no watch, they behaved very civilly, and rode off towards Chiswick." "Two chaises, nine coaches and several wagons were robbed yesterday on Finchley Common, by five young highwaymen." "Lord North

was attacked by a highwayman in Gunnersbury Lane, and Mr. Whittle at Holywell Mount, near Hoxton." Sometimes, but not often, the assailant got the worst of it. "The guard of the Exeter coach yesterday shot and killed a highwayman who attacked the coach at Turnham Green." The audacity of the fraternity on Finchley Common was something astounding. The same men would attack several coaches, one after another, compel the drivers to stop, and pillage the passengers of money, watches, jewelry, etc.; not unfrequently a single highwayman would do this, and with scarcely any fear that violence would be offered in return. The authorities did very little in the matter; but when affairs came to the worst we are told that "a horse-patrol is going to be established against the ensuing winter for the environs of London."

The footpads were quite as daring as the mounted thieves, allowing for the lesser facilities for escape. The papers were rife with such paragraphs as the following: "Thursday afternoon, about four o'clock, as a gentleman and his wife were walking from Copenhagen House to Kentish Town, they were met by two footpads, one of whom seized the lady, and, holding a large knife to her breast, threatened to murder her if her husband did not instantly tie up his money in his handkerchief, lay it on the grass, and proceed to the next stile. This being complied with, one of the villains took up the handkerchief, while the other stripped the lady of hat and two rings." "Three footpads, well armed, near Goswell road turnpike, robbed a hackney-coach." "Last Monday evening, as Mr. Hodgson, of Lincoln's Inn, was coming from Hampstead, he was attacked by two footpads in the fields by Mother Black Cap's" (this hostelry is now in the busy High Street of Camden Town), "who robbed him of a diamond ring, a gold watch, and five guineas. One of them had a cutlass, which he held to the gentleman's breast, while the other searched his pockets." "On Saturday night an officer in the Guards was attacked in Bolton Street, Piccadilly, by two footpads, when he drew his sword and declared he would not be robbed, on which they both fired at him and then ran off. The officer was slightly wounded." "As Mr. Atkinson, of Walbrook, was coming home from Stepney, he was stopped in

the fields at the back of the London Hospital" (certainly no fields there now) "by two men who swore that if he did not immediately deliver, they would blow his brains out. He gave them what he had, to the amount of about thirty shillings; they went off swearing that if he did not bring more next time he passed, they would murder him." A pleasant prospect for Mr. Atkinson! "Mr. Reynolds, cheesemonger, of Southwark, was attacked last night, near Deptford, by three footpads, who, after robbing him of his watch and money, tied him neck and heels, and threw him into a ditch, where he was found early this morning almost expiring." "On Wednesday night, as a gentleman was going down Broad Street, a footpad took his hat and wig from his head, and got clear off." When we consider how indispensable a wig was to a gentleman in those days, this robbery must have "added insult to injury." We are not told whether it was the same property that was the subject of the following advertisement. "Found in the Hammersmith Road, last Sunday morning, about five o'clock, a hat and wig. Any person owning the property may have it on application to Messrs. Easpett, goldsmiths, Whitcomb Street." The parks were terribly infested. "This day additional sentinels were stationed in Hyde Park, to prevent any further robberies, as several have lately been committed there."

Nor were burglars and house thieves less active, or more afraid of the wretched watchmen of those days. "On Saturday night two thieves, who on Thursday, had robbed the Red Lion at Islington of four bank notes, plate, etc., were apprehended in the pit of Sadler's Wells Theatre," at which their visit was, doubtless, part of a jollification. We must find a few words of pity for a poor schneider, in spite of his queer syntax: "William Beard, the poor journeyman tailor, advertised in this paper on Monday, that was robbed of some cloth belonging to two gentlemen, besides all the cloaths of his family, consisting of a wife and two children, while they were at work, returns thanks to those kind benefactors who have enabled him to pay for the cloth. He further implores the kind assistance of those who can feel the distresses of others, so that he may buy a few cloaths to shift for himself and family." Something like the following is not unknown at the pres-



ent day, although we should hardly look for it in the learned region of the Temple: "Mary Carey was charged with inveigling children into the Temple, taking them to the top of one of the staircases at the chambers, and stripping them of their clothes." If we ever disbelieved the story of the Maid and the Magpie, on which Rossini founded his charming opera of *La Gazza Ladra*, let us do so no longer, after reading the following: "A few days since a table-spoon and a pair of sugar-tongs were missing from a gentleman's house near Lambeth; for which a servant girl was taken into custody, on suspicion of stealing the same. But three days afterwards, a raven was seen to carry a milkpot to the bottom of the garden, where, upon digging, they found all the other articles." The following is not often matched for elegant audacity in the present day: "A young woman, dressed in a very genteel manner, with a footman to attend her, under pretence of being taken suddenly ill, went into the shop of Mr. Soalward, tobacconist, near Spitalfields, and, having the appearance of a gentlewoman, was admitted into the parlor, where she took an opportunity of stealing a silver coffee-pot, a dozen of teaspoons, a pair of sugar-tongs, a milkpot, and a metal watch, and got off with her booty undiscovered."

One of the London newspapers, moaning over the glaring prevalence of robberies, advised the government to imitate "A resolution of George the Second, not to pardon housebreakers or street robbers for one whole year—it cleared the streets of those dangerous fellows. A famous hero of the Newgate Calendar, Sixteen-String Jack, came to his untimely end just a hundred years ago. One day, as we read, "John Rann, alias Sixteen-String Jack, was put to the bar for having, in company with one Cotton, stopped and robbed Dr. Bell, chaplain to the Princess Amelia, of money and his watch. The watch was afterwards offered in pawn, in Berners Street, by a Miss Roach and her niece. Suspicion being aroused, police officers took them to Bow Street; where Jack, coming to see them, was recognized and caught." A few days later, we read, "Sixteen-String Jack, now under sentence of death in Newgate, was so strongly persuaded that he should be acquitted, that he ordered a genteel supper to be prepared for him and his friends on

the evening of the day on which he was tried."

Of the doings of the royal family there were brief notices nearly every day. On the 22d of September, the anniversary of the king's coronation, there was a grand gala at St. James's Palace. A day or two before this "all the royal children arrived in town from Kew, in order to pay their duty to the throne on the succeeding festival of the king their father's accession to the throne of his ancestors." Majestic language this, considering that the little people were none of them more than twelve years old. One was actually a bishop of the mature age of eleven; for we are told, a week or two later, that "a suite of apartments are ordered to be fitted up immediately at St. James's, for the winter residence of the Prince of Wales and the Bishop of Osnaburgh, who are to reside there till the establishment of their household." Bishop of Osnaburgh was one of the titles of the prince afterwards better known as Duke of York, second son of George the Third. On another evening "a grand ball was given at Kew Palace to a great number of noblemen's children, in honor of Her Royal Highness the Princess Royal's birthday;" the said little lady being just eight years old, and destined to become Queen of Wurtemberg twenty years or so later.

Concerning public amusements, the "little theatre in the Haymarket" closed for the season when the summer weather was departing; while the two theatres-royal opened about the same time, with a more constant repetition of sterling old plays, especially Shakspeare's, than we are accustomed to just now. Sadler's Wells, hardly dignified with the name of a theatre, delighted its audiences with rope dancing, jumping over garters seven feet high, ladder dancing, ballad singing, pantomime ballet, etc. One renowned performer danced on a rope with a man on his shoulders and two others tied to his feet. The advertisement for a particular fete night ended with this significant announcement: "N. B.—It will be moonlight." Sadler's Wells Theatre was in the fields in those days, and the fields were much beset with footpads after dark. Moreover, there was danger arising from another source, that rendered moonlight a desideratum. Newspaper correspondents complained of the want of a railing on the side of the New

River, between Sadler's Wells and Islington. "As the nights grow more dark, this footpath is the more dangerous; and as the New River Company acquire a nabob's income from the public, it will be greatly to their reproach if they do not, on a slight hint, remedy the inconvenience." Another writer presented the matter more sarcastically: "If the company prohibit men from washing their skins in the New River by day, it might not be unthrifty were they to prevent persons from sousing their greasy clothes and carcases in it by night." Mention was often made of particular theatrical performers in the newspapers, in such a way as to denote pretty clearly that judicious friends were endeavoring to give them a lift, thus—"A lover of theatrical merit presents his compliments to Mr. Thomas Weston, and should be glad to see him play the character of King Lear, in the tragedy of that name." Vauxhall Gardens, it appears, was generally the scene of a disturbance on the last night of each season, fomented by rackets young fellows fond of a mischievous lark. Such was the case just a hundred years ago. A number of young bucks or "bloods" broke nearly all the illumination lamps around the orchestra, and pulled off its hinges the door leading into it; about fifteen of these fast men were captured and punished, but not without something which amounted almost to a riot. In connection with amusement at a fair near London we read of one Mrs. Piddock who "performed several hornpipes in the newest taste; then exhibited the Italian plate-dance upon her fingers, twining them both ways as swift as the fly of a jack. Mrs. Piddock then set off with a macaronic jig, which she called the bandy-legged walk; and concluded with playing upon the Turkish triangle. Company were admitted to this extraordinary performance at one penny each." Mrs. Piddock certainly worked hard enough for her bread. And so did an actor at a country theatre in the same month, at a time when "trade was slack" among the fraternity, and when each performer's pay depended on the night's receipts; he played Richard the Third, danced a minuet, read a lecture on Heads, acted Petruchio, and danced a hornpipe, all for four-pence-halfpenny!

The river amusements of that day differed from ours in many ways, chiefly in the absence of steamboats. A day's pleas-

ure is described of a party of friends, who went up the Thames in a large two-oared boat, aided occasionally by a sail. Among the good things provided for their picnic were a roast goose, a baked leg of mutton, a lamb pie, a keg of old stout, and a bottle of Hollands. Up about Chelsea and Battersea a sudden squall soaked them all with river water, and caused the keg to roll into the river. Being put on shore (mostly fields in those days), they found a quiet spot where the ladies might dry some of their garments, while some of the men-folk crossed over to Wandsworth to renew the keg. Arrived at the proposed end of their journey, they landed on a lawn and spread out their materials for a picnic, when lo, a gamekeeper and his dog approached; the dog seized the goose, and upset all the other viands. When the owner of the house heard of the adventure, he behaved like a gentleman, received and treated the picnic party hospitably, and sent them back homeward in a joyous mood. On the return journey, however, they had yet another mishap; the boat upset in the mud at Blackfriars, when they were about to disembark.

Among public doings was the visit to this country of Omai or Omiah, a native of Otaheite, brought home by one of the South Sea Exploring Expeditions, which we associate with the names of Cook, Solander, Banks and Fourneaux. We are told that Omai was taken by Banks and Solander to Sadler's Wells Theatre, where he "appeared highly entertained." When introduced at court, he accosted the king with "How do you do?" one of the little bits of English he had learned. The Duchess of Gloucester, not being prepared with a present proper for him, it occurred to her that a pocket-handkerchief, embroidered with her coronet, might be acceptable to him. Omai immediately kissed the coronet, and made a low complaisant bow to the duchess, "As this mark of his attention, politeness and quickness was unexpected, it gained him the good grace of all present."

Concerning food and its retailing, we find many jottings bearing much resemblance to those of the present day; while others present points of marked difference. One newspaper "Presented the compliments of the milk-carriers, and hoped they would content themselves with the great price they charge for milk, which might be afforded genuine; and not impose further on

the public, by calling in the Islington road to christen their milk (as the phrase is) at certain pumps—a cruel cheat put upon all ranks of people, the poor especially.” The assize of bread, for London, was fixed by the Lord Mayor, and was altered when any material change took place in the price of corn. This assize, which determined the weight, price and quality of loaves of bread, was arranged in the autumn of 1774, in two forms. The weight of a penny loaf was prescribed, as well as of twopenny and threepenny loaves in two kinds of bread, wheaten and household; while, for larger loaves, the weight and price were stated for the peck, the half peck, and the quarter peck. We need not give the figures in detail; suffice it to say that bread was a little cheaper then than it is now; a quartern wheaten loaf (heavier than our four-pound loaf by five or six ounces) was eight-pence. The word assize had a definite quantitative meaning; for we are told, that on one day in the middle of September, bread rose “half an assize,” or one penny on the peck loaf. Meat appears to have been carried from the slaughter-houses to the butchers’ shops in a fashion that incommoded the public: “Yesterday morning, the surveyor of the pavements, attended by some of the city constables, took into custody several of the fellows who are continually driving their wheelbarrows along the foot pavement, laden with carcasses.” The ticket-porters, with an eye to their own interest, but a pretended sympathy for the public, complained of the wholesale fruiterers, who stored their fruit in their own cellars instead of bringing it to market and selling it at the market price. There was a taste at that time for marrow pudding; seeing we are told that “Sarah Dursley, the king’s marrow pudding maker, successor to the late Henry Dursley, begs leave to acquaint the nobility and gentry that she has begun making for the season in Swallow Street, facing St. James’s church.” Concerning fish, we find that a fishmonger, who chose to give himself the cognomen of *Oystericus*, sold oysters in Sherborne Lane, City; he moved to another house in the same street; and another person assumed the name of *Oystericus* at the old shop. The original dealer, annoyed at this, advertised that he would henceforth assume his real name, James Peto, and stamp that name on every

barrel, and that “any oysters sent from my late warehouse will not come from me.” His price for “Colchester natives” was three-and-sixpence per barrel, and for “exceeding fine Pyfleet” four-and-sixpence—prices which we now can only envy.

The streets and the houses occupied then, as they do now, a good deal of public attention, accompanied sometimes by animadversions in the newspapers. A correspondent estimated that there were “upwards of four thousand houses in and about this metropolis which ought to be pulled down immediately, to prevent their falling and doing mischief.” There were some queer places around the spot now known as Farringdon Street. “On Wednesday evening, as an elderly man was going down Break-neck Stairs, at the top of Sea Coal Lane, Fleet Market, his foot slipped; he fell from top to bottom, and fractured his skull.” And some of the houses had witnessed queer scenes. “As some carpenters were mending a garret floor in Bride Court, Fleet Street, they found the skeletons of two children between the rafters, supposed to have been murdered some years ago; the bones dropped to dust in moving them.” In St. John’s Square two attorneys discussed the affairs of two clients, but did what attorneys rarely do—discussed with their walking-sticks when their tongues failed; they caned each other so severely that both were confined to their beds for a time. Near that spot, in Vine Street, Clerkenwell, one Mr. Taylor sold “the true quintessence of viper, the most noble and grand preparation in the whole materia medica, vastly preferable to any other preparation of vipers whatever, as being replete with the full and whole virtue of them. A few drops give great warmth, and exceedingly delight the vital and animal spirits, senses and nerves.” A few couriers sojourned occasionally in London then, as they do now. “Charles Dejean, courier from Geneva, will arrive here the latter end of the month, and gives notice that he shall go back a few days afterwards. Gentlemen or ladies wanting to travel to France, Italy or Switzerland shall be served by him with good coaches and best usage on the road.” Tourists, we may observe, were much more at the mercy of couriers and drivers than they are now in these railway days of ours.

## PLOT AND COUNTERPLOT.

BY GEORGE B. GRIFFITH.

WHEN first stationed at Fort C—, our ranks were filled so rapidly that the quarters then used proved inadequate, and several squads were assigned rooms that had been used for other purposes. Four young fellows, two of whom had been appointed non-commissioned officers, and the others detailed for special duty, were offered half of a large apartment on the upper floor of a building containing commissary stores—provided they would board up a room for themselves in one corner, and build a pair of stairs by way of communication with it against the outside of the building, the stairway to lead to a window answering the purpose of a door. With this proposition they cheerfully complied, inasmuch as the edifice was outside the garrison, and away from the particular espionage of their superior officers. So if they desired to have a light burning after “taps” at any time, or have a high “lark” when noise would not be a hindrance, they could indulge with no fear of being troubled by the “military guardians of the night.”

One of these gay young soldier boys, shortly after they had removed into this retired abode, began to pay attentions to a lovely young lady, a resident of the town on which the fort was situated. He was scrupulously fastidious in his dress, neat in all things to a fault, and prided himself upon being the smartest-appearing soldier in our command.

One evening while he was absent, his weekly courting night, his three companions sat by the stove engaged in frolicsome conversation. Suddenly John —, a usually sober-minded fellow, proposed to play a little trick on their love-making comrade that all could enjoy. His plan was, as the night promised to be quite cloudy, to place a pail of water on the roof over the window, and attach to it a string, fastened to a sash that slid in a groove to answer the purpose of a door, the whole to be so arranged, as the eaves were quite flat, that when the sash was shoved back the contents of the pail would descend like a shower-bath over him.

The others were delighted with the idea,

and at nine o'clock, as the moon was much obscured, they fixed the bucket to it so it would work to a nicety, and blowing out their candle, awaited anxiously the grand denouement.

Two hours later their ears were tickled by the sound of their comrade's familiar footsteps, and soon he was heard tramping hastily up the stairs. Unsuspectingly grasping the window with a firm hand, he threw it back, oversetting the pail, and splash, splash down came the plenteous drops in a stream, deluging him to the skin. At the same instant a simultaneous roar of muffled laughter reached his ears, and then horrible oaths burst from his lips. All was still as death, however, when he entered the room, shaking himself like a water-dog, and swearing loud and deep. He knew it was useless endeavoring to find out who originated the plot, but determined to guess the author, and retaliate in some way upon him.

It happened a few evenings afterwards that the person, whom he strongly suspected of committing the act, visited the city of N— to attend a lecture, and he thought it would be a good occasion to hatch some punishment for his endurance. Of course the other “blades” coincided with the plan, and he immediately devised a scheme for his reception home. Across the middle of the room they stretched a stout cord to trip him up, then three or four chairs were overturned for him to stumble over ere he could recover his equilibrium; beyond them some trunks so arranged that in falling over them he would be precipitated into a great horse-trough, filled to the brim with water, which they had dragged, by assistance from others, up the stairs. Everything being in readiness, they retired, promising themselves the sight of a rich tableau, free gratis.

It chanced that the father of their absent roommate arrived in the city that evening on a visit to his son, and was met by him on the street. After attending the lecture, they started for the fort, with the understanding that the old gent should

share his son's bed. Being a little afraid that the water-trick over the window might be repeated, the young man, closely followed by his father, whom he had not informed of the possible danger, mounted the stairs, and closely inspecting the roof, for the night was dark, saw all was right, and attempted to run back the sash. The rogues had previously engaged a person to fasten them in from the outside, by slipping a nail through a crevice against the window, as they were in the habit of doing when all went out, in order to make believe they were then absent, and dismiss all fears of being "played on." Assured of their absence, and that the "coast was clear," the soldier pulled out the nail and immediately entered, his revered "parent" keeping close by his side. As the light and matches were on a little shelf at the opposite end of the room, he strode hastily in that direction, and both were sprawled headlong at the same time over the rope. Unable to save themselves, they were precipitated upon the overturned chairs, and from them were upset over the trunks headfirst into the huge horse-trough, from which they scrambled, completely soaked by the immersion, and not a little bewildered.

Believing the man who accompanied their chum was one of their own company, the rogues set up a tremendous guffaw, mingled with hoots of derision. But when a lamp was lighted, great was their chagrin on perceiving who their elder victim was; yet their humble apologies were received in good part, and the rough treatment excused.

The soldier who had so severely suffered determined to have ample vengeance for it, and set his wits to work for a movement that would punish the other three. He allowed several weeks to pass away, till the story of his mishap had become stale, and they were less shy of traps they had daily expected would be set by his hand for their disquietude. He was bound to invent a plan that should excel all others in brilliancy of execution and torture.

So one evening when they were all absent, with the assistance of the ordnance sergeant, he wrapped nearly a quarter of a pound of powder into a package composed of pasteboard and common paper, that somewhat resembled in form a gigantic cannon cracker. This he placed under an empty packing-box, that was kept at the head of their bunks for the purpose of sitting upon while they undressed. A train from his bed, which was in the lower bunk, connected with the powder, and was hid by a pair of old pants, carelessly thrown over it. He invited several of the company to participate in the fun, and they all retired about the time their victims were expected back, and hid themselves under the blankets.

Not long had they to wait. The revelers were heard approaching, and everything was put in readiness for their discomfort. As soon as they entered they struck matches to see if any mischievous device had been arranged; but perceiving nothing unusual, they threw their matches down, as the room was sufficiently illuminated by the moon to undress by. As usual they all sat down on the old box, and commenced to remove their garments, conversing pleasantly of the adventures they had that night enjoyed. All of a sudden a report, louder than that made by a musket, rang sharply out, the box was torn asunder as if cleft by a shaft of lightning, and the thoroughly frightened occupants were unceremoniously dropped heavily to the floor, amidst a cloud of sulphurous smoke. Hearty and prolonged indulgence of mirth greeted their downfall, and it was several minutes before the stunned soldiers could realize what was the state of affairs.

Fortunately none of them were injured, but it was a severe practical joke, though perhaps a merited one. They could hardly "see the point" sufficiently to join in the hilarity that raged for some time at their expense.



## MADemoiselle SYLPHINA :

—OR,—

## THE FORTUNES OF A CASTAWAY.

BY ELIZABETH BIGELOW.

### CHAPTER XV.

How long she sat there, in a half stupor of despair, Dely never knew; but she was aroused suddenly by a roll of the vessel that threatened to throw her from her berth, and a dash of spray in her face from the open skylight.

She looked out, but she could not see the sky; all was utter darkness, and the wind was blowing furiously. The storm that the captain had predicted had come upon them; but Dely did not at first think of being afraid of it. Everything was swallowed up in her fear of Dennett, and dread of what the morning would bring.

There came another roll of the vessel; it seemed as if it were going down into the very depths of the sea. Dely was thrown out of her berth, and against the cabin door, with a force that almost stunned her. She climbed back again, and buried her head in the pillows to shut out the howling of the wind and the beating of the rain. But they grew louder and louder with every moment, and would not be shut out. The timbers of the vessel creaked and

strained, and apparently threatening, with every moment, to give way. It became impossible for Dely to stay for a moment in her berth.

There came a fearful crash above the howling of the tempest, as if a mast had snapped and fallen.

A terror seized Dely then. It was so awful for her, a child, to be alone in this wild tumult of the elements! She longed for companionship, even if it were that of her enemies.

She rushed out of the cabin, and made her way to the steps. It was almost impossible to climb them, in utter darkness, with the vessel rolling and tossing as it did, but she succeeded at last.

As soon as she reached the deck she ran against a sailor, who ordered her back, with an angry oath; but she slipped by him, and found something to cling to in a retired corner, where she would be in nobody's way.

She had to cling with all her strength, for every roll of the vessel threatened to send her headlong into the raging tumult-

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nous waves. They were sweeping over the deck, and dashing over her, so that she was drenched in a moment.

And she seemed almost as much alone as when she was down in the cabin, for nobody came near or spoke to her. There was an unusual silence on deck. Except the few brief orders of the captain, nothing was said. There was no swearing and no quarrelling; an awed hush seemed to have fallen upon the men.

The vessel seemed to be almost, if not wholly, out of their control.

All of her canvas was furled, one of her masts was broken, and she seemed to be drifting helplessly at the mercy of the storm.

Once or twice Dely heard Dennett's voice finding fault with the management of the captain and mate, and accusing them, sneeringly, of being afraid.

He seemed to her more and more like a supernatural being,—like a demon who feared nothing, and whom nothing could harm.

She knew that the captain and crew all expected momentarily to go to the bottom. She knew that boats were lowered from the vessel, and she heard them say that not one of them could live a moment in such a sea, and they all preferred to "stick by the vessel," and take their chances.

Dely wondered how the vessel endured so much, why she did not go to pieces when her timbers creaked and strained so fearfully! It seemed ages that she had clung there, numb with cold and terror.

The end came at last; not with a breaking up and separating of the timbers, as Dely had expected, but with one mighty plunge the vessel went down!

That one instant in which Dely felt herself thrown into the clutches of the mad waves seemed to her like hours. Memories of all her past life whirled through her brain. Even the memories that were so indistinct of things that happened before she was a pauper in Still River Village. She saw the face of the beautiful lady who had taught her to dance when she was a little child, and been tender and loving to her, as nobody—even among all the kind friends she had found—had ever been since; she remembered the village school at Still River, the drowsy hum that the flies made there in summer days, the murmur of the scholars' recitations; the long,

bright, happy summer afternoons, when she and Johnny had gone berrying; she could even see the tall grass that used to wave so in the meadow where they went, and hear the merry trilling of the bobolinks, as they sat swaying to and fro upon it. Then she was in the village church on a Sunday, and the sweet scent of the new-mown hay came through the windows, and the minister preached in a drowsy humdrum tone, that made her sleepy, and she counted the big red roses on Lucindy's bonnet. Then the night came back to her when she had been imprisoned in her room for going to the circus, and had seen Dennett's evil face staring up at her window in the dusk.

Then the circus, with its glare, and glitter, and applauding voices; and the faces of all the friends who had been so kind to her.

It seemed to her that she lived an eternity in that one moment.

And then she went down, down, as if an awful invisible hand were pushing her into the depths of the ocean! She rose again, and uttered a wild cry for help. But again the angry waters swallowed her up, and she knew no more.

## CHAPTER XVI.

SHE awoke again in this world.

The old sailor Boltsby was bending over her as she opened her eyes. He held a flask of brandy to her lips, and the pungent draught brought life and warmth back to her.

She was on a sort of raft, which seemed to be formed of a door, or hatchway, and her only companion was the old man. The ocean was comparatively calm, and there was a flush of breaking dawn in the east; but pieces of floating timber from the wreck caught her eye, and recalled the events of the night so vividly that she shuddered.

"I thought you wouldn't never come to!" said the old man. "The breath seemed to be clean beat out of your body. I expect you had come up for the last time when I grabbed you by your yaller locks, and drew you on to my raft. But you're all right now, and all you've got to do is to keep up a good heart!"

"Where are all the others?" said Dely, with a shiver, looking at the traces of the

wreck with which the sea all around them was strewn.

"The Lord only knows! at the bottom of the ocean, every one of them, I expect. It's little short of a miracle that you and me aint there, too! The boats was stove to pieces in a minute. I've follered the sea for nigh upon fifty year, and I never see no such a sea as that was last night. I had no idea that this raft would last when I spliced it together, about a minute before she went down; but you see it's small and light, and it rid right over the big waves, without offerin' no resistance to them skersly!"

"And didn't you see anybody—hear anybody cry for help?" asked Dely, whose heart was full of pity, even for those who had been her persecutors.

"La yes, child! I heard screechin' and screamin' enough, and I expect there was a good deal that the wind drowned; but I couldn't do nothin' for them. I caught one poor fellow by the hair, but he was so heavy that I had to let go of him, and he slipped under the raft, and never come up again. I shouldn't have got you if I hadn't seen your yaller locks a floatin' on the water, for you didn't make no sound. I hadn't the least idee that you'd ever come to when I first began to work upon you."

Dely sat up and looked about her; there was nothing but the wide waste of waters around them.

"But what can we do now?" she asked. "We shall die of hunger! It would have been better to drown!"

"O, now don't be discouraged! That's bein' ongrateful for your marcies! I've got a few biscuits here in my pocket that'll keep us from starvin', at least for a day or two. I put them in jest afore she gin that last lurch, thinkin' they might be of use to me if ever I should come out of that sea alive, which you can believe I didn't much expect to! There's seven—nine of them, and before they're gone like enough a vessel will heave in sight."

Dely knew quite well that he spoke so hopefully only to encourage her; she knew that a vessel might not come near them for weeks. The old sailor kept his eyes wandering ceaselessly around the horizon.

"Your eyes, maybe, are sharper than mine, though I aint by no means sartain that anybody can see a sail quicker than Sam Boltsby, even now! But you'd better

keep a sharp lookout, for they couldn't see us very well if they wasn't very near, settin' down as we be; and it would be a mighty unfortinit thing for us to lose a chance!"

So Dely strained her eyes in every direction, but there was nothing but water and sky to be seen.

It seemed very strange to her that the vessel could have gone down, with all on board, save her and the old man, and left no more traces than the pieces of floating timber that she saw.

"Was it just here that the vessel went down?" she asked, in a whisper full of awe.

"Bless ye, child! we're more'n a mile from the place. We are goin' along pretty fast now, don't you see? and the pieces of timber go with us."

Dely couldn't see. It did not seem as if they moved at all, but she was very glad indeed to know that they did, for it seemed much more hopeful to be moving towards *anywhere*, than to stay in that one spot, where a ship might never come.

The old sailor talked to her very encouragingly, but it was easy to see in his face how intense his anxiety really was. For if they had bread, they had no water, and it was not possible to live long, exposed continually to the glare of the hot sun as they were, without water. The brandy flask was a small one, and only half full.

At noon Boltsby divided a biscuit between Dely and himself, insisting upon her eating the larger share. Dely thought it was very hard that they should not have more, for she was very faint and hungry, until she remembered to what sore straits they might be reduced.

They were very much relieved when night came, for the sun's rays were so hot as to be painful; but mingled with their relief was the tantalizing thought that some vessel might pass near them, hidden from them by the darkness!

Dely slept soundly all night, in spite of the danger of her situation, and the hardness of her couch; but when she awoke, just at dawn, Boltsby was sitting upright, watching, with the same anxious vigilance as when she had gone to sleep. She was sure that he had not slept at all, and he acknowledged it when she asked him.

She persuaded him to lie down and try



to sleep for a little while, by reminding him that his strength would be very soon exhausted if he did not, and promising that she would keep as vigilant a watch as he.

But he slept only an hour or two, and then was wide awake, and on the lookout again.

This day passed very much like the previous one, except that they had begun to suffer very much from hunger and thirst. Dely thought that the old sailor suffered more than she did, though he would not acknowledge it; he ate a much smaller share of the biscuit than he gave to her, and though he made her swallow a few drops of the brandy, he would not touch it himself. His face had grown pale and rigid, and his eyes had a strange look that frightened Dely, as he sat silent, and as if immovable, gazing constantly over the waters.

And still no sail came in sight. Once they saw, on the edge of the horizon, a faint white gleam, that might have been one; but it was too far off for them to make themselves seen or heard, and it faded quickly out of sight.

After that the old man seemed stranger than before. He muttered incoherently to himself, and occasionally sank into a sort of stupor, from which he would arouse himself with a start, and look eagerly again for the sail that never came. A few drops of brandy which Dely coaxed him to take, as one of these strange stupors came on, seemed only to make him more drowsy and lifeless. The intervals between them grew less and less frequent; gradually he relapsed into what seemed almost unconsciousness; all Dely's efforts to arouse him were fruitless. By the end of the third

day it was she alone who watched for a vessel, she who divided their scanty stores, giving him now the lion's share, as he had first given it to her.

Both the bread and the brandy were now well nigh exhausted; unless help came to them very soon, they must certainly perish. Dely dared not cease her watch for a moment; it was only when absolutely overcome by weariness that she slept at all. Towards morning on the fourth day the old man stirred feebly, and seemed trying to speak. Dely bent her ear to his mouth.

"I may not last long, my dear. I'm an old man—nigh upon seventy. I aint had an easy life, and I kind of expect this has broke me down. If you should be left alone here, keep up a good heart! don't be afeard! I'd take care of you if I could, because you—you make me think of my little darter! I see her last night—my little Betsey, with her yaller hair, and her blue eyes, jest as she used to be." And then the voice that had sounded so strong when he began, died away into incoherent murmurings.

Dely could see that his face was growing very white and rigid. She opened his lips, and poured the last few drops of brandy into his mouth. But it brought no color to lips or face.

She put her hand on his heart, but could feel no pulsation; she could feel no breath through the parted lips.

And then Dely's own courage and strength gave way, and, just as the bright flush of another dawn kindled the east, she fell fainting on the lifeless body of her faithful self-denying old friend!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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**LET THE YOUNG ENJOY THEMSELVES.**  
—It is a mistake which many parents make, that of trying to make premature men out of boys, and of holding themselves aloof from all the emotions, sympathies, pleasures and pursuits of youngsters. It is not natural for boys to be so staid, reserved, nor always well-mannered, and the discipline that makes them so before their time will probably distort or cripple some of their finest qualities. The roots of a young tree must have room to spread, and

if they are inexorably crammed into a hole big enough for only half of them, some are sure to be grievously hurt, and the tree prematurely damaged. As for education, it must always be remembered that what a boy learns from books is but a small portion of his education. That which he gathers from his surroundings, and from his home, pleasant or repulsive, from his associations, from everything he sees and hears, goes equally to form his mind and character.

## LITTLE BENNY CATCHES A WEASEL.

BY GEORGE J. VARNEY.

"O MAMMA, Old Speckle's chickened!" cried Benny, rushing into the house, dragging his kite along by the tail.

"Hens don't chicken, they hatch," said Jennie, laughing very hard.

"Yes 'ey do, jus' as much as 'e cat kit-tens," asserted Benny.

"Where is Old Speckle now?" asked their mother.

"In 'e garden."

"Well, run to the library, and tell John," said she.

Benny ran out.

"John, 'e Old Speckle's hatched, and out in Jennie's flowers," cried Benny, meaning to speak just right this time.

"What has she hatched? Ducks?"

"No," replied Benny, indignantly.

"Ey're chickens."

"All right," said John.

"Wont you come and help us put 'em in a pen?"

John was very busy, writing a story about Maying, and said he couldn't meddle with any chickens until after dinner.

"But they'll scratch up all 'e flowers," pleaded Benny.

"Drive them into the orchard, and put a basket over them," said John; and he went on with his writing.

Benny got into the garden just in time to see pussy jump at one of the chickens. Old Speckle saw her, too, and flew at her as if she was going to bury her in feathers, they were ruffled up so large. But chicky was very spry, so the hen caught the cat first, coming down on poor pussy with her claws spread, and a sharp blow of her bill. Pussy turned and ran up the nearest tree, as quick as she could go. Benny was glad, because he thought the poor little chicken would surely have been killed. Then Benny walked up to the hen, crying "Shoo! shoo!" and the hen went away a little; but the chickens ran, some one side, some the other, and one ran away behind him. Benny tried to catch it, when bounce came the old hen, with a terrible squall, right on his shoulders. He tumbled down among the chickens, and the hen knocked his hat off, and I don't know but she would have

picked his eyes out, if Jennie hadn't come just then with a big bunch of dead currant-bushes, and scared her away.

When Benny got up, his face was red, and he was very angry at the hen; and he called:

"Carlo, Carlo! come and bite Old Speckle—bite her?"

The little shaggy imp was skulking by the porch, wanting to come, but not daring to, because Jennie, fearing he would hurt the chickens, had told him to go back. When he heard Benny call, he came quick, with tail wagging, eyes sparkling, ears up, and glad all over.

"S'bite her!" cried Benny, again.

"Don't," exclaimed Jennie; for she had brought a dish of dough, and wanted to call the hen along with that.

She was too late. Driving the hens out of the garden was sport that Carlo was very fond of, but something happened this time that he did not expect. The chickens ran, and tumbled over, and screamed; and instead of running away, Old Speckle flew right at him, just as she had at the cat. Carlo didn't understand it at first, but soon found what he had better do; and he ran away, crying:

"'Twa'n't I—ki yi! twa'n't I, ki yi!"

He was never so much astonished in his life, before. Many and many was the time he had chased this very hen out of the garden, frightening her into fits of cackling that lasted half an hour. Pussy was still up in the tree, angrily lashing her tail. I suspect she enjoyed Carlo's discomfiture very much. It was Jennie's turn now. She tried a different plan, and succeeded better. First, she threw down a spoonful of dough just before the hen, who immediately called her chickens, and began picking it up. Then she threw down another spoonful, a little ways on, and the old hen ran to that, clucking gleefully to her chickens. They came flapping and chirping, the hindmost one making a good deal the most noise. When they were all in the orchard, Benny got the big basket, and came along to catch the little chirpers. But the hen wouldn't stay. So Jen-

nie put down a lump of dough, and when Old Speckle went to picking it, Benny dropped the basket right over her.

"Now 'et's see you pick me!" cried Benny, triumphantly.

After dinner, John got four narrow pieces of board, about as long as up to Benny's shoulder, and nailed the ends of two together just the same.

"What you making, John?" questioned Benny.

"Letters," said John. "What is this one?"

"Big V," answered Benny.

Then John nailed a short piece of lath right across it.

"What is it now, Benny?"

"'At's great A," said he. "What be you going to do with 'etters?" continued Benny.

"Put them over the chickens," said John.

"O, so 'ey'll 'earn 'eir A B Cs," exclaimed Benny.

John laughed, and said:

"Yes; and so Old Speckle will mind her Ps and Qs."

When John had made both the Vs into As, he stood them up, and nailed the end of a long lath on the top of one, and the other end on the top of the other, so that they stood alone. Then he nailed more laths all up and down each side, from one A to the other, so that only the ends were left open. At last he nailed short pieces across each A at the end, so that nothing larger than a chicken could get in or out anywhere.

"What does double A spell, Benny?" asked John, when the work was done.

Benny didn't know.

"What is this?"

"Chicken-coop," answered Benny.

"That's right. And I made it of two As, didn't I?"

"Yes," answered Benny, doubtfully.

"Well, then, doesn't double A spell chicken-coop?"

"Double little a don't," said Benny, in a very positive manner.

I think he rather got ahead of John that time, don't you?

Then John pushed the basket slowly along; and while he lifted one end of the coop, Benny lifted a side of the basket, and the hen ran out of the basket right into the coop. John let it down, and she was fast in her cage. Then the chickens clambered

in with her, over the lower lath. And Jennie came out with some water and more dough, and put it inside the coop, so that they could eat and drink whenever they liked.

"See how many there are, and come and tell me," said John, as he went away.

They began to count, but the chickens wouldn't stay to be counted. So Jennie drove them to the further side of the hen.

"Now, Benny," she said, "you go on the other side, and drive them back very slow."

Benny went, and one chicken ran around to Jennie's side of the hen. She counted him; and then another came and was counted, and another and another; and Jennie thought she was getting on grandly. Just then one ran back.

"Stop, chicky!" called Jennie; "you're counted."

But chicky didn't care if he was. In fact, he didn't like to be counted, and he would not stop.

At tea John asked how many chickens Old Speckle had.

"Nineteen," replied Jennie, promptly.

"How many times did you count them?" questioned John.

"Twice," said Jennie.

"Did you count nineteen each time?" continued he.

"No," answered Jennie, hesitatingly; "once we got twenty-three, and once fifteen."

"How did you make nineteen of those number?" said John, very much surprised.

"We averaged them," replied Jennie, triumphantly.

Jennie was an enthusiastic student in arithmetic, just now, and she was bent on practice.

"That's good arithmetic, but rather poor counting," said John, laughing with the rest. Now there were really just sixteen of the little chicks.

Benny took great pleasure in watching and feeding his chickens; but after a day or two, they began to disappear. John thought a skunk or fox might be catching them, and counted them at night, and again in the morning, and there were just as many. But when they were counted at night again, there was one gone. So, you see, something caught them in the daytime. It couldn't be that a hawk did it, for a pair of king-birds were building their nest in

tree close by the coop, and no hawk dared to come nigh them. It might be pussy or Carlo. So Carlo was tied, and pussy shut up in the garret. But the chickens disappeared just the same, and Carlo and pussy were liberated as innocents. Then there was a small steel trap set between the coop and the barn, with a little piece of meat for bait. They went out not long after, and pussy was caught by one of her paws. They let her out, and set it again. In a few minutes they heard a shrill "ki yi!" and went out, and found Carlo caught by the nose. It wasn't a very stout trap, so that neither was hurt much, only frightened. But nothing was caught in the trap again, though it was set several days. Yet the chickens grew fewer and fewer, till they were half gone.

One day Benny found one lying dead at the corner where a wall joined against the barn, and he carried it to Jennie, and they carried it to John. When John saw it, he said:

"I know what catches the chickens. It is a weasel." He knew it by the little wound on the chicken.

After dinner John got a box, such as raisins come in, and took out the ends, fastening them to the top of the box only by leather hinges. Then he sawed a place across the top, and pushed a pane of glass down through the place the saw made, thus dividing the box into two parts. Then he fitted a long shingle into the long part of the box, so that when anything stepped on the shingle, a spring would bring down the cover at the long end, and open the one at the short end. John said it was a new kind of trap; it would catch the game, and let the bait run away. Then they set the trap, and put a live chicken in the short end for a bait. The glass was on one side of him, you know; so that the weasel could see the chicken, but couldn't catch him—getting caught himself, instead. Some hours after this, Benny went out to feed the chickens, and heard the little fellow that was put in the trap, come crying along towards the coop. He ran and told John and Jennie that the chicken had got out of the trap.

"The trap must be sprung, then," said John. "We'll go and see if there is anything in it."

When they looked into the open end of the trap, where the chicken was placed,

they could see through the glass a little red-and-white fellow, larger than a red squirrel, but not nearly so large as a mink, though he was shaped just like one. Benny got Carlo, and Jennie found the cat, and they went up in the garret, where John had gone with the trap. When they had all got in, John opened the trap, and pop went the weasel upon his shoulder. From there, he tried to jump out of the window, but couldn't get through the glass, and down he went on the floor. Carlo and the cat were close after him now, and he dodged between the ends of two trunks, where neither Carlo nor pussy could follow. Carlo barked on one side, and pussy thrust in her paw at the other; and Benny, upon the top of the trunk, looked in just as the weasel jumped out. He caught right on Benny's cap, and Benny jumped up, too, then.

From Benny's cap the weasel jumped on brace, and ran up to the top, and almost hid himself in a big spider-web. But Benny was after him in a minute, with an old military flagstaff, and the weasel jumped down on the top of an old spinning-wheel. The wheel began to turn, and the weasel began to run to keep on the top; and the faster he ran, the faster the wheel turned, and the poor fellow had a hard time of it, for if he stopped an instant he would be whirled off down to the dog and cat.

He was a pretty little fellow. He had little red eyes, and the fur on his back was a pale silky red; his chin was white, and so were his throat and belly. And then there was his funny little tail, shaking as he ran, like a leaf in the wind. It was too bad to kill him; but then he killed the chickens, and they were as pretty as he. Now the cat jumped upon the post of the wheel, and the weasel turned around. The wheel didn't stop for him, but whirled him right off into a big box of paper-rags. But he was under them, and out of sight, in a jiffy. In went Carlo and the cat after him. The cat hopped around on top, while Carlo and the weasel rushed about underneath the rags, making them toss about like a little sea with big billows. Out at one corner popped the weasel again; and then 'twas—

"All around the gooseberry bush,  
The monkey chased the weasel—"

No! That isn't right.

All about the garret floor  
Dog and cat and weasel tore;

Over bureau, chest and chair  
 Went the cat, with bristling hair;  
 Under bureau, chair and chest,  
 Yelping Carlo did his best;  
 Over, under, all around,  
 The weasel went with quicker bound.  
 Ne'er such rattling, frolic, fright,  
 Since rats and mice alarmed the night.

The dog and cat didn't catch the weasel, though; for at last, he ran right up Benny's trousers-leg, and Benny clapped his hand down outside, and caught him right around the head. Then John pulled his trousers up, and in a second Carlo had the weasel right in his mouth.

### STRAWBERRIES FOR MOTHER.

THE children had been playing on the west porch nearly all day. They had "kept school," got up a doll's picnic party, and attended it themselves; had made flower chains for each other's necks and wreaths for their heads, and in many ways had greatly enjoyed Saturday.

But the sun came round to see what they were doing, and his beams were so warm that they could not stay on the porch.

"Now what shall we do?" inquired Johnny; "we must get into the shade somewhere."

"I wish the old sun had stayed away!" cried our little Kate, stamping her foot. "I don't know why he must come right here and spoil our sport!"

"He had a right to come," said Mary; "he has shone on the west porch every afternoon since I can remember; and you know that is a great many years."

The mother, beside the open window in the sitting-room, heard this and smiled, for Mary was but eight, and the old house with its west porch was nearly one hundred years old.

"I'll tell you what we'll do now," said Johnny. "Let us go into the woods across the road."

"Yes," agreed Mary, and we will take a basket and get some strawberries for mother."

"O, so we will!" "Yes, so we will!" shouted her little brother and sister; and John ran into the kitchen to get a basket, while Mary asked her mother to let them go.

"You may," said Mrs. Meade, "but you

will not have time to gather berries, for you must return as soon as Sally blows the first horn for supper."

"O, we will work ever so fast," declared Mary.

But when they reached the woods it was so pleasant there, that work was quite forgotten. They joined hands and danced round the trunk of a great shady oak tree, making what Mary called a "fairy ring in the grass."

Then they ran to a clear singing brook, to cool their faces and hands in the water, and there they saw little fishes darting about, and water-flies skipping on the surface, and suddenly Mary exclaimed, "O, there is a water-spider below in his diving-bell! Be very quiet now and watch; perhaps he will come up!"

They watched and waited so long before the spider rose to the surface and ran up the stalk of a tall water-plant—that just as he had done this, they heard the supper-horn and started up to hurry home.

As they passed by the oak tree, Johnny cried out with vexation, "Why, there is the empty basket!"

"And where are mother's strawberries?" asked Mary. They all looked at each other, quite ashamed, but little Kate said, "O, mother wont mind! She will 'scuse us!"

The mother did excuse them; she said their cheeks were like ripe strawberries, and she must taste them in a kiss.

"Mothers always love you," said Johnny, "no matter whether you deserve it or not!"

Send all communications for this Department to EDWIN R. BRIGGS, WEST BETHEL, Oxford County, MAINE.

*Answers to June Puzzles.*

101. Open-bill; 102. "Suspect a tale-bearer, and trust him not;" 103. Cart, Art, Mart, Dart, Hart, Tart, Part, Trap, rap; 104. Apple; 105. Fig; 106. Lemon; 107. Pear; 108. Postal-card; 109. Attention; 110. Bestowal; 111. Caravans; 112. Gorgeous; 113. Delineator; 114. Fraternal; 115. Educational.

116. L O N D O N	117. D
O L E A N	I R E
N E E D	D R I V E
D A D	E V E
O N	E
N	

118. Crone, rone, one; 119. Chisel; 120. "A charming page;" 121. Spencer; 122. Siam.

*16.—Riddle.*

I furnish food for millions;  
I neither eat nor drink;  
I bear up tens of thousands,  
And thousands more I sink.

My home is in the air,  
With others of my kind;  
I travel very fast,  
And rest I never find.

ELIZA H. MORTON.

*17.—Drop-Letter Puzzle.*

M-n-a-i-t-e-a-e-a-i-k-e.  
An old Scotch saying. E. B.

*18.—Prize Double Central Acrostic.*

A mineral; To repair; A cart; Mute.  
The central letters, read downward,  
name two countries.

The first person sending the correct answer, to the editor of this page, will be entitled to six months' subscription to the "Michigan Amateur."

ITALIAN BOY.

*19.—Double Diamond Puzzle.*

*Across.*—A consonant; the whole; a step; to protract; a vowel.

*Downward.*—A consonant; a goddess; to abate; to remain; a consonant.

HOODLUM.

*20.—Absent Vowels.*

D s p s n t t h p r f r y m w n t t h r v r t.  
CYRIL DEANE.

*21.—Numerical Enigma.*

I am composed of eleven letters.

My 5, 9, 10, 11, is to miss; my 8, 2, 3, 7, is a spice; my 6, 8, 1, is a demon; my 4 is the same as my nine.

My whole caused a commotion in the last Congress. PILGARLIO.

*22.—Word-Square.*

Active; a girl's name; zeal; fights; polished.

DEXTER E. CHAMBERLIN.

*23.—Word-Pyramid.*

A consonant; evil; a premium; largest; walks, or galleries; an attack.

The central letters, downward, name a city. WILSON.

*24.—Cross-Word Enigma.*

The 1st is in meadow, but not in lawn;  
The 2d is in last, but not in gone;  
The 3d is in edge, but not in rim;  
The 4th is in branch, but not in limb;  
The 5th is in man, but not in boy;  
The 6th is in modest, but not in coy;  
The 7th is in heavy, but not in light;  
The 8th is in war, but not in fight;  
The whole is a beautiful tree.

ST. AGNES.

*Curtailments.*

25. Curtail a group of twelve islands in the Malay Archipelago, and leave a tie.

26. French for a small horse, and leave to endure. "BEAU K."

*27.—Letter Puzzle.*

Take 3 E's, W, B, L and D;  
A, I, N, R, S and T;  
Place together, and form a name  
To which clings both honor and fame.  
WILSON.

*Anagrams.*

28. Retain its people in.

29. Sardine pit I got it. E. T.

*Answers Next Month.*

## CURIOUS MATTERS.

**THE TALLEST CHIMNEY IN THE WORLD.**—This is the Townsend chimney at Port Dundas, Glasgow; height above ground, 454 feet, besides 14 feet foundation under ground, standing without piles on blue clay, which was there found to be as solid as rock. The foundation consists of 30 courses of brick set on edge, the lower course 47 feet and the upper one 32 feet in diameter. During the first season, 1857, this foundation and part of the shaft were erected; in 1858 the shaft was continued to 228 feet, and in 1859 it was finished; but during that time work was suspended, as the chimney had settled, during a gale, 7 feet 9 inches sideways, which was corrected by twelve saw cuttings on the opposite side of the inclination. Holes were punched in the sides so as to admit the saws; if this had not been corrected at once, it is the opinion of all experts that the chimney would have fallen. The inside is lined with 158,000 fire-bricks, and the rest contains, with flues, 1,400,000 common bricks, which were all laid in 1170 days of 10 hours. The whole weight is 14,000,000 pounds; iron hoops surround it at distances of 25 feet, while the thickness of the wall decreases from 5 feet 7 inches below to 1 foot 2 inches at the top. Its total cost was \$40,000.

**CURIOUS OPTICAL EFFECT.**—M. Devie called the attention of the French Academy, at a recent meeting, to the following phenomenon. Take a draughtboard with black and white squares; put it in a vertical position, and look directly at it, with one eye, or both. Then incline the head gradually so as to make the straight line joining the eyes parallel to the direction of a series of diagonals of squares. You then see the points of the dark or the white squares situated in this diagonal, not as simply touching each other, but joined by a dark line in the case of the back squares, white in the case of the white; the line grows thicker in proportion to the inclination of the head, till it reaches a maximum of breadth in the position described. It becomes very perceptible if

you pose your head alternately right and left, bringing the line of the eyes alternately parallel to the two series of diagonals. If the observation is made with an eyeglass, or opera-glass, then the phenomenon is inverse—that is, the lines then appear between the angles situated in diagonals perpendicular to the line of the eyes. Similar phenomena may be observed with black tangent circles on a white sheet; and it appears that best to observe the instant of contact of two discs the situation should be that in which the straight line joining the eyes is inclined 45 deg. to the line of the centres.

**IMPENETRABILITY APPARENTLY DESTROYED.**—Impenetrability is a term used to express the fact that it is impossible for two bodies to occupy the same space at the same time. Take a wineglass and fill it as full of water as possible without spilling, and then, being provided with an ounce or so of ordinary pins, drop them in a few at a time; it will be found that they occupy but little space, and do not cause the water to overflow. This will appear the more wonderful, as they seem to take up so much room in the glass, which in reality they do not; for an ounce weight is a very small thing in the bottom of a wineglass, but, drawn into wire and cut into pins, it looks bulky, although no more capable of taking up room than in the solid form.

**THE MEANING OF THE COURT, OR COAT CARDS.**—The four kings, David, Alexander, Cæsar and Charles, which names are still on the French cards, represent the four celebrated monarchies of the Jews, Greeks, Romans, and the Franks under Charlemagne. The consorts of these illustrious personages are named Argine, Esther, Judith and Pallas, typical of birth, piety, fortitude and wisdom. Argine is an anagram of "Regina," queen by descent. By the knaves were designed the servants or valets of the kings, for knave originally meant a servant.

## THE HOUSEKEEPER.

**MUFFINS.**—One pint of milk, one quart of flour, from three to six eggs (three will do, but six are better), a small piece of butter and a little sugar, two tablespoonfuls of yeast. Put the butter into the milk, and warm the milk till the butter melts; then pour it gradually to the flour, mixing smoothly; add the other ingredients, and set it to rise. Add a little salt in the morning. Bake in rings or cake-tins.

**FRUIT CREAM.**—Take one-half an ounce of isinglass, dissolved in a little water; then put one pint of good cream, sweetened to the taste; boil it; when nearly cold, lay some apricot or raspberry jam on the bottom of a glass dish, and pour it over.

**GRAHAM GEMS.**—Two teacupfuls of buttermilk, a little salt, three even cupfuls of Graham flour, and one teaspoonful of soda. Stir well, and bake in iron gem pans, which should be hot on the stove before filling; put them into a very hot oven, and bake from fifteen to twenty minutes. If you want them of extra quality, take one teacupful of buttermilk, one egg, two teacupfuls of the flour, with soda and salt, as before. Very good gems are made by taking one teacupful of sweet milk or water, one and a half teacupful of the flour, half a teaspoonful of soda, one of cream tartar, with a little salt, and a spoonful of sugar; beat well, until it looks smooth.

**WHITE ROLLS.**—should be mixed and set to rise the evening before, and made into rolls half an hour before baking in the morning. A pint of warm milk fresh from the cow, with salt, and half a cup of yeast stirred up quite stiff with flour, and molded until it springs under the touch of the fingers, makes a most delicious light short roll.

**FRENCH CREAM CAKE.**—Sugar, one teacupful, flour, two teacupfuls, milk, one-half teacupful, eggs, three, baking-powder, one teaspoonful. Bake like jelly-cake, but

have the layers thicker. When done, split open with a sharp knife, and place one above another, having the crust down, with mock cream between each layer, made thus: One pint boiling milk, beat well, and stir in two eggs, one cup of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of cornstarch, and lastly add one-half teacupful of butter. This cake is better two or three days old. It makes a very nice dessert.

**BLACKBERRY WINE.**—Take ripe blackberries, pick out the decayed ones, and press out the juice through a coarse linen cloth; to each quart of juice add one quart of water, in which are added two pounds of white sugar; put into glass bottles or stone jugs, and cover the mouth with any open or woven cloth, to admit air and keep out the insects; set in the cellar for six months, more or less; then pour off carefully from the lees into clean bottles, and cork up for use as wanted.

**BLANC MANGE.**—Take one-half teacup of Irish moss; wash it, and put it in soak over night; in the morning tie it up in a piece of muslin, and boil it in a quart of milk, with sticks of cinnamon, the rind of a lemon, and one teaspoonful of extract of vanilla. Boil it gently thirty minutes, then put in a small piece of salt, strain it upon a large spoonful of crushed sugar, and put it into a mold immediately, as it soon begins to harden. Eat it with sugar and milk, or cream.

**PEACH MANGE.**—Take a teacupful of preserved peaches; mash them thoroughly, and mix with two quarts of cream; then dissolve one package of crystal gelatine in two pints of boiling water; add the peaches and cream; run into molds, and let stand in a quiet place. Any kind of fruit will answer. To be eaten with cream.

**SALAD DRESSING.**—A small teaspoonful of mustard, mixed with as little water as possible; the yolk of one egg, a gill of salad oil mixed with it (a very little at a time), vinegar to taste, and a teaspoonful of salt.



## FACTS AND FANCIES.

Among the crowd around a hotel dinner-table yesterday, were a husband and wife from Wisconsin, going East on the night train. She was much the younger, and fashionable, withal, while he was like an old bear. As they sat down she was heard to whisper:

"Remember, now, and eat with your fork."

He started off all right, but pretty soon she caught him feeding his mouth with his knife, and she nudged him and whispered:

"You have forgotten—use your fork!"

He commenced again, but it wasn't two minutes before she had to prompt him once more. He made still another start, and another failure, and as she whispered to him he threw down knife and fork, and growled:

"Now, see here, Mary—it's twelve shillings whether we fill up or go hungry, and I'm going to eat six shillings' worth if I lose a whole set of case-knives down my throat."

She had nothing more to say.

Jekyll told Moore of a man who had said his eating cost almost nothing, for "on Sunday," said he, "I always dine with an old friend, and eat so much that it lasts until Wednesday, when I buy some tripe, which I hate like the old boy, and which accordingly makes me so sick that I cannot eat any more until Sunday again."

Passing by one of the city schools, we listened to the scholars singing, "O, how I love my teacher dear." There was one boy with a voice like a tornado, who was so enthusiastic that he emphasized every other word, and roared, "O, *how I love my teacher dear*," with a vim that left no possible doubt of his affection. Ten minutes after, that boy had been stood on the floor for putting shoemaker's wax on the teacher's chair, got three demerit marks for drawing a picture of her with red chalk on the back of an atlas, been well shaken for putting a bent pin in another boy's chair, scolded for whistling out loud, sentenced to stay after school for drawing ink mus-

taches on his face, and blackening the end of another boy's nose, and soundly whipped for slipping 336 spitballs up against the ceiling, and throwing one big one into a girl's ear. You can't believe half a boy says when he sings.

No man shows his insignificance and utter uselessness about the house to such a degree as when his wife is mopping up. He feels this, and so does she, and he knows she feels it, which is worse still. To offer an adverse remark on such an occasion is about as insane an enterprise as an individual can embark upon. But a Patch Street man did it Saturday. His wife was mopping the kitchen floor, and he was moving about the room to keep out of the way of the wet mop, when he unhappily observed that that wasn't the way his mother did. It was done in a flash. There was a sharp report, as if three pounds of very wet and very dirty cloths had settled across a human face, and in the same instant a man went over a chair and half way under a table, looking very much as if a mud volcano had kicked him in the head.

An old vag stopped a pedestrian on the street yesterday, and asked for two shillings to purchase a dinner.

"Can't do it," replied the pedestrian.

"Well, one shilling, then."

"No—can't do it."

"Well, gimme five cents."

"Not a red."

"A chew of tobacco."

"No sir."

"Well," continued the vag, in despairing tones, "you will at least tell me whether you think we'll have another snowstorm this week?"

He got the man's opinion.

"Grandma, do you know why I can see up in the sky so far?" asked Charlie, a little four-year-old, of the venerable lady who sat on the garden seat, knitting.

"No, my dear; why is it?" said grandma, bending her ear, eager to catch and

remember the wise saying of the precious little pet.

"Because there is nothing in the way," replied the young philosopher, resuming his astronomical research, and grandma her knitting.

An old Highlander, rather fond of his toddy, was ordered by his physician, during a temporary illness, not to exceed one ounce of spirits daily. The old gentleman was dubious about the amount, and asked his son, a schoolboy, how much an ounce was.

"Sixteen drams," was the reply.

"Sixteen *drams*! An excellent doctor!" replied the delighted Highlander. "Run and tell Donald McTavish and big John to come down the night."

Little Sister:—"Do angels paint their cheeks and blacken their eyebrows, Mr. Soft?"

Mr. Soft:—"Why, no, what makes you ask such a question?"

"Little Sister:—O, nothing, only you said sister Minnie was an angel, and she paints."

When a householder, struggling to get a panel bedstead down stairs, loses his grip on the railing, brings up against the hall door, and the bedstead brings up against him, nine wives out of ten will open the sitting-room door, and mildly inquire:

"Richard, didn't I hear something fall?"

"Then you wont lend me that dime novel, eh?" inquired one boy of another in the post-office on Saturday.

"No, I wont."

"All right, then! Next time our chimney burns out you shan't come into the yard and holler."

"O gracious, no!" exclaimed Mrs. Marrowfat, to Mrs. Quoggs, raising her hands and speaking in a very excited tone. "She was so ill when her new bonnet came home that she couldn't get up; but, dear sakes! Jane, that didn't matter nothing, for she just put her hat on, and lay with her head out of the window the whole afternoon."

Blifkins was down in Chicago the other day, when he received a letter from his young wife, saying to him that "on this

lovely spring morning a bird is singing in my heart;" and old Blif. just looked wild a minute, and then took a freight train for home, muttering to himself, "Them's Beecher's sentiments, old man; keep yer eye peeled."

A prominent citizen on Nelson Street, who is the proud possessor of a handsome daughter, went home to tea the other evening and said to his wife, "Mother, I have finally succeeded in my petition for a street lamp on our street, and it is going to be set directly in front of our gate—" A sudden scream and a heavy fall sounded from the next room. The affrighted parents rushed in there. Their daughter lay prostrate on the floor. She had fainted.

"Ish der some ledder here for me?" inquired a German, at the general delivery window of the post-office, Saturday.

"No—none here," was the reply.

"Vhell, dot is queer," he continued, getting his head into the window; "my neighbor gets somedimes dree ledders in one day, und I get none. I bays more daxes as he does, und I haf never got one ledder yet. How comes dose dings?"

Josh Billings gives the following advice: "When you hear a man say, 'Life is but a dream,' tread on his toes and wake him up. 'Life is real, life is earnest.' If he is a poet, subscribe to get rid of him, and have him deposited in the far West with a gun and ammunition, and a blanket for sole covering; he will know very soon whether life is a dream or not."

Commodore Shubrick was visiting Fenimore Cooper, and Pat was directed to ask for letters for the old gentleman at the post-office. Full of zeal, he inquired:

"Have you iver a letter for Mr. Brickbat?"

The puzzled postmaster asked a bystander if he knew who was staying at the Hall. He mentioned the name of Shubrick.

"Sure, and he's the man," said Pat; "but didn't I make a good guess at it?"

You may talk yourself into a bronchial affection, but you can't convince a Vermont woman that there wont be a death in the family if she dreams of seeing a hen walking a picket fence.

# A Brilliant Announcement for 1875.

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LILIES OF THE VALLEY.

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## SERIOUS ENGAGEMENTS.



CAPTAIN—"Is Patrick Flynn aboard?"

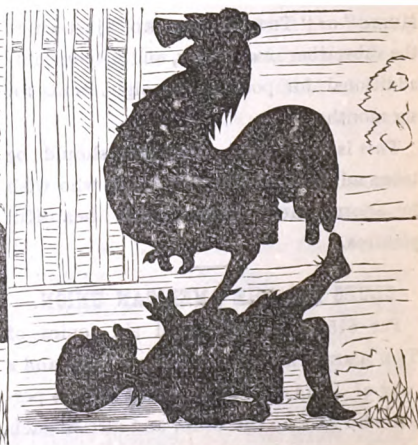
PAT—"I'm here, sur!"

CAPTAIN—"Then let the engagement begin!"

(N. B. This is Pat's story.)



"THE ATTACK."



"THE DEFEAT."



# BALLOU'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XLII.—No. 3.

SEPTEMBER, 1875.

WHOLE No. 249.

## THE BRIDAL GIFTS.

BY MISS C. M.



Marion showed me her wedding gown  
And her veil of gossamer lace to-night,  
And the orange blooms that to-morrow  
morn  
Shall fade in her soft hair's golden light,  
But Philip came to the open door;  
Like the heart of a wild rose glowed her  
cheek,  
And they wandered off through the garden  
paths,  
So blest that they did not care to speak.

I wonder how it seems to be loved;  
To know you are fair in some one's eyes;  
That upon some one your beauty dawns  
Every day as a new surprise,  
To know that whether you weep or smile,  
Whether your mood be grave or gay,  
Somebody thinks you all the while  
Sweeter than any flower of May!

13

I wonder what it would be to love;  
That, I think, would be sweeter far—  
To know that one out of all the world  
Was lord of your life, your king, your star!  
They talk of love's sweet tumult and pain;  
I am not sure that I understand,  
Though—a thrill ran down to my finger tips,  
Once when—somebody—touched my  
hand.

I wonder what it would be to dream  
Of a child that might one day be your  
own,  
Of the hidden springs of your life a part,  
Flesh of your flesh, and bone of your  
bone.

Marion stooped one day to kiss,  
A beggar's babe with a tender grace,  
While some sweet thought, like a prophecy,  
Looked from her pure Madonna face.

I wonder what it must be to think  
 To-morrow will be your wedding day,  
 And, in the radiant sunset glow,  
 Down fragrant flowery paths to stray  
 As Marion does this blessed night,  
 With Phillip, lost in blissful dream,  
 Can she feel this heart through the silence  
 beat? [gleam?  
 Does he see her eyes in the starlight

Questioning thus, my days go on,  
 But never an answer comes to me;  
 All love's mysteries sweet as strange,  
 Sealed away from my life must be.  
 Yet still I dream, O heart of mine!  
 Of a beautiful city lies afar;  
 And there, sometime, I shall drop the  
 mask,  
 And be shapely and fair as others are.

### TREES AND SHRUBS.

The wonders of vegetation have often been written upon by the most able expositors of natural laws, in whose hands the subject has proved to be a very fascinating one, and always new. As we are each year deeply interested in the great resurrection of nature from shrouding snow and freezing cold to warmth, and verdure, and blossoms, and fail not to be filled with the same feelings of delight and wonder as the year before, so do the various properties and forms of the vegetable world ever arouse our interest, and desire for investigation. The study into those processes by which the smallest leaf is brought to perfection equally with the noblest tree that ever stood in proud grandeur among the "cedars of Lebanon," is fraught with the purest pleasure and the most enduring profit. The man of science, with his keen intellect and subtle powers of analysis, is permitted to trace the outer and more apparent causes and effects in the great "laboratory of nature," but still, beyond all his research, and defying his utmost penetration, go on those secret changes that the hand of God hath hidden from us; and no man is more humble or more conscious of his own weakness and lack of knowledge than he who has been the most earnest student under the tuition of that great teacher, Mother Nature.

The world, beautiful as it is in other respects, would scarcely be the place we have known and loved, if the single element of trees were denied to it. How bare and dreary would our beloved hills appear to our longing eyes, if bereft entirely of the masses of foliage that make them beautiful in summer and autumn! The fountain by the wayside would dwindle to a tiny thread, or fade from sight utterly, if unshaded by the drooping boughs of its attendant tree.

No woods to wander through as of old, breathing in the delicious odors of pine and fir, and listening to the wild sweet songs of happy birds! No sheltering branches bending low on plain or in valley, no ancient oak or elm by the door or window, seeming like an old friend and a faithful one, tried through many a long cold winter, and by many a burning summer sun, yet still green and fair to look upon! Yet how few of all who rejoice, consciously or unconsciously, in their presence, ever give a thought to those slow and gentle means by which the monarchs of the forest come into existence, grow and thrive, and lift their graceful heads high up toward the kindly sky that has fed them with rains and dews, and the blessed sunshine that has quickened and warmed them in every fibre of their giant frames! The trees are here, they grow and give delight, and at last furnish means to keep shivering humanity from outside cold and storms, and to heat the atmosphere wherein it lives, and man commonly accepts the gracious dispensation without much thought of anything greater. Inquisitive science, however, is not satisfied; and observation combined with thought reveals the slow process by which not only the tree has germinated, but the soil has been formed for its reception, and this forms one of the most interesting chapters of natural history.

Nothing can be more truly beautiful in itself or more deeply interesting to a reflective mind, than the manner in which nature constantly produces an accession of soil, and an accumulation of vegetable matter to render it fertile. The process is varied so as to be exactly adapted to overcome the obstacles which the circumstances of each particular district present; but although the means employed are infinitely

various, the final result is always the same. When the surface of a rock, for instance, becomes first exposed to the atmosphere, it is at once attacked by agents which operate mechanically and chemically. Light calls into activity the latent heat; the pores become, by that means, sufficiently enlarged to admit particles of moisture, which gradually abrade the surface and produce inequalities; upon these inequalities the seeds of lichens are deposited by the atmosphere; these forerunners of vegetation take root, and the fibres by which some sorts of these

thus far in her preparations, makes another forward step. She sows the soil which has been created by the decomposition of vegetable matter, with some of the more perfect plants, which it now becomes capable of supporting. These continue to be produced and decomposed, until a soil has been prepared of sufficient depth and richness to bear plants of still higher quality and larger dimensions.

The process of nature acquires greater and more rapid force as it advances toward the end of all this. When a soil has been



THE MYRRH TREE.

small plants adhere to the rock, concoct a vegetable acid peculiarly adapted to corrode the substance with which it comes in contact, and increase the inequalities which heat and moisture had already formed. These diminutive plants decay and perish; when decomposed they form a vegetable bed suited to the production of larger plants, or when the surface of the rock happens to present clefts, or natural crevices, they fall into them; and there mingling with fine particles of sand, conveyed thither by the atmosphere, or crumbled by the action of the air from the internal surfaces of the crevices themselves, they form fertile mould. Nature having advanced

formed deep enough to produce ferns, for example, these decay and die year by year, and their decomposed materials gradually form little conical heaps of vegetable mould around the spot on which each plant grew. When this has gone on for a period of sufficient length to spread these cones over a given surface, nature takes another stride; she sows furze, thorns and briers, which thrive luxuriantly, and by annually shedding their leaves contribute, in the end, to add greatly to both the depth and fertility of the mould. This species constitutes, in fact, the means which nature principally uses in preparing a bed for the growth of the more valuable trees. It is well known



that these are the plants which make their first appearance in fallows, or in woods that have been recently cut down. Into the centre of a tuft of brambles, is accidentally carried the seed of the majestic oak; meeting with a congenial soil, it soon vegetates; it is carefully and effectually cherished and protected by its prickly defence against all injuries from the bite of the animals which roam over the waste.

The larger trees having reached a height and size which render shelter unnecessary, destroy their early nurses and protectors by robbing them of the light and air indispensable for their well-being. The thorny plants then retire to the outskirts of the forest, where, in the enjoyment of an abundant supply of light and sun, they continue by degrees to extend the empire of their superiors, and make encroachments upon the plain, until the whole district becomes at length covered with magnificent trees. The roots of the larger trees penetrate the soil in all directions; they even find their way into the crevices of the rocks, filled, as these already are, by decomposed vegetable matter; here they swell and contract, as the heat and moisture increase or diminish. They act like true levers, until they gradually pulverize the earthy materials which they have been able to penetrate. While the roots are thus busy under ground, boring, undermining, cleaving and crumbling everything that impedes their progress, the branches and leaves are equally indefatigable overhead. They arrest the volatile particles of vegetable food which floats in the atmosphere. Thus fed and sustained, each tree not only increases annually in size, but produces and deposits a crop of fruit and leaves. The fruit becomes the food of animals, or is carried into a spot where it can produce a new plant; the leaves fall around the tree, where they become gradually decomposed, and, in the lapse of ages, makes a vast addition to the depth of vegetable mould; and while the decomposition of vegetables makes a gradual addition to the depth of the cultivatable soil, another cause, equally constant in operation, contributes to increase its fertility—the produce of the minutest plants serves to feed myriads of insects; after a brief existence these perish and decay, and their decomposed particles greatly fertilize the vegetable matter with which they happen to mingle.

The time at length arrives when the timber, having reached its highest measure of growth and perfection, may be cut down, in order that the husbandman may enter upon the inheritance prepared for him by the all-wise and all-beneficent Author of his existence. Such is the system which they that have eyes may see. Plants which appear worthless in themselves—those lichens, mosses, heaths, ferns, furze, briars and brooms, in which so-called *economists* perceive only the symbols of eternal barrenness—are so many instruments employed by perfect Wisdom in fertilizing new districts for occupation by future generations.

The wastes of some countries, as they have been managed for ages, have been partly taken out of the hands of nature without having been wholly taken into the hands of man. The constant pasturing of cattle on wastes and commons counteracts the means which nature makes use of in producing fertility, and in consequence, greatly retards the period when the soil becomes sufficiently deep for agricultural purposes.

Such is a brief history of the formation of soil and growth of trees and shrubs, many of them of the utmost value to mankind. Among other celebrated trees the Myrrh tree is of ancient renown for the precious gum which it yields. A native of Africa and Arabia, it grows to a height of eight or nine feet, and is of a hard, rather impenetrable wood, with a thorny trunk. It exists of several varieties and of different degrees of excellence. It is many times referred to in the Scriptures, and the purest kind of myrrh was used in the sacred ointment spoken of in the thirtieth chapter of Exodus. It was also used anciently in perfumes, and in embalming, to preserve the body from corruption; that it was considered very precious is evident from its being included in the list of presents offered by the Eastern magi to the infant Jesus, to whom they brought “gold, and frankincense, and myrrh.” The illustration on page 207 gives a correct idea of the appearance of the Myrrh tree.

The Hyssop is also often mentioned by scriptural writers, and was directed to be used in the sprinklings that formed a part of the Jewish ceremonial law. It is a low shrub, and is thus contrasted with the grand cedars: “And he spake of trees, from the cedar tree that is in Lebanon even unto the hyssop that springeth out of the

wall." In the account of the crucifixion, in John, there is also mention that "they filled a sponge with vinegar, and put it upon hyssop," which of course refers to a rod of hyssop long enough to reach the mouth of the sufferer upon the cross. Authorities have differed as to the plant indicated by the hyssop of Scripture, but the caper-plant has been designated among others, and is illustrated on this page.

The subject of our third illustration, the

collected mostly in Arabia, between Mecca and Medina; and for this reason it is sometimes called the balm of Mecca. It has an exquisitely fragrant and pungent odor, and is very costly, being still held in the highest esteem by the Turks and other nations of the East, both as a medicine and as a cosmetic for beautifying the complexion.

The Saffron plant is well known, and needs but little description, as the engrav-



THE HYSSOP.

**Balm or Balsam tree**, was formerly plentiful in Judea, more particularly in Gilead, and was for that reason called balm or balsam of Gilead, and was figuratively spoken of by the prophet Jeremiah when he lamentingly asked, "Is there no balm in Gilead? is there no physician there?" The gum, or thick juice exuding from the tree, was considered of great value when applied to external wounds, for which it was believed to be indeed a "sovereign balm." The real balsam tree is an evergreen, and is found in Southern Arabia and Abyssinia, where it attains a height of fourteen feet. The gum is yielded in very small quantities, and at the present day is

ing on page 212 would render that unnecessary, even for those who may not be acquainted with its appearance when growing. It is the common *Crocus Salitus*, and bears a small bluish flower, whose yellow threadlike stigmata exhale a very agreeable aromatic odor. Another variety is the Indian saffron, which was highly valued formerly in the East, for an ingredient in a choice perfume, and for its medicinal properties. With us saffron is in common cultivation, together with many other sweet-smelling herbs.

The Box tree, seen in our fourth illustration, is a beautiful and well-known evergreen, which grows in many portions of

Europe and Asia. The wood is especially prized by engravers, who make use of it in preference to any other. In the Bible the box tree is made the emblem of the continuing grace and prosperity of the true church.

While writing of trees, among other famous varieties, the mind is sure to revert to the celebrated cedars of Mount Lebanon, and a word in regard to them may not be unwelcome, though they have often been described by modern travellers, aside from the honor accorded to them in the Scriptures. It is known to all that the cedars

transported to Europe to grace its gardens, and venerable specimens have long flourished at Chiswick in England; a very beautiful one has also graced the *Jardin des Plantes* at Paris. The rare beauty of the cedar lies in the proportion and symmetry of its wide-spreading branches and conelike top. The gum which exudes from the trunk, and also from the cones or fruit, is soft, like balsam, and possesses a fragrance similar to that of the already described balsam of Mecca. Every part of the tree has a strong balsamic odor, and to walk in a cedar grove is like inhaling new



THE BALSAM TREE.

of Palestine were remarkable for their prodigious size, some of them measuring from thirty-five to forty feet in circumference, and ninety feet in height. The branches shoot out from the trunk at a distance of ten or twelve feet from the ground, and are wide-spreading, and nearly horizontal. The leaves are an inch long, slender and straight, and grow in tufts. Like the pine, the cedar bears a small cone. It is not peculiar to Mount Lebanon alone, but is found also on Mounts Amanus and Taurus, in Asia Minor, and in other portions of the Levant, though it does not elsewhere attain the great size of its brethren of Lebanon. The cedar has been

life and strength, so fragrant and agreeable is the perfume-laden air.

The wood of the cedar tree is especially well-adapted for building purposes, since it is not subject to decay, and is never in danger of becoming worm-eaten; for these reasons it was formerly in great demand for rafters and for boards with which to cover houses and form the ceilings and floors of rooms. Its color was a fine red, and it was smooth, solid, and without any knots or imperfections. The palace of Persepolis, the temple at Jerusalem, and Solomon's palace were built of cedar, and the "house of the forest of Lebanon" doubtless won its name from the quantity

of cedar wood used in its construction. The glory of the cedars of Lebanon has in great measure departed, for, of the ancient forests which once flourished in all their pride and beauty, only slight remains are now left to hint at former grandeur. Some scattered trees resemble the true cedar of antiquity. The oldest and largest, generally believed to be the only ones left of those which grew in the time of Christ, are found in a grove which may be seen a little way from the road which leads across

fully grown, is twenty-five or thirty feet high, and has a luxuriant foliage of a rich dark green. It arrives at perfection when about fifteen years old, and is then very productive. From the blossom to the ripening of the fruit a period of seven months elapses; but as the tree is a perennial bearer, there are always blossoms, green fruit and ripe, on the tree. The last four months of the year constitute the most productive season, each fine tree yielding usually five pounds of nutmegs,



THE BOX TREE.

Mount Lebanon from Baalbek to Tripoli, at a little distance below the summit of the mountain on the western side, at the foot, in fact, of the highest point or ridge of Lebanon. This venerable group includes a few very ancient trees, which may date their existence back to the time of Jesus, and which are intermingled with four or five hundred smaller and younger cedars.

A tree that we all are interested in is the Nutmeg tree, a native of the Moluccas, and attaining its greatest size and fruitfulness in Amboyna, an island belonging to the Dutch, who will not allow the cultivation of the nutmeg in any other island owned by them. The nutmeg tree, when

and one pound and one-fourth of mace. A plantation of one thousand trees requires the labor of seven coolies, fifty oxen, and two plows for cultivation and harvesting. The fruit is gathered by means of a hook attached to a pole. It is shaped like a pear, about the size of a peach, and has a delicate "bloom." The nut has three coverings; the outside one is a thick fleshy husk, having a strong flavor of nutmeg; this husk, preserved in syrup when young, is a favorite sweetmeat in the East Indies. Under this husk is the bright red mace, which is carefully flattened by hand, and dried on mats in the sun. It loses its rich scarlet, and becomes a dull orange color,

and requires to be kept perfectly dry to preserve its flavor. After the mace is removed from the fruit, the nuts, in their brown shells, are placed on hurdles, over the slow fire, which is kept constantly burning, just smoking, under them for two months. The nuts rattle in the shells, which are cracked with a wooden mallet, the sound nuts selected and packed in wooden cases, and sprinkled over with dry sifted lime, and are then ready for market. The best nutmegs are dense, emit oil when



THE SAFFRON PLANT.

pricked with a pin, and can always be known by their heavy weight. Poor ones are light, and easily detected.

A tree familiar to every eye and dear to every heart is the pine, that evergreen sentinel which watches faithfully and without change throughout the long cold winter of the north, forming a welcome relief from fields of snow and the leafless branches of the oak, the elm, and the maple. The sound of the wind among the pines is very beautiful; and if it seem to some a mournful melody, it is not the less sweet for its pathetic tones, which rise into a grand and solemn anthem at times, when the strong blast sweeps through them. The uses to

which the pine tree has been put are many; among others, they furnish two valuable articles of commerce—turpentine and tar. The great forests of North Carolina, covering the sandy ridges between the swamps and water-courses, consist almost wholly of the long-leaved pine, the *Pinus Palustris* of the Southern States. From them is gathered one of the great staples of North Carolina—the turpentine. These trees at maturity are seventy or eighty feet high, and their trunks eighteen or twenty feet in diameter near the base. They grow close together, very straight, and without branches to two-thirds of their height. Above, their interlocking crowns form a continuous shady canopy; while beneath, the ground is covered with a thick yellow matting of pine straw—clean, dry, level, and unbroken by undergrowth. The privilege of tapping the trees is generally farmed out by the land owner, at a stated price per thousand—about from twenty to thirty dollars.

Under this privilege the laborer commences his operations. During the winter he chops deep notches into the base of the tree, a few inches from the ground, and slanting inward. Above, to the height of two or three feet, the surface is scarified by chipping off the bark and outer wood. From this surface the resinous sap begins to flow about the middle of March, at first very slowly, but more rapidly during the heat of summer, and slowly again, as winter approaches. The liquid turpentine runs into the notches, or boxes, as they are technically called, each holding from a quart to half a gallon. This, as it gathers, is dipped out with a wooden spoon, barrelled, and carried to market, where it commands the highest price. That which oozes out and hardens upon the scarified surface of the tree is scraped down with an iron instrument into a hod, and is sold at an inferior price. Every year the process of scarifying is carried two or three feet higher up the trunk, until it reaches as high as a man can conveniently reach with his long-handled cutter. When this ceases to yield, the same process is commenced on the opposite side of the trunk. An average annual yield is about twenty-five barrels of turpentine from a thousand trees, and it is estimated that one man will dip ten thousand boxes.

The trees at length die under these re-

peated operations. They are then felled, split and burned for tar. The dead trees are preferred for this purpose, because, when life ceases, the resinous matter concentrates in the interior layers of the wood. In building a tar kiln a small circular mound of earth is first raised, declining from the circumference to the centre, where a cavity is formed, communicating by a conduit with a shallow ditch surrounding the mound. Upon this foundation the split sticks are stacked to the height of ten or twelve feet. The stack is then covered with earth, as in making charcoal, and the fire applied through an opening in the top. As this continues to burn with a smoldering heat, the wood is charred, and the tar flows into a cavity in the centre, and thence by the conduit into vessels sunk to receive it.

Many trees have become celebrated for their great size, curious shape, or remarkable antiquity; and yet others have been rendered historical as the refuge of greatness in distress, or as silent witnesses of momentous events. Wallace's oak, and King Charles's famous tree, the curious plantain tree near Smyrna, and the ancient and gigantic elm at Brignolles, are illustrations of the honors received by memorable

trees. Spenser has embodied in the following lines the chief characteristics of the best-known varieties:

"A shadie grove not far away they spied,  
That promist ayde the tempest to withstand;  
Whose loftie trees, yclad with sommers pride,  
Did spred so broad, that heaven's light did hide,  
Not perceable with power of any starr;  
And all within were pathes and allees wide,  
With footing worne, and leading inward far;  
Faire harbour that them seems; so in they entered are.

"And forth they passe, with pleasure forward led,  
Joying to heare the birdes' sweete harmony,  
Which therein shrouded from the tempest dred,  
Seemed in their song to scorne the cruell sky.  
Much can they praise the trees so straight and high,  
The sayling pine; the cedar proud and tall;  
The vine-prop elme; the poplar never dry;  
The builder oake, sole king of forests all;  
The aspen good for staves; the cypress funeral;

"The laurell, meed of mightie conquerors  
And poets sage; the fir that weepeth still;  
The willow, worne of forlorne paramours;  
The yew, obedient to the bender's will;  
The birch for shaftes; the sawlow for the mill;  
The mirrhe sweet-bleeding in the bitter wound;  
The warlike beech; the ash for nothing ill;  
The fruitful olive; and the platane round;  
The carver holme; the maple, seldom inward sound."

## THE ROSE.

BY LOUISE DUPEE.

Sole flower from the old garden,  
By God's sweet pity kept,  
To lighten hands that labored,  
To brighten eyes that wept.  
Still through the sad world blows  
The fragrance of the rose.

Thou wilt not take it, dearest,  
From my despairing hands,  
While dark eyes bid thee tarry  
Afar in distant lands.  
Who holds it sorrow knows,  
The rose, Love's royal rose.

Cambridgeport, Mass., June, 1875.

But still its blooms and fragrance  
Cling to my barren years;  
Red, red and bright its blossoms,  
Though nourished save by tears.  
He keeps it to life's close  
Whom fate hath given the rose.

Hope will not, e'en in heaven,  
Promise thy love to me,  
But, sweetheart, no forever  
Shall dim my love for thee,  
Nor death my hand uncloze  
To drop the rose, the rose!

## THE FATAL GLOVE:

—OR,—

## THE HISTORY OF A STREET-SWEEPER.

IN FOUR PARTS.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

## PART III.—[CONTINUED.]

At last the day came when the ravings of delirium subsided, and a deadly stupor supervened. It was the crisis of the disease. The sundown would decide, Doctor Grayson said; he would be better, or death would ensue.

Alexandrine heard his opinion in stony silence. The endurance of this woman had been something almost sublime from first to last. From whatever motives she had acted, in this she had done her part nobly. She sat by the bed's head now calm and silent; her powers of self-control were infinite. Her mother came in to watch for the change, as did several of Archer's friends, heretofore excluded. She was not afraid for them to come now; there was no danger of Mr. Trevlyn's criminating himself now. He had not spoken or moved for twelve hours.

The sun crept down the west. The ticking of the watch on the stand was all that broke the silence of the room. The last sunray departed—the west flamed with gold and crimson, and the amber light flushed with the hue of health the white face on the pillow. Alexandrine thought she saw a change other than that the sunset light brought, and bent over him.

His eyes unclosed—he looked away from her to the vase of early spring flowers on the centre-table. His lips moved—she caught the whispered word with a fierce pang at her heart:

"Margie!"

The physician stepped forward, and sought the fluttering pulse. His face told his decision before his lips did.

"The crisis is passed. He will live."

Yes, he would live. The suspense was over. Alexandrine's labors were shared now, and Archer did not know how devot-

edly he had been tended—how he owed his very existence to her.

He mended slowly, but by the middle of May he was able to go out. Of course he was very grateful to the Lees, and their house was almost the only one where he visited. Alexandrine was fitful and moody. Sometimes she received him with the greatest warmth, and then she would be cold and distant. She puzzled Archer strangely. He wanted to be friends with her. He felt that he owed her an immense debt of gratitude, and he desired to treat her as he would a dear sister. He had no heart to give her, else his gratitude might have prompted him to have offered that to her by way of recompense for her trouble.

Every day she changed. Her complexion, always pure, became like wax; her eyes were so brilliant at times as to be absolutely dazzling, and her cheeks burned with a vivid crimson at the slightest excitement. She fascinated and repelled Archer Trevlyn. There were times when he dreaded her as one would the plague-stricken. And again she drew him toward her in spite of all his resolutions that he would not be influenced by her weird beauty.

Over and over again he said to himself that he had put Margaret Harrison out of his life forever, and yet every night when he lay down in the quiet of his chamber, he felt in his heart of hearts that he worshipped her still. Worshipped her! Probably the wife of another! No tidings of her had ever come back to her home, and Castrani had not been heard from. Their course was enveloped in mystery.

Perhaps it was because time hung so heavily on his hands, that Trevlyn went so frequently to Mrs. Lee's. Certainly he did not go to visit Alexandrine. We all know

how the habit of visiting certain places grows upon us, without any particular reason, until we feel the necessity of going through with the regular routine every day. He was to blame for following up this acquaintance so closely; but he did it without any wrong intention. He never thought it possible that any one should dream of his being in love with Alexandrine. He, himself, knew that it was impossible, and why should not every one else?

But the world talked. They said it was a very pretty romance; Mr. Trevlyn had been deserted by his lady-love—had fallen ill on account of it, and been nursed by one whom of course he would marry. Indeed, they thought him in duty bound to do so. In what other way could he manifest his gratitude?

Vague whispers of this reached Trevlyn's ear, but he gave them, at first, little heed. He should never marry, he said; it was sinful to wed without love. But as he saw Alexandrine's paling face and strangely distraught manner day by day, he came to feel as if he had in some way wronged her, though how he did not exactly understand.

One day he entered the sitting-room of Mrs. Lee, with the freedom of a privileged visitor, without rapping, and found Alexandrine in tears. He would have retreated, but she had already seen him, and he felt that it would be better to remain. He spoke to her kindly:

"I trust nothing has occurred to distress you?"

She looked up at him almost defiantly.

"Leave me!" she said, impetuously; "you of all others have no right to question me!"

"Pardon me!" he exclaimed, alarmed by her strange emotion, "and why not I question you?"

"Because you have caused me misery enough already—"

She stopped suddenly, and rising, was about to leave the room. He took her hand, and closed the door she had opened, leading her to a seat.

"My dear Miss Lee, I do not comprehend you. Explain. If I have ever injured you in any way, it has been the very thing furthest removed from my intentions. Will you not give me a chance to defend myself?"

She blushed painfully; her embarrass-

ment disturbed him, for he was generous to all, and he really felt very kindly toward her.

"I cannot explain," she said, in a subdued voice. "I am sorry you came just now. But these slanders anger me, as well as wound my feelings."

"What slanders, Miss Lee?"

Her color grew deeper. Animated by some sudden resolve, she lifted her head proudly.

"I will tell you. Remember that you sought the information. Your coming here has been made the subject of remark, and I have been accused of having schemed to draw you here. You know if it be true."

His face flushed slowly. He recalled the silly stories that had some time before reached his ears. And because of them she had suffered! This woman whose unremitting care had saved his life. How thoughtless and cruel he had been! He was a man of honor; if any woman's reputation had been injured through his means, there was but one course for him to pursue. He must make reparation. And how? For a moment his head whirled, but glancing at the pale distressed face before him, he made his decision.

"Alexandrine," he said, quietly, "you know just what my course has been. You know my lowly origin—you know how life has cheated me of happiness. You know how dear Margie Harrison was to me, and how I lost her. I loved her with my whole soul—she will be the one love of my lifetime. I shall never love another woman as I loved her! But if my name, and the position I can give my wife, will be pleasant to you, then I ask you to accept them, as some slight recompense for what I have made you suffer. If you can be satisfied with the sincere respect and friendship I feel for you, then I offer myself to you. You deserve my heart, but I have none to give to any one. I have buried it so deep that it will never know a resurrection."

She shuddered and grew pale. To one of her passionate nature—loving him as she did—it was but a sorry wooing. His love she could never have. But if she married him, she should be always near him; sometimes he would hold her hands in his and call her, as he did now, Alexandrine. Her apparent struggle with herself pained him. Perhaps he guessed something of its cause. He put his arm around her waist.



"My child," he said, kindly, "do you love me? Cold and indifferent as I have been? Tell me truly, Alexandrine. Truly, dear girl."

She did tell him truly; something within urged her to let him see her heart as it was. For a moment she put aside all her pride.

"I do love you!" she said, "God only knows how dearly."

He looked at her with gentle pitying eyes, but he did not touch the red lips so near his own. He could not be a hypocrite.

"I will be good to you, Alexandrine. God helping me, you shall never have cause for complaint. I will make your life as happy as I can. I will give you all that my life's shipwreck spared. Will that content you? Will you be my wife?"

Still she did not reply.

"Are you afraid to risk it?" he asked, almost sadly.

"No, I am not afraid! I will risk everything!" she answered, and Archer Trevlyn felt as if he had listened to the enunciation of his death-warrant.

Meanwhile, what of Margie Harrison? Through the dull stormy day she had been whirled along like the wind. The train was an express, and made few stoppages. Margie took little note of anything which occurred. She sat in her hard seat like one in a trance; and paid no heed to the lapse of time, until the piteous whining of Leo warned her that night was near, and the poor dog was hungry. At the first stopping-place she purchased some bread and meat for him, but nothing for herself. She could not have swallowed a mouthful.

Still the untiring train dashed onward. Boston was reached at last. She got out, and stood, confused and bewildered, gazing around her. It was night, and the place was strange to her. The cries of the porters and hackmen—the bustle and dire confusion, struck a chill to her heart. The crowd hurried hither and thither, each one intent on his own business, and the lamps gave out a dismal light, dimmed as they were by the hanging clouds of mist and fog. Alone in a great city! For the first time in her life she felt the significance of the words she had so often heard. She had never travelled a half dozen miles, before, by herself, and she felt as helpless as a child.

"Carriage, ma'am?" said a hackman, touching her arm.

"Yes," she said, mechanically, and put her hand in her pocket for her porte-monnaie, with a vague idea that she must pay him before she started.

She uttered a low cry of dismay! her pocket-book was missing! She searched more thoroughly, but it was not to be found. Her pocket had been picked. She turned a piteous face to the hackman.

"My money is lost, sir!" she said, "but if you will take me to a place of shelter, I will remunerate you some way."

"Sorry to be obliged to refuse, ma'am," said the man, civilly enough, "but I'm a poor man, with a family, and can't afford to keep my horses for nothing."

"What is it, driver?" queried a rough voice; and in a moment a crowd had gathered around poor shrinking Margie and growling, indignant Leo.

"The woman's lost her purse—"

"O ho! the old story—eh? Beauty in distress. Should think they'd git tired of playing that game!" said the coarse voice which belonged to a lounging and lathered man at the depot—just such men as ought to be boarded in a stone house, at the State's expense.

"Looks rather suspicious, ma'am, for ye to be travelling on the train alone," began the hackman; but he was interrupted by the lounging.

"That's the way they all travel. Wall, thank the Lord, I haint so gallant as to git taken in by every decent face I see!"

"Thank Heaven, I am not so lost to all sense of decency as to insult a lady!" said a clear stern voice; and a tall distinguished man swept through the crowd, and reached Margie's side.

"Indeed, I am not mistaken?" he said, looking at her with amazement. "Miss Harrison!"

She saw, as he lifted his hat, the frank handsome face of Louis Castrani. All her troubles were over—this man was as a pillar of strength to her weakness. She caught his arm eagerly, and Leo barked with joy, recognizing a friend.

"I am so glad to see you, Mr. Castrani!"

His countenance lighted instantly. He pressed the hand on his arm.

"Thank you, my friend. What service can I render you? Where do you wish to go? Let me act for you."

"O, thank you—if you only will! I was going further, but the train I wished to take has been gone some hours, and I must stop here to-night. And on my way, somewhere, my money has been stolen."

"Give yourself no more uneasiness. I am only too happy to be of any use to you."

The crowd dispersed, and Castrani called a carriage, and put Margie and Leo inside.

"Have you any choice of hotels?"

"None. I am entirely unacquainted here. You know best."

"To the — House," he said to the driver; and thither they were taken.

A warm room and a tempting supper were provided, but Margie could not eat. She only swallowed a little toast, and drank a cup of tea. Castrani came to her parlor just after she had finished, but he did not sit down. He had too much delicacy to intrude himself upon her when accident had thrown them together.

"I was called here on very urgent business," he said, "and shall be obliged to attend to it to-night; but I shall return soon, and will see you in the morning. Meanwhile, feel perfectly at home. I have engaged a chamber-maid to attend to you, and do not be afraid to make your wants known. Good-night, now, and pleasant dreams."

"Pleasant dreams!" Margie repeated the words to herself, as he closed the door behind him. "Ah me! how long will it be before I shall again be blessed with them?"

"She was so weary, that she slept some—slept with Leo hugged tightly to her breast; for she felt a sense of security in having this faithful friend near her. Breakfast was served in her room, and, by-and-by, Castrani came up. He spoke to her cheerfully, though he could not fail to notice that some terrible blow had fallen upon her since last he had seen her, gay and brilliant, at a party in New York. But he forbore to question her. Margie appreciated his delicacy, and something impelled her to confide to him what she had not entrusted to the discretion of any other person. She owed him this confidence, in return for his disinterested kindness.

"Mr. Castrani," she said, quietly enough, outwardly, "circumstances, of which I

cannot speak, have made it necessary for me to leave New York. I do not desire that the place of my destination shall be known to any one. But to show you how much I appreciate your kindness, and how entirely I trust you, I will inform you that I am going to Lightfield, in New Hampshire, to stop an indefinite length of time with my old nurse, Mrs. Day."

Castrani was visibly affected by this proof of her confidence.

"From me, no one shall ever know the place of your refuge," he said, earnestly. "Your train leaves at ten. It is now nine. If you would only permit me to see you safely to the end of your journey!"

She flushed. He read a quiet reproach in her eye.

"Pardon me. I know it may seem like officiousness, but I would try and not be disagreeable to you. I would not even speak to you, if you desired it should be so. But I could travel in the same car with you, and be there to protect you, if you should need me."

"I thank you greatly. But I had rather you went no further. I shall meet with no difficulty, I think. I shall reach Nurse Day's by sunset."

"As you will. I will not press the matter. Your pleasure shall be mine."

A little later, he assisted her from the carriage that had taken her to the depot. Her baggage was checked—he handed her the check, and her ticket, and then pressed into her hand a roll of bank-bills. She put them back quickly, but he declined taking them.

"I do not give it to you—I lend it to you. You shall repay me at your convenience."

"On those conditions, I take it, and thank you, also."

She put out her hand. He took it, resisted the inclination to press his lips to it, and held it tightly in his.

"If you will give me permission—to call upon you—should I be in Lightfield during your stay there—I shall be more than happy!"

She was about to refuse, but the mute pleading of his eyes deterred her. He had been kind to her, and it could do her no harm. Probably, he would never come to Lightfield, so she gave him the permission he asked for.

The day passed without incident, and nightfall found Margie within ten miles of her destination. She was driven along a rough country road, to a square farmhouse, looming up white through the dark, and a moment later she was lying, pale and exhausted, in the arms of Nurse Day.

"My blessed child!" cried the old lady; "my precious little Margie! My old eyes will almost grow young again, after having been cheered by the sight of ye!" And she kissed Margie again and again, while Leo expressed his delight in true canine style—by barking vociferously and leaping over the chairs and tables.

Nurse Day was pleasantly situated. Her husband was a grave staid man, who was very kind to Margie always. The farm was a rambling affair, extending over, and embracing in its ample limits, hill and dale, meadow and woodland, and a portion of a bright swift river, on whose bold banks it was Margie's delight to sit through the purple sunsets, and watch the play of light and shade on the bare rocky cliffs opposite.

Nature proved a true friend to the sore heart of the girl. She always does to those who are willing to submit to her ministrations. The breezes, so fresh, and sweet, and clear, soothed Margie inexpressibly. The sunshine was a message of healing; the songs of the birds carried her back to her happy childhood. Wandering through the leafy aisles of the forest, she seemed brought nearer to God and his mercy. Only once had Nurse Day questioned her of the past, and then Margie had said:

"I have done with the past forever, Nurse Day. I wish it never recalled to me. I have met with a great sorrow—one of which I cannot speak. I came here to forget it. Never ask me anything about it. I would confide it to you if I could, but my word is given to another to keep it as silent as the grave. I acted for what I thought best. Heaven knows, if I erred, I did not do it willingly."

"Give it all into God's hands," said Nurse Day, reverently. "He knows just what is best for us."

"Yes, just what is best for us," Margie said, dreamily; "and he does not like us to make idols. My idol turned to clay in my hands."

"All earthly idols do, Margie, child. Only God and his truths are steadfast."

The days went on slowly, but they

brought something of peace to Margie Harrison. The violence of her distress passed away, and now there was only a dull pain at her heart—a pain that must always have its abode there. Sometimes her whole soul was stirred into wildest tumult by the thought which would intrude, that Archer Trevlyn had been wrongfully accused—that, in spite of everything, he was innocent of the crime circumstances accused him with. If she only knew that he was, she would have gone barefoot to the ends of the earth, to have asked his forgiveness for the wrong she had done him. But no—there was no doubt—none! God be merciful to him, and temper his judgments according to the temptation of the erring one!

She held no communication with any person in New York, save her aunt and her business agent, Mr. Farley, and her letters to them were posted in a distant town, in a neighboring State, where Nurse Day had friends—and so Margie's place of refuge was still a secret.

It was August now, and the weather at its hottest. Margie spent a large portion of her time out of doors, with only Leo for a companion. She sat, one lovely afternoon, on the bank of the river, dividing her time between the charming panorama of sunshine and shadow before her, and a book of poems in her lap, when there was a step at her side. She looked up, and saw the face of Louis Castrani.

"Miss Harrison, you will, I trust, excuse me for seeking you here. But my wish to see you was so strong, that, on my way to the White Mountains, I left my party, and turned aside here, to gratify the desire. You know you gave me permission?"

"I did; but I hardly thought you would take advantage of it."

"Perhaps I ought not to have done so. Indeed, I tried hard not to. Are you very angry?"

"No, I am not angry at all. I am glad to see you." She held out her hand. "So is Leo, too—only see him caper."

The dog was leaping upon Mr. Castrani with the liveliest demonstrations of joy. He patted the silky head.

"It is something to be welcomed by a brute, Miss Harrison; their instincts are seldom at fault, I believe. If I were conscious of being a villain, I should be very

careful not to put myself in the vicinity of a dog or horse—I should feel so sure of discovery. Have you been well, Miss Harrison?"

"Very well, thank you. And you? But I need not ask. Your looks answer for you. When did you leave New York?"

"I have been in New York only a fortnight since I last saw you. Business has kept me elsewhere. I came from New York three days ago. What a beautiful spot you have hidden yourself in!"

"I am pleased to hear you say so. Isn't it lovely? But you must tell me about home. How are all my friends?"

"They are well. How mellowly the sunshine falls on the rough crags opposite, and what a picture for a painter to transfer to canvas!"

"Yes, I have wished I were an artist over and over again. But I have no talent in that direction. My friends are all well, you say? What of Miss Lee? Did you see her?"

"Yes. She is well. What are you reading?" lifting the book from the ground where it had fallen.

Margie turned suddenly upon him and regarded him searchingly.

"Why do you evade answering my questions, Mr. Castrani. It is natural that I should want to hear something of the home from which I have been so long away, is it not? Why do you refuse to satisfy my reasonable curiosity on that subject?"

Castrani's handsome face clouded—he looked at her with tender pity in his eyes.

"Miss Harrison, why will you press me further? Your friends are all well."

"I know. But there is something behind that. Tell it to me at once."

"I cannot—indeed, I cannot! You must hear it from some other lips. I would rather die than cause you one single pang of sorrow!"

"You are very kind, Mr. Castrani—you mean generously—but I want to know." Some subtle instinct seemed to tell her what she was to hear, for she added, "Is it of Miss Lee?"

"I told you Miss Lee was well."

"Mr. Castrani, I have given you more of my confidence than I have ever bestowed on any other person, because I respect you above all men, and because I have perfect confidence in your honor. Has this matter, of which you hesitate to tell me, any-

thing to do with—with Mr. Archer Trevlyn?"

Her voice sank to a whisper before the sentence was finished, for she had never spoken his name since that fearful night on which his guilt had been revealed to her.

"I will reply to your question by asking another; and, if it seems impertinent, remember that it is not so intended, and that I do not ask it from any vulgar feeling of curiosity."

"You can ask nothing impertinent, Mr. Castrani," she replied, earnestly.

"Thank you. I do not intend to. Are you betrothed to Archer Trevlyn?"

She grew very pale, but her eyes met his fearlessly.

"I was once. But it is all over now," with a dreary sigh, that was like the breath of the autumn wind through the dead leaves.

"Before you left New York—was it over before that?"

"Yes, before I left New York. It was why I left there. I cannot tell you how it was—I can never tell any human being. The secret must go to the grave with me. But there was a terrible necessity arose which forced us apart."

"Did he—did Arch Trevlyn desert you, Miss Harrison?" asked Castrani, his brow contracting, his dark eyes glowing with indignation.

"No; it was my hand that severed the engagement. Do not blame him for that. It was impossible that it should be fulfilled."

"You, Miss Harrison? You broke the engagement?" he asked, eagerly.

Perhaps she read something of the beautiful hope that sprang up in his heart from the glad light in his eye, and she crushed it at once.

"Yes, I. But not because I had ceased to love him. O no. He was—is—and will be always, the one love of my lifetime. I shall never love another. Now, I have trusted in you—be frank and free with me."

"Well—since you ask it. Mr. Trevlyn and Miss Lee are to be married in September."

"To Miss Lee—married to Miss Lee? Great Heaven! And she is aware of his—What am I saying? What did I say? O Mr. Castrani, excuse me—I am so—so sur-

prised—" She groped blindly for something to cling to, fell forward, and he received her senseless form in his arms.

He held her silently a moment, his face wearing a look of unutterable love and sadness; then he put her down on the grass, and brought water in a large leaf from the stream. He bathed her forehead, tenderly as a mother might, murmuring over her words of gentleness and affection.

"My poor Margie! my poor little darling!"

He pressed the little icy hands in his, but he did not kiss the lips he would have given half his life to have felt upon his. He was too honorable to take advantage of her helplessness. Louis Castrani's fine sense of delicacy was in itself enough to redeem manhood from the calumny so often uttered, that all men are vile when given the opportunity. She revived after a while, and met his eyes, as he knelt beside her.

"Are you better?" he asked, gently.

"Yes, it is over now. I am sorry to have troubled you. I must depend on you to go to the house with me. Nurse Day will be glad to welcome you. And I must ask you not to alarm her by alluding to my sudden illness. I am quite well now."

He gave her his arm, and they went up to the house together, followed by Leo.

Nurse Day received Castrani warmly, and would not hear of his returning to the village hotel that night. She was immensely "taken" with him. He admired her cheese, praised her biscuits and preserves, and went out with her to see her pigs and chickens, of which she was especially proud.

"He is a real gentleman," she said to Margie, after he had gone up to his chamber—"a real genuine gentleman; and if I was a young girl again, and he would look at me, I should be as happy as a queen. He's worth a round dozen of them fine fellows in long-tailed linen coats, that come round here every summer, skylarking up and down the brooks, with their spliced fishing-poles, a-scaring the fish out of two years' growth. Margie, there's something reliable about that man! He'd never talk about a friend behind his back, nor cheat a poor man out of an honest sixpence!"

Archer Trevlyn and Alexandrine Lee were married in September. It was a very

quiet wedding, the bridegroom preferring that there should be no parade or show on the occasion. Alexandrine and her mother both desired that it should take place in the fashionable church, where they worshipped, but they yielded to the wishes of Mr. Trevlyn. He deserved some deference, Mrs. Lee declared, for having behaved so handsomely. His presents to his bride were superb. A set of diamonds, that were a little fortune in themselves, and a settlement of three thousand a year—pin-money. The brown-stone house was finished and furnished, and there was no more elegant an establishment in the city. Alexandrine had had the management of the furnishing, and her exquisite taste and Archer's money had made a palace of it.

Trevlyn House, the fine old residence of the late John Trevlyn, was closed. Only the old butler and his wife remained in a back wing, to air the rooms occasionally, and keep the moths out of the upholstery. For some reason, unexplained even to himself, Archer never took his wife there. Perhaps the quiet rooms too forcibly reminded him of the woman he had loved and lost.

Alexandrine's ambition was satisfied. At last she was the wife of the man whose love and admiration she had coveted since her first acquaintance with him. From her heart, she believed him guilty of the murder of Paul Linnere; but, in spite of it, she had married him. She loved him intensely enough to pardon even that heinous crime. From her own nature, she knew that all mortality are weak, and she did not condemn this man she loved. If he had loved Margie as *she* herself loved, she did not wonder that he was ready to commit a murder to secure her for himself.

Her husband's admiration Alexandrine possessed, but she soon came to realize that he had told her the truth when he had said his heart was buried too deep to know a resurrection. He was kind to her—very gentle, and kind, and generous—for it was not in Archer Trevlyn's nature to be unkind to anything—and he felt that he owed her all respect and attention, in return for her love. Her every wish was gratified. Horses, carriages, servants, dress, jewelry—everything that money could purchase—waited her command, but not what she craved more than all—*his love*.

He never kissed her, never took her

hands in his, or held her to him when he said good-by, as he frequently did, for several days' absence on matters of business. He never called her Alexandrine—it was always Mrs. Trevlyn; and through the long winter evenings, when they were not at some ball or party, and sat by their splendid fireside, he never put his head in her lap, and let her soft fingers caress his hair, as she had seen other husbands do.

There were times when her heart ached—O, so dumbly!—for one loving word; when she would have renounced all her fine things—her house, and her carriages and servants—but to have felt his arms around her, and heard his voice calling her darling!

But it could never be, and she tried to school herself to think so calmly. She did not blame him. He had told her frankly that he could never love her, and on those terms she had become his wife. She had gone to her fate with her eyes open.

In September Louis Castrani again appeared in New York society. His appearance revived the old story of his devotion to Margaret Harrison, and people began to wonder why she staid away so long. But it was only for a little while; other candidates for favor appeared, and the void Margie had left was closed by other fair women.

As soon as he had heard of Castrani's arrival, Archer Trevlyn sought him out. He felt that he had a right to know if his suspicions touching Margie were correct. At first he had no doubt; but latterly a feeling had crept into his soul that possibly he had wronged her. She had been always, in seeming, so pure and guileless. Castrani received him coldly but courteously. Trevlyn was not to be repelled, but went to the point at once.

"Mr. Castrani," he said, "I believe I have to deal with a man of honor, and I trust that you will do me the favor of answering the questions I may ask, frankly."

"I shall be happy to answer any inquiries which Mr. Trevlyn may propound, provided they are not impertinent," replied Castrani, haughtily.

Trevlyn hesitated. He dreaded to have his suspicions confirmed, and he feared that if this man spoke the truth, such would be the case.

"I am listening, Mr. Trevlyn," remarked Castrani.

"Excuse me. In order to make you understand my position, I must beg you to indulge me in a little retrospection. You are, doubtless, aware that at one time I was engaged to Miss Margaret Harrison?"

"Such was the rumor, sir."

"It was correct. I loved her, deeply, fondly, with my whole soul—just as I love her still—in spite of all!"

"Mr. Trevlyn," said Castrani, with cold reproof in his voice, "you have a wife!"

"I am aware of it, but that does not change my feelings. I have tried to kill all regard for Margaret Harrison, but it is impossible. I can control it, but I cannot make it die. My wife knows it all—I told her freely—and, knowing it, she was willing to bear my name. For some reason, unknown to me, unexplained by Margaret, she cast me off. I had seen her only the day before the fatal note reached me—had held her in my arms, and felt her kiss upon my lips."

He stopped, controlled his emotion, and went on resolutely. "The next day I received a letter from her—a brief, cold, almost scornful letter. She renounced me utterly—she would never meet me again but as a stranger. She need make no explanation, she said; my own conscience would tell me why she could no longer be anything to me. As if I had committed some crime. I should have sought her, from one end of the earth to the other, and won from her an explanation of her rejection, had it not been for the force of circumstances, which revealed to me that she left for the North, in the early express with you—or equivalent to that. She entered the train at the same time, and you were both in the same car! This fact, coupled with your well-known devotion to her, and her renunciation of me, satisfied me that she had fled from me, to the arms of a—seducer!"

"Villain!" cried Castrani, starting from his chair, his face scarlet with indignation. "If it were not a disgrace to use violence upon a guest, I would thrash you soundly! You loved Margaret Harrison, and yet believed that damnable falsehood of her! Out upon such love! She is, and was, pure as the angels. Yes, you say truly, I was devoted to her. I would have given my life—yea, my soul's salvation, for her love. But she never cared for me. I never enticed her to do evil—I would not, if I

could; and I could not, if I would! Who repeated this vile slander? Show him to me, and, by Heaven, his blood shall wipe out the stain!"

All Trevlyn's pride and passion left him. His face lost his rigid tenseness, his eye grew moist. He forgave Castrani's insults, because he had told him Margaret was pure. He put out his hands, and grasped those of his companion.

"O sir," he said, "I thank you—I thank you! You have made me as happy as it is now possible for me to become. It is like going back to heaven, after a long absence, to know that she was pure—that I was not deceived in her. O Margie! Margie! my wronged Margie! God forgive me for indulging such a thought of you!"

Castrani's hard face softened a little, as he witnessed the utter abandonment of the proud man before him.

"You may well ask God to forgive you," he said. "You deserve the depths of perdition, for harboring in your heart a thought against the purity of that woman. Archer Trevlyn, had she loved me as she did you, I would have cut off my right hand before I would have entertained a suspicion of sin in her! It is true that she went North on the same train in which I did, but I was not aware of it until the journey was ended. Previous to that time, I had not seen her for more than a fortnight, and I did not know she was near me, until in Boston my attention was attracted by a crowd of 'roughs,' gathered around a lady and a greyhound. The lady had lost her portemonnaie, and the crowd made some insulting remarks, which I took the liberty of resenting; and when I saw the lady's face, to my amazement, I recognized Margaret Harrison!"

"And you protected her? You gave her money, and took her to a place of safety?" said Trevlyn, anxiously.

"Of course. As I should have done by any other lady—but more especially for her. I took her to a hotel, and on the morrow saw her start on her journey. I would have gone on with her, but she declined my escort."

"O, I thank you—I thank you so much! I shall be your friend always, for that. You will tell me where she is?"

"No. I cannot."

"Cannot? Does that imply that you will not?"

"It does."

"Then you know her present place of sojourn?"

"I do. But she does not desire the knowledge to become general. I have pledged my word to her not to reveal it, and tortures could not force it from me. Neither is it best for you to know."

"You are right. It is not. I might be unable to hinder myself from seeking her. And that could do no good. I know that she is innocent. That shall suffice me. Only tell me if she is well, and agreeably situated?"

"She is both. More, I think she is at peace. She is with those who love her."

"I thank you for bearing with me. I shall be happier for knowing she was not false to me. Whatever might have caused her to break the engagement, it was not because she loved another. Good-by, Mr. Castrani."

He wrung the hand of the Cuban warmly, and departed.

It was an afternoon in May. Everything without was smiling and at rest, but Mrs. Trevlyn was cross and out of humor. Perhaps any lady will say that she had sufficient reason. Everything had gone wrong. The cook was sick, and dinner was a failure; her dressmaker had disappointed her in not finishing her dress for the great ball at Mrs. Fitz-Noodle's, that evening; and Annie, her maid, was down with one of her nervous headaches, and she would be obliged to send for a hairdresser. And no one could ever curl her hair to look as it did under Annie's skillful management.

Louis Castrani was a guest in the house, by Archer's invitation—for the two gentlemen had become friends, warmly and deeply attached to each other, and Mrs. Trevlyn could not help fretting over the unfortunate condition of her cuisine.

She was looking very cross, as she sat in the back parlor, adjoining the tasteful little morning-room, where she spent most of her time, and where the gentlemen were in the habit of taking their books and newspapers, when they desired it quiet. If she had known that Mr. Castrani was at that moment lying on the lounge, in the morning-room, the door of which was slightly ajar, she might have dismissed that unbecoming frown, and put her troubles aside. Mr. Trevlyn entered, just as

she had for the twentieth time that day arrived at the conclusion that she was the most sorely afflicted woman in the world, and his first words did not tend to give her any consolation.

"I am very sorry, Mrs. Trevlyn, that I am to be deprived of the privilege of attending the ball to-night. It is particularly annoying."

"What do you mean, Mr. Trevlyn?"

"I am obliged to go to Philadelphia on important business, and must leave in this evening's train. I did not know of the necessity, until a few hours ago."

Mrs. Trevlyn was just in the state to be wrought upon by trifles.

"Always business!" she exclaimed, pettishly. "I am sick of the word!"

"Business before pleasure, Mrs. Trevlyn. But, really, this is an important affair. It is connected with the house of Renshaw and Selwyn, which went under last week. The firm were under large obligations to—"

"Don't talk business to me, Mr. Trevlyn! I do not understand such things—neither do I desire to. I only hope it is business you are going for!"

What prompted her to speak in that way she could not tell; she felt so irritated herself that she was not exactly satisfied to see her husband sitting there, so cool and self-possessed. And besides, she had a very powerful reason for wishing him to be present at Mrs. Fitz Noodle's that evening. Her old school friend, Miss Georgia Ryder, was to be there, and she and Georgia had been rivals from their earliest days, and Mrs. Trevlyn had quite set her heart on bringing about a meeting between her husband and this less fortunate friend. She wanted Georgia to see what a handsome cultivated man she had won. Mr. Trevlyn looked at her in some surprise.

"You only hope it is business?" he said, inquiringly. "I do not comprehend."

"I might have said that I hoped it was not a woman who called you from your wife!"

The moment the words were spoken she repented their utterance, but the mischief was already done. He flushed hotly.

"Mrs. Trevlyn, I shall request you to unsay the insinuation conveyed in your words. They are unworthy of you, and a shame to me."

"And I shall decline to unsay them. I dare affirm they are true enough."

"What do you mean, madam? I am, I trust, a man of honor. You are my wife, and I am true to you. I have never loved but one woman, and she is dead to me."

This allusion to the old love was extremely unfortunate just at this time, for Mrs. Trevlyn was just sore enough to be deeply wounded by it, and angry enough to throw back taunt for taunt.

"A man of honor!" she ejaculated, scornfully. "Honor, forsooth! Archer Trevlyn, do you call yourself that?"

"I do; and I defy any man living to prove the contrary!" answered Archer, proudly.

"You defy any man. Do you also defy any woman? Tell me, if you can, whose glove this is?" And she pulled from her bosom the blood-stained glove, and held it up before him.

He looked at it, flushed crimson, and trembled perceptibly. She laughed scornfully.

"Archer Trevlyn, your guilt is known to me! It has been known to me ever since the fatal night on which Paul Linnere met his death. I was there that night by the lonely graveyard. I saw you kiss *her* hand. I heard the dreadful blow, listened to the smothered groan, and saw through the weeping gloom the guilty murderer as he fled from the scene of crime. When the victim was discovered, I went first, because I feared he might have left behind him something that would fix his identity—and so he had. This glove I found lying upon the ground, by the side of the wretched victim—marked with the name of the murderer—stained with the blood of the murdered! I hid it away; I would have died sooner than it should have been torn from me, because I was foolish enough to love this man, whose hand was red with murder! Archer Trevlyn, you took the life of Paul Linnere, and thus removed the last obstacle that stood between you and Margaret Harrison!"

Trevlyn's face had grown white as death while she had been speaking, but it was more like the white heat of passion than like the pallor of detected guilt. His rigid lips were stern and pale; his dark eyes fairly shot lightnings. He looked at his wife as though he would read her very soul.



"Alexandrine," he said, hoarsely, "you believed this of me? You deemed me guilty of the crime of murder, and yet you married me? My God!"

"Yes, I married you. I was not so conscientious as your saintly Margaret. She would not marry a man who had shed blood—even though he had done it for love of her!"

Trevlyn caught her arm fiercely.

"Madam, do you mean to say that this shameful story ever came to the ears of Margie Harrison?"

"Yes, she knew it. I told it to her myself! Kill me, if you like," she added, seeing his fearful face; "it will not be your first crime!"

He forced himself to be calm.

"When did you make this revelation to Margaret?"

"The night before she left New York—the night she was to have gone to the opera with you. I deemed it my duty. I did not do it to separate you, though I am willing to confess that I desired you to be separated. I knew that Margaret would sooner die than marry you, if the knowledge of your crime was possessed by her."

"And she — Margaret — believed me guilty?"

"Why should she not? Any jury of twelve impartial men would have committed you on the evidence I could have brought. You were in love with Miss Harrison. She was under solemn obligation to marry Mr. Linmere—yet she loved you. Nothing save his death could release her. You were seen at night in a lonely graveyard, where none of your kin were slumbering. There, at that hour, the murder was done, and after its commission you stole forth silently, guiltily—fleeing when no man pursued. By the side of the murdered man was found your glove, stained with his blood; and a little way from his dead body a handkerchief, bearing the single initial 'A.' Whose name commences with that letter? Could anything be clearer or more conclusive?"

"And you believe me guilty?"

"I do."

He took a step towards her. She never forgot the dreadful look upon his face. She thought of it the last thing before she died.

"I scorn to make any explanation. I might perhaps clear myself of this foul accusation, but I will make no effort to do so. But not another day will I live beneath the same roof with the woman who believed me guilty of murder, and yet sunk herself so low as to become my wife!"

"As you please," she said, defiantly. "I should be quite as happy if it were so."

He bowed coldly, courteously—went out and closed the door behind him. The sound struck to the heart of his wife like a knell. She staggered back and fell upon a chair. She would have given her life if she could have recalled the last half hour of time!

Had she been mad? She put her hand to her forehead—did reason still linger in her brain? She had wounded and angered him beyond all hope of pardon—him, whom in spite of everything, she held more precious than the whole world! She had lost his respect—lost forever all chance of winning his love. And she *had* eagerly cherished the sweet hope that sometime he might forget the old dream, and turn to the new reality. But it was past!

She forgot all about the ball she had been so eager to attend. It never entered her mind after Archer had left her. She went up to her chamber, and, locking the door, threw herself, dressed as she was, on the bed. How long must this continue? How long would he remain away? His business would not probably keep him more than a few days, and then surely he would return. And she would throw herself at his feet, acknowledge her fault, and plead—yes, beg for his forgiveness. Anything, only to have peace between them once more!

She could not write to him, for he had not left his address. The next morning she went down to the store, but they knew nothing of his destination, or his probable time of absence. So all she could do was to return home and wait.

Is there anything so terrible as this waiting? The only wonder is that people do not go mad under the slow torture.

A week passed—ten days—and still he did not return, and no tidings of him had reached his agonized wife.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## MISJUDGED.

BY ELLA WHEELER.

Dear friend, who hast misjudged me so,  
The time may come when you will know  
The wrong you did me, and the pain  
You caused the heart you thought so vain

You deemed it vain because 'twas light,  
Judged by the surface. Out of sight  
Were chords no hand had ever woke,  
*And yet they trembled when you spoke.*

What sounds therefrom you might have brought  
God only knows, had you not thought  
The heart so vain and poor a thing  
That all alike could make it sing.

'Tis true, it gives a lightsome air  
To all who touch it, here or there.  
Harps strung alway, for music so,  
Must needs respond when breezes blow.

But there are better ehords than those  
You might have wakened had you chose—  
Chords full, and grand, and rich, and deep,  
But they are silent—let them sleep.

*Windsor, Wis., February, 1875.*

## AT THE RACES.

BY BLANCHE SHAW.

It was the day of the Longfellow and Bassett race, at Monmouth Park, during the summer of 1871. The grand stand was packed to density. Every one was standing, for to sit meant suffocation. Like the rest, I was perched upon my seat, whence I looked over the living mass, that presented a race-study, equally interesting with that on the course. Presently there was a surge near me, and then a party of two ladies and a gentleman made their way through the crowd, and took possession of places that were emptied as if by magic for them, directly in front of me. There was something about the party that was irresistibly attractive, and my undivided attention was at once given to it.

The ladies were both young and handsome, and, in a certain way, alike. Both had blue-black hair, and the ivory-white skin, mottled with pink, that sometimes accompanies it; but the one who seemed

the younger had jet black eyes, which, through fright and laughing, had just a disagreeable tinge of heaviness, while the other had blue gray ones, fringed by long black lashes, which, in their merriest mood, would give them a shade of sadness. Both girls were dressed in the latest mode, and with perfect taste, and both bore the visible stamp of thorough-bred society. But the gray-eyed one, who, to a casual observer, was the fairer of the two, was far superior to her companion in this respect. The poise of her head, the movement of her hand, the folds of her mantle, all declared an innate refinement, developed by culture to its highest perfection.

I believe that the mania for rustic loveliness is on the wane, and I, for one, am heartily glad of it. It is indeed true that the plump village maiden, with her strawberry-and-cream beauty, is a very lovely thing to look at, and her pure freshness

may, for the time, make us oblivious of her intellectual defects; but take the same woman at thirty—nay, we will say twenty-five—when her plumpness has progressed to fat, or retired to leanness, and the blush on her cheek is either deepened to coarseness, or faded to sallowness, while her “artless ways” have settled into uncouth brusqueness. What of her then? Bah! away with her.

“What in Mand Muller was native grace,  
In Mrs. Judge Jenkins was out of place.”

No; culture and refinement are woman's strongest weapons, and with them alone is she able to defy time, and even want of beauty. But to return to my party. The black-eyed one was the prettier, the gray-eyed the more elegant; and now for the gentleman—and, to confess the truth, I had kept one eye on him all the time I was looking at the girls. His figure was about the medium height, and rather slight. His skin was dark and opaque, and thickly pitted by smallpox; his mouth large, and nose the same; in short, his face was utterly destitute of any beauty, except a pair of intense black eyes, and an artistically trimmed mustache. But, like the gray-eyed girl, his bearing was steeped in an air of elegance and style that would have made the beauty of an Adonis pass unnoticed beside him.

I had barely finished my inspection of the party, when the bells sounded, and the horses got into line for the first race. I forget what it was now, but I think it was a mile dash; I remember it passed off well, and was followed by a steeple-chase. This refined and humane amusement was also a success; only two horses were thrown, and one jockey seriously hurt. But, of course, that counted for nothing to the thousands that were amused. I have been exercising my severest mental training on this subject for some time, but I confess it with shame, at this late date, my taste is not yet educated up to the steeple-chase pitch.

The steeple-chase was finished, and then the track was cleared for the grand contest of the day. The horses came on the track; first, Longfellow, with grand deerlike bounds, and head erect, as if he scorned the coming strife, and the world at large; and after him, Bassett, with his close short gait, and rakish air, that seemed to say, “Never fear, but I'll make up in impu-

dence what I lack in merit.” Loud cheers greeted each favorite as he passed, and when the din subsided I was again attracted to my party by the gentleman, who was returning from that masculine paradise—the “Quarter Stretch.”

“Well,” he asked “what do you think of the horses? Which is your choice?”

“Longfellow, of course,” replied black eyes. “He is perfectly grand! I would bet heavily on him if I were a man.”

“Indeed!” he laughed. “Well, the betting franchise is not confined to us masculines. I'll take you for a dozen of gloves. Is that heavy enough?”

“Plenty, if I should lose, and sufficient to gratify my avarice, should I win.” To gray eyes, “What do you think of my chances, Mary?”

“Bassett would be my choice,” replied she. “It is a sad acknowledgment to make, but impudence generally triumphs over dignity.”

“I fear you are right,” said the gentleman. “What do you say to another dozen on Bassett? That makes me safe, either way.”

“I thought the code of betting honor barred out certainties.”

“Yes, among betting men; but—”

“If I become a betting woman, I shall submit to all the rules. I decline the bet.”

The faintest possible cloud fell over his face a second, and then he said:

“We will think of something else, for I must bet with you.”

At this minute black eyes's attention was drawn off, and bending towards gray eyes, he continued, in a low voice:

“I'll wager my ring against your locket.”

He raised his hand as he spoke, and showed on his little finger an exquisite ring, formed of two twined serpents, the heads of which crossed on the top, whence their ruby eyes seemed to flash living rage. She drew back, half in astonishment, half haughtily. He feigned not to notice it, but his voice had a tinge of nervousness as he continued:

“Will you take it? or is my part too terrible for feminine nerves?”

The black and gray eyes met for a second; then her lashes fell, and with the faintest possible deepening of her pink cheek, she replied:

“Not at all; only the bet is so very much in my favor. My locket is positively in-

significant, compared with that exquisite ring."

"But you will take the bet?"

"O yes."

The bell sounded here. The horses got into position. One or two false starts, and then the drum tapped, and the race was begun. Away they went, Longfellow's magnificent long bounds taking him over the ground with the grace and lightness of a deer, and Bassett, with his neck straight, and nose a little down, digging close and flat as a trotter. The round of the course was made, Bassett ahead. The second began. Bassett gains, and the air is filled with cheers. They pass the stand this way, and begin the third round, when Longfellow's jockey loosens the reins. The mighty bounds grow longer, and the distance between him and his opponent shortens. Again they pass the stand, this time almost neck and neck, and they go this way till nearly half around. Then Longfellow's jockey gives him full rein. He bounds forward like a bullet. Bassett scrambles after him nobly, but with evident signs of distress. They reach the "home stretch," Longfellow steadily gaining. Bassett's jockey urges him mercilessly, but in vain. For once dignity has vanquished impudence, and, untouched by whip or spur, Longfellow flies past the stand. The flag falls. He has won the race by twenty yards!

A scene of wildest excitement followed. Cheer after cheer rose, and the air was dense with hats thrown recklessly from their owners' heads; and amid this tumult the victor was marched proudly past the stand. Amid all this confusion, I had managed, much to my confusion, I think, to keep one eye and ear for the party before me, and I heard black eyes exclaim, exultantly:

"I've won my gloves! Mary, don't you wish you had taken Longfellow?"

To this the gentleman replied:

"Like the rest of your sex—heartless in your triumph. What say you, Miss Mary, do you wish my affliction were heavier?"

"I'm only human," she laughed.

"And so am I," he replied, in a low tone; and then, bending nearer to her, whispered:

"Miss Mary, I had a wager on that race of greater value than all the thousands risked. But mine was with Fate. Can you guess it?"

Again the black and gray eyes met, but hers fell without a word, while the blood spread over her face.

"Can you guess it?" he continued. "Of course you can. You are a woman. I've won, and I claim all; but I give as I take. Let us exchange."

Still she said nothing.

"Mary, darling, will you not take it, and let me believe all my heart aches to—"

At this moment, much to my disgust, some friends spoke to me, and by the time I was free again, the party was gone. I looked for them through the crowd, but in vain, of course, for a needle in a haystack was nothing to that tangled mass; and I had just concluded, with a sigh, that the end of that story was lost, when, as we were waiting at the park gate, a drag containing the party drove up. They stopped to speak to some friends, and when he raised his hat at parting, I saw the ring was gone.

Shortly after this event I left America, and did not return till the summer of '74; when, one evening, with my boxes and bundles, I was set down at the door of my sister's villa at Exford. Here she met me with a deep and sincere, but not at all gushing, welcome; for, although not lacking in proper regard and affection for each other, our family can scarcely be called a demonstrative one in such things; and in a period that would seem barbarously brief to more sickly natures, we had gotten through our greetings, and I was alone in my room, enjoying the revivifying influence of soap and water.

It was late when I finished my toilet, and dark shadows were mingling with the golden light that flooded the hall when I came down again. I found both parlor and piazza empty; and not being altogether displeased by the fact, I seated myself on the latter, to enjoy the glorious sunset. But my solitude was soon broken. Two figures issued from a side hedge, and came towards the house. One I saw at a glance was my little nine-years-old niece, but the other was a case for speculation. It was a woman dressed in deep mourning, which, even at that distance, I saw was touched with pathetic rustiness, but which I also observed was worn with a graceful dignity that was worthy of a Mary Stuart.

Who could she be? My sister said she had no guest, and this was certainly no

servant. But my speculations were cut short by Allie, who had discovered me, and who, being rather under age for the influence of the family decorum, rushed into my arms, and smothered me with kisses; and while I was returning her caresses, the stranger passed us, without word or sign of notice, and entered the house. Almost immediately after my sister joined us, and my first remark was:

"Alice, I thought you had no guest."

"Nor have I; why?"

"Then, pray, who is that elegant-looking creature that has just gone into the house?"

"O, that is Miss Nelson the governess."

"I beg pardon; but isn't she a little out of the usual order of that race?"

Unlike me, Alice is neither cynical nor satirical, and she replied, quietly:

"Yes, Miss Nelson is different from the general class; but, in fact, she can scarcely be said to belong to it, for misfortunes alone have brought her to her present state."

I shrugged my shoulders. Circumstances have made me a close student of my race, and I grieve to say the study has not increased my love and faith.

"A governess with the air of a Medea and a history! Congratulate yourself, my dear Alice, that you have neither marriageable son nor nephew."

Alice laughed.

"I should have no fear if I had, for Miss Nelson is a thorough-bred lady. Ah! there is James." And the pony-chaise that conveyed my brother-in-law to and from the depot daily stopped at the bottom of the lawn, and he came up and gave me a staid but cordial welcome, and then left us to prepare for dinner. At dinner Miss Nelson was introduced. Her seat was opposite mine, and, as after the ceremony of presentation she neither looked at me again nor addressed any one else, I had ample opportunity to study her, and to the eye the occupation was certainly agreeable. Her face matched her figure and bearing perfectly. The contour was refined and delicate, and the features, though far from classic regularity, were all pleasing; but its principal attractions were the contrast of her steel-gray eyes and blue-black hair, to her marble-like complexion, and a conscious hauteur of expression that she seemed vainly striving to conceal. The

face was certainly fascinating, and in a misty indistinct way so familiar to me, that at first my worldly prudence gave way to a lively interest. But the weakness was only shortlived. The familiarity became fainter as I strove to bring it closer, and with a mental shrug I dismissed Miss Nelson's case with the verdict, "I don't think we will know each other very much better in the future;" which conclusion was proved and sealed by the lofty manner with which she left the room after dinner. Two weeks passed from the day of my advent. Miss Nelson and I had bidden each other "good-morning" and "good-evening" just fourteen times, and "nothing more," when, on the fifteenth morning, just after we had exchanged the matutinal greeting, my sister, who was engaged with her letters when I entered the room, looked up from one, and said to her husband:

"James, this is from Olive Gladis. He arrived in New York last week, and writes to announce that he is going to bring his fiancée to visit us."

"Indeed," replied my brother-in-law, with unusual interest. "I am very glad to hear it. What else does he say?"

Olive Gladis was James's favorite nephew.

"Let me see." Alice read on: "Miss Waldron is not able to accompany them, and Jessie at first objected on grounds of propriety; but he has quieted her scruples with the fact that I have known her from babyhood. I'm to telegraph if this is not sufficient. They will be here this evening—Ja—mercy! What is the matter with Miss Nelson?"

We all started up. A cup of chocolate had fallen from that lady's hand, and she lay back in her chair, white and motionless as death. Sister and I both ran to her, and James brought a glass of wine from the sideboard; but she opened her eyes before he reached her. Contrary to the established custom, we did not all ask "What is the matter?" in a breath; but sister silently gave her the wine. She drank it eagerly, and then pressing her hands on her brow, she said:

"Excuse me for being so foolish, but I am not well to-day. If you please, I will return to my room."

She rose, but tottered, and caught her chair. James offered his arm. She took it, and, leaning heavily on him, walked to

the door, sister following. Sister opened the door, and was going with her up the stairs, but she stopped her.

"No, I thank you, Mrs. Morton, I am better now; and if I need help I will call a servant. Please do not trouble yourself about me." And taking her hand from James's arm, she left the room, and we heard her go up the stairs, with slow unsteady steps.

We returned to finish our breakfast, but this episode had effectually destroyed our appetites; and after playing with our spoons, and speculating on Miss Nelson's illness, and the coming guests, for a short time, we left the table. Sister had domestic duties that would occupy her the whole morning, and, thrown upon my own resources for amusement, I took a book, and went out into the shrubbery to read. But the weather was intensely hot, and the book correspondingly stupid; and being thoroughly convinced that my brain could produce more interesting matter than its author, I threw it aside, and gave my fancy reins. First, I thought of the coming hero, of whom I had heard so much, but never seen; and then, unbidden, the deathlike face of Miss Nelson rose before me, and with it the old floating fancy of having seen it before. This fancy took a stronger hold of me now, and I turned it over and over again, but in vain. It was a veritable will-o'-the-wisp—always there, but always flying as I came near it. Finally, I put it from me in disgust; but I resolved to ask Alice for a bit of that despised history at my earliest opportunity. The luncheon-bell aroused me from my dreams, and I went in, to find sister alone. Miss Nelson begged to be excused.

"Do you think her seriously ill?" I asked.

"O no. Only nervous and weak. I hope she will be all over it by night. I can't imagine what caused the attack. She seemed well when she came down."

"Perfectly so. By the way, Alice, did you not say she had some sort of a history?"

"Yes; but it is nothing remarkable. Only the old sad story. She was brought up in wealth and luxury, and left at her father's death in poverty. Poor girl! I feel very sorry for her. You don't seem to have been favorably impressed by her, Esther."

"O yes. I like her well enough; but

you know my sentiments on quick friendships. I wonder if Ellie cares to hunt mosses this afternoon?"

"I guess so."

Miss Ellie was interviewed, and found agreeable; and, taking our baskets, we set out for a long stroll, which we made so very long, that we reached home just in time to perform a very hasty dinner toilet; in fact, the bell sounded before I put the last pin in, and the people had gone into the dining-room when I came down. The guests were there. Alice introduced me. I believe I bowed, and said the proper thing, but I am not sure, for everything was changed like the fairy scene in a drama. I stood not in my sister's dining-room, but on the grand stand at Monmouth Park, the day of the Longfellow race. Before me I saw a gay happy party, and heard the words, "Miss Mary, I have won!" and then as quickly the vision faded, and left me face to face, in the flesh, with two of the party, and I knew the third was the sick governess up stairs. Like the lightning's flash I read the story. God help her! have mercy on her! Small wonder she fainted that morning. Why had we with cruel kindness called her back? And in spite of my unimpressibility, my heart went out to her with a strong yearning love.

We seated ourselves at the table. All were in good spirits, and a sparkling conversation was kept up, in which, contrary to my usual custom, I took no part, but watched the guests covertly. Miss Waldron had changed but little. Her eyes were as bright and her cheek as blooming as ever; but the two years had left their mark on Clive Gladis. There were lines about his mouth, and his voice had a ring which, if there before, I certainly had not noticed the day of the races. Another thing I saw, or fancied that I did, was that his manner to his fiancée, though attentive, was lacking in that subtle tenderness one always detects lurking under such circumstances. All this I had taken in within ten minutes after we took our seats, and I pondered on it, till Miss Waldron raised her left hand, and I saw flashing on it the ruby-eyed serpents. The sight fired my indignation, and I determined to strike them both a blow, for the poor pale one up stairs, and raising my voice for the first time, I said, distinctly:

"Alice, is Miss Nelson still ill to-night?"

I watched them fixedly, but to my astonishment neither displayed the least emotion, and Mr. Gladis said:

"Miss Nelson! Who is she—a guest?"

"No," replied sister. "She is the governess. She was taken ill very suddenly this morning, and she did not feel able to come down to dinner."

"Ah!" with the most magnificent indifference. Heavens! how my blood boiled! Could this be the same man who had spoken those impassioned words? Could fortune's frown so completely kill love? Had he neither heart nor memory? I would make one more effort to touch one or both, and looking straight at him, I said:

"I am a little surprised, Mr. Gladis, to discover that I have seen both you and Miss Waldron before."

"Indeed! Pardon me, but I do not remember. Where, pray?"

"At Monmouth Park, two years ago."

Was it possible! He actually started, and I continued, harshly:

"It was the day of the Longfellow and Bassett race. You and Miss Waldron sat directly before me, and there was another lady with you, whom I admired very much. Who was she, pray?"

Ah! I had struck home at last. His face was ghastly pale, and glancing at Miss Waldron, I saw she was scarcely less white. I know it was cruel to say more, but the memory of the senseless form urged me on, and I continued:

"Have you forgotten? She was a very charming lady, with dark gray eyes, and—Miss Waldron, perhaps you can help me. She wore—" But he interrupted me.

"I have not forgotten. It was"—O, how hard his voice grew!—"Miss Mary Champney. Uncle, may I trouble you for another piece of beef? My appetite is quite barbarous to-night."

James gave the beef, but both I and the servant who took the plate could have testified that it was not his appetite that called for it, for it went out untouched.

"Mary Champney," I repeated, mentally. No wonder they received "Miss Nelson" so calmly. What new mystery was this? for that Miss Nelson and Mary Champney were one I never doubted. Why had she changed her name? The echo was the only answer, and being satisfied

with the result of my first effort, I thought it best to reflect before I made another, and did not recur to the subject. We left the table soon after, and, pleading fatigue and a headache, I did not go into the parlor, but sat on the piazza for a short time, and then went to my room. As I passed Miss Nelson's door a bright light was shining beneath it. I hesitated a moment, and then, thinking I had sufficient excuse in her morning's illness, I knocked. There was a slight rustle, and then she opened the door, and stood fully dressed before me. Her face was very white, and there were dark lines under her eyes, but she was calm and quiet. She seemed surprised to see me, and, in reply to my questions and offers of help, thanked me kindly, but declined everything. She stood holding the door, and did not ask me to enter; and as my past conduct did not warrant my doing so without an invitation, nothing remained for me to do but to bid her "good-night," and go away. But, as I turned to go away, I glanced past her to a table, upon which stood an open jewel-case, and lying in it was the locket I had seen at the races.

I was very late the next morning at breakfast, and did not see Miss Nelson; but at luncheon her place was still vacant, and, in reply to my questions, Alice told me, aside, that she had requested to take her meals with the children during the stay of the guests. I made no reply, but cast a baleful glance at the lovers.

The days rolled on in the quiet monotony of country life, giving me plenty of time to study the tantalizing problem that fortune had given me, and which each day seemed more unsolvable. Mr. Gladis puzzled me sadly. Most of his time was spent in fishing and shooting, but always with the consent of Miss Waldron, to whose slightest wish he yielded chivalrous obedience. But it seemed only the deference that chivalry yields the sex, without the slightest shade of a lover's tenderness. At first I thought her ignorant of or indifferent to this, but I soon saw that she knew it, and felt it with painful keenness, and that her apparent apathy was but a cloak for feelings that she could not show. I felt sorry for the girl, for she loved him deeply; and the better that I knew her, the more impossible I saw it was for her ever to awaken the full depth of his love. She was intelligent and

highly cultured, but totally lacking in that subtle power of soul and mind necessary to satisfy his nature.

Why had he asked her to marry him? I never thought why did he love her. What was the cloud between him and the governess? A thousand times I asked these questions, and each time they came back hollow and mockingly as before, but, unconsciously, my resentment towards Mr. Gladis faded away, and a feeling of pity for them both took its place.

If they could only meet, I said over and over again, I know that all would be right. But time passed by, and they did not meet. Miss Nelson kept herself such a close prisoner in her room, that I began to fear that even I would never see her again, when I met her one evening in the hall. She passed me with a hasty "good-evening," without pausing; but in that one quick glance I was shocked by the change in her appearance. Her face was pinched and thin, and there were dark circles under her eyes that made her look almost unearthly. I looked after her a moment, and then went on, with a sob in my heart for her, and echoing the wish, "If they could only meet."

And now, I must write something for which I beg the reader's broadest charity. In going to my room I passed Miss Nelson's, and in the dusk I saw the door was partly open. One second I felt the impulse, and the next I had yielded to it, and entered the room, for what I could not say. I looked around in the twilight, and saw the table with the same casket I had seen that night standing on it. The key was in it. And now, do not blame my parents for what followed, and think that they omitted the commandments from my early training. I assure you I was drilled in them with painful thoroughness, but their voice of warning was futile then. Quick as a cat I went to the table, turned the key and opened the casket. The locket lay in it. I seized it eagerly, and then with noiseless steps fled from the room.

That evening, at dinner, my usually plain costume was enlivened by a jewelled medalion, and I displayed a remarkable desire to attract Mr. Gladis's attention; but my efforts were in vain, and I began to fear that I had stained my soul for nothing, when after we adjourned to the parlor, I resolved to make a final attempt. I looked around for a means of attack, and at last

called Mr. Gladis to admire a vase he had seen a dozen times before. He came to me smiling, but the moment he reached me, he saw the locket, and grasping my arm, he said, hoarsely:

"Where did you get that?" This surpassed my expectation. I actually writhed with pain, but I managed to say:

"Get what?"

"That locket."

"That locket!" turning it over with my free hand. "Why," (Heaven pardon the lie with the rest of my sins!) "Why, from my jeweller, of course; would you like to see it?"

"No, no, I beg your pardon for my rudeness, but it reminded me of something. What were you saying of the vase?"

I indicated something, and we looked at it a few minutes, and then he went out on the piazza, and I stole up stairs to drop the locket where Miss Nelson would find it, thoroughly convinced, that whatever the trouble between these two was, it was nothing that cast a stain on Clive Gladis's honor.

On, on rolled time. But one day more, and Clive Gladis and his betrothed would leave the villa, and the cleft of possibility would close in the clouds that hung over the dark-eyed governess, and she would drift on, on, in the sea of hopelessness again.

What could I do? What ought I to do!

These were the questions that tormented me, that last evening, as I walked over the lawn to a little summer-house, my favorite spot for thinking. I had almost reached the place, when I was aroused from my mental despair by a low cry. It startled me a little, and I stopped; but in a second I conquered my nerves, and hurried to the house to see Miss Waldron and Miss Nelson, standing in it looking at each other. Both were very pale, but Miss Nelson's was the palor of weariness and sorrow, while Miss Waldron's blanched cheeks and staring eyes spoke fear and terror. My first impulse when I saw them was to go away; but the same influence that urged me to take the locket held me fast to listen. Miss Nelson spoke first.

"Am I indeed so fearfully changed, Jessie, that I terrify you?"

Miss Waldron made two efforts before she spoke, and then she gasped:

"No, Mary, it is not that, but you startled me so. Where did you come from?"



Miss Nelson smiled.

"I do not wonder you ask; and I may as well tell you now. I came from the villa."

"The villa!" in terror. "Are you visiting there?"

Miss Nelson laughed bitterly.

"Visiting, scarcely! My visiting days are over. I have the honor to be Miss Morton's governess."

"Governess!"

"Certainly. You knew when we parted that I must earn my bread or starve. I have preferred the former; and upon the whole I can't say that I have any cause to complain."

"When did you come here? To-day?"

"No, Jessie, I have been with Miss Morton six months."

"Not here; in the villa!"

"Yes."

"Why have I not seen you before?"

"Because,"—and her voice grew as hard as his was, when he said her name—"because I knew who was with you; and poor and broken as I am, I am yet too proud to meet him!"

She drew herself up haughtily, and Jessie dropped her head in silence. At this minute I heard a rustling, and turning I saw Clive Gladis coming through the hedge. He was about to speak when he saw me, but with an imperative motion I silenced him, and pointed to the arbor. He came forward with a puzzled look, and then seeing the two women he stopped. A dark terrible look came over his face, and he turned away; I caught his arm and held him fast. A moment's silence followed, and then Miss Nelson went to Jessie, and putting her arm around her said, gently:

"Forgive me, Jessie. I did not mean to hurt you. It is not your fault that Fortune cast me off; and God knows I cannot blame you for loving him. Heaven grant that he may learn from the past to prize your heart as it deserves. No, Jessie, I do not bear you one hard thought, and in proof of it, I give you my forgiveness to take to him. I cannot help but think that he has enough of God's spirit in him to make him prize it, and be better for it. Tell him I freely forgive the great wrong he has done me, and ask, for atonement, only that he will make you happy."

The arm I held was wrenched away, and the next moment Clive Gladis stood in the arbor before the two women. At the sight

Jessie uttered a wild cry, and springing away, sank upon a seat, while Miss Nelson stood fixed and motionless as a statue. Mr. Gladis drew from his breast pocket a morocco case, and took from it a letter which he handed to Mary saying:

"Mary Champney, read that, and then if you dare, say those words again!"

She took the letter mechanically, and began to read, but as she read her eyes dilated, and a wave of color came into her cheek. A minute longer, and then she dashed the letter from her, and stretching out her hands cried:

"Clive! Clive, my darling! who has done this?"

Instinct nor anything else could excuse my staying longer. I knew all was well at last, and with glad tears streaming down my face I turned away.

Neither Miss Waldron nor Miss Champney, as I will now call her, appeared that evening at dinner, and Mr. Gladis was very grave and quiet. Both James and Alice looked disturbed, and both the meal and the evening were made very short. We retired early, but I doubt if sleep came a willing guest to any pillow that night. I for one did not attempt to woo it, but merely exchanged my dress for a wrapper and sat down by the window to think. I must have sat there for hours, I had no way to note time; but the moon was high above the tree-tops, when I was aroused by a light knock on my door, and before I could speak, it was opened, and Jessie Waldron entered. I was not surprised; I had felt it was she, and sat silent. She walked to the middle of the room, and then stopped. Never shall I forget her, as she stood there. She wore a long white wrapper, over which her black hair fell far below her waist like a mourning veil. Every shade of color was gone from her face, and her eyes looked like fathomless wells of woe. The great eyes fixed themselves on me a moment with an agony I pray I may never see in mortal gaze again, and then she said:

"Pardon me, Miss Esther, for intruding at this late hour, but I knew you would be awake, and I could not go away without telling some one. I was sorry for my sin, and I felt I would rather tell you. I will not keep you long, for God knows I do not wish to linger on the story. It is short. Mary and Clive were betrothed the day of the race, and soon after we all went abroad.

When the terrible trouble came to her in Paris, he was away. Mary and I are cousins, and from childhood we have been like sisters. She loved me and trusted me, and I was false to her. I loved Clive Gladis, too, and had vowed to win him if I could!" The white hands got tangled in her hair, but she seemed to feel no pain, and continued, "O, what fiendish genius Satan gives the brain in such an hour! He guided me well, and in one short month the real ocean that rolled between them was not so deep and broad as the one that I had stretched between their hearts. So far I prospered. She was gone, and I played the comforter to him in his deep trial, and for my reward I won his hand; but his heart, for which I had lost my soul, I never touched!" Again the little hands tore cruelly in her hair, and her voice sank to a gasp. "No, never have I had a lover's look, or a lover's kiss from him. Tell Mary this. Perhaps it may make her hate me less. Tell her that his heart has ever been true to her, and although she has suffered

deeply, I have suffered more; for time and absence might have dimmed her dream, but mine was ever before me, mocking me in my hopelessness. And now that it is over, heaven itself is closed to me! This is all I have to tell, Miss Esther; you saw the rest. Perhaps I have presumed too far in coming to you, but I fancied that you had some pity for me. God bless you if you have! Do not drive it from you, but help me send to Heaven the only prayer my guilty soul dare make. Have mercy, for I loved him so. Good-by forever!" And she was gone as quickly as she came.

She left the villa at the first streak of dawn, and before another sun set the ocean was widening between us. She has never recrossed it, and we often hear of her, as one of our most brilliant and fascinating sisters abroad. The latest rumor said she was soon to wear a coronet. Heaven grant that the weight upon her brow may lighten her heart!

In regard to Clive and Mary, fancy can tell the sequel.

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## A VOYAGE IN THE DAYS OF THE PIRATES.

BY GEORGE H. COOMER.

MODERN enterprise has so dissolved the romance of ocean, that there exists in seaboard communities nothing of that marine enthusiasm so prevalent in the past. In my youth there was scarcely a family in our neighborhood that had not some one upon the deep; and few were the households where there had not been mourning for those who would come no more. One dwelling I recall, from which a father and three sons had passed successively, never to return. In this case, Cuba, Guadaloupe, San Domingo and Martinique each held one of the dead. Beneath almost every roof the ship news was the first thing sought for in the small newspaper that came weekly to the fireside.

At that day there were dangers which exist no longer. Then the pirate was a reality. He haunted every sea—the West Indian waters, the Greek Archipelago, the coast of Africa, and the Indian Ocean. In the early part of this century, there were dreadful tragedies enacted far from land, and the terror of pirates was stronger with the honest mariner than the dread of fever

or tempest. No buccaneer could now keep the sea for a month; but then, frigates and sloops of war were mocked by the nimble brigantine or schooner. Besides, mightier affairs demanded the world's attention; the great Napoleon had not yet become "the last lonely captive to millions in war," and the confusion and preoccupation of nations encouraged the piratical spirit with the prospect of impunity.

From infancy I had been accustomed to tales to which those who live at a distance from the seacoast rarely listen. I knew men who had been shipwrecked on the shores of Europe, men who had been down with the African fever on the Gold Coast, men who had been impressed in the British navy, and men who had been taken by pirates. And so, upon going to sea, I looked forward to the occurrence, in my own case, of one or more of such events as a matter of course. Yet when did the anticipation of hardship ever deter a lad of sixteen from trying the wide ocean for himself?

Captain Dalton, who was almost always

at sea, but whose home was near my father's, and who was one of those ship-masters that stand as landmarks in my memory, had once been lashed to his brig's mainmast by pirates, who having scuttled the vessel, left him, as they supposed, to sink with her. But the merchantman, being only in ballast, simply rolled on her beam ends when full of water, and remained afloat; so that the captain, after having been nearly strangled by the sea that kept washing over him, as well as by a rope which having got a turn around his neck gave him no little trouble, was at last rescued. I remember his coming home upon the occasion, and how the sea captains gathered about him, and how he told them that the pirates did not get his doubloons, after all—for he had put his gold in the coffee-kettle over the galley fire.

The vessel which took him up was a Frenchman, from Bordeaux for New Orleans, and I well recollect the pleasant sallies of his neighbors upon some enthusiastic remarks of his, concerning the beauty of a lady passenger on board, whom the captain, himself an unmarried man, had discovered to be also unmarried. Yet I little dreamed that any circumstance connected with his adventure would ever influence my own destiny. Such, however, was the case, both immediately and remotely.

The sight of the captain, as with sun-browned face and in sailor pumps he trod the streets and wharves, sometimes relating in an off-hand manner the story of the pirates, gave the last impetus to my impatience, and a few months later I went to sea, though not with him. Four years passed, but although I made a number of voyages, nothing of much importance occurred in my experience. It was simply the plain story of going and coming, coming and going. Captain Dalton also many times went and came, and perhaps the day when he was bound to the mainmast had begun to seem even to himself like a period in some one's else experience instead of his own; for nothing beyond the ordinary incidents of sea life appeared longer to cross his path.

But the captain's romantic episodes were not yet ended. I was now at home from a voyage, and one day seizing upon the ever welcome little paper that chronicled the proclamations of President Madison, the

victories of the Emperor Napoleon, and the sea fights of France and Albion. I read of a desperate encounter with pirates near the mouth of the Mississippi, where they had attacked a French vessel having passengers on board. The Frenchman would have been taken, had not an American brig, the *Albertina*, Captain Charles Dalton, mounting four twelve-pounders, borne down to the rescue. The fire from the *Albertina* was described as remarkably well directed, and the slaughter among the pirates as very great. The paper mentioned the singular circumstance that one of the French passengers, a lady, had four years previously been passenger in a ship which had rescued Captain Dalton when he had been lashed by pirates to the mast of his vessel which they had doomed to sink.

The narrative impressed me very strongly, for a romantic incident seems doubly romantic when connected with a person whom we know. Louisiana had then but lately been ceded to the United States; most of its inhabitants were French, and warm, no doubt, were the congratulations of that impulsive people, as they gathered about the lady, or shook hands with the Yankee commander, who, bound to New Orleans, arrived there at the same time with herself. She had been on a visit to Guadeloupe, and but for the twelve-pounders of the stanch *Albertina*, would never have returned. Of course a marriage followed, and ere long the owner of the beautiful square-rigged brig received information that Captain Dalton was about to sail for home with his bride. The novel circumstances of the case afforded subject for much gossip.

It seemed probable, however, that a sight of my new-made townsman would for the present be denied me, for about this time I shipped in the *Powhatan*, a full-rigged brig, bound for "Guadeloupe and elsewhere." In the latter part of September, when the winds grew cool, and a white frost became occasionally visible at morning, the brig was ready for her cargo. Farm produce, consisting of vegetables and fruits, occupied the hold, while between-decks we had hoop-poles, bales of hay and boxes of shoes. On deck we had more hoop-poles, and wedged in among these were four forlorn horses; the regulations at some of the West Indian islands at that time obliging each vessel from New Eng-

land entering their ports, to bring a certain number of these animals. We had also two twelve-pound carronades and two long-nines, but how, in case of an emergency, they were to be managed, upon a deck crowded with hoop-poles and old horses, it was not easy to foresee.

The water casks were brought down on drays from the town pump, the barrels of beef, flour and hard-bread snugly secured, and last of all, came the sailors' chests and dunnage, breathing the forecastle odors of many a voyage. Then the brig dropped down stream to the usual anchorage, with her ensign at the gaff, as a signal that she had not as yet her complement of hands. She had shipped five before the mast, but wanted one more. Next morning the sixth man appeared—a tall Vermonter, of about twenty-one years, named Jonathan Hamlin. Had the Powhatan been a whaler, the advent of Mr. Hamlin would have proved a welcome event, but the commander of a merchant brig of three hundred tons, with only six men in the forecastle, of all things dislikes that one of the half-dozen should be a new hand, unable to steer his trick or stow the bunt of a topgallant-sail. Nevertheless, Captain Walshingham, after keenly measuring this Vermont youth from head to foot, and sternly asking him a few questions, pointed to the desk in the owners' counting-room, and told him to put down his name. The green hand got a "protection" the same morning, describing him as six feet one inch high, with brown eyes, auburn hair, and a scar on the left arm. Should the reader expect Jonathan Hamlin to turn out an able seaman in disguise, he will be disappointed, for the Green Mountain adventurer was fully as ignorant of all practical sea life as he appeared to be.

Next day the *Albertina* came in—a circumstance demonstrating that the Powhatan could not go out, as the wind was fresh from seaward. Several of our crew were on shore, and a large number of the townspeople came down to old Captain Dumont's wharf, off which the *Albertina* brought to—Captain Dumont, a Haytian refugee, being the owner for whom Captain Dalton sailed. The old Frenchman himself was there, shrewd and bustling, and evidently pleased that his trusted shipmaster had married a daughter of "the great nation." But for myself, I was chiefly interested in a beautiful young face that ap-

pearing above the bulwarks, seemed a companion to that of Mrs. Dalton.

Meanwhile, the sailors, preparatory to hauling in, were furling the fore-topsail and jib, under which the brig had run up the harbor. And now the anchor, which a few yards to windward, had been dropped from the bows to bring the vessel to, was hove up; and while the windlass clanked, and the huge hempen cable, such as was used at that day, came slowly inboard, the *Albertina* swung around; head and stern-lines, already secured over the great posts, were hauled smartly on deck, and old Captain Dumont saw his large brig snug at the pierhead.

That Captain Dalton's wife was very handsome none could deny, but her companion, a girl of seventeen, was prettier than herself. "She is the handsomest girl I ever saw!" whispered Hamlin, who perhaps never before looked upon any woman of foreign birth but some imported Celt, and whose diffidence in the presence of his shipmates began to be overcome by his enthusiasm.

As the ladies were stepping from the gangway, a sudden squall, which had a moment before been observed whirling the leaves on the opposite side of the harbor, and blackening the water as it came, reached us with unexpected force. The young lady, losing her balance, fell between the vessel and the wharf, while the brig, yielding to the shock of the wind, heeled with her bulwarks over the caplog and almost in contact with it. The unfortunate girl was somewhere in the chasm, where the water, driven around the head and stern of the vessel, foamed among the slippery crevices of the wharf, but she was wholly invisible. The only hope was that she might not get between the wooden "fenders" and the brig's side.

Instinctively every one sprang to her aid. Some attempted to thrust themselves down at the place where she had fallen, while others leaped from the wharf corners, thinking to force their way lengthwise of the vessel. It was dark under the bilge of the brig, there was thumping and grinding above; and for myself, I was finally hauled on shore exhausted and badly bruised. Might not the young lady have been killed at once and sunk to the bottom? It could hardly be doubted. But how great was the excitement when supported by strong arms

she was discovered a few yards beyond the vessel, her rescuer swimming stoutly around the bows to reach the wharf. He was Hamlin, the Green Mountain Boy, whose only aquatic feats, as he afterwards informed us, had been heretofore performed upon the Connecticut River, but whose powerful limbs had well improved their fresh water schooling. He had found the young lady at the bottom, and had carried her completely under the brig's keel, feeling that this was the safest method of escape. From that moment, the old tars turning their quids seriously, abated as they looked upon Hamlin, that contempt so naturally inspired by the sight of a green hand.

Julie Lenois, the young French girl, rapidly recovered from her exhaustion, and when that evening the Vermonter and myself, at the request of Captain Dalton, stood before her, she expressed with artless fervor her gratitude to my tall shipmate for his successful daring, and to me for the bruises I had suffered in her behalf. She was a most attractive and unpretending girl, and I could not help perceiving that she respected the strong common sense of my fresh water companion, who, though somewhat awkward in movement, had nothing silly in his deportment. Captain Dalton related stories of the sea, and old Captain Dumont was present with tales of San Domingo and that terrible negro uprising in which nearly all his wealth and many of his near relatives had been sacrificed. Julie, who neglected no little attention that might help to render our call agreeable to us, produced pictures of her father and her sister, the former, a broad-shouldered Frenchman, who had been lost at sea, and a girl of fifteen with a face so beautiful that no words can describe it.

"She is now," said Julie, "in Guadeloupe; it was necessary that we should part for a time, though on going over to New Orleans, with Mrs. Dalton, I could not, of course foresee this visit to the north."

She spoke sorrowfully of the vicissitudes of life and the loss of her father, and evidently longed for the time when she should once more embrace that pretty sister, Marie, who she remarked was doubtless busy with her lessons in the convent at Guadeloupe.

As we left the place it seemed to me that the Vermonter had undergone a transformation. He was by no means an uneducated youth; there was something in him,

fresh as he was from the broad farm, and the barns, and the oxen, that whispered of the glory of the common school. And now that his feelings were excited, his mingled enthusiasm and good sense made him a really pleasant companion. In his simplicity regarding all that related to the salt sea, he had brought his heavy rifle from Vermont, thinking it might be of service in some of those emergencies which he had doubtless pictured in colors that would have made a sailor laugh.

It was a bright morning in October when we sheeted home the topsails and manned the windlass. As one sail after another was swayed up, we stood off from our berth, the sailors busy with the hundred calls of the occasion, and the green hand stumbling and wondering. We had an excellent crew, four of the hands able seamen, one ordinary and one green, but he stout as a lion. The cook was a great burly negro, who could have lifted half a ton; the captain and his two officers, all in the prime of life, were stout resolute men; and altogether it gave one a sense of security to look around upon our brig's complement, small as it was.

In the Gulf Stream, a severe blow decided the fate of our unfortunate horses. It was in the middle of the night that Captain Walsingham, finding the brig in danger of having her decks swept, gave orders to get the poor animals overboard. One by one, slipping, stumbling and falling, they were forced over the gangway, their shrill cries as they swam mingling with the roar of the gale. The last, a large gray horse, was upon the point of going, when a sea rose above the weather bulwarks and broke upon deck. The sailors sprang for the rigging, but Hamlin and the gray horse went over together. With great presence of mind, he clung to the animal's mane and threw himself astride its back. Rising and falling in the broad swells alongside, the two had the appearance of a frightful ocean monster; the phosphorescence of the Gulf Stream, and the ghastly heads of the three companion horses, strongly assisting the picture. As the Powhatan was lying to, the Green Mountain Boy succeeded in grasping the slack of a clew-garnet which was thrown to him, and he tumbled on board from his strange ride.

Already he had become quite a favorite with the sailors; he repaid their salt yarns

with hunting tales of his own experience, and nothing could have pleased them more. The scar on his left arm, described in his "protection," was a keepsake from a panther which he shot in his father's woodland. His father, as I gathered, was a large farmer, and I could imagine the apples and potatoes, the turnips, and corn, and turkeys, among which Jonathan had grown to his twenty-first year.

The ceremony of Hamlin's adoption as a son of the sea-god took place as we entered the tropic; Neptune, or rather a representative dressed for the occasion, coming on board in a boat, and his advent being followed by the rough pranks of an observance now obsolete. The green hand took all good-naturedly, and the fact, together with another circumstance which now occurred, tended to shorten this ocean rite.

This was the discovery from off deck of a yawl with five men on board, apparently making towards us. When Hamlin saw it, he almost considered the bearded sea-god no myth, after all. Might not the old fellow have forgotten something and returned? At least, the green hand considered the approach of the boat a part of the joke. The men when taken up, related that they had the day previous been captured by pirates, who killed three of the crew, bound all the others, and set fire to the vessel—a sail in sight, meanwhile, causing their hurried departure. The crew succeeding in liberating themselves, took to their boat, which the pirates had not stopped to cast adrift.

This incident furnished us a stirring topic in the watches of the following night, and I confess to a feeling of inexpressible dread, as casting my eyes through the darkness, I watched for the black hull of the pirate. On that night there was no need that the mate should steal forward upon the fore-castle, to make sure that the man up between the night-heads was awake—no man slept upon his "lookout." Imagination painted the heavy-sparred brigantine and cutthroat crew, described to us by the rescued seamen.

At morning it was blowing freshly, and the Powhatan was wallowing along under single-reefed topsails and main-topgallant sail. The trade wind had slanted to about east, and we were heading south. It was nearly broad daylight, when against that part of the horizon where the sun would rise, we made out a sail, apparently stand-

ing on the same course with ourselves. Captain Walshingham himself went into the maintop, for the event of the day before had made him a little uneasy; and after a good look with his glass, pronounced her either a brigantine or a topsail schooner. It soon became evident that she was keeping more off the wind than were we, and therefore gradually nearing us.

"Square in the yards," said the captain; "we will keep away for a spell, and see if he follows us. That will settle the matter."

The Powhatan fell off dead before the wind, and it was with sinking hearts that we perceived the stranger do the same. We shook the reefs out of the topsails, set the other topgallant-sail, the mainroyal and the studding-sails, but the pursuer also crowded more canvas, and now all doubt was removed.

That the pirate would overhaul us was almost certain; still, however, we were far from hopeless. The five men from the boat furnished a strong reinforcement, and with our four cannon, and a full supply of small arms, we would not fall an easy prey. But then, the freebooter probably mounted twelve or fourteen guns, and might have a hundred men.

The sea was heavy, and the Powhatan, running off directly before it, rolled so deeply and so quickly that it was difficult to steer her. The deck, as I have said, was lumbered with hoop-poles, and what with the rolling of the vessel and the hindrance given by the deck-load, it appeared almost impossible that we should be able to manage the guns. The captain sang out to the mate:

"Turn to all hands, Mr. Drew, to get those hoop-poles overboard!"

It was a welcome order. Every man sprang to the work. Bundle after bundle went with a swash over the side, and the long wide deck was cleared. The better sailing and easier motion of the brig showed the wisdom of this proceeding. The cannon were now got ready, and the small arms placed close at hand.

It was Captain Walshingham's intention to cripple the brigantine, for such our pursuer proved to be, before she should come up with us; but, as with the high sea and the heavy press of sail the Powhatan could not be yawed without danger, we knocked away the stern bulwarks sufficiently to make a couple of posts; from these the

nine-pounders would be pointed directly at the enemy.

Jonathan Hamlin's rifle, from its first appearance on board the vessel, had been taken in charge by the captain. It was now handed to its owner. His powerful arms had been of great service at the gun-tackles in the severe task of changing the position of the nine-pounders, but it was with the Green Mountain rifle that he felt most at home.

The chase had continued about three hours, when the pirate tried his long gun upon us. This was done as he rose on the top of a sea and came upon an even keel. His bulwarks were very low, and the gun ranged above them and under his foresail, as he was square rigged forward. Shot after shot followed, but wholly without effect, and it was to as little purpose that our long nines answered him. With the sea so rough, it was impossible to point a gun with any degree of accuracy; and we saw that the nine-pounders must soon be wheeled back to their original position.

At length the villanous enemy was within two furlongs of us, and his appearance, in the light of all it suggested, was fearful. More than a hundred wretches swarmed upon his decks—bearded, furious-looking scoundrels, in all manner of begrimed hats and caps, shirts and trousers. Our glasses brought them close to us, showing the knives and pistols bristling in their belts, and the bloodthirsty frenzy of their savage faces. The sides of the brigantine were lined with cannon, three times the number of our own. Thought is rapid at such a time, and burning ships and murdered crews started vividly up before us. Still we kept up our fire with the nine-pounders, hoping either to disable a spar or rake his deck, but all in vain. Only a shot here and there touched his sails, but not a single one struck among his crew.

Although the brigantine was exactly in our wake, her sails hid the deck but very little; for we had a view under her foresail, and could at times see even the man at the helm, as the boom lifted, or the yawing of the vessel brought him out from the range of the mainmast.

"I wish a lucky shot would knock over that fellow at the tiller," said Captain Walshingham. "He has all he can do to steer, and the vessel might be tripped by this sea before another could take his place."

Jonathan Hamlin let go of the backstay by which he was steadying himself, and took up his rifle. Seldom had he seen a cannon fired, even on land, but with the weapon of the woods he was at home. The captain, the mates and the sailors looked earnestly at him as he stepped aft.

"Shall I try, sir?" he asked.

"Yes," answered the captain. "You'll see him in a moment, when she yaws; but you can't hit him at this distance; there's a difference between sea and land shooting."

Jonathan raised his rifle, but lowered it again. The heavy fore-and-aft mainsail, or the smoke from the eighteen-pounder, had hidden the object. This time the charge from the great gun whistled all about us; the eighteen-pound shot cut our trysail-gaff, and we seemed almost to see the scattering grape that accompanied it. But Hamlin never once looked aloft. Bracing himself with his left foot forward, and clutching the long rifle, he gazed eagerly astern. The crew gazed as eagerly.

"There he is!" "I see him!" "There is the fellow!" "There's the man!" "I see him now!"

But they were never to see him again.

Quickly, yet with an iron steadiness, the Green Mountain boy brought up his weapon, and, with an aim almost instantaneous, he fired.

The pirate helmsman leaped upward, and falling across the tiller, dropped dead on the deck!

Two others sprang to catch the helm, but they were too late; a sea tripped the brigantine under the counter, and with a wide swing and roll, she completely broached to! For a moment her yards dipped in the water, then crash! went both topmasts, short off by the caps. The rig of the old-time brigantine, now out of date, included a square main-topsail, topgallant-sail and royal; thus she differed from the square-rigged brig only in having a longer mainmast, and a mainsail-like a schooner's. But all was gone from the pirate save his foresail, depending from the foreyard, and his mainsail, slatting upon the gaff and boom. In twenty minutes we were three miles from him, he having, meanwhile, cut adrift his wrecked spars, reefed his mainsail, in order that it might not out-balance his head sail, and hauled on the wind.

Three days later we arrived at Gaudaloupe, where Jonathan Hamlin stood a man of mark to all who came on board, and was pointed out even in the streets as "*le gros Américain*" who had shot the pirate. Among the tarry sailors especially he was a hero. The old salts from other American vessels would come on board of us and gather around him, with the respect due to dexterity and courage; and yet Jonathan could no more have taken a lanyard knot, or made a short splice or a long splice, than could one of his weather-beaten shipmates have driven a team of Vermont oxen through a barway without getting afoul. He was an excellent singer, and one of his favorite melodies, an old English ballad, began thus:

"I that once was a farmer, a sailor am now;

No lark, that aloft in the sky,

Ever caroled his song to give speed to the plow,  
Was so gay and so happy as I."

From between the nightheads of the Powhatan he would send his song floating over the harbor, till the sailor boys of all the surrounding merchant brigs would lean over the bulwarks and listen in admiration.

A notable incident of our stay in port was the arrival, a week later than ourselves, of a French brig of war, with twenty-five pirates on board. She had fallen in with the same brigantine which chased the Powhatan, and the pirates, who by means of jury topmasts had repaired damages, made a desperate fight, killing and wounding sixteen of the brig's crew. But the Frenchman boarded, sword in hand, killing all except twenty-two of the miscreants, and these, a few days after their arrival, we had the pleasure of seeing hanged. The pirate vessel, which at the end of the battle was found to have four feet of water in her hold, had been allowed to sink. The villains executed were nearly all Spaniards; their dark faces and murderous black eyes told of the fate we had escaped.

Hamlin and myself often recalled our evening at Captain Dalton's. The grace of the captain's wife and the beauty of Julia were reverted to again and again. The green hand possessed that decided character which once impressed can never forget, and it was evident that his dive under the Albertina was to him the great event of his life. From this all happy imaginings

branched forth, in one who had not yet lost his plowboy freshness.

But the picture of Marie—I never heard the convent bell without thinking of that young face, for in the monastery, as Julie had told us, the original of the miniature was a pupil. In sleep I once or twice dreamed of her, for she had become a kind of spirit-love, and always when on shore I had a vague hope of meeting her.

None of us looked like heroes of romance; the ball of spun yarn and the marlinspike, the blue shirts and bare feet, as we trod about on deck, were more real than poetic. The "bold brave crew and the ocean blue" were the merest prose.

"Mr. Gale," said the chief mate to the second, "have those bits of board picked up off the deck; the men will be getting the nails in their feet."

"Nails!" remarked the captain, interposing; "you couldn't get a sharp-pointed nail into Jonathan's foot."

The day after this little colloquy, which pleased me for its quaintness, Hamlin and myself were at work in the hold, which, including the "between-decks," was about fifteen feet deep. I was busy under the main hatchway, and Jonathan was away in the run, humming something about "the girl I left behind me," when a shadow fell across the light, and right over my head there was uttered a shrill scream. At the same instant a shape in white drapery fell headlong through the hatchway, and as I sprang forward to save her, a young girl dropped into my outstretched arms.

Though staggered by the shock, I did not fall. Placing her on her feet, I continued for a moment to support her, while a young lad in the uniform of a French midshipman, quickly followed by Captain Walshingham, descended to my side. The broad light from the hatchway fell across the face of the fairy I had saved. What a tumult of feeling was mine! It was the very face of the picture. There were the same bewitching lips, the same radiant eyes and pencilled brows. How wonderful are the currents of fate! Had I been guided to Gaudaloupe that Marie Lenois might fall into my arms?

She was wholly uninjured, and the reaction from her terrible fright brought the rich blood to her cheeks, till they had the hues of daybreak. Her form was no less



beautiful than her face; she was of medium height, and graceful as a flower. I had been much with the French, and could understand nearly all Marie's musical words as she gratefully thanked me for saving her life. She did not faint, or betray any sign of faintness.

The little midshipman, only thirteen years old, was her brother; he had only a month or two previous entered the navy. And now I remembered that Julie had spoken of her boy brother, and shown us a picture of him. He told me that he belonged to the brig of war that had taken the pirate. He had been off to his vessel with Marie, and returning, they had come on board the Powhatan to speak with Captain Walsingham, who it appeared had, upon our arrival in port, delivered at the convent some little presents from Julie to Marie, and thus made the young girl's acquaintance.

After looking upon Hamlin with a curiosity and gratitude inspired by what Julie had written concerning him, and with an evident admiration of his giant stature, Marie descended to her little boat, in which the rowers were waiting alongside. The interview had given me a fluttering of the heart which no words can describe, and I hardly knew what emotion was uppermost—whether the surprising sense of her delicate beauty, the intense mortification at the thought of my bare feet, or the fear that I might not see her again.

But I had saved her life, and her blushing and timid glance as she bade me goodbye told that I would be long remembered. Hamlin thought her a divinity because she looked like Julie, and I thought Julie handsome because she looked like Marie.

The chimes from the convent had that evening a tenfold melody; but next day, while on shore, I grew extremely sad. There was something heartbreaking in the thought that my late adventure must become more and more a thing of the past, and that though I might go from port to port, till I should be weather-beaten like old Jack, whom I had left that morning putting a new lift on the fore-topgallant-yard, I would never see Marie again. Only once in a lifetime could she fall down the main hatchway into my arms—and that once was over!

Suddenly my reverie was broken by the sound of a struggle, and looking up a small

alley, I saw a couple of sailors attacking a mere boy, who was defending himself with a short sword. A third sailor lay on the ground, apparently dead. I was close to them, and springing to the lad's assistance, struck down one of the assailants with my fist. The other turned upon me with his long knife, but fled after receiving a blow from my foot full in his chest, while his comrade, leaping up, followed him. Shouting an alarm, I pursued, and at the nearest corner, the villains running directly upon a squad of *gens d'arme*, were arrested.

I had already seen that the lad attacked was young Victor Lenois, my midshipman acquaintance of the day previous, and now, on hastening back to him, I found that he had sunk to the earth, desperately wounded. From subsequent testimony, it appeared that his assailants were three Spanish pirates, one of whom had a brother hanged among the prisoners brought in by the French brig of war. The uniform of the navy was hateful to these wretches, and thus in revenge they had set upon the little midshipman, who, mere child as he was, had killed one of them before my arrival. Young Victor was now taken toward the hospital, and it was not till this moment that I realized the severity of a wound I had received.

As the French boy was carried away, I sank fainting in the street, and my return to consciousness found me in the hospital. My first thought was of Marie, and it was with intense satisfaction that I realized the severity of my wound—for now I would see her again. She would fly to her brother's side, and as for some days I must remain at the hospital, her bright eyes would once more gladden my heart. Then, too, had not my injury been the consequence of a second and inestimable service that I had rendered her? What might I not hope from this?

The result was even as I hoped, and I may well say that my few hospital days were among the happiest that I ever knew. Both Victor and myself rapidly recovered, and the beaming glances of Marie, through all her gentle timidity, told me that my heart had no need of an interpreter, for my feelings were her own. She related some incidents of her modest little history, the most distressing of which was the loss of her father somewhere upon the sultry Caribbean. Julie and herself had been his

idols, and they had evidently repaid his devotion with a love of which few are capable. Their mother had died long before.

My convalescence brought almost a feeling of sorrow, as it forced me to return on board the Powhatan. Victor also resumed his station on the deck of the Frenchman. What a point in my destiny had been the arrival of this brig of war! My duties on shipboard proved little hindrance to the interviews with Marie, since from our long stay in port there could hardly anything be found to employ the crew, and I was therefore permitted to be often on shore. At length the brig was chartered for La Guayra, on the Spanish Main, thence to return with a cargo to Gaudaloupe. And although our absence would not be long, never did I weigh anchor with a heavier heart.

It was winter, and past the season of the great hurricanes, yet the Caribbean Sea was still rough and treacherous, and if the green hand, who learned with tolerable facility, had any desire to perfect himself in the art of reefing topsails, there was no lack of the opportunity. In the misty, rainy, squally weather we narrowly escaped going ashore, split our fore-topsail, lost the main-topgallantsail, and at length dropped anchor at the mouth of an inlet, about a hundred miles from La Guayra, on the coast of Castile del Oro.

We knew the Indians in this portion of South America to be wholly untamed, and that pirates often haunted the gloomy bays, but it was a country so rich in glorious verdure that one became astonished at the profusion of nature.

Wind-bound by a current of air from the most unfortunate direction, we lay here for several days, often going in our boat in pursuit of birds. On one of these occasions we encountered a band of Indians—fine-looking fellows, but, from their surly appearance, evidently not to be trusted. They had in their company a white man, whom they kept somewhat in the rear; and as from their numbers we dared not approach to traffic, it appeared impossible to ascertain the circumstances of his condition.

The shore presented a variety of pampa and forest, and about two hours after we had lost sight of the Indians, we were startled by the spectacle of a white man bounding through the long grass, while fifty yelling savages pursued him from the neighboring thicket. To reach us, which

seemed his intention, the fugitive must traverse the bank of the inlet for some distance.

We were a long way from the shore, but we pulled towards it with all our might, yet with scarce a hope of rendering service; for would not the Indians use their arrows upon the hapless white man, should they fail otherwise to overtake him?

As our boat struck the bank he was within a hundred yards of us, but his nearest pursuer, a gigantic warrior, was not ten paces behind, and leaping on with uplifted hatchet.

"You will have to risk it, Jonathan!" cried Captain Walshingham, as the green hand cocked his rifle. "If you kill the white man, so be it!"

The last word was lost in the report of the gun, and plunging headlong into the coarse grass, the Indian warrior fell at the heels of the fugitive. The two had been wide in advance of the main body, which now instantly halted. We perceived with surprise that none of the Indians had bows or arrows, but learned from the white man, who sprang into our boat, and was hurried from the shore, that these had been laid aside for the moment, to protect the bow-strings from a passing flurry of rain. From a high rock he had discovered our position, dashed down the cliff, and escaped. Jonathan's bullet he had heard whistle within a foot of his shoulder, and his head had been grazed by the hatchet of the falling Indian.

The rescued man was greatly exhausted by his exertions, and it was not till we had reached the vessel that he gave us all the circumstances connected with his present situation.

"I am a Frenchman," he said, "and many years ago came out to Gaudaloupe, where I engaged in commerce. About two years since I suffered great losses, so that my property, which had been considerable, was reduced to almost nothing. At this time, however, an uncle of mine, a merchant, who had been living on this coast, left me by his will sixty thousand francs—nearly equal, as you know, to twelve thousand dollars—and I came over to Carthagena to receive it. On the passage back our vessel was captured by a pirate named Desnouettes, one of my own countrymen, whom as a boy I knew in Bordeaux.

"With the exception of myself, every soul on board was killed; but Desnouettes, who was not known at Gaudaloupe as a pirate, preserved my life for the moment, in order that I might transfer to him the property which I had some months before lost, but of which he still believed me to be possessed. Should I make out and sign such papers, it was a certainty that death would immediately be my portion. He could not kill me if I refused—at all events, this was the less perilous alternative. No doubt he would resort to torture, yet by an appearance of indecision on my part, he was induced to delay this expedient; and luckily on the very night after the capture, a hurricane so employed him that he paid no attention to me.

"The vessel finally went ashore, and some of the drunken crew were lost, but Desnouettes preserved the gold of which he had robbed me, and hid it near the place of landing. Next day the pirates were attacked by Indians, and nearly all killed. Desnouettes, however, and a few others, made their escape in a boat which they had saved from the wreck. The Indians, finding me bound, offered me no violence, but simply took me away as their captive. I made myself useful to them, and they continued to treat me kindly, although my escape was well guarded against. They could not afford to part with one who could do so many things of which they were ignorant. Your appearance was indeed a happy event to me.

"I have two daughters in Gaudaloupe, and it has almost broken my heart to think of their grief as month after month has gone by, and they have watched in vain for my coming.

"Desnouettes left the stolen gold behind him; and I think he must either have been drowned soon after taking to his boat, or picked up by some vessel, as the wind had changed, and was blowing a gale off shore, so that he could not have got back; and I am confirmed in this opinion from the fact that only a week since the treasure still remained in its hiding-place, as, unseen by the Indians, I had an opportunity of discovering. My name is Jean Lenois."

Lenois! I had guessed as much before he was half way through. I need not detail all that followed. Captain Walshingham had much to say, and he said it with deep feeling. He told the events of the

last few months, as they related to Julie and Marie, and in his sturdy sailor manner described the incidents with which Jonathan and myself had been connected. The warm-souled Frenchman grasped our hands; he was deeply affected, and the scene grew almost painful.

Next morning the wind at last favoring us, we ran along the coast to where Desnouettes had left the gold, and found all, as Lenois had described it. There were the latter's twelve thousand dollars in a small keg, and in the same depository his papers also. In another keg were five thousand dollars, with which, as Lenois said, he had nothing to do. Here was a temptation which few men in Captain Walshingham's position could have resisted; yet he proposed to share but in the same proportion as his men, and, accordingly, as there were ten of us—captain, mates, cook and foremast hands—we had five hundred dollars each.

After lying for six weeks at La Guayra, we sailed, with M. Lenois on board, for Gaudaloupe. The brig, with a fresh breeze, was reeling off nine knots an hour, when directly ahead we discovered what seemed a vessel on fire, and shortly after made out not only one, but two vessels in flames. In an hour and a half we were up with them, but it was only to see both go down at about the same time; a few charred fragments, a couple of boats, full of water, and a solitary living man clinging to one of them, being all that remained afloat.

The single survivor, with singed hair and bruised body, was taken up. Unable to stand, he was laid upon the deck. Casting around his eyes, it was with a surprised and wondering look that he fixed them upon M. Lenois.

"*Mon Dieu!*" cried the latter, in astonishment; "*c'est Desnouettes!*"

"Yes," said the villain, feebly, "it is Desnouettes."

"But what have you been doing now?" demanded M. Lenois.

"Burning another vessel, and getting burned myself. But I am past talking—give me some brandy."

At night he revived considerably, but it was only a lighting up before death. His surly mood had vanished, and he was communicative.

"I was in a topsail schooner," he re-

marked, "with ten guns and sixty men. I had been to look for the gold, but it was gone. I fell in with a merchant brig, and lost a dozen men in taking her. Then we killed all her crew, and set her on fire. We were to windward, of course, but by some blunder, in trying to fill away, we got afoul of her, and the next moment our jib and foresail were in a blaze. At last we took to the boats, but the long tom went off while we were close to its muzzle, completely demolishing one of them, and the other was capsized by the men scrambling to get into her. The remaining guns were discharged one after another, eight of them without touching us, but the ninth tore the men all to pieces with grapeshot as they clung to the boat. Worse than all else, the sharks got around us, and when you arrived the day was up with everybody but me."

Then the pirate took a retrospect of earlier years. His father, he said, ran away from San Domingo to France, with the property of one Eugene Dumont. It was amid all the horrors of the negro insurrection. The child of M. Dumont, a little girl, was on board a small vessel in the harbor, her father having left her for the moment, while he went to a ship near by, when a number of villains, seizing upon the weakly-manned craft and murdering its crew, put to sea in it, rightly guessing that there was a large amount of treasure in the hold. The child they spared, and their leader, the father of Desnouettes, took her to his home in Bordeaux.

"Four or five years ago," continued Desnouettes, "she went over to the United States, and lately, while I was in New Orleans, I heard that she had married a Yankee shipmaster who had saved her from pirates."

"Then," remarked Captain Walshingham, "she is the daughter of M. Dumont, is she?"

"O yes; but she has no idea of it. She was only four years old when my father ran away with her. You see what a stock I am descended from, and how I must have begun life."

He then murmured something of the hidden gold, how he had been delayed in his attempts to reach the place of deposit, and found it empty at last!

The grim villain now grew rapidly weaker, and his mutterings more incoherent, and

in an hour he was dead. Without ceremony, with neither sailcloth about the body nor shot at the feet, we passed him overboard. A gloom was upon us, a sense of hideousness, unrelieved by the excitement of danger or of curiosity, which had attended us in more perilous scenes.

With no further adventure of moment, we reached Gaudaloupe, where we found Captain Dalton in the *Albertina*, together with his wife and Julie. The meeting of M. Lenois with his daughters I need not describe, nor dwell upon my happiness at once more finding myself in the presence of Marie.

Our revelation to Mrs. Dalton of what Desnouettes had told us concerning her parentage, filled her with astonishment at the strange coincidence which had led her to the very door of her father, old Captain Dumont, the *Albertina's* owner, and had caused her to regard him with a loving veneration, ere she dreamed of the relationship,

Jonathan Hamlin had by this time lost much of the awkwardness which had attended him from the Vermont hills, and as Julie learned how his unerring rifle had saved the life of her father, as his strong arms had once saved her own, it became evident that she entertained for the tall Yankee a deeper feeling than that of mere admiration. He was really good-looking, upright in figure as in mind, broad-shouldered, and towering like Saul.

Freights were dull, there was hourly danger of a declaration of war between England and the United States, and after lying a month at Gaudaloupe, Captain Walshingham decided to load for home. Captain Dalton came to the like conclusion, and both brigs commenced taking in the island produce.

M. Lenois had an enthusiastic admiration for the United States; his property was wholly in money, and there appeared no hindrance to his immediate emigration. Victor could surrender his midshipman's warrant, and both for him and the young ladies a life in the free north would be far better than in the West Indies. Therefore the French merchant determined to sail at once, and would embark with Captain Dalton.

Upon a representation of his extreme youth, and the peculiar circumstances which, without the knowledge of his

father, had induced Victor to enter the service, the naval officer in command at Gaudaloupe, consented to let the little fellow resign his position; and in company with the Powhatan, the Albertina, having on board the entire French family, set sail for home.

Twenty days later we arrived at our native port, chased in by the Plantagenet seventy-four; for war had broken out between Mr. Madison's government and that of George the Third.

Old Captain Dumont was rejoiced to acknowledge in Mrs. Dalton the fair little daughter he had lost amid those terrible scenes in San Domingo; and now that all

was known, it was easy to trace the strong resemblance between her features and his. When Marie became my bride, the bluff old Frenchman gave us many beautiful gifts; nor was he less munificent to Hamlin and Julie, for they were married to each other, as the reader, of course, has guessed.

M. Lenois became concerned in privateering and commerce. Captains Dalton and Walshingham both sailed in command of armed vessels to annoy the shipping of Albion, and with the latter excellent officer sailed Hamlin, Victor and myself till the end of the war.

## THE TELLTALE EYE.

BY A TRAVELLER.

SOME years ago, while living in Paris, I met with a French detective who was boarding for the while at the house at which I was sojourning. I confess I was drawn to the man from the first. He was a frank, open-hearted, careless Frenchman, whose only aim seemed to be to enjoy life. I had no idea that he was a detective, but supposed him to be simply a young man of fortune. Together we attended the various places of amusement, and I soon found my friendship for Eugene Laromie was cordially reciprocated.

He was a tall, splendidly-formed man, with a good-looking careless face, black hair and whiskers. A close observer would have noticed self-reliance and determination in every feature, and the calm clear eyes told of more than ordinary courage. He was quiet and unobtrusive in his manners, and was decidedly a favorite with all in the house.

One morning as Laromie and I were sitting at breakfast, an old gentleman who had been boarding there for some time (he was there before my arrival) came in and seated himself opposite us. Laromie glanced at him carelessly, but I noticed a quiet smile in the corner of his mouth as he did so. I noticed, also, that Laromie was longer over his breakfast than usual, and rose only when the old gentleman did. My surprise was soon ended, however; for as the old gentleman turned to leave the dining-room, Laromie approached him, and

laying his hand on his shoulder, said, quietly:

"Monsieur Du Far, you are my prisoner."

The old man turned deadly pale, and glanced around hurriedly, as if to secure some means of escape. But Laromie's grasp on his shoulder tightened, and he continued, coolly:

"Monsieur Du Far, I arrest you in the name of the state, for forgery and counterfeiting."

"Who are you?" faltered the old man.

"Eugene Laromie, one of the secret police of Paris, better known to you as Henri Gaubin."

The old man said not a word, but suffered Laromie to lead him away. I followed in the most complete astonishment. Arriving at the street entrance, we found a cabriolet waiting for some one. Laromie, after telling me that he would see me again during the day and explain the matter, entered the vehicle with his prisoner, and drove off.

I was positively bewildered by what I had seen and heard. Laromie a detective! I could scarcely credit it. I felt not a little uneasy, too. I had been expressing my opinions with regard to the government and condition of affairs, to him without reserve, and many of them were not very complimentary to the "powers that be." I could not help fearing that his duty as a government official might require him to get me into trouble; and I was somewhat im-

tient to see him and have an explanation of the whole matter. I did not meet him again until late in the afternoon.

"Well, *mon ami*," said he, as he entered my room, where I sat smoking, "have you recovered from your surprise? Ha, ha! I don't know which was more amusing, this morning, your astonishment or that of old Du Far. The rascal was completely caught, and I do myself the credit to believe it has been one of the neatest affairs yet performed in Paris."

"Laromie," said I, as I pointed to a chair, which he took, "I am afraid I have been very imprudent since I have known you."

"What do you mean?"

"Not knowing your real character," I answered, "I have been perfectly unreserved in the expression of my opinions with regard to your government, and matters in general here."

"You fear, then, that I may have played the spy on you, and reported your sayings to the head of the Bureau of Police?" he said, hastily, while his face flushed painfully.

"Exactly," I replied.

He rose abruptly from his seat and went towards the door; but in a moment he came back, laughing.

"Knowing your opinions of our system here," he said, good-naturedly, "I don't blame you for the suspicion, especially after what you witnessed this morning. But, believe me, *mon ami*, it is no part of my duty to sacrifice my honor; and being on such intimate terms with you, I should have warned you, had I thought it necessary for you to be cautious. But I am willing for you to hold your opinions, so long as you do not interfere with matters here. You have wronged me greatly, but I forgive you."

I at once offered him my hand, and apologized for my suspicions. He laughed good-naturedly, and assured me that I was forgiven. Then we sealed the forgiveness with a cigar and a bottle of claret.

"Now," said I, "I want you to tell me something of your experience as a detective; for, from what I have seen of you today, I think you must be an uncommonly clever fellow. Suppose you give me the history of the case you have just completed."

"They say at headquarters," said Laromie, "that I do my work well, and I believe

the compliment is not undeserved. I give great care to my cases, and am usually employed in those which are considered difficult. But instead of telling you of the case that happened this morning, suppose you let me relate what I consider my most famous exploit."

"By all means. I want to know, also, why you became a detective. Tell me anything you like. I shall be a willing listener."

"I think I must have been born for my profession," said Laromie, brushing the ashes off his cigar; "for in my childhood I was always finding out other persons' secrets. My companions could hide nothing from me, and it seemed to me that events had only to happen for me to know them. Many that I did not seek to learn forced themselves under my very eyes, and frequently to my great annoyance. As I grew up, this talent, for so I consider it, increased. When I came of age, I found myself in possession of an ample fortune which was left me by my late father. There was no necessity for me to adopt any profession, or enter any branch of business, for my support was already guaranteed; but, in order to give my talents room for legitimate use, I determined to enter the secret service of the government. The chief of the secret police was a friend, and I sought him, and asked admission into his force. At first, he advised me strongly against the course I wished to pursue, giving me many reasons which it is useless to mention here. Some of them were good, others of no consequence; but none of them sufficient to alter my determination. I pressed my application with so much earnestness that the chief at last consented to take me on trial for six months. At first, he gave me only trivial cases; but I soon satisfied him that I was capable of better things than these, and he gave me more responsible duties. I succeeded so well in everything, that in less than three months I was promoted to a position of great trust and importance. I have now been in the service nine years, and during that time have made myself valuable to the government; and it has become customary, whenever a case requires unusual talents, to entrust it to me; and I do not remember but one instance in which I have failed to give satisfaction."

"Having told you this, *mon ami*, simply

in compliance with your request, I will now relate what I consider my greatest exploit.

"About fifteen months ago I was summoned by the chief, and informed that a murder had been committed in the Faubourg St. Antoine, attended by an uncommon amount of mystery. He wished me to visit the spot immediately, and take charge of the case, which promised to be an interesting one. I at once repaired to the house. I found it in charge of the authorities, who had refused to allow anything to be disturbed until I had visited the place. I was told that the murder had been committed on the previous night. The victim was an old woman who had amassed a considerable sum of money, which she always kept hidden in her chamber. It was generally known in the neighborhood that she was very miserly, and kept her money by her, being unwilling to trust it out of her sight. Her body was lying on the floor of the chamber, and the room had evidently been plundered by the murderer. The woman's throat was cut through to the spinal column, and though she lay in an immense puddle of blood, there were no stains on her dress, and no blood marks on the floor of the room. This was singular, and at once convinced me that the deed was done by a practised hand. The murderer had evidently held the woman in one position with one hand, while he cut her throat with the other with one powerful sweep of the knife. There was no other clue to the assassin. It was of importance to know that the murderer was not a novice, and, from the manner in which the deed was done, I inclined to the opinion that he was not a Parisian, for the method had never been practised in the city before.

"I returned to the Bureau and informed the chief of the result of my observations, at the same time telling him that I had very little hope of succeeding, the clues to the mystery being so obscure. Nevertheless, I promised to do my best to unravel it. In about three weeks I was sent to examine into another murder. The victim this time was the mistress of a boarding-house, and was a widow somewhat advanced in years. Her chamber had been entered and robbed, and her throat had been cut to the bone, in precisely the same manner as in the other case. She, too, lay

on the floor, weltering in a pool of blood, but nowhere else was a drop of the blood visible, on her person, the floor, or the furniture. Evidently the same man had committed both murders. The only difference in the circumstances of the second affair was that I found on the floor near the body a pocket-handkerchief folded into a three-cornered shape, and showing marks of having been knotted at the ends.

"The thing perplexed me greatly, and I felt quite hopeless of dispelling the mystery which surrounded it. The pocket-handkerchief was of no use to me, as it had belonged to the deceased. Nevertheless, I took it with me, hoping that it might be of use some day. I was very anxious to trace the assassin, for I began to see that he was commencing an organized system of murder; and besides this, I felt that my reputation was at stake.

"While pondering over the matter—and it was rarely out of my thoughts—one of my friends, who is a photographer, communicated to me some intelligence that he had gained from his reading and studies. He had seen it stated that the last impression made upon the eye of a dying person would be retained there for a certain time after death. That being the case, he thought it possible to obtain a photographic likeness of that impression, and was very anxious to try the experiment. The matter interested me at once, and I readily promised to give him an opportunity to test it in the next murder case that came within my observation. I saw plainly that the discovery, if successful, would be of immense importance in tracing murderers, and I had a vague hope that it would enable me to find the man I was seeking, as I was confident that he would repeat his performance before long. A month passed away, and then a third murder occurred. This victim was, like the second, the keeper of a boarding-house, and was killed for her money. She, too, lay weltering in a pool of blood, with her throat cut to the bone, while, as in the other cases, the wound had been inflicted so as to cause no splashing of blood. The handkerchief lay near the corpse, as in the second case, but seemed to have belonged to the assassin this time, instead of being the property of his victim.

"I at once despatched a messenger to my friend the photographer, who soon ar-

rived, bringing with him instruments of great power and delicacy, which he had procured in anticipation of this event. The eyes of the murdered woman were wide open, and we had no difficulty in fixing her face in a proper position. The day being clear and bright, an excellent negative was taken, and when the impression was transferred to the paper, we found it the profile of a man's face. The upper portion was obscure, but the lower part, from the nose down, was perfect. The features were those of an Italian. This confirmed my supposition that a foreigner had committed the murders. Only the lower part of the face being produced, I was somewhat perplexed. It was too bad to be so near the end I sought, and yet to be baffled by an imperfect picture. I was sorry that only the profile was the last thing seen by the dead woman. Had it been the full face, I might have had more to encourage me. Then again, there is something common to all Italians in the lower part of the face, and what resembles one might with reason be said to resemble another in this respect. However, my friend and I were delighted with the result of our experiment. It was a novelty then; now it is a common thing. We decided to say nothing about it until we had made other trials, unless we found it necessary for the development of the case I was engaged upon. I provided myself with a copy of the photograph we had taken, and determined to subject every Italian I met to a rigid inspection. On the whole, the matter was progressing favorably, and although the difficulties in my way were formidable, I could not help feeling encouraged by the events of the day, and I resumed my task with new vigor.

"I at once busied myself with searching for my man among all the Italians that I met. I frequented the places mostly patronized by them—the boulevards, the cafes, the theatre and the opera. Every Italian I met, even down to the organ-grinders, I subjected to a rigid scrutiny, and once or twice came near getting into quarrels with persons who resented my conduct as impertinence. At least two months passed away in this fruitless search, and, in spite of the advantages which I possessed, I began to despair.

"At last, the government having occasion to send me to Switzerland on a secret

mission, I found myself in one of the small towns of that country. Having transacted my business, I set out on my return. In the compartment in which I was placed were four persons. One was an old lady, another a young one, the third a priest, and the fourth a man whose features I could not see, as his hat was drawn down over them. I knew at once, from the man's manner, that he was trying to avoid being recognized, and I determined to watch him.

"After we had gotten fairly underway, and had left the town some twenty miles behind us, the man raised his hat, and I could scarcely repress a scream of delight. There sat the very counterpart of the picture I had in my pocket. I was confident of it from the first, but I knew that it would never do to alarm him at first, and I did not wish to arrest him until I was sure of fastening the charge upon him. Every feature coincided exactly with those of the photograph. Although I felt certain of this, I quietly took out the picture, and compared it with the face before me. The examination satisfied me.

"It was necessary to proceed cautiously. As soon as I had entirely recovered my self-control, I caught the fellow's eye.

"'Monsieur is Swiss?' I said, inquiringly.

"'No,' he replied, with an unmistakably Italian accent, 'not Swiss.'

"'Italian?' I said.

"'Yes.'

"'Monsieur is going to Paris?'

"'Yes. Are you?'

"'No. I shall leave the cars at Dijon. Has monsieur ever visited Paris?'

"'Yes, frequently. I was there several months ago.'

"'Ah, then you heard of the terrible murders that took place in the city during your visit?'

"The man started slightly, and looked at me searchingly. I could scarcely repress a smile, but I kept my countenance motionless.

"'What murders?' he asked, hurriedly.

"I narrated the incidents of the three murders with apparent carelessness, but all the while watched him calmly. He was nervous, and, as you Americans say, 'fidgety.' Everything thus far confirmed my suspicions. I was confident that I had my man, but I determined to try him a little



further. Since the last murder I had carried with me, together with the photograph, the handkerchief that I had found near the body of the third victim, and which I supposed had belonged to the assassin. Now I drew it out quietly, and, while pretending to use it, displayed it in such a way that the man could not help noticing it. As his eyes rested upon it his face grew perfectly livid. He glanced at me with a look of terror, but then by a powerful effort regained his self-control, and turned to look out of the window. In a few minutes he turned to me again.

"'Monsieur,' said he, 'that is a singular handkerchief you have. Will you let me see it?'"

"I handed it to him, and he gazed at it searchingly. I saw his lips close rigidly. After a searching examination he handed it back to me.

"'There is a singular history connected with that handkerchief,' said I. 'The last of the victims of whom I have told you was a distant connection of mine, and I was the first one to discover the murder. I saw this handkerchief lying on the floor near the body. It was folded into a three-cornered shape, and had the appearance of having been knotted. I supposed it had been used in the assassination; but as it was not injured, and as I took a fancy to it, I took possession of it before the officials came. Do you know I have always had an impression that the murderer was, begging your pardon, an Italian?'"

"'An Italian?' cried the man, suddenly, showing signs of great excitement. 'Why do you think so?'"

"'From the manner in which the throat was cut. I have heard that your countrymen are deucedly clever with the knife in matters of this sort. But it's an ugly, unpleasant subject. Suppose we drop it?'"

"'Willingly,' said the Italian.

"With that our conversation ceased. During the remainder of the ride, as I sat silent, with my hat drawn over my eyes, feigning sleep, I watched the Italian closely. He never took his eyes off from me, and I noticed that he glared at me with a look that was not indicative of a very warm friendship. As the train entered the town of Dijon, I quietly prepared my revolver (with which I am always provided when on duty) for use.

"'By the way,' said I, taking the photo-

graph from my coat pocket, 'I forgot to tell you of a new discovery which was made in connection with the last murder of which we have spoken. It has been found that the eye of a dead person retains for a certain time the last impression made upon it. This being made known to us, we determined to try it with the hope of discovering the murderer of my relative. We procured an artist, who made an excellent photograph of the eye of the murdered woman. To our delight the features of the assassin were revealed distinctly. Here is the picture, if you would like to see it.'

"The train stopped at the depot, and the guard appeared at the door as I handed the photograph to the man. He glanced at it for a moment, and then with a yell sprang to his feet, and moved towards the door. I had anticipated him, and as he turned he saw me standing at the door, covering him with my revolver.

"'One step more, and I will fire,' I said. 'In the name of the law, I arrest you upon three distinct charges of murder.'

"In a few minutes I had him handcuffed. I did not get out at Dijon, but kept on to Paris with my prisoner. On the way he confessed everything; and indeed, on searching him, I found a memorandum book with a calendar. Opposite the date of each murder there was a black cross, and other dates had a slight mark, with the names of women, and the words, 'without husbands.' These, he told me, were murders which he meant to have committed. I also found in a private pocket of his coat a large, pointed, sharp double-edged knife in a paper sheath. The picture which I had shown him had completely cowed him, and had induced him to confess everything to me.

"Well, he was tried, convicted and beheaded, and I was complimented by the chief for the way in which I had conducted the case. I really do think it was done handsomely, if you will allow me to say so."

I thanked Laromie for his story, and we talked for a long time about criminal affairs in France. He promised, now that I knew his true character, to take me with him in some of his rounds, and show me the wonders and mysteries of Paris. I frequently availed myself of this kind offer, and some of these days, when I have leisure, may be tempted to relate my experience for the benefit of my readers.

## WILL SHE MARRY HIM?

BY FLORENCE MARRYAT, AUTHOR OF "AN UNFORTUNATE MATCH," ETC., ETC.

## CHAPTER XXXI.

"I WILL FIND IT—IF IT IS TO BE FOUND."

"COME in," says Dr. Newall, as he takes Lady Valence gently by the hand, and draws her in front of the little fire. "Come in, and tell us all about it."

But with her animated speech the countess's courage seems to have evaporated; and as she stands between the two men, whose eyes are turned inquiringly towards her, she looks more ready to weep than to declaim.

"O! what is there to tell?" she says, despairingly. "It is the old, old story—Valence is dying by inches. I had hoped so much from our visit to Mentone, doctor. He seemed so different there—so young, and buoyant, and hopeful. But it is all gone again. The curse fell on him directly he entered the doors of Castle Valence, and I hardly recognize him for the same creature."

"Has he resumed his midnight studies?" asks Dr. Newall.

"He has resumed everything that is most hurtful to his health; late hours, secret sittings, mysterious absences, and, above all, those fatal trances have again attacked him. He was in one—so he tells me, and from his appearance I can well believe it—for three hours last night. Sometimes he does not come to bed at all, and the morning finds him in that wretched library, with his pulse down to the very lowest ebb, and almost unconscious of what is passing around him. O Dr. Newall, if this goes on much longer, he will really die!"

"I know it, Lady Valence."

"But it must not be—it *shall* not be. Just now, too, when all life holds that is best and fairest is opening before his view."

Here she stops and blushes vividly, remembering that she is alluding to that of which one at least of her listeners knows nothing.

"Forgive me, Mr. Bulwer. I hardly know of what I am speaking. If you only knew what I suffer, you would feel for me."

"I do feel for you, Lady Valence, keenly. Dr. Newall will tell you that we were discussing this very subject, and the possibility of a cure, when you arrived."

"And what did you say?" she demands, turning to the old man.

"I could only repeat, my dear, what I have said to you before; this disease lies in the brain. Distract the earl's mind, disabuse his fancy, prove his imagination to have been a lie, and you will cure him—*perhaps*. Mind, I only say *perhaps*!"

"You think him *mad*?" she says, in a low voice.

"Not hereditarily so, my lady—not physically so, if I may use the expression. But that his abnormal studies have produced a temporary disturbance of the cerebral organization, I have no doubt. Nothing else could account for the earl's behaviour."

"*Mad!*" repeats Lady Valence, musingly. "*Mad!* good heavens! How horrible! And yet, had you seen him just now as he rushed into my arms, pale and trembling, his dear brow bathed in a cold perspiration, and heard the loud beating of his heart as he told me that the brief interval of happiness we have enjoyed was but a diabolical delusion to make the death to which he is hastening more terrible to contemplate, you would indeed have said that he looked mad. He clutched me—poor darling—as though a weak shaking thing as I am could be his support. And the pain in his eyes—the dreadful sense of pain stamped upon every line of his countenance—shall I ever forget it? It was this that made me come to you this evening, Dr. Newall; that made me feel that by some means or other an end must be put to this awful superstition. O, do not tell me that he is mad—that there is no hope for him!"

"Heaven forbid that I should say so, my dear lady. When I call the earl insane, I do so advisedly. The derangement would doubtless be but temporary, if the way of cure could be found. But how to find it, that's the question. How to find it!"

"I will find it—if it is to be found," she answers, grandly. "No! don't look at me

as if I were taking more on myself than I have any right to do. I have made a vow to Heaven that, if need be, I will sacrifice my life itself to cure my husband, and I mean to keep it. I know I am only a woman, and a very inexperienced and ignorant woman; but I love him, Mr. Bulwer, and I feel ready to defy all things, natural or supernatural, for his sake."

"God bless you! I believe you would!" cries the young man, as he looks at her with unqualified admiration; "and with the whole power of my strength I would assist you."

"Will you work with me?" she retorts, eagerly. "Shall we penetrate this haunted room together, and drag all its hidden mysteries to light?"

"I will follow you, if need be, to the jaws of death itself. What do you suppose I would *not* do in Valence's cause?—he who is my best and earliest friend!"

"If we could but argue him out of his belief in the reality of these apparitions—"

"If we could but prove to him, beyond a doubt, that they are but the creations of his own diseased imagination—"

"Stop, my children! not so fast!" interposes Dr. Newall. "You are reckoning without your host. Your proposals will not hold water. How can you reason a man out of the evidence of his own senses? Have you forgotten the midnight vigil you held with your husband, Lady Valence, and what you saw and heard during its continuance?"

Everil shudders and turns pale.

"Ah, no! How foolish I am! It is too real, too terrible a thing to be argued about. But what is to be done then? Will he always believe in and follow them?"

"To believe is not necessarily to follow, Lady Valence. I believe in the possibility of supernatural visitations, and yet they never trouble me. No! your husband's researches have gone too far for that. Were you and my impetuous young friend here to rush pellmell into the secret recesses of his heart, and strive to overthrow what is enshrined there as his most sacred belief, you would do no good whatever. You would only shock his sensibility, destroy his confidence in you, and leave him more closely wedded to his own opinions. His delusion is not that *such things are*. It lies in the trust he places in them, and their communications as being sent from heaven. If

we can once prove to him that spirits are fallible, that their prophecies can be false, and even their supposed identity a lie, the cure would be effected. Lord Valence would not have the witness of his own senses turned against himself, but he would learn how little in the way of spiritual revelation is worthy our attention beside that which has been committed in trust for us to the keeping of the church."

"But how can we do this, Dr. Newall?"

"I have been pondering the subject very carefully, and I can see but one way to it. When I have made you acquainted with the theory of my plan it will be for your ladyship to decide whether it is practical. Lord Valence fully believes he is to leave this world on the third of February, does he not?"

"On the third of February, at noon. And he constantly alludes to it, Dr. Newall, as a settled thing. Sometimes he wakes up suddenly in the night and thinks the time has come, and throws his arms about me to say farewell. And when I try to reason him out of the idea, he tells me it is of no use; that his fate has been determined since his birth, and that he feels the tide of life ebbing slower and slower with him every day. And, indeed, sometimes his pulse is scarcely perceptible. I cannot tell you how I tremble as the days go on."

"You must leave off trembling now, Lady Valence, like a brave woman, as I know you can be, and take to acting instead. By fair means or foul, your husband must be beguiled into passing over the third of February without noticing the date."

"But is that possible?"

"The possibility I leave to you. You have a woman's ready wit, and must bring it all to your assistance now. If you can persuade the earl by any means to live over the third of February without knowing it, his life is saved. He will see then the impotency of the prophecy in which he has placed so much trust, and I will guarantee his own good sense, which has been blinded by this infatuation, will prevent his ever placing faith in such revelations again."

"To make him pass over the third of February without noticing it," repeats the countess, thoughtfully; "but how to delude him? By what means to divert his observation?"

"You must work upon his feelings," replies the doctor, decidedly. "Bigoted as he is to this fatal belief, his lordship must surely possess some of the feelings of a man. There are a thousand things that should be able to distract his attention from himself; your health, for instance."

"O, that I could die for him!" she exclaims, suddenly.

"Valence would scarcely care to purchase his life at such a sacrifice," says Bulwer.

"Do you not think so? That thought would make it all the easier. But we must not talk, Mr. Bulwer! we must think—think—think! Dr. Newall's suggestion has been like a ray of light to me, and at all hazards I am resolved I will succeed."

"Depend upon my aid in any way that is in my power, Lady Valence, even to risking a rupture of the long-trying friendship between your husband and myself."

"As I would risk his love for me! O, I see we shall be true allies, Mr. Bulwer, and I thank you for it."

She holds out her delicate hand as she speaks, and permits him to clasp it firmly.

"Yet if we should fail?" she continues, breaking down, "if we should fail!"

The Joan of Arc spirit has departed again. She is once more a woman, and the two men hasten to exert their privilege of protection and consolation.

"*We will not fail*," says Bulwer, confidently. "Newall and I will put our heads together, Lady Valence, and take no rest until we have hit on some expedient that appears possible."

"And meanwhile, my dear young lady, you will consider too, and you will not forget to pray for our success; and between us three we are sure to find some way out of this apparent labyrinth of difficulty."

"The third of February, and this is the tenth of January! It is so short a time," she says, mournfully.

"No time is too short for God," is the old man's reply.

"Then I will go now, lest he should discover and be angry at my absence; and you two will consult together, and let me know everything in the morning. How can I thank you enough?" she says, sweetly, as she turns and smiles upon them through her tears.

"We will not take your thanks till we have earned them," replies Bulwer. "But

you must not return to the castle alone, Lady Valence. Let me see you through the grounds."

"No, I would rather not. Some one might see us, you know, and it would look so strange."

She says this half laughing, and touching the shawl she has wrapped about her head. "I shall not be a minute running up to the castle. Good-night, Dr. Newall; you have done me all the good in the world; you have given me hope. I shall go home and pray that a way may be opened, and it *must* come—it *must* come!" And before they have time to reassure her, she has left the cottage and is running through the darkness in the direction of her home.

The castle hall and corridors are always lighted, but the place is so immense that the best of lamps leave it but gloomy. No one encounters Lady Valence as she steals up the wide staircase and into her own bedroom, where a light is dimly burning; but as she closes the door behind her, a figure starts up from the shadow of the dressing-room beyond, and advances towards her. It is her husband.

"Why, Valence, dearest," she says, cheerfully, "you here, and in the dark! What have you been doing? Are you not well?"

"What have *you* been doing? That's more to the purpose," he answers, almost roughly. "And where have you been? What makes your hair so untidy, and what is this shawl upon your arm? I want to know all that."

She stops for a moment confounded. To tell him she has been to Dr. Newall will be to rouse his worst suspicions and place him on his guard, and yet Everil is not the woman to tell a lie.

"I have been in the garden with this shawl about my head," she answers, with an attempt to speak lightly. "A stupid creature, am I not, to risk neuralgia and toothache, and every sort of ill, by braving the night air? But I was nervous, Valence, and excited, and I wanted to cool myself."

"Nervous and excited! Pray what excited you?"

"Well, to tell you the truth, dear love, you did. How can I help feeling nervous when you speak to me as you did this evening? Not only nervous, but miserable. You forget how my life is bound up in yours, Valence."

For a moment he seems about to relent, and submits to the caresses she showers upon him; but the next, a sudden remembrance strikes him, and he turns impatiently away.

"I see no reason why you should risk your health also. Did you go alone?"

"I went alone, Valence!"

"Did you come back alone?"

"Yes!"

"Did you see any one while you were out?"

"Why do you ask me? What can it signify?"

"Do you suppose it signifies nothing to me if you steal out in this surreptitious manner to meet any one or not? Do married ladies—hostesses—usually desert their guests to walk about their grounds after dark, with nothing but a shawl twisted about their heads, and with no object but to 'cool' themselves? Answer me, now! Was this walk an assignation or not?"

She has never seen him look like this before, nor heard him speak in such a voice of anger. His cheek is flushed, his eyes blazing; he has actually seized her by the arm; Everil's pride begins to stir.

"Of what do you accuse me?" she says, loftily.

"I accuse you of nothing; I only say that it is by a strange coincidence that you and Captain Maurice Staunton (the gentleman who gave you the flowers, you may remember) should have left the house at the same moment, and remained absent for the same time, and at such an hour as this, too strange, but true."

He throws away her hand and ceases speaking, as though waiting for a reply. But none comes. Everil remains silent.

"Well, madam?"

"What do you expect me to say?"

"I wish you to deny the accusation I bring against you—if you can! To tell me that you have not been walking about the garden to-night with that brute Staunton."

She is about indignantly to refute the assertion. She is about to cast her arms about her darling's neck, and entreat him to tell her who has dared to poison his mind with such an infamous falsehood concerning her faith to him, when a thought occurs to her; a voice commences ringing in her ears, "*Work on his feelings. Bigoted as he is to this fatal belief, his lordship must surely possess some of the feelings*

*of a man. There are a thousand things should be able to distract his attention from himself.*"

Is this one of them? Everil pauses, considers, trembles, and remains voiceless and impassive.

"You don't deny it?" continues the earl, in a low tone, full of agitation. "You are silent, when a word from you would put an end to all my suspicions. I have watched that man closely, and I am not deceived; he cares for you! Heavens! what will you make me believe next?"

"You must believe what you choose, Valence," she answers, in a trembling voice—the voice of the martyr who has the stake in view, yet walks up boldly to it—"I decline to refute the accusation you bring against me."

"You refuse to satisfy my doubts! Is it wounded pride or *guilt* that keeps you silent, Everil?"

"You can attribute it to the motive you prefer."

"Good heavens! that I should live to hear you speak to me like that! Do you know what you are doing? Do you know that you are causing the most violent emotion of which my nature is capable, and that I cannot answer for the consequences that may follow such an act? I told you the other day, and I repeat it now, that if you once give me cause for jealousy, you will raise a demon you will find it difficult to quell. And yet you can stand there quietly, and tell me you decline to refute the accusation brought against you?"

"No law, social or religious, compels us to refute an unjust charge."

"You allow it is unjust then?"

"I allow nothing! I consider that I am authorized in taking a walk through my own grounds, if I so choose, at any hour of the day or night, and I deny the right of you or any one to question so simple a proceeding."

"I do not condemn the fact of the walk, though it was imprudent. I demand only to know if you were accompanied by any one."

"And I refuse to say."

He looks at her for a moment without speaking; then, with a face white with mingled anger and pain, he rushes from the apartment.

Lady Valence waits until the sound of his receding footsteps has died away before

she ventures to lock her door and give vent to her real feelings. Then sinking down on her knees by the bedside, she buries her face in the yielding drapery, and groans in the anguish of her spirit.

"Can I do it? Can I go through with it? Shall I live to see the completion of so terrible a task? Yet for his sake—for *his sake!* That thought must be my watch-word, even if I die."

## CHAPTER XXXII.

### "APPEARANCES ARE DECEITFUL."

No immediate consequences follow this outburst from the earl. The countess comes down smiling to the breakfast-table the following morning; the business of the day proceeds as usual, and if Valence's brow is a little overclouded, and his manner curt and undecided, his words are too changeable to excite much observation, and no one appears the wiser for the scene which took place in the bedroom the night before. How constantly it is the case in this world! Captain Spooney is so attentive to his wife, so anxious to anticipate her wishes, so particular in calling her by names of endearment in public, that his acquaintance would not believe it possible that whenever the captain's temper has been ruffled he vents his ill-humor by pinching Mrs. Spooney, and knocking her about, and wreaking his petty malice by a thousand contemptible denials of her food, or her money, or her pleasure. Pretty languid Mrs. Butterby, too, who always speaks to her husband as "my dearest love," and appears periodically with her hair or her dress arranged in the most unbecoming style because "dear Edward" prefers it in that fashion, how astonished the guileless and unmediated are when she walks out one fine summer's morning with Lieutenant Prancer, of the cavalry, and to find subsequently, when they appear in print, that the unsuspecting lieutenant is but the tail of a long list of co-respondents.

The world is not an innocent creature, by any manner of means; yet the world is certainly very easily beguiled by appearances, or, rather, we should say, the world shuts its eyes determinately to that which should not be. Perhaps in the laudable desire to do as it would be done by.

It is content to take things as they ap-

pear, which is, after all, the least troublesome method to pursue. The guests at Castle Valence are content to take their host and hostess as they appear, at all events for a day or two. But after that time the change becomes more visible. The earl's usually languid and apathetic manner has given place to a restless anxiety, which seems to render him incapable of keeping quiet. His eyes are always watching the countess; his cheeks burn with a hectic flush; he appears to be inwardly consumed by some devouring fever. Everil, on the contrary, grows apparently livelier day by day. Her laugh is oftener heard than it has ever been before; it is certainly harsher and louder than it used to be; but that may arise from her high spirits. She does not appear to take any notice of the earl's changed demeanor, nor even of himself; but much affects the society of Alice Mildmay, with whom she has secret jokes that are confided to none of the rest of the company, unless it be to Maurice Staunton, who has a faculty of hanging about these two ladies, and holding whispered conversations with them, that is, on occasions when by so doing they cannot offend society.

Mr. Mildmay, who never liked Captain Staunton in the olden days, and has conceived an honest affection for his intended son-in-law, John Bulwer, watches the triumvirate with eyes of suspicion. He is not pleased at Captain Staunton's increased familiarity with his hostess; still less with his apparent intimacy with his daughter. He does not like to mention the subject to Bulwer, lest he should be the means of rousing his suspicious unnecessarily; but he unbosoms himself freely to Miss Strong—who is as cognizant of the evil as he is.

"I am an old-fashioned individual, and I may hold very antiquated notions," he says to her one day, after a luncheon, during which Everil and Alice have appeared to be entirely engrossed by Maurice Staunton's attentions, and the earl has left the table abruptly, and without apparent cause; "but I don't like the way in which these young people go on, Miss Strong. Everil was always willful and headstrong—you and I know that to our cost; yet I used to think her heart was in the right place, and she knew what was due to herself as a gentlewoman; but to see the manner in which

she permitted that young Staunton to go on with her to-day at the luncheon-table, it was romping, madam, positively romping; there's no other name for it. I don't wonder the earl was annoyed. Why Captain Staunton was ever asked down here, I cannot imagine. There are circumstances in the past connected with his name which should, I think, have prevented Everil from allowing him to become her guest; and to have my daughter mixed up with it all! It disturbs me greatly."

"O, pray don't speak of it so seriously, Mr. Mildmay, or you will alarm me. I was as surprised as you could be to find Captain Staunton here; but dear Everil assures me he was invited by her husband, and not herself. So what could the poor child do but submit?"

"Submit! Pooh! nonsense! It's one thing to have the man staying in the castle—though I question that as a sign of good taste—and another to flirt with him openly as she is doing now. No one could help observing it, Miss Strong! I call it scandalous, and I won't have Alice's name dragged into any such affair. If John Bulwer won't interfere, I shall."

"Would it not be better to speak to Alice yourself? To mention the subject to Mr. Bulwer will be to create an open scandal. You cannot speak of Alice without incriminating Lady Valence."

"Yes, you are right. And your duty, Miss Strong, is to speak to the countess."

"To Everil! O Mr. Mildmay, you do not know the task you are setting me! You may remember how ill she bore coercion even in her schoolgirl's days. What will she say if I venture to reprove her now, when I have no possible right to do so?"

"You have the right of old acquaintance and long-trying affection. You have the right of right, which should be the strongest right of all. Speak to her plainly, Miss Strong; no half measures ever took with that girl. Ask her what Staunton is doing here; tell her what people are saying about it; urge the interests of her husband, her position and herself, upon her; and let her do her worst afterwards if she will. Your duty is clear before you."

"If you think I ought, I will, Mr. Mildmay; but it seems taking a great deal upon myself."

He draws her to the window, and points

across the leafless park, where, in the distance, two figures saunter close together. They are not so far off but that she can distinguish them to be the countess and Captain Maurice Staunton.

"Look at that, and don't talk such nonsense!" he says, sternly. "You might as well say it was taking too much upon yourself to drag a would-be suicide back from the brink of the grave."

"And when we first came here she seemed so devoted to her husband!" says Miss Strong, mournfully.

"Appearances are deceitful," replies the rector, just as Mrs. West, muffled up to the chin in sables, with Arthur, arrayed in black velvet, by her side, comes tripping into the room.

"Where is dear Everil?" she inquires, with one of her sweetest smiles.

"Walking in the park with Captain Staunton," growls Mr. Mildmay. "She appears partial to the company of that young man, Mrs. West."

"O, it is so good of her, isn't it, when I know she would rather be in a dozen other places? But that is just like dear Everil! She is always sacrificing herself for other people. I say she is a perfect martyr."

"It's a pity she confines her martyrdom so exclusively to one person, though. It would not be the less martyrdom for being divided occasionally; at least, that's my opinion."

"Do you mean Maurice by 'one person'? Does Everil martyrize herself oftener for him than her other guests? I'm so glad to hear it! She used to snub him dreadfully (he's not much of a favorite with her, you know), and he felt it very much. It is kind of her to walk with the poor fellow. He will be so proud of her condescension. I really must thank Everil, for Maurice is my guest. You know dear Lady Russell and I are such bosom friends."

"Don't you think you could take Captain Staunton off Lady Valence's hands occasionally, then?" puts in Miss Strong, bravely. "The earl seemed rather put out at luncheon to-day because she could talk to no one else."

"Has Valence been confiding his private annoyances to you?" exclaims Agatha, with wide-open eyes.

"O no! of course not. The earl and I are not on such intimate terms; only I thought—it was impossible not to observe—"

But here the old lady's eloquence is interrupted by Mrs. West's merry laugh.

"Dear, dear! How comical! I only wish dear Valence could hear you. What would he say?"

"I should be very much concerned if any remark I made to you in confidence did reach his lordship's ears," stammers Miss Strong, with a heightened color.

"My dear creature! I wouldn't be the one to repeat it for the world. Why, he would bring the whole castle down about our ears. Everil and he are the most absurd pair of turtle-doves you ever came across in the whole course of your existence. They are always billing and cooing, and going on with their lovers' nonsense. And the idea of any one taking a story to Valence *against* his wife! Why, he'd kill the messenger! That's my belief."

"I'm so glad to hear it!" quoth the duenna, with a long-drawn sigh of relief.

"The idea of your dreaming otherwise! I never heard such an absurd idea! Come, Arthur, we will go for a walk, and meet these two arch-plotters on their way home. Auntie Everil will thank me greatly for exchanging cavaliers; and I'm not sure that I shall object to the arrangement, either."

"Do you hear that?" says Miss Strong, as the little widow and her child disappear.

"Yes, I hear it; but I shall speak to Alice all the same."

"But now I come to think of it, Mr. Mildmay, I did hear a rumor, before I came to the castle, that Mrs. West and Captain Staunton were going to make a match of it; in which case he would become a sort of brother-in-law to our dear Everil. Don't you think we have been rather premature in our suspicions?"

"Perhaps so. I hope we may have; but I shall speak to my Alice, nevertheless," repeats the rector, with the dogged obstinacy inherent in his sex; "and if you know your duty, you will do the same by Everil."

"O yes, I certainly will speak to her," replies Miss Strong, reserving to herself the right of judgment as to what she shall speak about. The old lady is not timid, but she has no notion of burning her fingers before she knows what may be in the pie—an excellent feeling of caution, for which many of us would be happier if our well-meaning but impertinent friends occasionally exercised it on our behalf.

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"You must be more cautious. The rat is beginning to make himself apparent to the senses of the household," says Agatha West, in a whisper, to Maurice Staunton, as she meets him in the centre of one of the long corridors.

"In what way?"

"Old Mildmay and old Strong have been pumping me this afternoon. They evidently think your attentions too particular. They even went the length of hinting that Valence is annoyed by them; but I think I put that idea out of their venerable heads."

"What did you say?"

"Made out that Everil and Valence are the most devoted of lovers, and that if you had a penchant for any one, it was my unworthy self. And I really think you must make a little love to me occasionally, my dear boy, just to keep up appearances, at any rate in their presence—unpleasant, I dare say, but useful—and a hint to Everil will set her mind at rest upon the matter. Not that she appears as though she required much conviction of the truth. I almost think, myself, sometimes, that she is rather too open in showing her preference for you. How is it all going on?"

"Famously! I had no idea she would come round so soon; she has been so cold and reserved towards me since her marriage—until now."

"O, that was all fudge—just put on for the sake of appearances. I told you so long ago. Why, she was desperately in love with you, Staunton; and, for all that is said against the sex, women don't forget quite so easily as that. When you threw the poor girl over, I thought she would have gone mad."

"Don't use that horrid term, 'threw her over.' You know the absolute necessity there was for my conduct on that occasion, and how we mutually agreed that the only thing to look forward to was—*this that is coming*."

"True! And it seems to be coming fast enough, doesn't it? I never saw Valence look so awfully ill as he does at present. Only, for Heaven's sake, be careful! There is such a thing as going too far. You do not want the mine sprung before it's time, do you?"

"How do you mean?"

"What are you working for?—the hand of the widowed Countess of Valence, or—"



"You need not finish your sentence. I know what you would say. You may scarcely believe me, Mrs. West, when I reply that I am working only to obtain the woman whom I love—"

"Good heavens! Wonders will never cease! But you know the bulk of her property is settled on herself?"

"I don't think it would make any difference to me now if it were not. I always cared for her. Time-serving as you give me credit for being, you will not deny that; and since she has been the Countess of Valence, and treated me with such superb disdain, my passion has become almost a madness. With money, or without money, at all costs, I am resolved to win her, if only to have my revenge for the disappointment she has caused me."

"Well, you seem to be in a very fair way of accomplishing your ambition, so you need not talk so loudly as to apprise the whole castle of your intentions. To tell you the truth, the change in Everil's behaviour towards you has amazed me; for I really thought she was beginning to care for her husband."

"Ha! ha! ha! Poor Valence! Well, he would not enjoy her preference very long, at any rate, would he? Do you think he suspects anything?"

"I cannot say; he has not mentioned the subject to myself. But he is entirely absorbed in his own prospects, and has little time to speculate on those of other people. Besides, it was not a love-match on his side either, remember."

"Lush! Some one is coming up the staircase."

"*N'importe!* The more you and I are seen together the better, Staunton; it diverts suspicion. I have but one word more to say to you, however. Be cautious! The end cannot be far off now; and it's no use making an *exclusion* in the family for nothing."

"I will try; but I confess fate is becoming too much for me, and things must take their course. Good-by. We shall meet again at dinner."

He moves off in the opposite direction just as Mr. Mildmay comes toiling to the head of the staircase. Agatha affects to be much confused as he confronts her.

"Now, Mr. Mildmay, I call this shameful of you!" she says, with the giggle of a schoolgirl; "coming up in the stairs in

that stealthy way. I vow we should have an act of Parliament passed to prohibit gentlemen from wearing velvet slippers in the house; they are altogether too dangerous."

"I hope your deeds will bear the light, Mrs. West," he answers, jocosely.

"O dear! I trust so; but still there are moments—I hope you didn't see who went down the other staircase, Mr. Mildmay!"

"It was Captain Staunton, was it not?"

"O you dreadful old man! What eyes you have! I cannot stand being looked at in that fashion. I shall run away at once to hide my blushes." And, suiting the action to the word, away trips the pretty cat to her own apartment. As she reaches it her face changes.

"What on earth does Maurice intend to do?" she thinks to herself, with knitted brows; "and Everil, too? She can never be so mad as to contemplate anything more imprudent than an indecorously early abandonment of her widow's weeds. Valence will die childless. The greater amount of her money is tied up on herself. What advantages will precipitation bring them?"

The little widow, who has spent her life in plotting and planning, is for once puzzled. She cannot understand the tactics of her friends, but she knows it is not her interest to circumvent them.

"Whatever happens," she muses, "nothing can prevent poor Valence's death, and my darling child's accession to the title. Thank Heaven for that!"

And the woman really does thank Heaven as she says the words. Were you to take a knife and place it in her hands, and tell her she might just as well thrust it in the earl's heart as follow the course she is pursuing with him, she would be infinitely shocked at your proposal; but she has so long contemplated his death as a fact of which the moment alone is wrapped in uncertainty; she has acted the part she acts towards him for so many months, that it has become an integral portion of her nature; and she does not appear less womanly, and benevolent, and truthful to herself than any other person who spends his existence working for a certain end in which all his hopes are centred. There have been such cases of moral self-deception before now. There are women (women far more frequently deceive themselves than men)

who go on lying day after day, till their views of right and wrong get so distorted that they actually do not know when they are speaking the truth or not. It may be supposed also that some of these wretched murderesses (like Charlotte Windsor for instance) ply their hellish trade until the smothering of an infant more or less makes no great difference in their habitual slumbers; and most assuredly repeated crime, and even the repeated contemplation of crime, blunts our sensibility and deadens the warnings of our conscience to that extent that we become unfitted to judge of the enormity of sin, and of the effect it has upon our own souls and those of others.

Agatha West is in this condition. Little by little she has accustomed herself to think of and hanker after forbidden things, until no step appears to her too bold to hazard in the attainment of her object, and she can even view that saddest of all sights, a fellow-creature pulled down to the depths of iniquity, with calmness, so long as the action tends to bring about the fulfilment of her own ambition.

### CHAPTER XXXIII.

"THANK GOD! IT WILL BE SOON OVER."

A LITTLE while longer and rumor and suspicion are resolved into certainty; there is no doubt at all that the earl and countess are no longer upon friendly terms with one another.

The very look of misery they both present (Valence continually, although he tries to hide it by a haughty bearing which but renders the fact more sadly palpable, and Everil by an apparently heartless gaiety), convinces the spectators of the truth of their belief.

Lord and Lady Valence do not often speak to one another before their guests, but when they do their words are of the coldest, and sometimes worse than cold. This is especially the case on one particular morning, when the subject of balls is introduced at breakfast, and Captain Staunton confesses his love for dancing, and reminds his hostess of the many pleasant evenings they have passed in that pursuit together.

"Do you suppose I have forgotten them," she utters, plaintively, "and when they were the last opportunities I had for such enjoyment? I have never danced once since my marriage."

"You don't mean to tell me so!"

"How could I? Haven't I been shut up in this dull old castle ever since, with hardly a neighbor within ten miles of me? If some of my old friends had not occasionally taken compassion on me, as you are doing now, I believe I should have died of sheer ennui."

Mr. Mildmay looks across the table at her with a frown.

"What an absurd speech to hear proceeding from the mouth of a young lady who has health, and strength, and horses, and carriages, and every luxury that the heart of man could wish, or his brain invent?"

"But, papa, a woman wants something at times besides the company of dogs and horses," interposes Alice.

"Hold your tongue, miss! I didn't speak to you."

"A married lady," observes Miss Strong, "should always have sufficient society in the presence of her husband."

"How can you tell, Miss Strong?" exclaims Alice, laughing. "You've never tried it."

"For which you may reply, 'Thank Heaven!'" responds Lady Valence, sarcastically.

"To return to the subject we were discussing," says Maurice Staunton, in his bland voice. "You have never thought of giving a ball here, I suppose, Lady Valence?"

"No! Who would come to it?"

"Everybody, I should imagine, who lives within a reasonable distance. They would be only too glad. You really should have given a house-warming."

"We have never been accustomed to give balls at Castle Valence," says the earl, coldly.

"That is no reason why we should not begin," retorts his wife.

"I consider it is every reason. I should not care to have a ball here, especially now, when my health is so indifferent. I could not stand it."

"But I could, and you would not be called upon to take any trouble in the business. Captain Staunton, I think yours is a brilliant idea. I am quite excited about it. I wonder how soon one could contrive to get it up."

"It would not take long, with your train of servants. The invitations are the chief things to think about."

"Lady Valence, I beg you will proceed no further with this idea. You are only wasting your time. The ball will not be given."

"We will see about that," she answers, coolly. "Don't you think a fortnight's invitation will be long enough, Captain Staunton—for the country, you know?"

Lord Valence has been set at defiance. He will not argue the point further before his guests, but, rising from the table, he murmurs some indistinct words of apology, and hastily leaves the room. Everil's head is not even turned to learn the cause of his disappearance.

The rest of the company look at one another in disapproval, and are silent and uncomfortable. Two or three tears course slowly down the bridge of Miss Strong's nose and drop on to the plate. Mr. Mildmay, grunting dissatisfaction, rises and follows the earl's example. Agatha West crosses the room to Everil's side, and stands between her and Staunton, with a hand on the shoulder of each.

"You naughty children! You have quite vexed poor Valence with your foolish talk. Don't you see that he has left the room?"

"Foolish talk, do you call it? Wait till you see my ball, Agatha. I mean it to be the best that has ever been given in Wicklow."

"You goose! You don't really mean to give one."

"Don't I? Come with me to my boudoir, and help me with the invitations. I shall send them all out to-day, and fix it for the second of February. That will just give the women time enough to get their dresses ready."

"*The second of February!* Valence will not be well enough to attend it, will he, Everil?"

The countess stops suddenly, and presses her hand to her heart.

"What's the matter, dear?"

"Nothing—nothing! Only a sudden stab. Indigestion, I'm afraid. I haven't had enough exercise lately. Never mind! dancing will take it down. What were you saying, Agatha?"

"That I'm afraid dear Valence won't be strong enough for dancing, or anything of that sort."

"Well, he won't grudge us our pleasure, I suppose, even if he can't take part in it.

At any rate, he will be able to look on. Where had we better dance, Captain Staunton—in the music-room or the saloon?"

And thereupon they fall to discussing ways and means in a manner that makes Miss Strong, remembering the despairing face with which the young earl has just quitted them, feel quite sick.

She has not yet fulfilled the promise she made to Mr. Mildmay of speaking to her old pupil about her conduct with Captain Staunton. She has lacked courage to put her good intentions into effect; but the occurrence at the breakfast-table this morning nerves her for the task.

"Everil, my dear, may I speak to you?" she says in her old deferential style, as she looks into the countess's boudoir a few hours later, and detects her seated at a writing-table covered with note-paper and envelopes.

"To be sure, Miss Strong. Pray come in."

The old lady closes the door carefully behind her, and advancing slowly, seats herself with a deep sigh close to Lady Valence.

"My dear girl (you will let me call you so, I know, for the sake of old times), I have a very painful task before me. I know I have lost all right to question your actions, Everil; but—but—"

"I am quite aware of what you are going to say, Miss Strong," replies the countess, as she begins to make inky dots all over the paper to cover her nervousness; "and I wish you wouldn't say it. It will be of no use."

"O my dear child, don't say that! I thought it was all so different. But you have many blessings left, Everil, even if—if—your relations with his lordship are not all that you anticipated—and— Don't go against him in this matter, my dear—don't give a ball since he objects to it."

"But why should he object to it?"

"The why and the wherefore are of no consequence; that he does so should be sufficient."

"I don't see the matter in that light."

"I did not think you would be so headstrong, particularly at such a moment."

"At what moment?"

"When your husband is so ill. Nay, my dear, why should you start? Does the earl not say so himself? and cannot every one who knows him see how visibly he has retrograded lately?"

"You think so?" exclaims the countess, as she seizes Miss Strong by the arm.

"My dear, you *must* see it for yourself. It is too palpable. He is losing flesh, and strength, and vigor every day. I know Dr. Newall thinks very badly of him; and Mr. Mildmay said just now that he should not be surprised if Lord Valence did not live to see this ball on which your heart appears so greatly set. Hush, hush! my love! I did not mean to distress you like this" (for the countess has cast herself across the writing-table, and is weeping loudly). "Pray be calm. It may be a mistake, you know. We are all in the hands of God—only, if you would consent to humor his lordship in this little matter—"

But Lady Valence has dried her tears as suddenly as they appeared, and is once more sitting before her desk, calm and resolute.

"You must not ask me to revoke my decision, Miss Strong. I have passed my word there shall be a ball here, and a ball there shall be. With regard to Lord Valence's health, that is, as you remarked, in higher hands than ours, and it is impossible for us to say what will or will not be. Should he continue as he is now, I am sure he will very much enjoy this little festivity; if not, we must make the best of it. I am not offended with you, my dear old friend; but if you have nothing more to say to me than this, I am rather busy just at present, and would like to be left alone."

"And you will not listen to me, Everil?" says Miss Strong, as she rises from her seat.

"I will not give up my ball, you old tyrant, if that is what you mean—not for all your coaxing, nor for Guardy's growls; and so you may tell him. And now I shall just run you right out of my room, and lock the door upon you."

And, suiting the action to the word, the duenna soon finds herself in the corridor again, whilst the countess, with clenched teeth and trembling hands, turns the key in the door. She listens anxiously till Miss Strong's footsteps are heard to descend the staircase, and then she flings herself upon the sofa in an abandonment of grief.

"O my heart!—my heart!" she gasps, as she holds both hands tightly clasped above it. "O God! my heart!"

She sobs distractedly for a few moments, and then begins to moan.

"Where is he? Where is my Valence?"

O, I must see him, and put an end to this horrible deception, or I shall die."

She rises with a sudden unconquerable longing, and, all disordered as she is, with her blurred swollen features and bloodshot eyes, rushes headlong into the passage towards her husband's dressing-room. He is not there.

She descends the staircase to the library, and knocks. There is no answer.

She pushes the door open and enters the apartment.

A large fire is burning in the grate; on a sofa beside it is stretched the figure of Lord Valence, inanimate, as if in sleep.

She creeps softly to his side. His white careworn features look deathlike in repose; his wasted hands are crossed upon his breast; his sad eyes are wide open—staring—fixed upon the opposite wall.

She knows what it is now that holds him. This is not sleep. She has seen him under this fatal influence before. He is in a trance.

With the sight all the woman's resolutions to save him *at any cost* return.

Here lies her husband—the life of her life—chained by an invisible power that robs him of all his senses and leaves him as one dead; and here is she, living and active, and with all hers pledged to rescue him, if possible, from the thrall by which he is enchained. In a moment the feeling of weakness that brought her to that library has passed; she is once more ready to sacrifice herself, and all that she holds most dear, for his sake; and she kneels down by his side and renews the vow.

Very tenderly she passes her arm beneath his head and places it upon her bosom; then, with her warm lips pressed to his unconscious mouth, she calls Heaven to witness she will be faithful to her resolution.

"My love!" she whispers as she kisses his thin hands, which are locked together rigid as sculptured marble; "my own dear love! I will die for you, or with you. And then, in that other world, for striving to look into which we shall both have paid so dearly, you will read all my motives, and my hope, and my affection, and not judge me too harshly for the dubious paths by which I strove to attain my end."

She lays his head again upon the sofa-cushion, and, rising, leaves the apartment as quietly as she entered it. On the threshold she turns and looks back upon him.

"If he only knew," she murmurs, with streaming eyes—"but he will never know until his spirit is entirely free—*how much I love him!* I have no words in which to tell it him. I can only give him everything that I possess—even to his own esteem—and trust the means will be forgiven for the end."

And when Lord Valence recovers his senses the library is still and empty; but from the further end of the vast hall, where his wife and Alice Mildmay are playing battledore and shuttlecock with Maurice Staunton and John Bulwer, comes the sound of merry voices, which recalls him entirely to himself. He rises slowly, with a confused consciousness of what has befallen him, and unlocks his stiffened hands. As they touch one another he feels that they are wet, and raises them to his eyes with surprise.

Yes, he is not mistaken. His hands are wet; wet, as though with tears.

"Can spirits weep?" he thinks sadly as he regards them. "I think not; yet, were it possible, I am a sight they might well weep over."

At that moment another merry peal of laughter comes ringing from the hall.

Lord Valence hears it, and sighs.

"Thank God, it will soon be over!" he says, as he throws himself face downward on the sofa-cushion again. "Thank God!—thank God!"

#### CHAPTER XXXIV.

"I WILL GO THROUGH WITH IT TO THE END."

A FORTNIGHT later, and Castle Valence is lighted up as for a great festivity. No one, to see the old place now, would think that its young master was fast dying. Yet such is the case. Lights flash from every window; the moat and drawbridge are illuminated by colored lamps, the halls and staircases have been transformed into temporary hothouses; the ballroom is almost as full as it can hold of diaphanous dresses and tail-coats; yet Lord Valence lies on the library sofa gasping for every breath he draws. He is in no pain; he is in no fear; he says he wants for nothing; but he lies there, growing weaker every minute, and counting the hours till the moment shall arrive to set him free. Dr. Newall has been to see him, and they have a long and

interesting conversation together; but the doctor can do him no good, and he has gone home again, with a promise to return later in the evening. Indeed, his intention is—though this he keeps to himself—to pass the night at the castle.

Lord Valence's personal attendant is moving noiselessly about the apartment, but his restlessness disturbs his master, and he tells him to leave the room.

"But should your lordship require anything—"

"I can ring for you, Johnson. But I want for nothing, thank you—nothing, except rest."

"Which you would get better in bed, dear Valence, surely, than lying on the sofa."

"Agatha! You here! What does this mean?"

"My dear Valence, do you suppose I could go and jump about at a ball whilst you are so ill? I have put on a ball dress in order to keep Everil in countenance, but I never intended to join the dancers. On this day, too, of all days in the year. What do you think I am made of?"

"It is very kind of you. It is like yourself. But what good can you do by the sacrifice? Better leave me to my silent communion with those who wait for me to accompany me hence."

"O Valence! do not speak in this manner. I cannot believe it even yet."

"You will believe it to-morrow—at noon. All my cares and troubles will be over then. O Agatha! I could die easily if it were not for one thought."

"Which thought, dear Valence?"

"That I leave her to *him*! If he had only been some man I liked and trusted—Bulwer, for instance—I could have borne my own disappointment bravely; but he will make her wretched, Agatha. He will break the poor girl's heart."

"And serve her right, too! No, Valence, I must speak out. Everil has behaved shamefully to you. She is not worthy of a thought."

"Hush! you must not say that, even now! I have had a fearful blow, Agatha! I made so sure (I suppose it grew out of my own vanity and self-deception), but I made so sure that she had begun to love me! She told me so, you know; otherwise I should not have presumed to believe it."

"And yet Isola has always spoken the truth about her."

"I see that now, but it was so sweet—so very sweet—to think she cared for me! For I love her, Agatha; I love her with my whole heart and soul."

"What, still?"

"Still! I should not be able to help loving her if she cursed me to my face. And she has never done that, poor child; she has never done that! She has only gone back to the old love, as you now tell me he is."

"On *her* authority remember, Valence. Had I known it at the time of your marriage, I should of course have told you."

"Never mind that now. It is nearly past and done with. She has her own money, and I hope she will be happy. And for the rest, for *my* poor little fortune, that must go with the title to your child. May he prove a better Earl of Valence than I have done—"

"O my dear brother," says the widow, weeping. "However Everil could be so base—"

"Hush! here is Bulwer! Well, old chum! have you cut the dancing too, like my good sister here, in order to sit with a dull fellow like me?"

"I never went in much for that kind of thing, you know, Valence, and should not have joined them at all except to please Alice. Mrs. West! if you will permit me I will take your place now for a little while, and you can go and see how the ball gets on."

"O! don't talk of balls to me, Mr. Bulwer. The very thought of it makes me sick. Yet, if you wish to talk to dear Valence—"

"I think it would be as well that Lady Valence had your presence, Mrs. West."

"Yes! go to Everil," pleads the earl. "She is so young, so lovely. Don't let people talk about her. There will be time enough for that afterwards—afterwards."

"An excellent woman," he continues as Agatha sidles out of the library; "a good mother and a good friend. What should I have done without her, Bulwer?"

"Humph!" ejaculates Bulwer, shortly.

"I know you never liked her, but I think you have misjudged her, Bulwer. She has been faithful to me, you see, to the last."

"Exactly so?"

"The subject does not please you. We

will turn to another, Bulwer. I am so glad to have these few moments of quiet conversation. I wanted to speak to you, to ask you to befriend Lady Valence when I am gone."

"Will she need my friendship?"

"I am afraid so. I distrust that man."

"What man?"

"Maurice Staunton! Cannot you see there is a secret understanding between them? Do you not foresee what will happen when I, the obstacle to their happiness, am removed?"

"You must be mistaken!" cries Bulwer; "this is the madness of jealousy, Valence."

But this remark only makes the earl eager to prove his assertion.

"I tell you, Bulwer, it is the case. She told me long ago, poor child, that she had had a previous attachment, though she mentioned no name; and I remember now how averse she was to Staunton becoming domiciled here. But I thought it was Agatha whom he came after."

"And how do you know now that it is not Mrs. West?"

"I know it on her own assertion (poor Agatha! it must be a disappointment to her too, for I think she liked the man), and from Everil's conduct. Is not her preference for him patent to the world? Has not this very ball been given at his instigation, though I am dying?"

"I certainly have observed that they are very friendly with each other, but more than that I could not believe; that is," continues Bulwer, correcting himself, "unless I saw it with my own eyes."

"I will show it you, then," says the earl, with feverish impatience, as he rises from his couch; "we will go into the music saloon, and watch the promenaders from behind the flowers. You shall see how she can look at that man when she thinks my gaze is not upon her."

"Valence! you are quite unfit to go through the corridors."

"I am determined to go. Hark! They are dancing now. The way is clear! If we meet anybody it will be thought I am on my way to my bedroom."

He stands on his feet as he speaks, and, trembling with weakness and emotion, places one burning hand on Bulwer's arm and draws him from the library.

The music-saloon juts upon the ballroom. It is filled with couches for the convenience

of the tired dancers, and potted shrubs, behind one of which the men ensconce themselves in shadow.

They have not to wait there long. Even as they take their places, two figures come sauntering from the further end, and stand together just in front of them, conversing.

"How beautiful you look to-night, my dearest," exclaims the man. "This is the first opportunity I have had of telling you so. You will not retract your promise, Everill? You will not fail me?"

"I will go through with it to the end," she answers, firmly.

"I was sure you would! You are not a woman to take back your plighted word. How can I thank you sufficiently?"

"Do not thank me at all—till afterwards."

"Afterwards my whole life will be dedicated to your service. How short-sighted we are! Did we ever think things would turn out as they have done?"

"Hush! I heard a rustle near that screen; come down to the other end of the saloon."

They move slowly away, walking a little apart, but as they gain the further end, he places his hand familiarly upon her arm, and *she*—she permits it.

Valence gives a deep groan and turns away.

"Come back to the library, Bulwer, for God's sake!" he says in a faint voice of pain.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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### FAREWELL!

BY REV. PHEBE A. HANAFORD.

I write one word to thee with thought of sadness,  
The heartfelt word, "Farewell,"  
Yet hath it not to us a note of gladness,  
One note of hope to tell?

Yes, for I seem my friend to God commending,  
In simple earnest prayer,  
Soft as a child-angel's to the throne ascending  
To meet a listener there.

I breathe the word for thee, then, with a gleaming  
Of heaven on my way,  
A foretaste of the endless, glorious beaming  
Of the eternal day.

Farewell on earth, till thou best fare in heaven,  
Till we shall meet in joy,  
Where the communion of the saints is given,  
All free from earth's alloy.

We oft may meet along life's path with pleasure,  
But sweeter that glad hour,  
When we shall wear our crowns and gain our treasure  
Beyond temptation's power.

November, 1874.

## TRANSPLANTED.

BY HELEN LUQUEER.

## CHAPTER I.

"MARY ANN! Mary Ann!" screamed a shrill and discordant voice.

Mrs. Gager stood in the doorway, shading her eyes with a great red hand, and scanning the garden path which led down to a meadow lot, rich with its emerald carpeting, dotted with golden buttercups and dandelions. Over a stile and far away ran a woodland path leading to cool shady retreats, where sparkling waterfalls and murmuring brooks made perpetual liquid music—a sort of organ for the warbling birds.

"Dear me! I can't keep track of that ar gal, do what I will. She pesters the life out of me."

Mrs. Gager turned back into her neat little kitchen, and began her preparations for dinner; and her husband, a little, corpulent red-faced man—remarkably good-natured, who had just returned from the fields—came to the rescue, and lifting up his voice, sent out a call for "Mary Ann" which echoed and reechoed among the hills, and brought that damsel from some secluded retreat in a trice.

"Whar on arth have yer bin tew, Mary Ann?" asked her mother, as the girl came in, with her sunbonnet dangling by one string, and her cheeks all aglow with health and beauty, while her black eyes sparkled like diamonds.

"Only down after ferns, mother, to press. Aren't they lovely?" And she displayed an apronful of the carefully-culled treasures.

"Ferns? Wal, I'll jest give up now! You are eternally racin' the fields and woods fer some sort of trash or nuther. Alvira'll have ter come hum" (Elvira was an elder sister who was out at service), "that's all thar is about it! fer yer haint worth shucks, and I'm e'enermost worked ther death."

"I didn't think it was so late, mother," replied Mary Ann, as she bustled about, setting the table.

"Here's er letter for yer, mother," interrupted Father Gager, coming into the house at the moment; "and drat me, if it haint ther queerest thing I ever saw. It's got a

rim of black all around it, and a great spatter of some kind of black wax ter stick it together with."

"Whar did you git it?"

"Gibson's hired man left it. He's bin over ter town this mornin'."

"O father! some one is dead," exclaimed Mary Ann, as she came out of the pantry with an armful of crockery. "Miss Dale, the school-teacher who boarded here last summer, got just such a letter from some one whom she said was in mourning, and that it was fashionable to have the paper and envelops in mourning also."

"Poppyquash!" contemptuously returned Mr. Gager, as he proceeded to open the letter. "Ye haint any idee that we have got any such highfalutan kinfolks as them air?"

"Why, father!" answered his wife, "thar's sister Jane Judson. She was older nor me, you know, and married a city feller, and I haint seen nor heard from her in twenty-five long years. The man she married was a rich aristocrat, and she was mighty proud, and didn't ever come ter own any on us ergin. And we thought as how if she could be so onnatural, we would gin her up. But here comes the men, and dinner is ready. Mary Ann kin wait on ther table; so jest gin me ther letter, and I'll go inter ther other room and read it all alone by myself."

Half an hour later she returned with very red eyes, and as the kitchen was cleared of the "men folks," who were lounging out beneath the great shade trees the remainder of their nooning, the contents of the letter were communicated to her husband.

It was from Jane Judson, and told that she had been recently left a childless widow; that she was in ill health, and needed some companion; that if out of their large family they had a daughter to whom they would be willing to give up a right, she would be glad to adopt her; do by her in all things as if she were her own, and at her death make her heir to all her property.

The entire afternoon was spent by the



farmer and his wife in discussing the offer. It was a very good one; that they had decided. It would not do to let it slip into the hands of strangers, but the question as to which should be given up was a momentous one.

"Thar's Alvira," said the old man, "she'd jump at ther chance; but then, yer couldn't make a lady out on her no more than yer could out of thar old brindle cow. She's a good gal at a country frolic, or at work in a hayfield or kitchen, but bless me! she'd be only a laffin' stock in a city parlor with that big hand and foot of her'n. Thar's Araminta, but then, she's freckled, and got a red head, and besides, she's ther baby."

"What's ther use, father, of yer goin' on and enumeratin', when it's clear ter us both that Mary Ann is ther one ter go? She haint er bit like any of ther rest on 'em, but as like what her Aunt Jane was as two peas in er pod. I always told you so. It's books, and drawin', and paintin', and embroidery, and pressin' of fern leaves and autumn leaves, as she calls them. And she's always er dreamin', and ramblin' in ther woods, and usin' big words about the things she finds there. I declar', I don't see who she gets it all from."

"Why, out of newspapers and novels, of course," replied her husband, puffing away at his pipe. "Wal, yer must decide for yerself, mother. She's jest as pooty er little critter as ever trod shoe leather; and if she's ter be thar one it haint sayin' that we're tew give her up entirely. Aunt Jane haint goin' ter live eternily, that's sartin'."

Mrs. Gager dried her eyes, and called Mary Ann in from the summer kitchen, where she was washing dishes with Araminta, and communicated their decision. Tears of delight flashed and trembled in the girl's fine black eyes, and the rich color came and went like dancing sunbeams in her cheeks. Was she in reality to see the great city of New York, live in one of its fine mansions, ride in a carriage, have servants at her call, and all the advantages of culture her soul craved?

It was no wonder her little head was completely turned by the brilliant prospect. It never occurred to her that her dear country home, with all its lovely surroundings—the grove with its many shady dells and cool rocky grottos—was to be given up, perhaps forever; that at least it would

be years a place for only memory to visit; that the new life and scenes would entirely unfit her to enjoy the old again; that all her tastes and feelings, even her very self, would change; that she could never retrace her steps, and be as innocent and free as the butterfly she had so closely resembled while revelling in the beauties of nature. O no! she gave no thought to such things.

Aunt Jane's offer was accepted, and a draft, so large as to almost take away the good farmer's breath, was forwarded for Mary Ann's outfit, and to defray her travelling expenses. So one lovely midsummer morning she was driven by her father in the little one-horse wagon to the nearest station, and placed in a railway car, which soon whirled her away from her native hills.

Notwithstanding her poor health, Mrs. Judson met her niece at the depot, and at once recognized her by the description sent by her mother, and a striking likeness to herself. Like one in a dream, the young girl sat beside the elegant lady in the magnificent carriage, and was rapidly driven to her new home. How vast and grand the rooms appeared! Her imagination had never pictured anything one-half so beautiful.

For the first few weeks the poor child shed many tears in secret—the offspring of a homesick heart. But she gradually became accustomed to her new life, and, as her aunt had at once procured a governess, she soon became absorbed in her studies, and visions of her childhood's home occupied her thoughts less by day or her dreams by night.

She was but fifteen, and the work of fitting her for society progressed rapidly for two years at home. But as Mrs. Judson's health continued to fail, the physicians prescribed a sea voyage. It was then decided that they must go abroad for a more genial climate, where it was hoped the invalid might be benefited. So they travelled (with a small retinue of servants) for another two years, everywhere seeking for that which no money could purchase. Famous watering-places were visited, but all to no purpose; and one day in June, in a little hamlet at the foot of a snow-crowned mountain of Switzerland, in a dilapidated inn, poor Mrs. Judson died.

She had grown very deeply attached to her niece, who had developed into a lovely

specimen of womanhood, and as the spirit was about leaving the shattered tenement, whispered to her:

"Mary, my dear child, it grieves me sadly to leave you alone in a land of strangers, but God's will be done. Into his holy keeping I commit you, and my own weary spirit. It matters nothing to me where my body is laid. I shall sleep as sweetly here in this peaceful valley as at home in Greenwood."

She paused, struggled for breath for a moment, and then resumed:

"It has been a cherished dream with me to see you settled in life, with some one to love and protect you when I am gone. I have written to Mr. Van Ness and his family, who have promised to take charge of you when they return home. After I am gone, you had better join them; that is, as soon as you can receive a reply to my letter. Kiss me, darling. I would sleep."

With her hand clasped in that of her loving niece, she entered the sleep that knows no waking. But so silently and quietly did she pass away, that it was only when the hand had grown cold that Mary Gager realized that she was indeed alone among strangers.

A week had passed wearily to the poor girl after her aunt's remains had been consigned to the grave in the village cemetery, and still there was no news from the friends to whom Mrs. Judson had appealed in the last days of her life for the care and protection of her charge.

One evening Mary went, as was her custom, to place a wreath of sweet-breathed flowers upon the grave of her aunt, and as she turned to leave the sacred spot, she was startled by discovering a tall form leaning upon the rustic gate of the enclosure. Weak and ill from her recent grief, she was so disturbed by finding herself alone with a stranger in that isolated spot, and the only means of egress barred by him, that she had barely strength to totter to a seat and sink upon it as objects began to fade from her sight. But how long she remained in that half-swoon she could never tell. She only knew that a familiar voice was calling to her in tender tones, while a strong arm supported her drooping form.

"I greatly fear I have frightened you," said Mortimer Van Ness, as soon as his companion became herself again. "The very hour my mother received your aunt's

letter I started for this place, followed by the rest of the family, who will shortly be here. But for repeated delays, dear Miss Gager, I should have been with you much sooner." He drew her arm within his own as she rose, and continued, "We most deeply sympathize with you, and grieve that we could not have been present to assist in your great trial."

The words were commonplace enough, but the voice and manner were eloquent with feeling, and a strange sense of comfort and protection crept into Mary's bereaved heart as they slowly wended their way home.

The very next day Mrs. Van Ness and her three daughters, a courier and three servants, arrived, and the lady, although a bundle of pride and aristocracy, took to her motherly heart the plebeian daughter of Farmer Gager — unknowing, however, of such origin. That the tall slight girl she was to chaperone, whose manners and bearing were refinement itself, with a dash of hauteur which gave her a distinguished air, with such slender white hands, had ever been employed washing dishes in an old farmhouse, she had not the most remote idea.

But Mary had not entirely lost the manner of coloring divinely now and then, just enough to show how rich and healthy was the blood that flowed within her veins, though her eyes had less of dancing light, were less shy, had greater depths of expression, and just now there was a sort of misty splendor about them, born of sorrow, that was enchanting. Young, rich and beautiful, it was no wonder that the worldly Mrs. Van Ness saw in her a fine match for her son, or that he should dream sweet dreams of their united lives; and that upon the last night of their stay in the little hamlet, upon the rustic seat near the grave of her aunt, he should open his heart, declare how dear she was to him, and entreat that he might be permitted to love and protect her all through life.

Briefly she told him of her Lumbie birth, but in describing her country home among the Pennsylvania hills, she unconsciously drew a glowing picture of its charms.

"My parents," she continued, "are poor and uneducated, and you would be ashamed of them. Indeed, I fear I would myself." Her eyes drooped, her face became troubled.

"It does not matter, darling," he re-

plied; "only say that you care for me—that I may call you my own. That is all I ask. It is yourself, not your relatives, I seek."

He pleaded fervently, drew her closer to him, and listened for the reply, which came presently, to his great joy and satisfaction, while the summer breezes sighed amid the tall grass, and the moon lighted with a dim holy radiance the entire scene, bathing in brilliancy the lonely grave they were about to leave forever.

Slowly, and with tears upon her cheeks, Mary walked from the sacred spot, but with a new light in her eyes and a new hope in her heart, for she knew that henceforth she would be a treasure to the one she loved.

Mrs. Van Ness advised them to be married immediately upon their return.

"But quietly," she said, "will be the best under all the circumstances, and I will give the wedding-breakfast. After your return you can settle yourselves as you like, but let me manage the wedding, my dears."

Mary having inherited the large fortune of her aunt, including the house on Madison Avenue, it was arranged, according to her wishes, that it should be their home.

Immediately after her wedding she wrote to her parents, telling them of the death of her aunt, of her marriage, and sent a draft to a large amount as a present, and also her address, in case they should wish to write. She also stated her intention of visiting her old home during the coming summer.

## CHAPTER II.

"MOTHER," said Farmer Gager, coming into the kitchen one cool November morning, "what say ye ter making Mary Ann a visit—me, and you, and Alvira?"

"Wal, Simon, I've bin thinkin' myself that I should like ter see Mary Ann in her grand house; but then, yer know, it will cost er good deal ter go thar."

"What ef it does? I don't owe er cent in thar world. The old place am all clear, and a cool hundred or two stowed away in thar old stockin', thanks tew Mary Ann."

After the usual amount of argument it was decided that they should visit their rich daughter in the city, who, all unconscious of the honor in store for her, had one evening invited her aristocratic sisters-

in-law, with a few gentlemen friends of her husband, to dine with them.

Van Ness thought he had never seen his wife looking so lovely, and was not a little gratified by the admiration she received. She was dressed in an elegant purple satin robe, trimmed with rich lace, while diamonds flashed and sparkled with every movement of her delicate white hand, and at her tiny shell-like ears, and a brilliant gem of rare size and purity held at her throat a knot of lace. Every motion was characterized by grace. She always seemed to say the right thing at the right time without vanity. Gifted with a refined taste, and intellect very much above the ordinary class, and which by the judicious training of her aunt had been made the most of, she was indeed a lady in every sense of the word.

At the very moment the dinner was announced all were startled by a most furious ringing of the doorbell. A servant flew to obey the unusual summons, and there upon the doorstep stood Farmer Gager and his portly wife, while Alvira brought up the rear.

"Does Mary Ann live here?"

"How dumb yer be, Simon! Do yer s'pose he knows her by that name? Does Miss Van Ness live here? 'Cause if she does, she's our own darter!" exclaimed Mrs. Gager, with a wonderful air of importance.

Mrs. Van Ness comprehended the true state of things at once, as did also all the guests, for the boisterous tones of her father and the loud ones of her mother had not only reached them, but had penetrated to the kitchen and the ears of the servants.

For a moment the room swam round before the eyes of the hostess. She grew faint and dizzy as the truth was forced upon her. Then she rallied all her self-control, and stepped to the side of her husband, and said:

"Mortimer, I think my father and mother have concluded to surprise us. Will you be kind enough to wait for a moment, until I can dispose of them? They will prefer quiet and rest after their journey, and will soon excuse me, I am confident."

"Certainly," he replied.

She was just in the act of passing out into the hall, when who should loom up in the door but Father Gager, lugging a great old-fashioned hair trunk, with his

name emblazoned thereon with brass nails? As he caught sight of the scarlet face of his daughter, he dropped his burden and made great strides towards her, while he shouted in tones of thunder:

"Wal, Mary Ann, if that haint you! How do you do? Bless my soul, ef yer haint pootler than ever!" And he hugged her in his arms, and gave her a kiss which resounded through the room.

Meanwhile Mother Gager had stepped over the trunk, with a huge basket that looked as if it had come out of the ark, and stood panting and exclaiming, impatiently:

"Come, come, Simon! better gin me, ther girl's own mother, er chance some time ter night, hadn't yer?"

The next moment, regardless of her daughter's elegant dress, she had folded her to her ample breast, and was shedding some very natural tears over her.

"Bless yer, Mary Ann! it's four years and better since I sot my two eyes on yer, and all erlong from ther depot to here I felt as ef ther kerrige couldn't be druv fast ernuff."

Next appeared Elvira—a great creature, as unlike Mrs. Van Ness as an elephant and a humming-bird. She was dressed in the most gorgeous purple, with a "highfalutin" hat trimmed with green, and a couple of red poppy flowers, and a bunch of coarse grass, from which dangled bunches of great glass beads to represent dew. She was also overburdened with extra shawls, and an immense black satchel. Her great round eyes were staring at the elegant decorations of the room and its occupants, and she scarcely returned the greeting of her lady sister, who had only for a moment given way to feelings of shame and mortification. "They are my parents," she thought, "the tender guardians of my childhood, and although ignorant and unacquainted with the usages of society, are respectable and honest." Then she welcomed them cordially and gracefully, and introduced them to her husband and guests.

"*Glad* tew see yer," exclaimed Father Gager, clasping his son-in-law's hand in his great horny one.

Mrs. Van Ness cut the scene short by conducting her relatives to rooms up stairs. But it was not until her mother had informed all the company that the great basket contained some old-fashioned doughnuts and a "leetle jar of sourkroat," that

she had taken the greatest pains to make, for Mary Ann "used ter be so fond of them when she was a leetle gal at hum."

The giggling servant who carried up their luggage was at once toned down into respect and sobriety by one frigid look of his mistress. When dinner was at last served, Mrs. Van Ness was all dignity and self-possession, presiding like a queen, and the brilliancy of her color and occasional glitter of her eyes alone revealed that anything disturbed the even tenor of her ways. With rare tact and skill she covered up the mistakes of her relatives, which were at times so ludicrous as to provoke a smile even from her lips, especially when her father declared that he was as hungry as a "dray hoss," and that he would have "er pint of that air supe." She quietly ordered his dish replenished; and when her mother insisted that they should all try some of her doughnuts, she sent a servant for the basket, and had a plate of the great brown cakes placed among the desserts, declaring it took her back again to the old farmhouse among the hills. All laughingly partook of them, and even the grand Misses Van Ness condescended to compliment the plebeian cakes.

That night, when her parents and sister had retired, and when the company had departed, the hostess whispered to her husband, as she put her arms about his neck, with her eyes brimming with tears:

"Darling, I regret so much for your sake that my parents should have chosen to visit us. It will, I know, furnish gossip for your fashionable friends."

"Never mind, love," he returned. "You have taught me to-night a lesson of independence, and by the treatment of your relatives proclaimed their true worth. Let us make their stay a pleasant one. They are good and honest people, with great warm hearts, and if they are a little homespun and coarse, you and I can at least appreciate them, and in our integrity and happiness can afford to laugh at the world, or at least act independent of their foolish opinions."

After the visit was over, and Father and Mother Gager and Elvira were once again gathered around the wide-mouthed fireplace in the kitchen, they had great stories to tell to a few neighbors, who seemed to think they had been upon a journey to the other end of the world.

"Such a palace as my Mary Ann lives in!" said Mother Gager. "Why, they actually have washbasins with silver—yes, *silver* tubes, for ther hot and cold water ter run through. Then they have leetle silver knobs on ther side of every door, and if yer jest turns one on 'em a bell rings way down in the kitchen, and er hired gal runs up and kurtesys as perlite as kin be. And then they have er hole in ther wall all lined tew with silver, and Mary Ann jest sticks her mouth, and tells them away down stairs what she wants fer dinner, and she don't have ter holler, nuther. It seemed as though Simon would never git used ter fine fixin's—and ther mistakes he did keep makin'!"

"Wal, mother, while yer at it," he retorted, "s'pose yer tell as how yer blowed

out the gas, and liked ter have choked us all ter death."

As for Elvira, she came back so fixed up and "stuck up," as her father said, that she could hardly notice her country friends. Hadn't she been to the city, and while there lived like "Queen Victory?" she said; and, in the simplicity of her nature, she had no idea that her majesty lived a whit in more grand style than did Mary Ann, who found the old homestead among the hills a blessed retreat from the heat and turmoil of the city during many a summer season.

More than one little aristocratic Van Ness roamed with her through the old familiar woods, or took many a precious nap upon the huge feather beds under the ample roof of "Grandmother Gager."

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### MY WIFE'S SILK DRESS.

BY N. P. DARLING.

We'd only been married about six months, and the novelty hadn't begun to wear off. Fannie called me her "dear Charles," besides numberless pet names. It might have sounded rather foolish to old maids, bachelors and sober married folks, but to us, it was an altogether different thing. We loved each other then, as no words can express—my darling blue-eyed Fannie!

I was only twenty-two, and Fannie was just seventeen, so of course we had neither of us seen a great deal of the world; but I had never thought that Fannie could possibly love any one but her "dear Charles." Jealous of Fannie? bless me! But remember, my boy, it is just when one feels most secure in the love of a woman that she trips. Perhaps I should never have suspected anything, but for my particular friend Tibbs. He warned me first. You see Tibbs is a gentleman of leisure. He is employed sometimes by Street, Walker, Doolittle & Co., and it was while he was with that firm that I made his acquaintance.

The week before I was married, Tibbs was busy all the while making preparations. Tibbs selected half the furniture for the house. He put it in order. The piano should stand there, the lounge here, and the whatnot should be in this corner. This splendid landscape must hang here,

where the light was good, another painting in water-colors by my dear Fannie, should hang here, it would look *better* in the *shade*. Fannie couldn't exactly see that, but then as Mr. Tibbs was a particular friend of her dear Charles, she had all confidence in him.

Tibbs was groomsman, of course. He was the first person that kissed my wife, after the ceremony was performed. He took the first piece of our wedding-cake. He helped himself first at the marriage feast, and poor Mrs. Brown (my dear Fannie's mother), good old soul, being easily confounded and muddled in her ideas, became confused, and took Tibbs by the hand, and with great tears in her eyes begged him to be a good kind husband to her daughter; and Tibbs one of the most accommodating men you ever saw, promised he would, and then my dear Fannie's mother gave him a great rousing kiss.

As the carriage came to the door, Tibbs stepped out and helped my wife in. I followed. "Good-by, Charlie, my boy," and Tibbs gave me his hand, though his eyes were fixed upon my wife. "Adieu, Fannie."

We were off upon our wedding tour a month. When we returned, Tibbs stood in the door of our new house to receive us. He kissed my wife again. Now Tibbs is a very particular friend of mine, but I don't

like to have a *particular* friend make a regular practice of kissing my dear Fannie. But nevertheless, I was very thankful to Tibbs for all his kindness to me.

After that he made a practice of coming to our house two or three evenings every week, and he always took his Sunday dinner with us, after service; and of course he knew quite as much about our household affairs as I did myself. He took quite as much interest in them, too.

But at last, when Fannie's birthday was approaching, I bethought me to make her some sort of a present. But what should I get her? That puzzled me. I was just passing Crumlet's, and through the blinds I saw Tibbs sitting in an easy-chair, with a paper in his hand, a cigar in his mouth, and his feet (Tibbs had small and handsome feet—wore fives) upon the table before him.

"Ah, yes, there's Tibbs. He can decide the question. It is warm, too, a 'cobbler' wouldn't go bad, and Fannie needn't know if I don't kiss her when I go home," and so I walked in.

Tibbs sprang up and grasped my hand, as though he hadn't seen me for a fortnight.

"Bless you, ole fellah, how are yer?"

"Lovely, my cherub, quite lovely, only it's rather warm."

"Jest so. What'll you be iced with?" asked Tibbs, with such an angelic smile on his countenance.

"Ah, well—Tibbs!" Tibbs grew serious. "Fannie must not know anything about this."

"Of course not."

"Then I'll take a soda—cocktail."

"Same for me."

"Now, Tibbs?"

"Well, my dear Charlie."

"Fannie's birthday is approaching—of course she will expect a present. Of course she must have one. Now what would you advise. What sort of a present?"

"Present? Well, let me think," and Tibbs stroked his whiskers. "Why, a silk dress, a diamond necklace, any sort of jewelry, or poodle dog, silver mounted, a saddle horse, or a coach and four, or a—"

"Pshaw! Do you remember what my income tax was?"

"Well, I didn't know but you wanted to launch out! But what objection to the dress? A silk dress, I presume, would be just the article your wife would choose, if she were consulted upon this matter."

"I think you are right. Now I think of it, I remember hearing her say a week ago that she wished she had another silk. But bless me! Tibbs, I could never choose a dress."

"Well, perhaps I might."

That was just what I wanted. Tibbs had taste. We started right off to make the purchase. It took us some time (or Tibbs rather) to get the article that suited exactly.

"Just enough to make a dress, sir. Not another piece like it in the city. Sold all but this to the Figginses of New York. The lady who wears this, sir, will cause all her female friends to howl with envy."

"I'll take it, durn me if I don't!" I hissed between my teeth.

"It's a splendid thing," remarked Tibbs, in an undertone.

And so I took it, and carried it down to the office, and locked it up in my desk until my dear Fannie's birthday arrived.

Now I should really like to describe the pattern of that silk dress, for it was really a splendid thing, as every one said who saw it, but as I am fully convinced that the reader could have no better idea of it than I have, did I attempt to describe, and as I am willing to own that I don't know how it did look, except that it was really "splendid," and was very rich, and would stand alone, why, of course you'll excuse me from making the attempt. I was only sure of one thing, and that was that I could tell that silk dress as far as I could see it on the street.

Well, when Fannie's birthday arrived I brought home the silk dress, and presented it to her; and I made a really fine presentation speech, at least, Tibbs said I did, for he was there, and of course he ought to know. And Fannie, why, bless her soul! she was so surprised and gratified that she dropped the dress, fell into my arms, and gave me *such* a kiss! that I felt really more than repaid.

Well, perhaps I wasn't a happy man for a week after that—I mean superlatively happy, for I am always pretty well pleased with the world, and myself, and Fannie—well, you know.

But my joys reached a climax, when after a short delay, the dress was brought home from Madam Fitemnice's all cut and made, trimmed, frilled, and, well, I don't know what *wasn't* done to it, and really I

don't much know what was; but you should have seen my wife with it on. What a fit! Well now, I never took much notice of ladies' dresses, but I am sure that I never saw anything that seemed to come in just so perfect as that particular silk dress. Tibbs said so, too, for he was there at the time, and Tibbs pretends to know something about dresses.

If I ever did have an idea that Fannie was an angel, it was just at that particular minute when she glided into our drawing-room, arrayed in her new dress for the first time. To say that I was enraptured, doesn't half express my feelings. In fact, I find no words in Webster strong enough to express my feelings and high pressure emotions. Tibbs could, though. He spoke his admiration, but mine boiled within me. I was dumb; but Fannie must have seen in my eyes what I felt, and what I would have said, had I not been born "tongue-tied." That has always been my trouble. I think I'm a poet in the depths of my soul. But when my soul would give expression to its aspirations, its hopes, its fears—when it would bring forth some great thought, that perhaps would give dear Fannie's husband undying fame, my tongue refuses to discount. Heart-rending, isn't it?

But now, my dear reader, I come to the most affecting part of my story. How could that beautiful blue silk dress ever have brought so much sorrow, such tears, such woes to me? I should never have dreamed it; but it did. Tibbs can testify to that.

I reside on Hollis Street, in that large brick house with blue blinds, standing back from the street, with those great tall elms in front of it. There is an observatory upon the house, which you may have noticed, with four large windows in it of stained glass. Tibbs and I often go up there to smoke our cigars and discuss politics.

Directly opposite my house, in a small cottage, which stands very near the street, by the way, and which, during the summer months is completely covered with vines and flowers, lives Miss Flora Dudley, a lady of uncertain age. Tibbs boards with her. He has the front room up stairs, commanding a fine view of my house and grounds.

It was Wednesday morning, about ten o'clock. The weather was fair, and the wind was south—I always feel particularly

good-natured when the wind blows from that point of the compass. There was a very bright smile upon my countenance. I held the morning paper in my hand, though I was not reading. I was seated in the back office, near the west window. Green was whistling "Old Dog Tray" with the "Mocking-bird" variations—something quite new—no one whistled it but Green, our head clerk. He knew I was in good humor, or he wouldn't have dared to whistle.

At this moment I heard the outer office door open, some one came in, and walked through. I turned around, and looked up just as Tibbs reached the door of the back office.

"Tibbs!" I cried, in alarm, "what has happened?"

I knew something had gone wrong, for he was pale as death. I plated a chair for him, and raised the window, and then ran for a palm-leaf fan. When I returned, Tibbs had recovered his color somewhat, especially around his nose.

"Charles," said he, in a deep hollow voice, that seemed to come from the tomb, "prepare yourself," and he took my hand in his.

"Tibbs—Ti—what! Sir? Speak?"

"Hush! I hardly dare. Can you bear it?"

Now I was somewhat excited, as you may suppose, and if Mr. Tibbs hadn't been my particular friend, I should have been tempted to pitch him out of the office for daring to disturb me in such a manner. If he'd got anything to communicate, why not out with it? I don't think there is any reason in frightening a man to death to prepare him for bad news.

"What do you mean?" I asked, not a little alarmed.

"Hush! Charles, my boy, listen." And Tibbs brought my ear down to his lips, and then whispered loud enough for the whole office to hear, "*She's false!*"

"False! Who the deuce is false?" I asked, regarding Tibbs with a vacant stare.

He had fallen back in his chair, completely overcome. His small leaden blue eyes rolled horribly, I thought he was in pain. I believe I had an idea that he had proposed to Miss Dudley and been rejected, though I must have been wandering in my mind to have supposed the latter.

"Whom do you refer to?"

"Fannie—your wife!" he gasped.

"No, no, not that? Fannie false?" I seized Tibbs by the whiskers. He howled with pain.

"Unsay those words, or by—"

"They're true. *I saw that dress!* 'Twas her, I'd swear."

I calmed myself with a great effort. Tibbs sat quietly in the chair, while I walked up and down the office. At last I stopped, and seated myself on the table, directly in front of Tibbs.

"Now, Mr. Tibbs, will you oblige me by telling your story, if you have any to tell?" and I frowned upon him. "Be short and concise."

"Well, sir," Tibbs began, "at nine o'clock this morning, I was sitting at the north window of my room, when I saw your wife come out of your house by the front way. She wore that blue silk dress that you gave her upon her birthday. She went down towards Crosby Street, and I thought nothing more of the matter; but in about fifteen minutes I saw her return, hanging upon the arm of a gentleman—"

"Gentleman?"

"Well, a man. She wore a veil over her face now, but that did not hide her blue silk dress—you know there's not another like it in the city. I was astonished. What could I do but follow them? I did. They went up Hollis Street to Eaton Street, then turned down that, and stopped at a large house of very respectable appearance, five doors from the corner. When they went up the steps, I rushed forward just in time to see them disappear through the door. The woman raised her veil just as they were going in, and I saw—"

"Who?"

"*Your wife!*"

"Could you swear?"

"I could."

"Give me your hand, Mr. Tibbs. Excuse me if I was rather rude when you first came in. You are my only friend now!" And I turned away to hide my emotion. Men's hearts, some say, never break, but mine seemed broken then. It mattered little what became of me then. If I could only have died believing her true!

"Well?" Tibbs started from his seat.

"What will you do, Charlie?"

"Do? Nothing. If she loves another—  
if she is false to me, do you suppose I can

ever make her love me again? Can she ever be what she was to me? No. I only wish to remember her as I thought her, before this unhappy day."

"And you'll not probe the matter to the bottom?" Tibbs seemed very anxious.

"No. Why should I? You have told enough," I replied.

"Yes, but—well, Charlie, although I saw your wife walking the street with a stranger, and although I saw her enter a strange house, still there may be some palliating circumstances. I should look into the matter. Be cautious, though. Say nothing to your wife, but watch!" And Tibbs grasped my hand, and gave me a glance of pity, took his hat, and left the office.

It did not seem very singular that my wife did not take dinner with me. I inquired for her, and learned that she was in her room. The servant said she had a severe headache. I looked at the girl, trying to discover something by her countenance. I thought there was a half-smile upon her lips. Was she trying to deceive me—was she in the plot? It really seemed so. Half in sorrow, half in anger, I rushed from the house. Fannie would certainly think it strange that I had not come to see her, if only for a moment. I had never left the house before, morning, noon or night, without giving Fannie a kiss. No—well, I could not meet her then.

It was three o'clock in the afternoon of the same day. I was seated again in the back office. The door was locked, and I had given orders to Green to allow no one to disturb me.

I was sitting by the table with my face buried in my hands, when I heard a slight tap on the door. I did not answer it. The rap was repeated louder, and then I heard the voice of my friend Mr. Tibbs.

"Charlie!"

"What is it?" I asked, rising and opening the door.

Tibbs came in hurriedly.

"Take your hat, Charlie, and follow me. I've seen them again going towards Crosby Street. If we hurry we can follow them back."

Hardly knowing what I did, I seized my hat and followed Tibbs out of the office, up the street, till we came to the drug store at the corner of Hollis Street.

"Let's step in here and wait," said



Tibbs, pulling me into the drug store after him.

We stood looking through the glass door at every woman who passed up Crosby Street for at least half an hour, but nothing was to be seen of the strange gentleman and my wife.

"I think I'll go back to the office," I said, at last. "I could not look upon her. My Fannie false? God help me!"

"But you must see her." And Tibbs put his hand on my arm. "Wait—there! there she is—there they are now—look!"

I turned and looked in the direction indicated. Yes, there she was. I knew the dress. It was my dress—the one I had presented to her upon her birthday morn. I could have sworn to the dress. And her form, just her height, her slender figure and her graceful carriage. A stray golden curl peeped out from under her hat—my wife had beautiful golden hair. Alas! it was too true. My own eyes had seen her. Fannie indeed was false to me, for walking beside her was a tall elegant gentleman with black hair and heavy dark whiskers. He was dressed in a suit of black throughout, wore a silk hat and a pair of gold-bowed spectacles, but singular enough he wore a white neckcloth. Could it be a minister?

"Are you satisfied?" asked my friend Tibbs. "You see she has her veil down."

"I am satisfied," I replied. "I should know Fannie among a thousand—and that dress, too."

How lovingly she hung upon his arm. How confidently she seemed to be looking up into the face of the man beside her. My heart was torn with jealous pangs. Could Fannie be so false?

Just at this moment they turned the corner of Hollis Street, walking rapidly.

"Now we will follow them," whispered Tibbs, opening the door and dragging me into the street.

I did not reply. I did not care. Tibbs held me by the arm, and we walked on together up the street after the guilty couple, keeping all the while at a safe distance so as not to attract their notice. We passed my house. I looked up, but saw no one. The curtains were down at my wife's windows. Following on we saw them turn down into Eaton Street. When we turned the corner there was no one in sight. They had disappeared.

"Fifth door," whispered Tibbs, dragging me along.

We stopped in front of the house. Tibbs walked up the stone steps and rang the bell. I never thought what he intended to do, I was so bewildered and confused. I noticed a name on the doorplate. Tibbs read it, and when the servant opened the door he inquired for Mr. Bristone.

We were ushered into the drawing-room at once. The gentleman with the heavy black whiskers bowed as we entered the room, though seemingly much surprised at our visit. He smiled blandly, though, particularly I thought when he noticed me. I grew enraged at once. To rob me of my wife and then to laugh in my face! That I felt was adding insult to injury. My feelings were all aroused. I could bear this no longer. Before Tibbs could speak a word I sprang forward and grasped the ministerial gentleman by the throat.

"Where is my wife, you villain?" I shouted.

The gentleman turned pale and tried to draw back, but I held him in a grasp like a vice. He tried to shout for help, but my hand was on his throat in a death-like clutch, and he could only gasp for breath.

Tibbs tried to pull me away, but he could not. My antagonist and I both fell with violence to the floor, and just at that moment I heard the shriek of a woman. 'Twas a wild horrid yell. I looked up. Heavens! I loosed my hold upon the strange gentleman and sprang to my feet.

"It is not my wife!" I yelled, dancing for very joy about the room. "My own Fannie is true to me! Tibbs, Tibbs, rejoice with me!" I shouted.

I can't describe the scene that followed. Tibbs undertook to explain, and at last succeeded, and Mr. and Mrs. Bristone laughed heartily, though that gentleman thought that the affair had been rather unpleasant for him, and so we bade them good-day.

"Well," said Tibbs, "it seems there is another blue silk in town just like your wife's."

"Yes, but I say, Tibbs, we won't say anything about this to Fannie."

"Of course not," replied Tibbs, with a very solemn countenance.

But somehow or other it did leak out. I think Mrs. Bristone must have told Fan-

nie, for both she and her husband called at our house not long after. I happened to be at the office at the time, but when I returned that evening, Fannie came to the door, and when she put up her little rosebud of a mouth for a kiss, she asked, smiling:

"Charlie, have you seen my blue silk walking out with the Episcopal minister lately?"

"O Fannie, can you ever forgive me?"

"Of course I can, you dear old simpleton."

And—well, I've never been jealous of Fannie since; but Mr. Bristone said the other day that he was always afraid to walk out with his wife when she wore that blue silk.

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### SONG.

BY HENRY LORNE.

Kate is in love. I know it by  
The trembling form and downcast eye;  
The silent tongue when others speak  
To praise the beauty of her cheek.

Kate is in love. I know it by  
The tear, the oft-repeated sigh;  
The start with which—ah! who can  
blame—

She hears the mention of a name.

*Brooklyn, N. Y., March, 1875.*

Kate is in love. I know it by  
Her manner when *somebody's* nigh;  
Those little signs that truly tell  
What thoughts within the bosom dwell.

Kate is in love. Yes, it is clear  
Some one to her is very dear.  
Well—be he grave or be he gay,  
His life with Kate will all be May.

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### HOLE-IN-THE-DAY.—AN INDIAN STORY.

BY CHARLES CUTTERFIELD.

"FREDDY, my dear—"

"Hush—hush, darling! I am going."

I kissed my little wife (because I had recently married her), and went. She objected to my going, because she was very much afraid that I might be drowned. I was going to Lake Superior, with half a dozen friends of mine, to fish for trout.

We expected to be gone a week—might possibly be gone ten days. We found an abundance of mosquitos, and plenty of fish, though the abundance of the former made the plenty of the latter not so much of a pastime in catching, as we had hoped.

The day upon which we started was delightful—clear skies, and only a steady breeze. The second day was like the first, and the third like the second. The morning of the fourth was cloudy; the noon terrific with thunder, lightning and wind. We were encamped upon an island, and employed two half-breeds, with their boats, to row us around. Toward evening of the fourth day the storm abated, the wind ceased, the waves rolled not so high nor so

rapidly. The morning of the fifth day was lovely again; not a cloud in the heavens. We were some distance from civilization, and civilization on the shore of the lake is not, in all cases, of the highest order. The races are badly mixed; and though, in many instances, such mixture is an advantage to the Indians, it is also in many cases a disadvantage to the whites. The standard of morality is low. Virtue is cheap; human life is cheaper. At least, such was the case at that time, and the time was not many years in the past.

During the stormy day we had not left the island. Now that the fifth day dawned so beautifully, and the storm had purified the atmosphere, we looked for a season of rare sport, and hoped to enjoy it with less opposition from the troublesome insects. The boatmen were upon one end of the island, and we upon the other. We were greatly surprised, when we gathered our trappings, and crossed to their quarters, to find an addition to their numbers. We were fifty miles from the settlement, and

the wonder was how the men came there. There were a dozen of them, mostly half-breeds, though some were full-blooded Indians. Three boats were moored upon the beach, and the men were all armed. There was nothing alarming in the circumstance of these Indians being there. We frequently associated with this class of people upon the shore. We therefore walked in among them, and gave them friendly greetings.

We were, however, no sooner in their midst, than they fell upon us, took our arms away, and demanded our money. Every trinket that we carried upon our persons they took from us. Then they held a consultation, at the close of which they very coolly informed us that we were to be left upon the island, and that they were going into the woods. The sum of money which they received was not large, but the prospect of being left on the island to perish was anything but pleasant.

"This is a serious matter, by hoky!" said Jim Blake.

"It's a right smart game—that's so," was the answer of Bill Parsons, a tall specimen from Illinois; "but I reckon they aint going to leave us here always. If they're up to that, it's a tough chance. We've got to starve, and no mistake."

"Of course they mean to leave us here always," I said. "They are not going to the settlement at all. Do you notice which way they are steering?"

"Their money'll do 'em a mighty sight of good, ef they don't go to the settlement," said one.

"If they'd a gin us ten minutes' warnin', I b'lieve we could a whipped 'em. Wall, we've got to make the best on't, and probably we shall eat fish more'n we want."

"How are we to get the fish? By hoky, I don't see it!" said Jim Blake, again.

"Our fishing-tackle is all gone, truly," I said; "and there is no more chance for fishing. We must starve on this island, unless some one chooses to come and take us away."

We were a merry company, and the misfortune had befallen us so suddenly that we could not as yet realize the dangers that surrounded us. The land was in sight, ten miles away to our right. It is very singular how men will *think* for their lives.

"I reckon I might swim to land on a board," said Bill Parsons.

"Where's the board?" I asked.

"That's so," said Jim Blake. "I don't see it. We've got to get a mill all the way from New York, afore we ken have lumber. 'Taint no use a talking about boards. But I believe we ken make a raft, by hoky!"

"How?"

He spoke of the raft before he had calculated the details.

"We'd need a jackknife, I reckon, for makin' rafts," said Bill. "There aint much show, nohow. Ef they'd a shot us, we should been all through afore this."

"I prefer to take my chances as they are," I said. "Perhaps some ship will come this way."

"No ships aint comin' here—they never do," answered Jim. "They go clean over agin the other shore, and they don't go often, nuther."

All the fish that we had caught were carried away in the boats. We had, therefore, nothing to eat. Indeed, I never before realized the worth of art, as I realized it then. Turn in what direction we would, there was no hope—no means of killing game; no means of catching fish; no means of gathering firewood, and no means of striking a light, if we had wood. If we could have had the privilege of visiting the old wreck which Robinson Crusoe found so handy, we should have esteemed it one of the greatest favors on earth. But no old wreck lay in sight.

We were cheerful through the first part of the day, but night came on, and we were sad—without the means to provide shelter, and without the means to satisfy our hunger.

"If we'd a been whipped in a square stand-up fight, there'd a been some sense in it; but there aint no sense in this, nohow," said Bill Parsons, as we sat in a group in the chilly air of evening.

There was an air of melancholy in his tone, as indeed it is no wonder that we were all melancholy.

"I can't make it seem like we was going to die here, after all," said Jim Blake.

"We can't tell. I'm sorry that I ever saw the morning of this expedition—I know so much, at least. I trust that some means will be provided for our deliverance, though I don't now see what."

I felt, indeed, that I would give all the property I possessed (and it was no small

sum then) to be at that moment in my own house, with the woman who had called me Freddy when I started.

Toward morning most of us fell asleep. Nature was not to be cheated, though we had so much to drive sleep from our eyes.

The following day was charming, and I suffered more upon that day than I have suffered upon any other of my life. Perhaps it is not common for people to suffer more upon the second day than any other, when they are starving. I believe many of the company suffered more the third day than the second. But as I could not feel the pain in their stomachs, I can only speak of the gnawings within my own. It was truly horrible. I searched in little wet places for frogs. I waded into the water, in the vain hope to catch fish of some kind in my hands. I chewed the leaves from the trees—felt a desire to gnaw the bark—to gnaw anything and everything upon which I set my eyes. I scarcely knew that I had another bodily organ save my stomach. Thoughts of home and home joys all culminated in the thought of dinner. The island was small and dry. I could find no reptiles, and I could catch no fish. The day wore away in a horror of agony.

And that night—what a group were we that night! I began to feel some dawn of that feeling whereby one human being craves the flesh of another, to save dear life. It fills me with horror to think of it now. I am no surer that I was upon the island than that I could have eaten the flesh of one of my kind, had it been possible, without the crime of murder. Alas, that hunger should have such power over a man!—yet it held me with precisely that power.

I do not know whether any of us slept that night. It is very likely that most of us slept more or less, but I remember well how I wandered in the light of the full round moon, with only the thought of finding something to eat. Morning dawned, with a great hope.

"They're comin'—by hoky, they're comin'!" said Jim Blake, pointing, with his great right hand, over the smooth surface of water.

"Heaven be praised!"

"I reckoned they wouldn't do it. The chance is right smart now for a breakfast, I take it. I reckoned they wouldn't leave us to starve."

"It's the same gang, and they've got the same boats."

"Can't we hurry 'em?"

One after another spoke. They were apparently making slow time, but it was probably apparently only, caused by our excessive hunger. I have not often looked upon a sight with more joy than I looked upon those boats, moving steadily over the water. There were half a dozen of them, at the least, I thought.

"I don't know whether we've got reason to hope much from them fellers," said the oldest man of the party. "As near as I can make out, they're the chaps that robbed us, as you say. But if they were so outrageous then, I don't know what reason we have to think they're much better now. I hope it's all right, but I don't feel sure on't."

"Of course, if they wan't comin' to help us, they wouldn't be comin' at all. They know mighty well there aint no more stealin' for 'em here," said another.

"It's all right, boys. We're goin' to have something to eat, by hoky!"

"That's so!" said Bill Parsons.

"Be civil, then," said I, "and don't say anything to offend them. Perhaps they will take us away."

Down came the boats, directly upon the island. I waded far out into the water, in my anxiety to get a morsel to eat. They came within speaking distance, and rested upon their oars. One of the boatmen whom we hired stood up in one of the boats.

"We are starving, Tom!" I shouted. "Bring us something to eat."

"Not we, by thunder! When you're dead, we're comin' after your clothes. You'd ought'er been afore this."

"Bring us something to eat, and you may have all our clothes now," I answered.

"We ken have them jest as well of we don't. We're goin' a fishin'. Wouldn't ye like to go? We're gentlemen; we want to hire a hand. Eh?"

He was a savage heartless man. I knew he was only talking to tantalize us, yet I ventured to beg a little more.

"Yes," said I; "we will row for you, and do all your work. Take us away, and we will never say a word of this affair as long as we live."

"Ha, ha, ha! You wout, that's certain."

If it be a sin to hate enemies, I com-

mitted a terrible sin, when he sat down in the boat. So entirely heartless and cruel, as he seemed, I almost lost faith in my kind; rather I did not like to acknowledge that he was of my kind. There is an intense hatred of the Indians in the State of Minnesota to this day, and that hatred comes from such inhumanity as Tom manifested on this occasion. Seeing that they were really going, without relieving our wants, one of the party started to swim toward them. To my great relief, they ceased rowing, and the whole party, myself among the rest, plunged into the water, and made haste for the boats. The man who had first started was many rods in advance, and when he was within a few rods of the boats Tom discharged his rifle, and the body sank to rise no more. We turned instantly for the shore, and the party paddled away.

"I reckon there aint no such cusses as them, but just themselves," said Bill.

"The Injuns ought to be whipped out. They aint fit to live on God's earth," said another of the party.

"Poor Ben's better off than any of us, by hoky," said Jim Blake.

Ben had been shot.

"Ef I could get my hand on that Tom, his life wouldn't be wuth nothin' nohow. I reckon that time'll come, too."

"Helloo! there's more friends comin'!"

This was said in sarcasm, and the speaker pointed to a single canoe, at no great distance away, making towards us.

"We ken capture that craft," said Bill.

"I don't see it," replied Jim.

"It may not be necessary," replied the oldest man of the party. "We have more reason to hope something from this boat, than the others. The men that robbed us intend to keep an eye on our movements, and get what they can from our bodies when we are gone, and prevent help reaching us while we live. We have no reason to expect anything from them—not even decent burial for our bodies. What is the man doing?"

A tall Indian stood erect in his light canoe, and motioned with his hands. The other party were nearly out of sight. I interpreted the motions to be an invitation to go to his boat, and went into the water accordingly. I had no sooner done so, than he seized his paddle, and started rapidly away. I called to him, and immediately turned again for the island. He also

stopped, turned again, and came towards the shore. He came nearer now, took a bundle from the canoe, and threw it with all his might toward the shore. The bundle fell short of the land, but Bill Parsons stepped into the water and picked it up. We were overjoyed to find the identical fishing-tackle which had been stolen from us by the half-breeds. In five minutes, some of our party had lines dangling in the water, from a rocky ledge upon the shore, at our left. I was occupied with observing the Indian. He was evidently no half-breed, and was apparently disposed to assist us. I spoke to him in English, and he shook his head. I made the attempt in French, with better success. He spoke the language in a broken, imperfect manner, yet I could understand him.

"Can you give us some victuals?"

"Me hab none. Me be watched."

He pointed over the lake, in the direction which the other boats had taken. The thought occurred to me that I might wish to inquire for him, if we were so fortunate as to escape to the main land, which we saw to our right, and I asked him his name. He stood up erect, as if proud to answer.

"HOLE-IN-THE-DAY!"

"We have been robbed. We are starving. Can you help us to escape? We will give you blankets, beads, guns—everything you ask."

"Me ask nothing," he replied, shaking his head, as if displeased that I should think he worked in hope of a reward.

"Can you help us?"

"Me come to-night. White man mustn't come near. Me come in de night, leave somethin', and go away. Me come again anodder time."

The conference was ended. He sat down his boat, and paddled rapidly toward the land. I called to him, thanking him for what he had done, and imploring him not to leave us to perish upon the island. He deigned no reply, however, and in a half-hour was lost from sight upon the water.

The men were successful in their fishing, and though we had no fire to cook them, we found the means to satisfy our hunger and preserve life. Under the changed aspect of affairs we became very well satisfied. It is true that the prospect was anything but encouraging, but it was so much improved that we felt abundantly satisfied.

"I've got jest one wish," said Bill Par-

sons; "and that is to wipe out the cussed devils that left us here. I reckon, if ever I get a chance, they'll go to t'other world without judge or jury!"

"And they aint goin' to have any priest, nuther, by hoky!" said Jim Blake.

"It is well enough to talk in this way," said the oldest member; "but there is no more likelihood of our ever getting an even chance with them, than there is of our reaching land without a boat. I am satisfied as things are, considering what they were an hour ago, but I must confess that the prospect is not very flattering, even now. It is more than likely that we shall have another visit from the robbers soon. They wont let us escape, if it is in their power to prevent it. This is too near civilization, to admit of such things being done, and left at loose ends. They intend to finish their work. But I am just of your mind, about wishing to see them punished. I would not have thought that I could ever *hate* men, as I hate that savage crew. They have shown themselves destitute of all feeling, by shooting poor Ben, and leaving us here to starve. I could shoot one of them myself, as easy as I could shoot a dog."

"And easier, too—I could."

"So could I."

"And I."

"I can plead guilty to the same feeling," said I. And I could, most decidedly. The fire of vengeance burned brightly in my soul.

That night we all slept soundly. In the morning we found ourselves more disposed to complain than on the evening previous. We were not so very comfortable, after all, and the prospect of deliverance was not the best.

"We must search the island," I remarked. "Our friend promised to visit us in the night; doubtless he has kept his word."

"There he is, now!" said one.

He came around a point of land, paddling his canoe.

"Hole-in-the-Day!" I shouted.

He stood erect, made a profound bow, and said:

"Good-by!"

"Are you going to forsake us? We shall die here."

"Me can do nottin' more—me got no boats." He pointed to that end of the island which lay to the right of us, and again said, "Good-by!"

That was the last I have ever seen of Hole-in-the-Day, though I have heard of him since as the Chief of the Chippewas. It is more than likely that the chief is not the same man.

We hurried around to the end of the island, and found the good old Indian had brought us some game, and all our guns and ammunition. How he obtained them I have no means of knowing. Doubtless they were stored in some place to which he had access. Perhaps he was let into the secret to some extent, and asked to share the plunder and the shame. The whole truth must forever remain a secret. The facts, as I have related them, are all that I know of the matter. There were many wise conjectures by members of our party, but I question whether these conjectures would make the world wiser, were they given to the reader.

On the night of the fifth day of our imprisonment upon the island, we slept upon the green grass, in the spot where we slept the first, and all the nights. The moon had not greatly waned with age, and shone beautifully upon lake and shore. It was midnight. I was aroused from the deep sleep into which I had fallen, by the heavy voice of Jim Blake.

"I hear somethin', by hoky!"

In a moment we were all upon our feet.

"I reckon our friends are coming back from fishin'," said Bill.

"Hush—hark a moment!"

We were silent for the space of a minute, and then the oldest member, who was also the leader, spoke:

"Boys, it's our last and only chance. They expect to find us dead men. We must hide here behind the rocks, and take them by surprise. If we master them, then we shall have their boats to go to the other shore with. Follow me—steady, now, and still. Not a word above a whisper."

It was a moment of suspense, yet a moment more fraught with hope than any other that had come to us since we were left upon the island. We went behind the rocks, with our guns in our hands, and vengeful hearts behind the guns.

Our surmises were right. The same party which had robbed us, and murdered one of our number in cold blood, came now to look for our bodies. We were not more than twenty yards from where they landed, and could see distinctly, in the clear moon-

light. It was a great moment for us. Our deliverance depended upon the use we should make of that moment, and our revenge was of hardly less consequence than our escape. We spoke no word, not even a whisper, but awaited in silence for the word from our leader.

The robbers landed leisurely, drawing up one boat after another, until four boats were drawn up on the beach. Their arms were in the bottom, as yet untouched. They all gathered together on the hard gravelly shore.

"They're dead enough, afore this, I take it," said Tom; "but mebbe we'd better take the guns. Some of 'em may want a dose o' cold lead."

"Throw out the guns, Bob," said another.

"It's likely the bodies'll be scattered round, and mebbe gnawed," said Tom.

"FIRE!"

Our trusty leader spoke the word in good time. Tom never had the privilege of saying another word, after that observation. He fell at full length, with his head in the water, and his feet upon the beach. Full

half the number fell at the first fire. The balance, as soon as they could recover from their fright, shoved one of the boats from shore, and were clambering into it, when the second volley overtook them, and every man fell. My vengeance was satisfied, as was that of the leader; but Bill Parsons and Jim Blake rushed out, so filled with hate that they were never satisfied till the last wounded man had ceased to breathe. We took a seat from one of the boats, and drove it into the sand, and wrote with a pencil upon its smooth side, "The murderers' grave."

We started at once upon our homeward journey, by the light of the moon, and late that night reached the place from whence we started. When I got home, my wife rushed toward me in great agitation, and I said, "Hush, hush, darling! I have come."

"Freddy, my dear!"

She fell into my arms (because she had recently married me), and never left them, till I told her the whole story of *Hole-in-the-Day*.

## STORY OF LADY GRANGE.

BY PROFESSOR JAMES MACKINTOSH.

IN the western environs of Edinburgh lies the estate of Dalry, once entirely rural, with a spacious mansion situated in a park, and sheltered on the north by a grove of tall trees. The mansion remains, but the property is now almost covered with houses, intersected with streets, and cut up with a line of railway.

In the days of its rural beauty, towards the end of the seventeenth century, Dalry belonged to a person named Chiesley, a man of considerable ability, but with violent passions, and indeed not altogether sane. He was one of those contentious beings with whom it is dangerous to have any dealings, particularly where money is concerned. Chiesley was married. He had a wife and children, and he used them so badly that they were forced to leave him. Their desertion he did not mind, but he felt dreadfully annoyed at the idea of their claiming from him some means of subsistence. His wife's claim for a separate maintenance threw him into a rage, and the rage rose to a kind of frenzy when she ap-

pealed to the law for an alimony. The court of session granted an allowance of ninety-three pounds per annum, chargeable on the estate of Dalry. The judge chiefly concerned in giving this reasonable and humane decision was the lord president, Sir George Lockhart.

Chiesley meditated revenge. The lord president, as he considered, had done him a wrong, and he did not hesitate to avow openly that he would have vengeance. He even wrote a threatening letter to his lordship. Strangely enough, the president took no notice of his threats, possibly looking upon them with pity and contempt. Knowing the character of the man, he ought not to have been so indulgent. Even in our own times, however, we are not without an instance of fatal indifference to the denunciations of a madman. For an imaginary offence, Bellingham threatened Mr. Perceval with vengeance, and was suffered to go at large until he assassinated that unfortunate minister.

The case of Chiesley and the lord presi-

dent closely resembled that of Bellingham and Mr. Perceval.

We are to throw ourselves in imagination back to the state of affairs in Edinburgh shortly after the Revolution. The Stewarts are dethroned, but the castle still holds out for the exiled family. The town is full of the troops of the new government. It is Sunday morning, the 31st of March, 1689. Divine service in the several churches into which St. Giles' is divided, is about to begin. At the door of one of these churches, where the lord president has his seat, hovers moodily a tall gentleman wearing a cocked-hat, with one of his hands thrust into the pocket of his coat, and grasping a loaded pistol. It is Chiesley of Dalry. He enters the church, and offers the beadle money, to place him in a seat immediately behind that of the lord president; but the pew is already filled, and he has to go to another part of the church. Chiesley's intention was to shoot his victim in the very middle of the service, and it was only by the accident of the pew being occupied that he could not carry out his design.

At the conclusion of the service, the madman, for we must call him so, preceded the lord president to the head of the Old Bank Close, a lane situated within less than a hundred yards of the church. It was in this lane that his lordship resided. While he was walking down towards his dwelling, talking to some friends, Chiesley came behind him and shot him through the back; the bullet going in beneath the right shoulder, and out at the left breast. The president immediately turned about, and looked the murderer mournfully in the face, and then finding himself falling, he leant to the wall, and asked his friends to hold him. He was carried to his own house, and was almost dead before he reached it. His wife hearing the shot and a cry in the close, rushed out, and took the body in her arms, but immediately swooned. The assassin did not offer to flee. He owned the fact, and was carried off to prison. Chiesley was tried by the magistrates for murder, condemned, and was hanged at the Cross of Edinburgh, with the pistol depending from his neck, and his body was thereafter hung in chains at Drumsheuch. The latter indignity was too much for his friends. They stole away the body, and buried it underneath the hearthstone of a cottage at Dalry. There, a skeleton, along with the remains

of a pistol, were found in recent times, in the course of some alterations.

We have recalled this tragical occurrence as preliminary to the story of a lady, the daughter of Chiesley, on whose character some light is thrown by the conduct of her father.

Rachel Chiesley made what many thought a better marriage than could have been expected by the daughter of an executed felon, even although that felon had been a landed gentleman. She was married to James Erskine of Grange, an advocate at the Scottish bar, and brother of the Earl of Mar, who was attainted for the part he took in the rebellion of 1715. It was a daring thing for Erskine to ally himself to her, for she was known to have a violent temper, and to be somewhat irregular in her habits. The marriage took place about 1707, the year in which Erskine was raised to be a judge in the court of sessions, when he assumed the judicial title of Lord Grange. A judge's wife does not by usage take the title of *lady*, and why Mrs. Erskine should have been habitually styled Lady Grange has never received a proper explanation. As Lady Grange she has always been spoken of, and so too we will call her. For some years the married pair lived pretty harmoniously. Sometimes there were bickerings, but they were smoothed over by the husband temporizing as well as he could with his wife's unfortunate infirmity.

They lived in a house in Edinburgh, situated in a court at the foot of Niddry's Wynd, a broadish alley leading from the High Street, near the site of the present Niddry Street. There they had a family of children, and kept up a stylish way of living.

At length there was discord—open war—in the household. According to the account of the lady, there had been love and peace for twenty-five years, when all at once Lord Grange took a dislike to her, and would no longer live with her; they must, he said, live separately, he giving her a maintenance of a hundred a year. Forced to agree to this arrangement, in 1730 the lady was sent to reside in the country—discharged from ever settling her foot in Niddry's Wynd. If she did, it would be the worse for her. The hundred a year would be stopped. The account of matters by Lord Grange differed very materially from that of his wife. He said he had



suffered long from her unsubduable rage and madness, and had failed in all his efforts to bring her to a reasonable conduct. It is too probable that the latter statement is the true one; although were it more so, it would still leave Lord Grange unjustifiable in the measures he took with respect to his wife. It is traditionally stated, that in their unhappy quarrels, the lady fiercely reminded his lordship whose daughter she was—darkly hinting that she could resort to means of vengeance like her father, and little more would induce her to do so. Grange became alarmed for his personal safety, and no wonder. But he had other grounds for apprehension. He had carried on some intercourse with Jacobites disaffected to the government, and this the lady had it in her power to make known, and which, if revealed, would at least have compromised his position as a judge. One can with difficulty be brought to believe that a wife would deliberately and maliciously try to ruin one whom by a solemn vow she is bound to love, honor and obey. But such things are. The daughter of Chiesley of Dalry, in her mad imaginings, was fit for this degree of heartlessness and villany.

Random accusations without proof would have been of little avail. The lady had a document in her possession to prove that her husband was a traitor. In the statement of Lord Grange, he tells us that some time before the separation, he had gone to London to arrange the private affairs of the Countess of Mar, then become unable to conduct them herself, and he had sent an account of his procedure to his wife, including some reflections on Sir Robert Walpole, who had thwarted him much, and been of serious detriment to the interests of his family. This document she retained, and she threatened to take it to London, and use it for her husband's disadvantage, being supported in the design by several persons with whom she associated. While denying that he had been concerned in anything treasonable, Lord Grange says, "he had already too great a load of that great minister Walpole's wrath on his back, to stand still and see more of it fall upon him by treachery and madness of such a wife and such confederates."

Rather an unpleasant posture of affairs this for Lord Grange. He had a faint hope that things might mend. Her ladyship might calm down. She had gone to the

country, and a sight of the beauties of nature—the birds, the trees, and the flowers, to say nothing of the hundred a year, might work wonders on that troubled brain. It was a vain expectation. Lady Grange soon became tired of the country. It was dull and stupid. There was nobody to speak to who understood her exalted notions. Careless of forfeiting her hundred a year, back she came to town, and like a fury let loose, exhibited herself in the antique court at Niddry's Wynd. There she was, flourishing about with her arms, haranguing porters, chairmen and footmen, as to her wrongs, and declaring how she would show up and finish her husband to his lasting disgrace and ruin. We can fancy the horror of Lord Grange in looking out of the window upon the uproar in the little court, and seeing his wife declaiming to the party-colored multitude. "The Guard," an old-fashioned military police in the army uniform of George I. was, of course, sent for, on which she vanished, but was never long in again coming upon the scene. She stamped, she raved, shouted at the windows, followed his lordship in the street, and behaved altogether like a maniac. What was to be done?

Lord Grange could have stood the stamping and raving, and borne a good deal besides, but the demoniac threat to report him to Walpole was in his point of view more than flesh and blood could bear. It was the last feather that breaks the horse's back. Now for prompt measures. No one can justify what he did. It was illegal, and for one in the position of a judge, it was disgraceful. Instead of seeking the protection of the law, he arbitrarily resolved to get his wife carried off by force, and furtively sent into exile. He called it "sequestrating her;" the proper term was robbing her of her liberty, and this outrage he was able to effect by concerting measures with a number of Highland chiefs, including the notorious Lord Lovat, who above all had reason to apprehend certain political disclosures. The whole affair gives us a startling insight into the condition of society in the first half of the eighteenth century. All preparations were made for the abduction.

On the evening of the 22d of January, 1732, a party of Highlanders, wearing the livery of Lord Lovat, made their way into the lodgings of Lady Grange. Forcefully

seizing her, throwing her down and gagging her, and then tying a cloth over her head, they carried her off as if she had been a corpse. At the bottom of the stair was a chair containing a man, who took the hapless lady upon his knees, and held her fast in his arms till they had got to a place in the outskirts of the town. There they took her from the chair, removed the cloth from her head, and mounted her upon a horse behind a man, to whom she was tied; after which the party rode off "all by the light of the moon," to quote the language of the old ballads, whose incidents the present story resembles in character.

If we can believe her own account, Lady Grange experienced no very gentle treatment. The leader of the gang, Mr. Forster of Corsebonny, though a gentleman by station, would not allow her to stop for the relief of a cramp in her side, and only answered by ordering a servant to renew the bandages over her mouth. After a ride of nearly twenty miles, they stopped at Muiravonside, the house of Mr. John Macleod, advocate, where servants appeared waiting to receive the lady; and thus it is shown that the master of the house had been engaged to aid in her abduction. She was taken up stairs to a comfortable bedroom; but a man being posted in the room as a guard, she could not go to bed or take any repose. In this manner she spent the ensuing day, and when it was night, she was taken out and remounted in the same fashion as before; and the party then rode along through the Torwood, and so to the place called Wester Polmaise, belonging to a gentleman of the name of Stewart, whose steward or factor was one of the cavalcade. Here was an old tower, having one little room on each floor, as is usually the case in such buildings; and into one of these rooms, the window of which was boarded over, the lady was conducted. She continued here for thirteen or fourteen weeks, supplied with a sufficiency of the comforts of life, but never allowed to go into the open air; till at length her health gave way, and the factor began to fear being concerned in her death. By his intercession with Mr. Forster, she was then permitted to go into the court, under a guard; but such was the rigor of her keepers, that she was not permitted to walk in the garden.

Thus time passed drearily on until the month of August, during all which time the prisoner had no communication with the external world. At length, by an arrangement made between Lord Lovat and Mr. Forster, at the house of the latter, near Stirling, Lady Grange was one night forcibly brought out, and mounted again as formerly, and carried off amidst a guard of horsemen. She recognized several of Lovat's people in this troop, and found Forster once more in command. They passed by Stirling Bridge, and thence onward to the Highlands; but she no longer knew the way they were going. Before daylight they stopped at a house, where she was lodged during the day, and at night the march was resumed. Thus they journeyed for several days into the Highlands, never allowing the unfortunate lady to speak, and taking the most rigid care to prevent any one from becoming aware of her situation. During this time she never had off her clothes. One day she slept in a barn, another in an open enclosure. Regard to delicacy in such a case was impossible. After a fortnight spent at a house on Lord Lovat's ground (probably in Stratherrick, Inverness-shire), the journey was renewed in the same style as before; only Mr. Forster had retired from the party, and the lady found herself entirely in the hands of Frasers.

They now crossed a loch into Glengarry's land, where they lodged several nights in cowhouses, or in the open air, making progress all the time to the westward, where the country becomes extremely wild. At Lochourn, an arm of the sea on the west coast, the unfortunate lady was transferred to a small vessel which was waiting for her. Bitterly did she weep, and pitifully implore compassion; but the Highlanders understood not her language; and though they had done so, a departure from the orders which had been given them was not to be expected from men of their character. In the vessel she found that she was in the custody of Alexander Macdonald, a tenant of one of the Western Islands named Heskir, belonging to Sir Alexander Macdonald of Sleat.

The unfortunate lady remained in Macdonald's charge at Heskir nearly two years—during the first year without once seeing bread, and with no supply of clothing; obliged, in fact, to live in the same miser-

able way as the rest of the family; afterwards some little indulgence was shown to her. This island was of desolate aspect, and had no inhabitant besides Macdonald and his wife. The wretchedness of such a situation for a lady who had been all her life accustomed to the refined society of a capital, may easily be imagined.

In June, 1734, a sloop came to Heskir to take away the lady; it was commanded by a Macleod, and in it she was conveyed to the remotest spot of ground connected with the British Islands—namely, the isle of St. Kilda, the property of the chief of Macleod, and remarkable for the simple character of the poor peasantry who occupy it. There cannot, of course, be a doubt that those who had an interest in the seclusion of Lady Grange, regarded this as a more eligible place than Heskir, in as far as it was more out of the way, and promised better for her complete and permanent confinement. In some respects it was an advantageous change for the lady; the place was not uninhabited, as Heskir very nearly was; and her domestic accommodation was better. In St. Kilda she was placed in a house or cottage of two small apartments, tolerably well furnished, with a girl to wait upon her, and provided with a sufficiency of good food and clothing. Of educated persons the island contained not one, except for a short time a clergyman, named Roderick Maclelluan. There was hardly even a person capable of speaking or understanding the English language within reach. No books, no intelligence from the world in which she had once lived. Only once a year did a steward come to collect the rent paid in kind by the poor people; and by him was the lady regularly furnished with a store of such articles, foreign to the place, as she needed—usually a stone of sugar, a pound of tea, six pecks of wheat, and an anker of spirits. Thus she had no lack of the common necessities of life; she only wanted society and freedom. In this way she spent seven dreary years in St. Kilda. We learn that she was kind to the inhabitants, giving them from her own stores; and sometimes had the women to come and dance before her; but her temper and habits were not such as to gain their esteem. Often she drank too much; and whenever any one near her committed the slightest mistake, she would fly into a furious passion, and even resort to violence.

Once she was detected in an attempt, during the night, to obtain a pistol from above the steward's bed, in the room next to her own; on his awaking and seeing her, she ran off to her own bed. One is disposed, of course, to make all possible allowances for a person in her wretched circumstances; yet there can be little doubt, from the evidence before us, that it was a natural and habitual violence of temper which displayed itself during her residence in St. Kilda.

Meanwhile it was known in Edinburgh that Lady Grange had been forcibly carried away and placed in seclusion by orders of her husband; but her whereabouts was a mystery to all besides a few who were concerned to keep it secret. Moved by political ambition, Mr. Erskine gave up his seat on the bench in 1734, and went into parliament as member from Clackmannanshire. He had hopes of distinguishing himself in opposition to Sir Robert Walpole; but he ruined all at his first appearance, by a display of oratory against the proposal to abolish the statutes against witchcraft. Affecting a pious horror of necromancy, he maintained that witches ought not to be suffered to live, for such was the injunction of Scripture. For this fanatical harangue he was laughed at by Walpole, and simply finished himself as a politician.

The world had wondered at the events of his domestic life, and several persons denounced the singular means he had adopted for obtaining domestic peace. But, in the main, he stood as well with society as he had ever done. At length, in the winter of 1740, a communication from Lady Grange for the first time reached her friends. Her letter, written from St. Kilda, and dated January 20, 1738, had taken two years to reach Edinburgh. It was addressed to the solicitor-general, gives a narrative of her sufferings, and concludes with the piteous appeal, "When this comes to you, if you hear I am alive, do me justice, and relieve me. I beg you make all haste; but if you hear I am dead, do what you think right before God." She subscribes herself Rachel Erskine.

The letter still exists. It is fairly written, though with defective orthography, and has lately been exhibited as a curiosity at a meeting of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland. In it she says that, if she had paper, she would write to one of her

friends, Lord Dun; from which it would appear that she had had a difficulty in procuring so much as a single sheet of letter paper. This interesting communication was brought by the minister Maclellan and his wife, who had left St. Kilda in discontent, after quarrelling with Macleod's steward. The idea of a lady by birth and education being immured for a series of years in an outlandish place where only the most illiterate people resided, and this by the command of a husband who could only complain of her irritable temper, struck forcibly upon public feeling, and particularly upon the mind of Lady Grange's legal agent, Mr. Hope of Rankeillor, who had all along felt a keen interest in her fate. Of Mr. Hope it may be remarked that he was also a zealous Jacobite; yet, though all the persons engaged in the lady's abduction were of that party, he hesitated not to take active measures on the contrary side. He immediately applied for a warrant to search for and liberate Lady Grange. This application was opposed by the friends of Mr. Erskine, and eventually it was defeated; yet he was not on that account deterred from hiring a vessel, and sending it with armed men to secure the freedom of the lady—a step which, as it was illegal and dangerous, obviously implied no small risk on his own part. It came to nothing.

The poor lady, however, was not destined to end her days in the remote island of St. Kilda. The attempt to rescue her, though

abortive, possibly stimulated Erskine and his political confederates to hide her in some new and secret place of confinement. She was removed to the mainland, in Ross-shire, and there, after undergoing a few more years of rigorous seclusion, she died in May, 1745. She had been illegally detained for upwards of twelve years—a circumstance reflecting great discredit on the public authorities who had been made aware of her case. Erskine, her miserably intriguing husband, spoke lightly of her decease, and, indeed, viewed it as being in the character of a relief. His latter days were in strange contrast with his former position as a judge. He lived in not a very reputable way in a mean lodging in the Haymarket, Westminster. There he died in 1754, and was not regretted.

Such, in brief, without the varnish of fiction, is the story of Lady Grange, the daughter of Chiesley, whose mental peculiarities she had to a certain extent inherited. At the time she lived there were no other ostensible means of restraint for persons in her unhappy condition than the common prison, or Bedlam with its straw and its chains. How much reason have we to congratulate ourselves on the improved humanity that provides asylums with gentle treatment for the safety, and it may be, the recovery of those on whom has been laid the heavy affliction of mental disorder!

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## MADemoiselle SYLPHINA :

—OR,—

### THE FORTUNES OF A CASTAWAY.

BY ELIZABETH BIGELOW.

#### CHAPTER XVII.

THE ship Good Luck, Captain Follansbee, bound for Melbourne, had suffered slightly from the same storm which had wrecked the vessel in which Dely was being carried away captive; but after "lying to" for a day or so for repairs, at the hands of her carpenter and crew, was able to proceed on her way rejoicing.

It was about nine o'clock in the morning that a sailor espied a raft floating near them, with something on it that excited his curiosity.

"There's something yellow on it that shines like gold!" he said.

The captain surveyed it through his spy-glass, and discovered what looked like two human figures upon it, and the ship's course was instantly turned towards it.

A boat was lowered and sent out to it, and returned bringing the lifeless body of the old man, and Dely, still unconscious.

"The man is dead, I think, but the little girl is warm and breathes; so we thought perhaps there might be a breath left in the old man," said one of the sailors.

Dely and the lifeless body of the old sailor were lifted carefully and tenderly into the ship—for sailors' hands are very often tender, if they are rough—and the captain's wife and sister, who were on board, took charge of the child, whose deep swoon seemed so much like death, that, at first, they had little hope she would revive.

"Wrecked in the storm, probably, and been out ever since! How could that child, delicate as she looks, live so long? They could not have had much to eat on that little raft!" said the captain. "Were there any signs of provisions, Johnson?"

"Nothing but a small brandy flask, sir—with every drop gone."

("You can trust Johnson for finding that out!" said one of the sailors, who was never too much impressed by mournful things to joke.)

"If the old fellow could only have held out a little longer!" said the captain, sadly. "He must have been but a very short time dead. You remember that we saw pieces of a wreck. I wonder if that child is the only survivor? She looks worn to a skele-

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ton, but what power of endurance she must have! I think it is hardly an even chance that she will live, though. It isn't easy to arouse anybody out of a long swoon like that, brought on by hunger and exposure."

But Dely did live. She had, as the captain had expressed it, a remarkable "power of endurance."

When she returned to consciousness, in a comfortable white berth, with kind faces bending over her, she thought for a moment that she had died, and gone to heaven. But recollection soon came back to her. She remembered that he was dead—the friend who had been so tender and self-sacrificing in those terrible days on the raft; and she grieved bitterly, as she thought that if he had not shared his slender store of food and drink with her, he might have lived. But then she remembered how strange he had seemed, even on the first day, and thought the shock and exposure of the shipwreck had broken him down, as he had said. She was too weak to talk—too weak to think much. They gave her food, though not so much as she wanted, because they dared not; for at the first sight of food she burst into tears, and seemed beside herself, eating as greedily as a little animal! But it restored her wonderfully, and she fell into a deep sleep that lasted for hours.

It was not until she awoke that she learned where she was, and where the vessel was bound. It was no disappointment to her to know that she was not going towards home, because she had not for a moment hoped for that. "Melbourne" was as well as anywhere else, so long as they were good kind people that she was with, and she was safe forever from Dennett! Now that she had escaped the peril of the sea, almost her first thought was of him. How wonderful a thing it was! The storm which had carried to their deaths all the others on board the vessel, had been the means of rescuing her from the hands of her enemy, in her hour of greatest danger! She began to think that God had not forgotten her. As soon as she was strong enough she told all her story to Captain Follansbee, and his wife, and sister; told, with tears, of Johnny Willard, and her kind friends of the circus troupe, and with a shudder that she could not repress, of Dennett, and his threats.

"There is some good in shipwrecks, when they drown such villains as those!" said the captain, heartily; and the ladies kissed her, and cried over her, as if she were still in the power of her wicked persecutor.

"I need not be a burden upon anybody," said Dely, after she had told them about her performances in the circus. "If there is any circus at Melbourne I think they would engage me."

"My dearest child, you will make your fortune!" said Miss Follansbee, who was very animated in manner, and reminded Dely of Miss Junkins. "Melbourne is the very place for you!—they know how to appreciate genius there. And it is quite providential that you have been thrown in my way, for I am an actress, and am going to Melbourne to fulfil an engagement in the Royal Theatre. You shall be my little protegee, and if you can dance as you say, you will be sure to take immensely!—you are such a little beauty—though you are as thin and pale as a ghost!"

"I don't know anything about theatres," said Dely. "I would rather perform in a circus."

"O my darling child! circuses are so low. If I were you, I wouldn't say anything about the circus when we get to Melbourne; you can say that you have danced and performed, and people will take it for granted that it was in a theatre. And if I can get you an engagement in the theatre, I am sure you will like it a great deal better. It is not so hard and dangerous, besides being so much more genteel!"

Dely did not like this new view of things very well. She did not like to be told that the circus was "low," when she had thought that there was no position so high and distinguished as that of a circus performer.

But she was very docile, and they were very kind to her, and she readily agreed to put herself in Miss Follansbee's charge, and dance in the theatre, if a situation could be found for her.

The voyage was very long and monotonous. Dely remembered that, on the school map, Australia was quite at the other end of the world, but still she did not see how it could take quite so long to get there! They had fair winds, too, most of the time, and went very rapidly; but sometimes there would come a calm, which lasted for



a day or two, when the vessel would scarcely seem to move, and they would all grow very impatient. Miss Follansbee had brought a good many plays, and she studied the parts which she was to act from them, and sometimes rehearsed them, greatly to Dely's edification, and also to that of the sailors, who crowded around to see and listen. Dely thought acting was very delightful, and she was quite resigned now to going into the theatre, instead of the circus, since there was a chance that she might there learn to be an actress.

Miss Follansbee taught her to recite a great many tragical passages from her plays, and as she learned very readily, she was soon able to recite them, to Miss Follansbee's great satisfaction; and the captain and crew applauded her so heartily that she felt as if she were again in the circus ring.

"They'll have you on the stage at once, not only to dance, but to act! Let me see, what shall you be called? 'The Child Wonder,' probably. 'Little Adele, the Child Wonder,'" Miss Follansbee said.

"O, why should I change my name?" cried Dely, in a distressed tone. "I should like to be an actress, but I can't—I never can change my name! I will always be *Mademoiselle Sylphina*!"

"That does very well for a circus performer, or perhaps it would do if you did nothing but dance in the theatre, but it doesn't sound at all suitable for an actress. Now, I am *Signora Buanotti* on the stage, and I always take immensely, even in places where my reputation hasn't preceded me; and I always consider that my success is due, at least partly, to the distinguished character of my name. It looks so very well on the bills! You will understand very soon, when you are once in the business, how very important an elegant and impressive name is! But the manager will probably settle that for you."

"O, I hope he won't make me call myself anything but *Mademoiselle Sylphina*!" said Dely. "They gave me that name in the circus troupe, and they would think it so ungrateful in me to change it!"

"Pooh! they'll never know it, child. You will never see them again," said Miss Follansbee, carelessly.

Dely's eyes filled with tears.

"I shall see them again if I live!" she said, firmly. "I mean to work very hard,

and earn a great deal of money, and then I shall go home and carry them all some."

"O, if you get to be a great actress, and earn a great deal of money, you will very soon forget that you ever had anything to do with circus people!" said Miss Follansbee.

"No indeed, I will not!" cried Dely, with an indignant burst of tears. "I would never forget my friends, if I were ever so great; and I think circus people are just as nice as theatre people!"

After she discovered, by this outburst, how deeply Dely felt any disparagement of her circus friends, Miss Follansbee said no more about it. Dely was very sorry that she had been so foolish as to cry, and more sorry still that she had spoken angrily to Miss Follansbee, who was very kind to her. But she really could not believe that actors and actresses were superior to circus performers, for Miss Follansbee seemed so very much like the ladies of the circus troupe! She was exactly like a mixture of Miss Junkins and Miss McFadden, with a bit of the *Fat Lady* thrown in—and perhaps a little something of *Mademoiselle Titania*, the *Marvellous Dwarf*, added also, for she was sometimes a little ill-natured.

They reached Melbourne at last, just as Dely was beginning to despair, and to think, with the Irishman, that "the earth was all say."

It was so good to be once more on land! It made Dely feel as if all the horrors she had passed through since she left it were only a dream.

It was so strange and delightful, too, to find so large a city—larger than any that she remembered ever having seen—at the very ends of the earth!

It seemed to Dely as if she were beginning a new life.

## CHAPTER XVIII

CAPTAIN FOLLANSBEE and his wife were to remain only a week or two in Melbourne, going from thence to London, and Dely had, when she first knew it, a sort of homesick longing to go, too. London was so very much nearer home! But she stifled the longing bravely. If she were to go with them, she must be dependent upon them, it was impossible to tell for how long, and Dely had a very proud little spirit, and longed, above everything, to take care of

herself. Here in Melbourne there was a very strong probability that she might be able to do it. Besides that, Miss Follansbee really wanted her. She was lonely, and liked to have her for company, and had "taken a great fancy to her," as she expressed it. She was proud of her, also, and expected her to make a great sensation, on account of her remarkable beauty, which sensation would add a reflected lustre to her own success.

But how much of her regard was self-interest, and how much real affection, Dely was too honest and single-minded to consider. She was conscious, however, that she could never feel the same affection for her that she had felt for good silly affected Miss Junkins.

The Royal Theatre was a very pretentious building on the outside. Dely felt rather awed at the prospect of entering it—O, if it had only been the dear old weather-beaten circus tent!—but behind the scenes, where Miss Follansbee took her for her first interview with the manager, there was nothing at all magnificent.

The manager was very polite to Miss Follansbee, but he did not seem to be at all struck with Dely's appearance. He was much more cold and critical than Mr. Pennant.

She danced before him, her most beautiful dance, which the audience in the circus had gone wild over, on that never-to-be-forgotten night of her last appearance, and though his face relaxed a little, he did not express the least admiration.

She might come the next morning, when there was a rehearsal, and he would see if anything could be done with her, he said, very coldly and carelessly. And Dely's hopes went down to zero.

"My dear child," said Miss Follansbee, to whom she confided her discouragement and mortification as soon as they were out of the chilling managerial presence, "he is perfectly delighted with you! He knows he shall make a great success of you. I could see it in his eyes all the time. 'Child Wonders' are not so common in Australia as they are in Europe and America, I can assure you."

"If he liked me, why did he pretend that he didn't?" said straightforward Dely.

"O, that is his way; he is a sly old fox; so are all managers. He likes to pay actors just as little as he can, so as to make immense profits himself."

Dely thought with a sigh of the circus troupe. She had not yet come to believe in the superiority of theatres.

She danced on the stage the next day, before all the actors and actresses belonging to the theatre. And though she felt a little awkward at first—the stage was such a different place from the circus ring—yet they all applauded her so heartily that she was reassured.

They were all very pleasant, but they asked her so many questions that it was very difficult indeed to avoid divulging her circus experience; she was only kept from it by the look of horror which Miss Follansbee cast upon her whenever the subject was approached.

Poor Dely! it was very hard for her to act as if she were ashamed of the happiest memories of her life, but she would not wound Miss Follansbee's feelings.

At one boarding-house where Miss Follansbee and she had applied for rooms they had been refused because they were "theatre people."

Dely wondered if there was anything in the world that was not "low" in somebody's eyes.

The manager engaged her to dance in ballet, and to appear on the stage whenever a child was needed—at a very small salary, indeed; but it was enough to pay her board, and Miss Follansbee, who had quite a large salary—what seemed to Dely a mine of wealth—would furnish her with clothes; and as Dely was sure that she should improve so much as to be able to earn enough to repay her very soon, she was quite content.

She practised her dancing assiduously, under a teacher who was connected with the theatre, and when she appeared in ballet for the first time she produced, as Miss Follansbee had predicted, "a great sensation." After she retired from the stage there were cries from all parts of the house for "the little girl," and "Mademoiselle Sylphina" (for Dely had not as yet been robbed of her cherished name), and Dely saw that the manager's cold gray eyes were twinkling, and he was rubbing his hands with satisfaction.

At the end of six months her salary was doubled, and she could now support herself entirely, though Miss Follansbee insisted upon supplying her with masters for the ordinary branches of education, and paying



for them herself, for Dely's purse was not yet equal to that. They were the best teachers that the city afforded, for Miss Follansbee declared that she would never be a great actress until she was thoroughly educated.

They lived in a very quiet way, and yet they made many friends, and Dely's life was very happy, as well as very busy. It was so quiet and uneventful, so free from danger and excitement, that she felt sometimes as if she could not really be her old self, as if the little girl who had been so persecuted, and passed through so many dangers, were another person, whose history she had only heard. The memory of Dennett was like a fearful nightmare; now and then a face that bore some resemblance to his thrilled her with fear. She had one great grief in the fact that she could hear not a word from Mr. Lamm or Johnny, though she had written to them both so often; and yet, when she reflected, she thought it hardly strange; the mails were so infrequent, and so long delayed, it was more than likely that they had never received her letters.

And gradually she grew resigned to this, though she never for a moment abandoned her hope of one day seeing them again.

Though Miss Follansbee was rather eccentric, she was very kind, and Dely grew really attached to her—though for years they had occasional differences in regard to the relative merits of circuses and theatres, Dely standing up stoutly for her old friends—and Miss Follansbee was very fond and proud of Dely.

In the course of two or three years Miss Follansbee became the "leading lady" at the theatre, and when Dely was fourteen she had her begin a regular course of study for the stage. In reality, Dely had been "studying for the stage" ever since they had been in Melbourne; she had been present at almost every rehearsal at the theatre; she knew all of Miss Follansbee's parts almost as well as that lady did herself, and, consequently, when she began to study diligently under skillful teachers, they were all surprised at the ability she displayed, and they all prophesied that, with her beauty and talent, she would create a great furor.

Miss Follansbee would have no more dancing. All of Dely's time was devoted to her theatrical studies. She was not to make her debut until she was seventeen;

she must have three years of hard study, Miss Follansbee declared. Dely herself was anxious to begin her career, not so much because she anticipated great pleasure from it; she had been a great deal behind the scenes now, and knew how hard a life it was, and how many unpleasant things were connected with it, and that charm which had hung about the circus, to her childish mind, had never been associated with the theatre; but she did have the old desire of her childhood to be independent. But the three years passed quickly. It seemed to Dely sometimes that all the years she had spent in Melbourne were shorter than the few months that elapsed between her running away from Still River poor farm and her coming there!

Miss Follansbee was in a fever of excitement and delight at the thought of the great success that her protegee was sure to make; for Dely really possessed talent, and her beauty, which had been remarkable as a child, was much more so now; she had become famous for it already; people stopped to gaze after her in the streets, and the quantity of love letters that she received was a continual source of distress to Miss Follansbee; she was the only one who was disturbed by them, however; Dely was serenely heart-whole, and too busy to flirt, if she had been inclined to.

Miss Follansbee wished to give up her position, and take Dely to London for her debut; but Dely resisted earnestly. She wished to make her debut in the city where she had studied, and where she had so many teachers and friends who were interested in her success. It seemed to her very ungrateful to go away from the place that now seemed to her like home, and make her first appearance on the stage of a strange theatre, in a strange city—even in a strange country.

So Miss Follansbee was obliged to yield, though reluctantly; and she was also obliged to yield to Dely's steadfast rejection of all the fine names proposed for her.

And so the manager of the Royal Theatre, the same man before whom Dely had danced on her first arrival in Melbourne, but who regarded her coldly and critically no longer, announced, by elaborate advertisements and flaming posters, all over the city, the debut of the "beautiful and talented young actress, Mademoiselle Sylphina."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## GOLDFINCH.

BY BARBARA BROOME.

"MARRYGOOLD FINCH! Jest come here right straight off an' kerry these apple parin's out ter the pigs. D'ye hear?"

Marigold was out by the brush-heap, trying to play seesaw; she didn't make out very well. She had put a board over the chopping-block, and piled up ever so many little stones on one end, but when she got on the other end to seesaw, down she would come with a great bounce, and all the little stones would roll off with a hop, skip and a jump. When Marigold heard her name called, she looked round. Her aunt's sharp nose was poked through the morning-glory vines that covered the back-kitchen window. Her aunt was in a great hurry, too, for it was baking-day.

"Here you," said she, holding a pan out of the window, "don't let the grass grow under your feet 'fore you git back with this ere pan. I want to put a batch o' bread in it. It was so full that the apple-parings dangled over the bright sides, like streamers of red ribbon.

Marigold hurried off with the pan, but I am sorry to say, that when she turned the corner, she walked along quite slowly, and by the time she reached the pigpen, she had quite forgotten what her aunt had told her.

"O," said she, "now I'll have some fun."

She shook out the long crispy parings one by one, and had a great time feeding the pigs with them. Then she stood watching the little piggies, as they rooted in the dirt, and tried hard to push their little snouts through the boards. The bristles on their twelve little backs were as crisp and white as snow, and underneath you could see their pretty, pinky skin. What pleased Marigold most, however, was that they all had *curly tails*. That is, all but one, and even his had a *kink* in it.

"Poor little piggie-wiggies," said Marigold, letting her aunt's "bran new tin" drop into the sty. "How they want to get out!" said she leaning over, and scraping their backs with a sharp stick. "I mean to let 'em out myself. Good, so I will! There! you little darlings?" and as Marigold held up a loose board and said these

words, the little "porkers" wiggled and squeezed themselves through the opening most joyfully. They never once turned their naughty heads to bid their poor mother good-by. They left her in the sty, crying and weeping, for she was too big to follow after them. She felt so bad that she could not stand up, but rolled in the dirt, and turned Aunt Penelope's shiny tin into a cocked hat, and then tried to bite it in two.

Ah, but the little pigs! Didn't *they* have a glorious time of it? They behaved though extremely rude to Marigold; they grunted and squealed terribly, whenever she came near them. At last she got angry at their ingratitude.

"I'm bound I'll catch one of you," said she, "and I wont give it up till I do."

So Marigold ran, and the little pigs ran, and when she felt sure of one, whisk! he was off on a full gallop again, his little heels kicking up in the air, as much as to say, "I guess not, quite." At last a cross voice brought Marigold to her senses, and what was her horror to find her aunt looking over the barnyard fence.

"Wal, I never, in all my born days!" said Aunt Penelope, holding up her hands.

Her nose was sharper than ever, and her voice more vinegary.

"Start yer boots inter the house, now, miss, 'n jest wait till I come."

Marigold wondered what her aunt would do to her; she'd have a boxed ear, she guessed. But no, when her aunt came in, she only looked at her very solemnly, and said:

"I'm not goin' to be troubled with you any longer, after this. I've made up my mind on this."

Marigold felt secretly pleased, and wanted very much to smile at the "tin" that her aunt had picked out of the sty. Her aunt went stiffly on:

"I shall—" Marigold pricked up her ears breathlessly. "I shall send you to the district school to-morrow."

"O Aunt Penelope," began Marigold, in the greatest distress.

"There, don't you *dare* to say a word,

you torment." Aunt Penelope stamped her foot upon the ground. "And don't you move for the next hour."

So Marigold stayed as still as a mouse, on the edge of the high wooden chair, watching her aunt beating up the eggs, and whipping the pies into the oven, and thinking of to-morrow. O, she knew she would die to go to school, when she was *such* a dunce; how they would laugh at her, and then there were so many there, and they all looked so nice, and *she* would have to go in her shabby brown gown and her clumpy shoes. Poor child! She put up her dirty little paw so often to her eyes, that she was soon a sad-looking sight.

When Marigold went to bed that night, she was wicked enough to wish that to-morrow might never come. But then she really didn't think when she said that, you know.

It was pretty hard, to be sure, when the next day did come. All the scholars stared at her, and put their heads together, as if they were trying to settle what kind of a queer animal she was. Then the master called out her name so loud, all of a sudden, that she jumped as if a cannon had gone off beside her, and that made the scholars titter.

"Come up to me," said the master; and she went up with her big shoes, clumpety clump over the bare floor, and the odious brown gown felt more odious than ever.

"Did you ever go to school before?" asked the master.

"No," said Marigold, stooping as much as she could, so as to hide her shoes.

"No *sir*, if you please," said the master. "Can you read?"

"No," from Marigold again.

"You know your letters, of course?"

Marigold never uttered a word; she was bursting with anger and shame. The room was so still you could have heard a pin drop. The master placed before her a pasteboard tablet. All the letters were printed on it, very big and black.

"What's that?" asked the master, pointing to E.

Marigold didn't know, but she felt that everybody was listening to her, so she said "A."

"No," the master shook his head. "What's that?"

That was O. Marigold knew it, and it made her feel a little better. But then he

pointed to X, and R, and G, and T, and Marigold hung her head, and at last said, desperately:

"I don't know any of 'em," and burst into such a tempest of sobs, that the whole school shouted with laughter.

All the scholars staid at noon. Marigold heard the jingle and clatter of tin pails, as the hungry little mortals hastily pulled off the covers. Marigold sat with her head buried in her hands, leaning forward against the desk. She gave her own little dinner-pail a spiteful kick with her foot, for she was very hungry, and she had made up her mind not to touch a mouthful.

She staid so, feeling very hard and bitter against everybody, till the children had all gone out, and the room grew still. She lifted her head then, and looked round, but she dropped it immediately, for there right beside her stood a little girl with long curls, and a pretty ruffled apron.

"Marigold Finch," said the little girl, softly, "wont you come and eat dinner with me?"

"I don't want any dinner. Go away!" said Marigold, crossly, twitching off the arm, that had somehow crept round her shoulder.

"Do come," pleaded the stranger; "they are all down on the green playing, and I know the splndidest butternut tree where we can go, and nobody'll be there to see us."

Marigold at last allowed herself to be coaxed; and after her fifth slice of bread-and-butter, she grew quite talkative with her new friend. She told her how she hated to come to school, because her Aunt Penelope always said she'd be the stupidest blockhead there; how Aunt Penelope was very cross to her, she guessed "cause she was an old maid," and made her wear her shoes a "mile too big," and "cut all her old dresses over for her," and when her father came home from California, she was just going to tell him all about it.

Then Grace, that was her new friend's name, told her not to mind anything about it, at all, and wait till her father came home, and the girls didn't mean anything by laughing at her; they were only "full of fun." And when Marigold accepted the half of Grace's piece of pie, her heart was as light as a bit of sponge cake. Just then two great black eyes peeked through the bushes at them.

"O Grace," said the owner of the eyes, "why *didn't* you come with us; we've had *such* a first-rate time, haven't we?"

"Haven't we, though?" answered a dozen other voices, and out of the bushes came dancing and scampering nearly the whole school.

"We have been everywhere after you, Grace," said one girl.

"Do look," said another. "If she didn't stay away to fuss over that little dunce."

Then they all stared at Marigold with contempt.

"I think you might go away, and let us alone," said Grace, pleasantly. "We don't want to be disturbed."

"I don't care, we want to stay," said big black eyes. "We want to talk to what's-her-name there. Some kind of a Goldfinch, aint she, eh?"

"She looks exactly like a *Goldfinch*, don't she?" asked one, mockingly.

"O yes, she's dressed so fine!" jeered another.

"And most likely she sings like a *goldfinch*," said a third, patting Marigold's head.

"I *can* sing," said Marigold, defiantly tossing back her rough locks, and standing up, "I *can* sing."

"Ho, ho! what a dear little spitting fire it is," said the black-eyed girl, who was always the leader in such things. "Well, sing, then, pretty one. Hearing's believing, you know. Come, girls, be all ready to clap when she gets through."

Marigold saw she could not get away, but she turned round and looked at them, flushed and trembling at their rudeness, and thought to herself, "Well, they shan't *make* me sing, anyhow!"

"Ahem! Miss—a—Finch. The—a—public are—a—waiting," continued her tormentor, in a grand voice, and with a flourish of her hand and a bow down to the ground.

Suddenly Marigold changed her mind, and without another word began to sing. The girls stopped talking and drew back a little. They opened their eyes wider, they looked at each other, they looked at Marigold, who with cheeks like carnation pinks, eyes brighter than diamonds, lips like the scarlet of a flamingo's wing, poured the notes out of her quivering little throat in a shower of melody. How she sang! Any sensible goldfinch would have taken to his

bed and died with envy if he had listened to her.

None of the scholars had ever heard anything like it before. When she was done they slunk away in silence and in shame, and when the bell rang for the afternoon session, Marigold walked into school hand in hand with Grace, and nobody troubled her. Indeed the scholars had been unkind more out of thoughtlessness than anything else, and now, anxious to "make up," they went to the other extreme, and made Goldfinch—so they always called her after this—prime favorite, in spite of her ignorance, her frowsy hair and her shoes.

Then Goldfinch set herself hard at work. Knowledge crept in and took the place of ignorance; the frowsy hair she brought into shape by patient combing and hard brushing, and a tuck that she secretly let out in the skirt of her brown dress, nearly hid her disgraceful shoes.

But although she had risen so much in the world, still as is natural to many of us, she asked for "more."

"What's the use, after all, of singing nice and being smart?" said she to Grace. "I'd a great deal rather be pretty like you."

"Pooh!" laughed Grace; "they say I'm nothing but a doll, with my pink cheeks and blue eyes."

"Well, just see what a lot of freckles I've got on my face, and my hair is just like ropeyarn."

"You've got pretty eyes, anyway, Goldy, so," said Grace, warmly.

"Have I, truly?" asked Marigold, earnestly. "What do they look like?"

"O, when you stand in the sun, like you're doing now, they look just like—like new horse-chestnuts."

Then they both laughed, and Marigold said, merrily:

"They must look like bull's eyes, then." And she determined to look at her eyes in the glass the minute she got into the house.

That was early in the spring, and she and Grace were coming home from school when they had this confab. It was the middle of summer before Marigold walked out or saw Grace again. For weeks and weeks she was very sick; she tossed and screamed in the delirium of fever. She cried, "Father, father, father, come home to your little Marigold." When she was sickest, he came home, but she went on just the same, calling for him, "Father,

father, father," for she did not know him.

Yes, her father came home from the gold mines with heaps and heaps of hard shiny yellow stones, but he could take little pleasure in his money for fear his little daughter would never be well enough to enjoy it with him. He did everything for her while she was sick; and carried her away from Aunt Penelope who had been so cross to her.

But after a long, long time, reason came to Marigold again. She remembered closing her eyes in her aunt's little attic, where the brown rafters almost touched her head, and the stars peeped down at her through the skylight. Now everything was wonderfully changed. Smiling cherubs were painted on the ceiling above her, and the beautiful carpet looked as if it was made of green moss and had pink roses sprinkled over it; from the long open windows pretty curtains floated like soft sailing white clouds. Marigold in her astonishment sat up in bed, and right opposite to her was another little girl sitting up in another bed. This little girl was very white, and had the cunningest rings of glossy brown hair that Marigold had ever seen. She put up her hand to feel at her own stubby locks, and the little girl opposite put up her hand just

the same. When Marigold put hers down, so did she. "Why," said Marigold, out loud, and then a great tall black-bearded man bent over her and kissed her, and she knew him now, and clung tight round his neck with both her hands.

"Papa, papa," she cried. And then she fell asleep with her heart full of joy, for the little girl opposite was herself that she had seen in the mirror, and her father had come home to stay forever.

It was examination-day at the district school. Marigold had grown so well and strong that she went and sang. Her father heard her, and he was very proud of her. Her hair was still in little rings round her face, soft and silky as floss, and her eyes were like the brown velvet leaves of a marigold. She wore a net her father brought her, with little shining gold dollars hanging from every mesh, and her white dress was gayly looped with bright-colored ribbons. The scholars were delighted at her good fortune, and said to each other:

"Our Goldfinch has grown handsome, hasn't she? She looks now as pretty and sings sweeter than the birds. Is it not so?"

And they all answered, "Yes." So her name fitted her every way, and she was really and truly a Goldfinch at last.

## HOW JACK FROST PROVED HIMSELF A GOOD FAIRY.

BY LOUISE DUPEE.

It was growing towards night, and the sunbeams ran down the village street, taking a good-by peep into all the windows, and laughed in the face of a little girl who was looking wistfully out into the snow. It was an old, old house where she lived, the very first one built in the town. Patches of moss grew on its gambrel roof, a great brass knocker shone on its front door, and its walls looked gray and weather-worn; but for all that, it had a certain air of dignity and pride, and faced an upstart French-roofed mansion, that was all shining with new paint, with looks of solemn contempt. "Ah! you may look very fine, with your gildings and your great staring bay-windows, but you never will see from them what I have seen from mine!" one might imagine it was thinking. "Why, I have dreamed more wonderful things than you can ever learn! I am worth more

than a dozen of you yet, and the people I shelter, though they may be poor now, are a great deal grander than yours. My day is not yet over. I know a secret that I cannot tell." And it would look very mysterious and knowing, as it stood there in the clear wintry atmosphere.

The little girl that I left in the window with the sunbeams looked as if she were trying and longing to find out a secret. Her eyes were full of wishes, and her forehead was seamed with plans, as she made her nice little Grecian nose a pug, pressing it against the pane.

"Tet," said her mother (her name was Marietta, but everybody called her Tet), "if you're going to the fair to-night, it's high time that you were getting ready. Laura will not like to wait for you, you know."

"Indeed, I shall not. You're always

late, Tet," said Laura, who was crimping her hair, and, not being very successful in that important business, was rather cross. Crimping one's hair by a kerosene lamp is not improving to one's temper.

"Dear me! I don't want to go to the fair, after all," said Tet, looking sympathetically at the golden downfall on one side of her sister's head.

"Don't want to go!" exclaimed Laura. "Well, was there ever such a girl? Why, you've kept me awake nights talking about it these two weeks, besides sleeping with your hair done up on pins, so it would look as nice as Bessie Dean's. After that, I would go, anyway. I can't imagine what has changed your mind so."

"I thought you were delighted to go," said Mrs. Howard, looking up, with surprise. "I would go, by all means, you so seldom have an opportunity to see anything, or have a good time, poor child! Then, you will be obliged to stay in the house alone, if you do not go, for Chlo is going to assist at the refreshment table, and if cousin Kate's baby isn't very sick, I shall go in myself for a while, though I'm very tired."

"I know you are tired, mamma," said Tet; "and I am glad that the darkness is coming to stop your needle. I can't wait to be old enough to work myself, I'm so tired of seeing you embroider; and Laura's too pretty to wear grandma's old dresses. I'm the working one, you're too delicate and lady-like, and Laura's too pretty; and then—she wouldn't like it. Who knows but something will happen very soon, though, to make us so well off that not any one of us will ever be obliged to do anything any more? I'm thinking about these things, mamma dear, and that's why I do not want to go to the fair."

Mrs. Howard smiled, but when the smile faded she looked very sad.

"You think too much about these things, Tet, my darling. When you are older it will be time enough for that. It can't make any difference, you know. Go and have a good time; there is no reason why you shouldn't. Anyway, we have got a house to shelter us, and it isn't the worst thing in the world to be obliged to live on porridge." And she tried to laugh, for the sake of that anxious little face looking into hers.

Laura laughed outright.

"What a little simpleton you are, Tet!" said she. "What good do you think it's going to do anybody for you to think about 'these things,' as you say? I know what ails her, mamma; she spent the forenoon in the kitchen with Chlo, and they've been having it over about grandpa's lost money. I shouldn't wonder if she were going to make another search to-night. She came near setting the house on fire once before, while engaged in that most sensible undertaking."

Laura, being a beauty, was somewhat absorbed in her charming self, and though she did not intend to be unkind, was rather thoughtless of the feelings of others, and seldom remembered to be grateful. Could it be strange that any one should wish to work for *her*?

"O Laura! how can you say that?" said Tet, earnestly. "I only just blackened the paper with the candle, just the least bit in the world. I do believe that money is in the house, though, and so does Chlo."

"Well, if it is, my dear," said Mrs. Howard, "it is where we shall never find it. Why, the house was turned upside down in search of it before you were born, years and years; the floors taken up, partitions pulled away, even the stone pavement of the cellar looked under; and if that was all in vain, how do you imagine that you are going to find it by peering into dark closets and searching under the beams in the attic? Chlo ought not to tell you about it at all. I used to dream about it every night myself once, but I never think about it now. It is of no use."

"But Chlo says that grandpa wasn't in his right mind, and he might have hidden it in a very queer place. Anyway, I think it's a shame for you to be earning just enough bread for us all, when all that money is doing nobody any good. Chlo says she shan't go away till you send her, coz she'd rather starve and work for us for love, than for other folks for money and plenty to eat."

"Poor Chlo! she ought not to be here, for, though she's an old woman, she's a splendid cook, still; and Mrs. Farnum would be glad to give her four dollars a week. Was there ever such a faithful soul as she is?" said Mrs. Howard.

"Are you going or not going, Tet? I am quite ready now," said Laura, taking a last look at her crimps in the glass.

"No," said Tet. "I don't feel a bit like going; my head aches."

"I think you will feel better to go, Tet. But you can remain at home if you wish," said her mother; "only you must promise me not to take the lamp out of this room."

Tet promised, but with a sinking heart. She wanted to look once more for the money that was lost twenty-five years ago, when everybody was away. Her head did ache, she had thought so much. She saw her mother and Laura disappear up the dim street; then, after a while, Chlo went out, the light of a lantern shining oddly into her black face to distinguish it from the shadows. The lamp on the table was very dim, there were stars without, but no moon, and it was so cold that the breath of Jack Frost was beginning to show in all sorts of beautiful shapes on the pane. Tet sat down in the wide window-seat, and tried to think of some place where nobody had ever looked for that money. Chlo said that she believed it would be found some day, she had such queer dreams, and no one was ever insane enough not to believe in Chlo's dreams. If she dreamed of potted pigeons, a neighbor was sure to send some in the next day; if she dreamed she saw the minister in a new hat, he straightway appeared in a new beaver just out of the store; if she dreamed of company to dinner, the family went without their breakfast, so as to be sure and have something to set before country aunts and cousins, who always dropped in when they came to town, to ask Mary, that was Mrs. Howard, "how she was going to get along through the winter," and they always happened to come about dinner time.

"Chlo has dreamed about the money, and it's sure to be found, in spite of what mamma says; and it's high time it was found," said Tet to herself. "I peeped into the coalbin to-day, and there's O! such a little bit left. Mamma has a pain in her side all the time, and the doctor says it hurts her health dreadfully to sew so much. The prettier Laura grows the more ribbon she wants, and poor Chlo goes without her supper sometimes, so that there will be more for me. Grandpa had enough gold to make us rich, everybody says, and all he left papa was this old house. O, what shall I do? I wish fairies were true, and not all make-believe, as Laura says. Perhaps they'd help me."

A bright star winked in her face, as if it knew a good deal if it could only tell, and a little mouse began to nibble and run in the inside of the wall.

"O, if I only were you, mouse!" she said; "I surely could find it. I've no doubt but you've tried to steal that gold before now, but found it too hard for your sharp little teeth."

Then, after a while, things began to look rather dim, and she felt drowsy. It was astonishing to see how large the frost leaves were beginning to look. The pane itself seemed to widen and stretch until it was as large as three panes put together. The tiny frost blossoms grew into great silver lilies; a wee bit of a frost house grew into a castle with towers, and there on the steps stood a queer little man, with puffy red cheeks, and a beard made of icicles. He had a funny peaked cap on his head, bedecked with plumes that looked like frost; he wore a funny little cloak, fringed with glittering beads of ice, and held something in his hand which looked exactly like a fairy's wand, as one sees them in pictures. Tet felt a little bit frightened, though he looked at her pleasantly enough out of his sharp twinkling eyes.

"Good-evening, sir," said she, with tremulous politeness.

"Good-evening, miss," said he, lifting his peaked cap with such a droll air, and speaking in such a queer, shrill, tinkling voice. The words dropped from his lips as if they had been so many crystals of ice.

As Tet regarded him a sudden suspicion flashed through her mind.

"Are you Mr. Jack Frost?" she inquired, forgetting to be shy in her eagerness.

"Jack Frost, at your service," he said, smiling, and bowing very low.

"Then you are a fairy, perhaps?" said Tet, with chattering teeth, for it was very, very cold in his presence.

He waved his wand merrily, but did not speak.

"O, if you would only tell me something—something that I wish to know more than I can tell!" she began, excitedly, thinking, if she had indeed found a fairy, it would be well to seize upon him before he vanished. "We—"

"I know what it is," tinkled Jack Frost, "and that's what I came to tell you. There's nothing that I cannot find, not a

think that I cannot peep through. Look where I strike, and you will see gold."

And down his wand went through the window-seat, making a wide hole, Tet's bright eyes following, and there on the floor directly under, scattered from a great leathern bag, were heaps of glittering coins.

"There," said he, "don't think that I bear you any ill will because I pinch your nose, and make your fingers tingle after this. I'm always ready to do a good turn, though I haven't a very good reputation."

Tet screamed with delight, and was about to reach through the hole for her precious store. But she only gave her hand a hard thump on the seat, and arose in perfect bewilderment. The great lilies were tiny frost blossoms again; the panes had grown as small as ever, and the splendid castle with towers was only a wee bit of pencilling in frost that looked like a house, and she was so cold that she shivered. Just at this moment Chlo bustled into the room. Mrs. Howard, being anxious about Tet, had sent her home to keep her company.

"Lor' bless you, chile! what's de matter?" said Chlo, observing the child's excited face.

"O Chlo! Chlo! I know where the money is now. Jack Frost told me." And Tet tried to tell her story with what breath she had left.

"O, you've been a dreamin', chile," said Chlo. "I 'clare, I s'pected you had gone crazy fust, and it gave me a powerful scare. There's a heap o' sense in dreams, though, and as long as de money is s'posed to be somewhar, and your ma'd never know it 'less we had de mind to tell her, I'll just get a hammer, and lif' dis yere window-seat—de seat ob it, anyway. De board is loose, and 'twill come up as easy as noffin'."

"Do," said Tet, clapping her hands. "I'm sure 'tis there, I saw it myself!"

"Don't be too sure," said Chlo, setting herself to work with great energy.

At last the board was up, and holding the lamp over the dusty aperture it left,

the sparkle of gold from one corner met her astonished eyes. There was a great leathern bag, gnawed so by hungry rats that the coins were spilling out.

"De Lord be praised!" said Chlo, devoutly. "I reckon yer ma'll bleeve in dreams herself now. Many's de time she's laughed at poor old Chlo, and said, 'don't be superstitious.'"

As for Tet, she was too thankful, too much excited for words; but seizing a shawl, she threw it over her shoulders, and ran bareheaded down the street, and into the vestry, where her mother was presiding over one of the fair tables, and Laura was smiling at her beaux. Regardless of the crowd of astonished people, she rushed wildly up to her mother.

"O mamma! mamma! come right home," she said; "something so beautiful has happened! We've found grandpa's money."

Mrs. Howard did not believe it at first; she was afraid that Tet had grown crazy thinking about that money so much; but when she got home she found that it was indeed true. There was the gold in a shining heap in the middle of the floor, and Chlo singing Methodist hymns over it.

Then they all wept together for very joy, and Tet was praised and blessed to her heart's content. Still, she insisted upon it that she wasn't dreaming, and that Jack Frost had told her where to find it. He deserved all the praise.

"Well, he has proved himself to be a good fairy for once," said her mother, laughing. "I shall bear his pinches with more patience after this."

Then Tet told her mother what he said about his having a bad reputation.

"It doesn't seem true," said Laura, jingling a bright gold piece, to be sure that it was solid. "It seems like a story. I'm afraid we're all dreaming."

So I suppose *you* think, children, but it is true, nevertheless; and I could tell you where an old lady lives who was a member of the family in that old house. Perhaps she is Tet herself, perhaps not.



Send all communications for this Department to EDWIN R. BRIGGS, WEST BETHEL, Oxford County, MAINE.

*Answers to July Puzzles.*

1. Farewell. 2. Importer. 3. Launce, lance. 4. Knout, knot. 5. Lathe, late. 6. Learn, lean. 7. Lemon, Leon. 8. Liard, lard. 9. Good Order.

10. "You gave me roses, in whose hearts  
Was shrined a wealth of rich perfume,  
Whose crimson leaves had just begun  
To open into perfect bloom."

- |               |           |
|---------------|-----------|
| 11. FIDUCIARY | 12. S     |
| MISHAPS       | COT       |
| STALK         | MADAM     |
| ORE           | CALAMAR   |
| A             | SODAWATER |
| ACT           | TAMARIN   |
| ENTER         | MATIN     |
| SOBERLY       | REN       |
| MISERABLE     | R         |

13. Baylen, Bayle.

- |            |             |
|------------|-------------|
| 14. FROZEN | 15. P u m P |
| REVERE     | E e L       |
| OVENST     | A b i h U   |
| ZENITH     | R a n s o m |
| ERSTHE     |             |
| NETHER     |             |

30.—*Riddle.*

I am worn by the boys,  
And sought for by girls;  
I'm seen on old women,  
And found among curls.

I am used by children  
When at their play;  
Now who and what am I?  
Please tell me, pray.

ELIZA H. MORTON.

*Curtailments.*

31. Curtail a sapling, and leave a sketch.  
32. A garment, and leave twins.

"BEAU K."

33.—*Cross-Word Enigma.*

The 1st is in save, but not in get;  
The 2d is in moist, but not in wet;  
The 3d is in black, but not in green;  
The 4th is in pure, but not in clean;  
The 5th is in mien, but not in look;  
The 6th is in bake, but not in cook;  
The whole is a book.

RUTHVEN.

*Changes.*

34. Change to design into an incision.  
35. To blossom into a sportsman.

CYRIL DEANE.

36.—*Diamond Puzzle.*

A consonant; an animal; swift; principal; the sun; a nickname; a consonant.

HOODLUM.

37.—*Pyramid Puzzle.*

A consonant; a cavern; a recorded item; standing apart; a writer of dialogues; those who undervalue.

The words all commence with the same letter; and the centrals, downward, mean a person indebted.

WILSON.

*Decapitations.*

38. Behead to scorch, and leave a vessel.  
39. A fabric, and leave unwilling.

E. B.

40.—*Double Acrostic.*

The initials name a country, and the finals extensive.

- (1.) To scour. (2.) A fruit. (3.) A city of Finland. (4.) A country. (5.) A bow.

HOODLUM.

41.—*Word-Square.*

Inflamed; a plant; a chief; a resinous substance; a gold coin.

WILD ROSE.

42.—*Numerical Enigma.*

I am composed of 11 letters.  
My 5, 11, 2, is a knot.  
My 4, 3, 6, 7, is genuine.  
My 10, 9, 8, 1, is a bundle of papers.  
My whole is worth more than silver or gold.

ELIZA H. MORTON.

43.—*Drop-Letter Puzzle.*

N-v-r-o-l-t-t-m-n.

An old proverb, also the title of a novel.

E. B.

*Reversed Blanks.*

44. I will — the —.  
45. — him and you will be —.

ITALIAN BOY.

46.—*Letter Puzzle.*

Three Os, one H, one A and one E;  
Two Ms, one R, one S, and one T;  
These letters, rightly placed, will name  
A great poet of well-known fame.

WILSON.

*Answers in Two Months.*

## CURIOUS MATTERS.

**IRISH LACE.**—A writer says: Irish nuns excel in the making of beautiful, delicate needlework and of lace. Persons learned in such matters can tell instantly on looking at a piece of work at what convent it was done. The crochet made under the superintendence of the Youghal nuns is exquisite, and so fine that it has in many cases been mistaken for other kinds of lace. I have heard of a lady who purchased a quantity of what she believed to be old Roman point, in Italy, at a great expense. On bringing it home she took it to her dressmaker in Dublin, and gave it to her as a trimming for a dress, with many cautions against waste, and with repeated orders not to cut it unnecessarily. The woman smiled when she heard the discolored work called antique point. She got a magnifying glass and showed her customer that she had in reality bought Irish crochet lace, which had been dipped in some yellow fluid in order to give it the appearance of great age.

**THE DIAMETER OF THE SUN.**—The question whether the sun's apparent diameter is subject to any changes which can be detected by observation is discussed by Professor Simon Newcomb and Mr. Edward S. Holden in a recent number of *Silliman's Journal*. They remark that the difficulty which besets the entire subject is to distinguish between actual variations of the sun's diameter and errors of observation. It appears, however, that no sensible variability has yet been certainly ascertained. Although a comparison of observations made at Greenwich and Washington shows a correspondence which, if not accidental, would indicate that in some years there has been a tendency to a ten-hour vibration of the solar diameter, the authors attribute this correspondence to chance.

**CURIOUS FIGHT.**—Two gentlemen returning from Cameron, Texas, the other day, witnessed a singular encounter between a tarantula and a wasp. Their attention was attracted by a commotion in a bush by the side of the road, and, on approaching it, they found the two venomous

creatures in deadly combat. The wasp, which was one of the large species, seemed to be the aggressor. The tarantula seemed to be endeavoring to push its adversary off with its legs, but the wasp had the advantage in the fight, for it would bend its sting in between the tarantula's legs and stab it in the breast. The encounter lasted several minutes after the witnesses came up, when the tarantula turned over and fell to the ground dead. The wasp then flew off.

**RAILWAY WHISTLES.**—It is a well-known fact that the pitch of a railway engine whistle is apparently lowered after it has passed another train, both being in motion. A correspondent of *Nature* explains the phenomenon thus. Every musical note propagates aerial waves succeeding each other with known rapidity corresponding to the pitch of the note; the higher the pitch the greater the rapidity of succession of waves. Now, when a person advances to meet the sound, more of these waves will pass him than if he stood still, and the impression of sound will be a sharper note. On the other hand, when the trains have passed each other, the listener will be moving in the same direction as the sound waves, and consequently a less number will pass him in a given time, and the note will appear flatter.

**A BOILING LAKE**—has lately been discovered in the Island of Dominica, or Dominique, one of the lesser Antilles. The lake is situated in the forest-covered mountain back of the town of Roseau. It is 2500 feet above the sea, and is said to be two miles in circumference. The margin of the lake consists of beds of sulphur, and its overflow finds exit in a great waterfall.

**MAMMOTH BRIDGE.**—A bridge, bigger than that now building between New York and Brooklyn, the largest in the world, is to be built over the Frith of Forth, Scotland. The height 150 feet, number of spans 100. The great span in the centre is to be 1500 feet, or nearly one-third of a mile in width, and the smaller spans 150 feet. It will cost about \$10,000,000.

## THE HOUSEKEEPER.

**APPLE CAKES.**—Mix unbolted wheat or rye meal with cold water, making a dough or batter soft enough to nearly level itself. If shortening is desired use sweet cream or butter. Fill a rather deep pie-plate about a third full of the batter, and sprinkle over a little sugar. Wash, quarter and core tart apples, and place as many in the batter (skin side up) as it will hold. They may be pressed down and levelled with a stiff spoon. Over the top sprinkle some sugar, and bake till nicely brown.

**OYSTER SOUP.**—Take two quarts of water, or the liquor of boiled fowls; put in it three pints of oysters, salt and pepper to your taste, one tablespoonful of butter rubbed in the same of flour. Beat the yolks of four eggs and mix them with one pint of sweet milk and the liquor from the oysters (after it has been strained), and add them to the soup. Let it cook a few minutes; then pour it into a soup tureen with a few slices of dry toasted bread in the bottom, and serve it hot. Very fine.

**STUFFED HAM.**—Boil the ham until done, remove the skin and save the juice. Take some bread crumbs, parsley chopped fine, black pepper, butter (and onion if you like it), and mix it up with the juice of the ham; then take the ham on a dish, and make incisions with a carving-knife, top or underneath, and with your finger stuff the forcemeat in. Cover the ham with it or grated bread crumbs, dust pepper all over it, place it in an oven or stove, and bake twenty-five minutes. Nice for a spring dinner when hot; and elegant, cold, for a meat supper.

**WHITE CUSTARD.**—Take the whites of eight eggs, five tablespoonfuls of white sugar, one pint of milk, and one pint of cream. Boil the milk and cream together, stir the sugar gently in the eggs; do not beat them or let them froth. Add the milk and cream slowly to the eggs and sugar, flavor it with lemon or vanilla extract, then pour it in cups, put the cups in a pair of boiling water, and set the pan

in a cool oven. Add fire to it and bake a light brown. Twenty minutes ought to be long enough to cook them right. This is very delicious and delicate for the sick.

**OYSTERS FRIED.**—Have in your frying-pan some boiling lard or butter. Select fine large oysters, and wash them in cold water, putting in a few at a time and taking them out quickly; place them on a dish and sift a little corn meal over them; drop in the hot lard one or two at a time, and fry them a light brown. Serve hot.

**GINGERBREAD NUTS.**—Rub one quarter of a pound of butter in one pound of flour, half a pound of sugar, ounce of ginger, peel of one lemon and three eggs. Work it well and bake in small thin cakes, rolled out.

**MELISSA'S POTATO PUDDING.**—One quarter of a pound of boiled sweet potatoes, same of sugar and butter, one wineglass of mixed wine and brandy, half a gill of rose-water, one teaspoonful of mixed spice, cinnamon and nutmeg, with three beaten eggs. Bake in puff paste without any top crust.

**CREAM PIES.**—Cake. Three eggs, one cup of sugar, one and a half cup flour, one teaspoonful baking powder in the flour, and two teaspoonfuls cold water. This will make two pies; put it in two pie-pans and bake in a quick oven. Split the cake while warm and spread with the cream which must be prepared first.

**Cream.** Boil nearly a pint of milk. Take two small tablespoonfuls cornstarch beaten with a little cold milk; to this add two eggs, one scant teacup of white sugar and a little salt. Stir this into the boiling milk. When nearly done, add one half cup butter and two teaspoonfuls lemon extract.

**JUMBLES.**—Four eggs, half a pound of sugar, same of butter, two quarts of flour, teaspoonful of soda; work all up together, add spice to your taste, and bake them in rings.

## FACTS AND FANCIES.

They were married last fall, and they hadn't one cross word or a sour look, when the other night he moved the cook stove into the shanty and called her to hold the pipe up while he gently knocked the joints together. She smiled sweetly as she replied, "Yes, my dear;" but five minutes hadn't passed before he yelled out:

"Durn it! I thought you knew something."

And she threw the two joints of pipe at him and replied:

"I want you to understand that we are as strangers from this hour."

A Nelson Street boy tried his first pipe, Monday. When his father came home to dinner, he found him braced against a barrel with his legs spread apart, his hands and lower jaw drooping listlessly, and a deathly pallor overspreading his face.

"What's the matter with *you*?" inquired the amazed parent.

"My—teacher is—is sick," gasped the boy.

"Well, you mustn't feel so badly about it, Tommy," said the father, kindly. "She will get well again, without doubt." And then stepping into the house he observed to his wife that that was the most sympathetic boy he ever saw.

Peter Macnally, an Irish attorney, was very lame, and when walking had an unfortunate limp, which he could not bear to be told of. At the time of the Rebellion he was seized with military ardor, and when the different volunteer corps were forming in Dublin, that of the lawyers was organized. Meeting with Curran, Macnally said, "My dear friend, these are not times to be idle; I am determined to enter the lawyer's corps, and follow the camp."

"You follow the camp, my little limb of the law?" said the wit. "Tut, tut, renounce the idea; you never can be a disciplinarian."

"And why not, Mr. Curran?" inquired Macnally.

"For this reason," said Curran; "the moment you were ordered to march, you would halt."

An Irishman recently called upon the superintendent of the New Bedford Railroad, who, being ready to aid the unfortunate, gave him a pass from New Bedford to Boston. Instead of taking a train at New Bedford, however, he footed it to Taunton and took a train there. Being confronted by the conductor, he presented his pass, at the same time asking the fare between New Bedford and Taunton. Being told seventy-five cents, he said, "Then please give me seventy-five cents, for I walked all the way to Taunton,"—a demand which excited considerable laughter among the passengers. It took some time to convince him that the seventy-five cents was not his just due, and it was not till the conductor intimated to him very strongly that he would be put expeditiously out of the cars in case of refusal, that he would give up the pass, accompanying its surrender with the libellous observation, "Sure, and you are a dirty chate, any way."

Dr. Gross, the celebrated surgeon, was once dangerously ill. Soon after his recovery he met one of his patients, who remarked to him, "O doctor, I rejoice to see that you are out again; had we lost you, our good people would have died by the dozen." "Thank you, madam," replied the affable doctor; "but now, I fear, they will die by the Gross."

Yesterday, when a white-washer upset a pail of whitewash on a parlor carpet, doing fifty dollars damage, he said to the grief-stricken lady of the house, "I was a-going to charge ye sixty cents for dis white-wash-in', but, in view of dis disastah, I'll put de figgers down one half."

A young man writing to a young lady whom he had never seen; "Are your eyes dark or azure?" And she replied, "Azure fancy is, I azure you."

Scroggs says he has been paying premium after premium to the accident insurance folks for years, and nothing has happened to him yet, and he really begins to doubt if he will ever see a cent of the money back.

# NEW JERSEY, AND ITS NATIVES.



Mr. Pullem goes over to Jersey for a day's fishing.



Secures a pleasant spot and meditates.



Is intercepted by a native.



At the mercy of his antagonist, who is reinforced.



Fights valiantly;



But is vanquished.



# BALLOU'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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WHOLE No. 250.

## MY TWO LOVES.

BY G. WEATHERLY.



**I** had a love in the years ago,  
Lovely Marian!  
**H**er cheeks were pure as the driven snow,  
**H**er jet-black hair hung her waist below,  
Queenly Marian!

19

Her eyes were dark as the hue of night,  
Lovely Marian.  
Her glance was as swift as the eagle's flight,  
And as a flashing meteor bright,  
Queenly Marian!

She scorned my love in the years ago,  
 Haughty Marian!  
 She laughed when I told of my bitter woe,  
 And said it had oft been with others so,  
 Cruel Marian!

As time passed by, I loved again,  
 Little Lillian!  
 She came as a sunbeam after rain,  
 And I lost all thought of former pain,  
 Loving Lillian!

In truth my love was very fair,  
 Little Lillian!  
 The bright sun shone on her wealth of hair,  
 Her glad little face was free from care,  
 Sunny Lillian!

And when I asked her to be mine,  
 Dearest Lillian!  
 I saw in her eyes her love outshine,  
 And her fond little face nestled down by  
 Darling Lillian! [mine,

### CHATSWORTH.

Among the many princely residences and domains of England, Chatsworth, celebrated as the ancient home of the noble family of Cavendish, and as the beautiful seat of the dukes of Devonshire, ranks high for both natural and artistic beauty. It is situated at no great distance from the Peak Hills of Derbyshire, and in the midst of a country famous for the beauty of its scenery. The house is approached by an unassuming entrance near the small village of Edensor, and the simplicity of the gate and porter's lodge gives no hint of the splendors appertaining to titled wealth which exist beyond.

After passing the entrance and proceeding forward some little distance, the road winds upward, and from the elevation thus gained the palace of Chatsworth is visible, encircled by waving trees and stretches of gently undulating ground. A more beautiful scene it would be difficult to imagine, art and nature having here joined hands to form a degree of perfection rarely attained with such a union. Through the woodland shadows of the park glide the bright waters of the river Derwent, across which a fine stone bridge has been thrown, built by Payne from a design of Michael Angelo. Behind and beyond the palace, which rests in the centre of the fair picture, rises a gently sloping and thickly wooded hill, while yet further on rise the wildly romantic hills which lie near the peak of Derbyshire.

The early history of Chatsworth is quickly told. It was one of the estates bestowed by William the Conqueror upon a favorite attendant named William Peveril, and afterward passed into the possession of the Cavendish family, forming thenceforth the favorite residence of the earls and dukes of

Devonshire. Under their fostering care its parks and gardens have become famous for their exquisite beauty and fine keeping. A scene at Chatsworth has been described as follows by an eye-witness: "A little to the left was the building, backed with broad and ample foliage; cattle reposing in groups on the bank of the river, or cooling themselves in the stream, adorned the foreground; and the middle and remote distances, which were ornamented with a palace, a bridge, and towers and temples, disclosed altogether a scene as rich and as lovely as the fancy of Claude Lorraine ever portrayed when under the influence of his happiest inspirations. Yet the foreground had more of Berghem than of Claude in it; the respective features which constitute the peculiar charms of excellence of these great masters were most harmoniously combined; every part was in character, and the whole was faithful to nature."

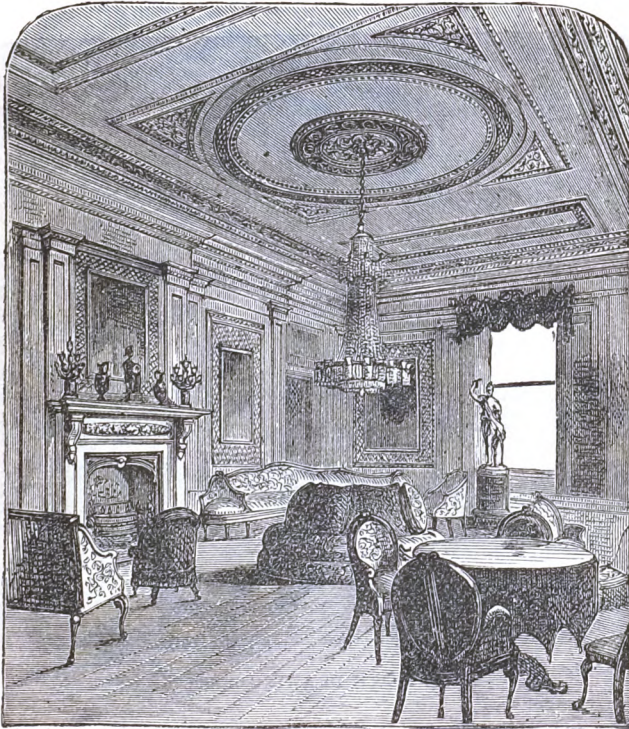
Although the plan of the house dates back to the time of William III., and was the work of William Talman, a native of Wiltshire, who was in office under that monarch, and superintended the erection of the greater portion of the building, it is only within the present century that the whole design has been completed. Not only has this been done, however, but additions have been made which have considerably improved the appearance of the entire building. Talman's genius as an architect was also exercised in the construction of Denham House, Gloucestershire, and old Thoresby House, in Nottinghamshire.

The palace of Chatsworth is formed of four nearly equal sides, enclosing an open quadrangular court, and comprising the earliest completed portion, to which exten-



sive wings and other buildings have been added. Along the sides of the court are open balconies, bordered by balustrades of stone which are separated into different sections by twenty-two intervening parts forming pedestals, on which are placed busts, carved in stone, representing a number of the most celebrated men of Queen Anne's reign. In the centre of the court is a marble statue of Arion seated upon a dolphin's back, and continually bathed in the bright waters of a fountain playing

The request was granted, the wily musician began, and presently burst into a strain of such bewitching melody that the rude sailors sat spellbound, and the very fishes were enthralled. Seeing his opportunity, Arion immediately plunged into the sea, still holding his precious lyre, and alighting on the back of an enchanted dolphin, was thus borne through the waves to his native shore, arriving there attended with a curious train of fishes and dolphins, in advance of the vessel and its treacher-



THE DRAWING-ROOM.

upon it and falling into a large basin of Derbyshire marble placed below. The statue has been called Orpheus, but is more reasonably supposed to represent Arion, the famous poet and musician of Lesbos, whose name is handed down to posterity in a well-known fable. He had prospered and become rich in Italy by means of his musical ability, and returning to his native country, was in danger of losing his life at the hands of the sailors, who coveted his riches. They informed him of the fate awaiting him, and in reply he merely requested that he might be allowed to sing his own requiem, accompanied by his lyre.

ous crew, whose astonishment at the turn of affairs was very natural.

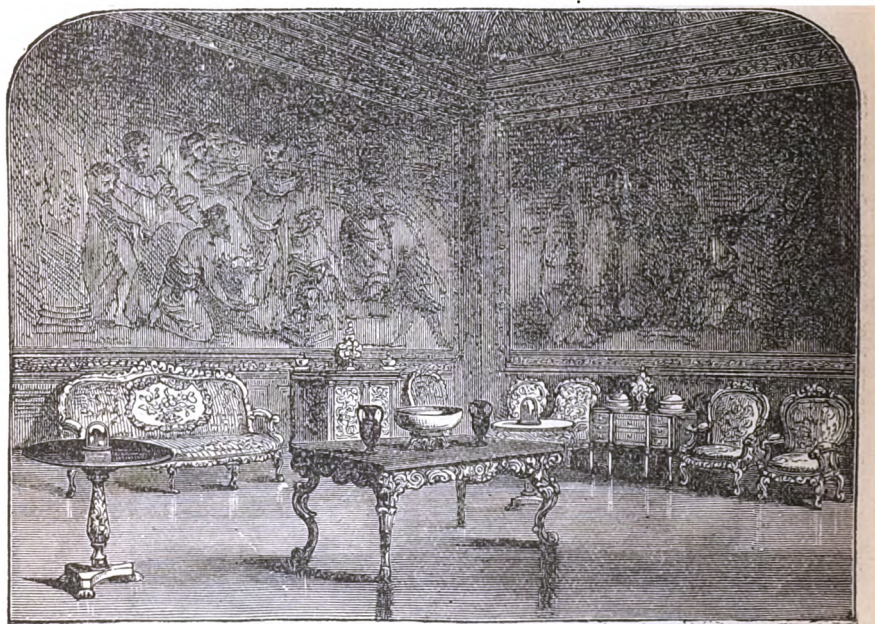
Nor is the group mentioned the only specimen of sculpture in the court at Chatsworth, while the ornamental carvings of the exterior of the buildings encircling it are quite fine. The best of these, however, are upon the principal front of the house, which is of very imposing appearance. The apartments at Chatsworth are usually large and high, some decorated with tapestry hangings, and all furnished in the most elegant manner. In those portions of the mansion which have been left undisturbed in their ancient garb, the ornamentation



does not exactly suit the critical taste of the present time, since the artists whose works were once almost universally admired, have lost their popularity, and their productions are justly regarded as too pretentious to be in the purest taste. Thus it is with the pictures of Verrio and Laguerre, which have so long been displayed along the staircases and upon the walls and ceilings of a large number of the rooms at Chatsworth. Even in the chapel these inappropriate artists were set at work, and

"And now the chapel's silver bells you hear,  
That summon you to all the pride of prayer;  
Light quirks of music, broken and uneven,  
Make the soul dance upon a jig to heaven.  
On painted ceilings you devoutly stare,  
Where sprawl the saints of Verrio and Laguerre."

But the very faults which are the blemishes of these pictures seem virtues in the colder forms of stone or wood; and the freedom of design is only an additional charm, since the beholder can well comprehend the difficulties which have lain in



THE STATE DRAWING-ROOM.

the result was a gaudy style of painting too artificial for the place. The chapel is almost entirely composed of cedar-wood, which sheds around its perfume, and is beautifully ornamented with appropriate carvings and sculptures. Beside all this, a large number of the showy paintings we have mentioned were placed, or rather crowded, upon the walls, destroying the noble simplicity so grateful to heart and mind in such a place. It is true that here was deposited the masterpiece of Verrio, but so ostentatious are the splendors of art that nature shrinks unseen and unfelt in such an atmosphere. The truth of these reflections has been attested by a great poet who did not spare the lash of satire:

the way of successful manipulation in such unyielding materials. The carving at Chatsworth by Gibbons and Watson is exquisitely beautiful, and lavishly scattered upon the walls and ceilings. Among other specimens, a net of dead game, by the first-named artist is especially noteworthy for its wonderful fidelity to nature, and flowers and fruit carved with the same unerring delicacy of touch are disposed around in the most graceful profusion, sometimes depending in clusters from above, and sometimes adorning the walls and sides of the doors.

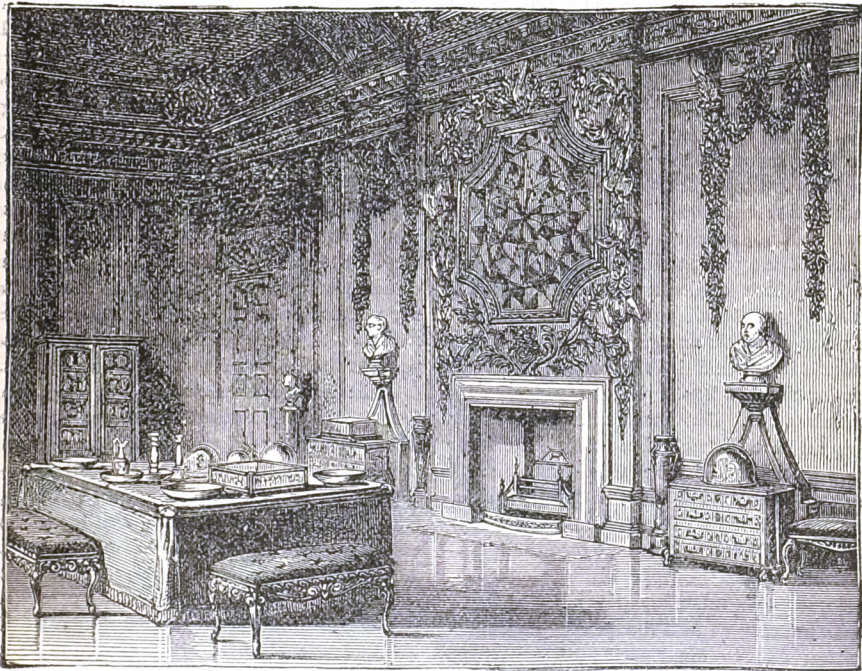
In a long gallery near the entrance-hall are deposited hundreds of drawings and sketches by the most famous artists. The



pictures at Chatsworth are not numerous, but in the library are the fine figure of the mother of Napoleon by Canova, and the same sculptor's rarely beautiful bust of Petrarch's Laura. This is a truly magnificent room, containing a very valuable collection of books, and, among other remarkable adornments, two vases of porphyry, sent from Russia, and noticeable for their beauty and size.

We have already mentioned some of the beauties of the park surrounding the palace

Beautiful as Chatsworth is, with every luxury that heart could wish for, yet the proud owner is seldom a resident in his palace. A story is told of an American, one of the blundering kind, who some months since stopped at a small hotel near Chatsworth, and entered into conversation with a person whom he supposed to be the landlord of the house. "I say," cried the American, "the old fellow who owns Chatsworth must be pretty rich?" "He is well off, as far as wealth is concerned," was the



THE STATE DINING ROOM.

of Chatsworth; its scenery of woodland and riverside, its exquisitely ordered gardens, wherein all that is rare and beautiful thrives and blossoms, insomuch that they have become celebrated far and wide in this respect. The house itself, situated in the midst of so much that enchains and pleases the eye, seems nearly faultless in design and execution, and is indeed a "princely home." Within its walls Mary Queen of Scots was for some time held a prisoner, during the last sad years of her eventful life, and a suite of rooms bear her name, though it is unnecessary to add that she could never have dwelt in them.

reply of the supposed landlord. "I should like to get a peep at the old chap," the American continued. "Do you think I could do so? I should like to see how he looks." "O yes, you can see him if you will look at me," was the quiet reply. "What! you are—" "The Duke of Devonshire, and the owner of Chatsworth." It was true. The duke, who had run down to his place for a day, was stopping at the inn, instead of his palace, because he did not feel so lonely at the hotel as at Chatsworth. He was tired of splendor, and wanted a little rest, and found it at the humble inn.

## THE STORY OF A HARE.

I am popularly called a rabbit, but really I belong to the great family of hares, and I wish to introduce myself to the public as an American Hare. It is true, we resemble our cousins, the European rabbits, very closely in appearance and color, and for this reason the first English settlers in this country dubbed us "rabbits," and rabbits we have been ever since in the opinion of unscientific people. It was of no use for us to rebel against the injustice of this belief, for alas! we cannot speak for ourselves, usually, though some kind power has given me a chance to tell this true story of my life. If all my family could speak, what a pathetic account they might give of persecutions and dangers, first from one source and then from another! For we inoffensive creatures no sooner get relieved from the dread of one peril, than another, and seemingly a worse one, stares us in the face. For my part, I believe that the more innocent and gentle any creature may be, the more it is abused in this world, and the harder time it has trying to preserve its harmless life. But I was talking about my being a hare instead of a rabbit. Perhaps I am more sensitive on this point than I need to be, but I have a family pride, and to be called a rabbit when I know myself to be a hare is, to me, exceedingly annoying. I take this opportunity, therefore, to correct the mistake, and hope that we shall henceforth as a body, receive the attention due to our species of American Hare!

Happiness is indeed unequally distributed upon earth, and those who deserve it most usually are most deprived of it. I was always given to meditation and moralizing more than my companions, as may appear in this account of my experiences, and being an uncommonly thoughtful hare, I have been made melancholy many times by reflecting on the misfortunes of our race. Would that I might alleviate them! but that seems, indeed, a task far too great for my feeble powers. We are, as everybody knows, a most harmless timid people, never interfering with the rights of others. It is true, we sometimes visit a neighboring garden by night, when pressed by hunger, and eat of the tempting cabbages, lettuces or

peas that may be growing there, but surely in that we are excusable, for every one must live. We do not, like many animals no larger than ourselves, live by attacking and killing other creatures, and then tearing them to pieces for food. I shudder at the thought of such a barbarous practice, and am sure that there does not live a single hare that would have the heart to attempt such cold-blooded cruelty, even if the diet were such as a hare would like. I thank Heaven that we are, as a race, contented with vegetable food; and if we do injure the growth of a few trees by eating the bark, pray have we not a perfect right to do so? What else are they here for, but to afford sustenance to such as we? It is simply like this: nature provides for our wants, and we accept what she puts in our way. All other ways of looking at the question are merely unjust and absurd, in my opinion, and it is only fair that the rabbits and hares should have a chance to present their side of the question for once.

Although we hares are very rarely free from all apprehension of danger, yet we have many hours of enjoyment, for we love to bound over plains and up hillsides, eating of the most juicy plants and shrubs, and breathing the free exhilarating air in company with our families and friends. Amiable in our dispositions, we have no spite against any living creature, and would gladly live unmolested and unmolested if we had the chance. But who does not know that there is no such state as *security* for us? I have lived to be quite a venerable hare, and have seen more of the world than is common for one of my species. Death has taken the companions of my youth, but has passed me by, and I have had many hair-breadth escapes, at the memory of which I quiver, even now. How strange it is that I, who am a foe to no one, should have so many enemies! The mere thought of a dog is enough to make me jump with fear and snuff danger in the air; the fox hunts our race without mercy, as also do the ermine, weasel and lynx; the hawks and owls seize upon us most cruelly, and horrid snakes prey upon us poor unfortunates. But there is yet another foe more to be dreaded than all the rest, because

even more artful and calculating than any other, and that is—man! Ah, me! have I not seen my unlucky kindred hopelessly entangled in traps and snares, or hunted down with the aid of dogs, sometimes merely for sport! At such times, if I took a moment to breathe in the race away from peril, the thought would occur to me that if I were as much more powerful and intelligent than man as man is superior in those respects to the hare or rabbit, I would show more magnanimity toward my inferiors than we receive at the hands of human beings. However, they are not all alike, as I happen to know.

One fine summer evening I began to grow hungry earlier than usual, and as all was quiet I thought I would venture forth in search of food, as is my nightly custom. I went further than I at first anticipated, and came at last to a garden wall, behind which I had no doubt I might find excellent forage, and I really longed for a feast of peas and cabbage. I soon found my way into the garden, a very fine one, by the way, and was just making my way cautiously to the cabbage-bed when I heard the peculiar call of my tribe, and on glancing around I saw a sleek-looking gray rabbit, who held up one of his paws in a warning attitude and came toward me. I remained perfectly quiet, and the new-comer came and sat himself down right in front of me, eying me very inquisitively. He finally burst out with the question—"Where did you come from?"

Not having anything to conceal from one of my own race, I told him in what direction my home lay, at which he nodded, and asked:

"What did you come here for?"

Now the impertinence of such a question as this is very evident, since every rabbit when he meets another by night knows that he is out on a foraging expedition, that time being chosen by us to satisfy the demands of hunger, because we then feel most secure from our foes. What wonder, then, that I nearly lost my temper at such an ungentlemanly question? I was tempted to turn back upon my new acquaintance at once; but there was the cabbage-bed in full sight, and such a feeling of emptiness reigned in my stomach! I looked with an air of injured and reproachful dignity at my companion, and he seemed to suddenly come to his senses. Giving his head a pet-

ulant shake, he exclaimed—"What a ninny!" and scampered off down the broad path, apparently to take a good look about him. Coming back, he soliloquized hastily—"There's no one in the garden, and *such* a lot of peas and cabbages! Who wants to be mean?" Coming up to me again he said:

"How do you do? Glad to see you, though I suppose you think I'm not a very polite rabbit. Fact is, I don't know much about you wild rabbits. My name is Slick, and I belong to Master and little Blossy—she's a little girl, you know. They're both good as can be to me—there's nobody like them. Now all these peas and cabbages belong to master, but I don't believe he'd grudge you your supper, so come and help yourself, if you please."

I did not need any second invitation, and began my repast immediately, my companion occasionally nibbling a mouthful just to keep me in countenance. Never did I make a more delicious meal, and I said as much to Slick, who nodded in a friendly manner, and said, as he departed, that he hoped I would call again sometime. To this I gave a willing assent; but though I often sought the spot, hoping to see my new friend again, I did not gain sight of him for a long time. At last, however, I was more successful, but Slick greeted me with a melancholy air, and informed me that I had been the means of bringing him into a great disgrace. His master, he said, had attributed the mischief done in the garden to him, and had shut him up for a long while in consequence of it. Of course I sympathized with poor Slick, and being an honorable hare myself, I promised to do no more damage to the vegetables; and kept my word, though it tried me sorely. Slick then told me of his master's kindness to him and everything else about him, and I was glad to find that men are not all hard-hearted, even to rabbits. I am sure I would not wish to injure the cabbages of so good a man as that!

Slick and I became the firmest of friends, and I used often to coax him to go and live a wild life with me, but he always declared that he could not think of leaving his kind master. On the other hand, he would tease me to go with him to his owner, who he said he knew would receive me kindly, but I could never get courage to do such a thing, so we had to live apart.



When I commenced, I meant to tell of a great many adventures, for my life has been full of perils; I have been chased and tormented beyond all expression, and still I have baffled my foes and am yet alive. But I am growing old, and perhaps my ex-

periences would not prove so very interesting to others as they have necessarily been to me. I still hope to preserve myself from the clutches of my enemies, and to die a natural death, which is indeed an uncommon end for an American Hare.



THE HARE.

## THE FATAL GLOVE:

—OR,—

## THE HISTORY OF A STREET-SWEEPER.

IN FOUR PARTS.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

## PART IV.—[CONCLUDED.]

LOUIS CASTRANI received one day an urgent summons to Boston. It was the very day following that on which he had been an unwilling listener to the difficulty between Mr. and Mrs. Trevlyn. He knew from whom the summons came. Once before he had been suddenly called upon in like manner.

A wretched woman she was now, but once the belle and beauty of the fair Cuban town where Castrani's childhood and youth had been spent. She had been a beautiful orphan, adopted by his parents, and brought up almost as his sister. Perhaps in those days, when they played together under the soft southern skies, he knew no difference.

Now she was dying. So said the message. Dying, and burdened with a secret which she could confess to no ears save his. Before, when he had gone to her, she had rallied after his arrival, and had declined making confession. She should never speak of it, she said, until her death was sure. But when she felt dissolution drawing nigh she should send for him again. And the summons had come. He obeyed it in haste, and one night, just before sunset, he stood by her bedside.

Once she had been beautiful, with such beauty as a pure complexion, black eyes, raven hair and perfect features confer; but now she was a wreck. The pure transparent complexion was as pale as marble, the brilliant eyes sunken, the magnificent hair bleached white as the wintry snow.

She welcomed him brokenly, her eyes lighting up with the pleasure of seeing him; and then the light faded away, leaving her even more ghastly than before.

"They tell me I am dying," she said, hoarsely. "Do you think so?"

He smoothed back the hair on the damp forehead—damp already with the dews of death. His look assured her better than the words he could not bring himself to speak.

"My poor Arabel!"

"Arabel! Who calls me Arabel?" she asked, dreamily. "I have not heard that name since he spoke it! What a sweet voice he had! O so sweet!—but false than Satan. O Louis, Louis! if we could go back to the old days among the orange groves, before I sinned—when we were innocent little children!"

"It is all over now, Arabel. You were tempted; but God is good to forgive, if repentance is sincere."

"O, I have repented! I have, indeed! And I have prayed as well as I knew how. But my crimes are so fearful! You are sure that Christ is very merciful?"

"Very merciful, Arabel."

"More merciful, more gentle and loving than our best friends, Louis?"

"He forgave those who crucified him."

"O, if I could only trust him!—if I only could!"

She clasped her hands, and her pale lips moved in prayer, though there was no audible word.

"Let me hold your hand, Louis. It gives me strength. And you were always a friend so true and steadfast. How happy we were in those dear old days—you, and Inez, and I! Ah, Inez—Inez! She died in her sweet innocence, loving and beloved—died by violence; but she never lived to suffer from the falsity of those she loved! Well, she is in paradise—God rest her!"

The dark eyes of Castrani grew moist. There arose before him a picture of the

fair young girl he had loved—the gentle-eyed Inez—the confiding young thing he was to have married had not the hand of a cruel jealousy cut short her brief existence. Arabel saw his emotion, and pressed his hand in hers, so cold and icy.

"You have suffered also, Louis, but not as I have—O no! O, the days before he came—he, the destroyer! What a handsome face he had, and how he flattered me! Flattered my foolish pride, until, deserting home and friends, I fled with him across the seas! To Paris—beautiful, frivolous, crime-imbued Paris. I am so faint and tired, Louis! Give me a drink from the wineglass."

He put it to her lips; she swallowed greedily, and resumed:

"I have written out my history fully. Why, I hardly know, for there are none but you, Louis, who will feel an interest in the poor outcast. But something has impelled me to write it, and when I am dead, you will find it there in that desk, sealed, and directed to yourself. Maybe you will never open it, for if my strength does not desert me, I shall tell you all that you will care to know with my own lips. I want to watch your face as I go on, and see if you condemn me. You are sure God is more merciful than man?"

"In his word it is written, Arabel."

She kissed an ivory cross lying on her bosom, and proceeded with evident difficulty.

"Well, I fled with Paul Linmere. For a time I was very happy. He was kind to me, and I loved him so! We lived in a little vine-wreathed cottage, on the banks of the Seine, and I had my tiny flower-garden, my books, my birds, my faithful dog Leo—and Paul! Every pleasant night he used to take me out on the river in the little boat which bore my name on its side. O, those nights of perfect peace! The stars shone so softly, and the moon beamed with a mellow light peculiar to southern moons, and like the cold lustre of these wintry moons, no more than summer is like snow and ice! Those seasons of delight are a sweet dream in my memory. They seemed stolen from paradise—they were so perfect. I lived in a sort of blissful waking trance, that left me nothing to desire, nothing to ask for. Fool that I was! I thought it was to last always. A little more cordial, Louis; it will keep

the spark of life alive, perhaps, until I have finished."

"Do not exert yourself, Arabel," he said, pityingly; "I do not wish you to."

"I shall die easier. Let me go on. This pain in my side stops my breath, but the cordial relieves it. After a while Paul wearied of me. Perhaps I was too lavish of my caresses and words of love; it might tire him to be loved so intensely. But such was my nature. A child of the south, I loved as only a fervid southern nature can, abandoning myself utterly to the grand passion. He grew cold and distant; at times positively ill-natured. Once he struck me; but I forgave him the blow, because he had taken too much wine. At length it became known to me that I was about to become a mother, and I besought him to give me a right to his name. I could bear the shame for myself, but my child must not be born to curse the author of its being. He laughed me to scorn, and called me by a foul name that I cannot repeat. But I bore it all, for the sake of my unborn child, and on my knees I begged and prayed of him to legalize our union by the rite of marriage. After the first he made no reply, but subsided into a sullen silence, which I could not make him break. That night he asked me to go out boating with him. I prepared myself with alacrity, for I thought he was getting pleased with me, and perhaps would comply with my request. Are you weary of my story, Louis?"

"No, no. Go on. I am listening to you, Arabel."

"It was a lovely night. The stars gleamed like drops of molten gold, and the moon looked down, pure, and serene, and holy. The river was smooth as glass; not a ripple disturbed its pulseless silence. No other human beings were in sight. I could almost imagine that he and I were alone in the world. Paul was unusually silent, and I was quiet, waiting for him to speak. Suddenly, when we reached the middle of the river, he dropped the oars, and we drifted with the current. He sprang up, his motion nearly capsizing the frail boat, and, taking a step towards me, fastened a rough hand upon my shoulder. 'Arabel,' he said, hoarsely, 'your power over me is among the things of the past. Once I thought I loved you, but it was merely a passion, which soon burned itself out.

After that I grew to hate you; but, because I had taken you away from home and friends, I tried to treat you civilly. Your caresses disgusted me. I would gladly have cast you off long ago, if I had had but the shadow of a pretext. I am to be married to a beautiful woman in America before many months shall elapse—a woman with a name, and a fortune which will help me pay those cursed debts that are dragging me down like a millstone. For you I have no further use. You complain that our unborn child will be disgraced, unless I go through the mockery of marriage with you. There is no disgrace in the grave—and I consign you to its dreamless sleep! The next moment the boat was capsized, and I was floating in the water. I cried aloud his name, beseeching him to save me, and met only his mocking laugh in return, as he struck out for the shore. I could not swim, and I felt myself sinking down—down to unfathomable depths. I felt cold as ice; there was a deafening roar in my ears, and I knew no more.”

“My poor Arabel! I could curse the villain who did this cowardly thing, but he is dead, and in the hands of God!”

“When I woke to consciousness I was lying in a rude cottage, and two persons, unknown to me—a man and a woman—were bending over me, applying hot flannels to my numbed limbs, and restoratives to my lips. Before morning my child was born; but it never opened its eyes on this world. Death took it himself away. I had some articles of jewelry on my person of some considerable value, and with these I bribed the persons who had taken me from the river to cause Mr. Linmere to believe that I had died. They were rough people, but they were kind-hearted, and I owe them a large debt of gratitude for their thoughtful care of me. But for it I should have died in reality. As soon as I was able to bear the journey, I left France. Linmere had already closed the cottage, and gone away—none knew whither; but I was satisfied he had departed for the United States. I left France with no feeling of regret, save for Leo, my faithful hound. I have shed many bitter tears when pondering over the probable fate of my poor dog.”

“Be easy on that subject, Arabel. I saw the hound but a few weeks ago. He

is the property of a lady who loves him—the woman Paul Linmere was to have married if he had lived.”

“I am glad. You may laugh at me, Louis, but the uncertain fate of Leo has given me great unhappiness. But to continue—I engaged myself with an English family, who had been travelling on the continent, and were about returning home—engaged myself as a nursemaid. I remained with them until I had accumulated sufficient funds to defray my expenses across the Atlantic, and then I set out on my journey. I came to New York, for that had been Mr. Linmere’s home before he went to France. I soon got upon track of him, and learned that he was about to be married to a Miss Margaret Harrison, a young lady of great beauty, and with a large fortune. I wanted to see her; for you must know that I had registered a fearful vow of vengeance on Mr. Paul Linmere, and I desired to judge for myself if it would fall heavily on the woman whom he was going to marry. For even violently as I had loved him, I now hated him. I loathed the very air he breathed, and committed to the flames the clothing his money had purchased.

“I saw Miss Harrison. I accosted her in the street one day, as any common beggar would have done, telling her a pitiful story of my poverty. She smiled on me, spoke a few words of comfort, and laid a piece of gold in my hand. Her sweet face charmed me. Impassioned as ever, I would have been willing to have died for her if my life could have benefited her. I set myself to find out if she cared for the man she was to marry. It had been all arranged by her father, years before, I understood, and I felt convinced that her heart was not interested. If it had been, in spite of my vow, in spite of my utter detestation of Paul Linmere, I should have renounced my scheme of revenge, and allowed the guilty man to escape, for her sweet sake. But I ascertained, beyond a doubt, that she did not love him; even more—that she dreaded unutterably the union into which she was being forced.

“After that, nothing could have saved Paul Linmere. His fate was decided. Twice I waylaid him in the streets, and showed him my pale face, which was not unlike the face of the dead. And as he believed that I was drowned, the sight of



me filled him with the most abject terror. How I enjoyed the poor wretch's cowardly horror! It was like food to the starving man, for me to see his face grow white, and his eyes start from their sockets, at sight of the woman whom he thought the worms were feasting upon.

"The night that he was to be married I lay in wait for him at the place where the brook crossed the highway. I had learned that he was to walk up alone from the depot to the house of his expectant bride, and there I resolved to avenge my wrongs. I stepped before him when he came, laid my cold hand on his arm, and bade him follow me. He obeyed in the most abject submission. He seemed to have no will of his own, but yielded himself entirely to mine. He shook like one in the ague, and his footsteps faltered so that at times I had to drag him along. I took him to the lonely graveyard, where sleep the Harrison dead, and—" She covered her face with her hands, and relapsed into silence.

"Well, Arabel, and then?" asked Castrani, fearfully absorbed in the strange narrative, feeling, as he listened, that the fate of Archer Trevlyn hung on the next words the wretched woman might speak.

"I dropped the hood from my face, and confronted him. I had no pity. My heart was like stone. I remembered all my wrongs; I said to myself this was the man who had made my life a shipwreck, and had sent my soul to perdition. He stood still, frozen to the spot, gazing into my face with eyes that gleamed through the gloom like lurid fire. 'I am Arabel Vere, whom you thought you murdered!' I hissed in his ear. 'The river could not hold me secure! And thus I avenge myself for all my wrongs!'

"I struck one blow; he fell to the ground with a gurgling groan. I knew that I had killed him, and I felt no remorse at the thought. It seemed a very pleasant thing to contemplate. I stooped over him, to assure myself that he was dead, and touched his forehead. It was growing cold. It struck me through and through with a chill of unutterable horror. I fled, like one mad, from the place. I entered a train of cars, which were just going down to the city, and in the morning I left New York, and came here. I fell sick. The terrible excitement had been too much for me, and for weeks I lay in a stu-

por which was the twin-sister of death. But a strong constitution triumphed, and I came slowly back to health. I had some money on my person at the time I was taken ill, and happening to fall into the hands of a kind-hearted Irish woman, at whose door I had asked for a glass of water, I was nursed with a care which saved my life.

"But I have never seen a moment of happiness since. Remorse has preyed upon me like a worm, and once before this I have been brought face to face with death. Now I am going—going where I sent *him*. God be merciful!"

"Amen!" responded Louis, fervently.

It was very still in the room. Castrani sat by the bedside, waiting for her to speak. She was silent so long he thought she slept, and stooped over her to ascertain. Yes, she did sleep. In this world she would never waken more!

Castrani remained in Boston, and saw the remains of the unfortunate Arabel Vere consigned to decent burial; and, that duty accomplished, he took the first train for Lightfield. He had in his possession a document which would clear Archer Trevlyn from the foul crime of which he stood convicted in the mind of Margaret Harrison; and, aside from his desire to see justice rendered the man whom he had grown to consider a very dear friend, Castrani felt that it would make Margaret happier to know that the one she had loved and trusted so entirely once was innocent of the crime imputed to him.

It was sunset when he reached the dwelling of Nurse Day. Margaret was sitting on the veranda, with Leo by her side. The hound ran down to the gate, to give the visitor a joyful greeting, and Margie descended the steps and held out her hand. She was very kind, almost cordial, for she respected Castrani with her whole heart, and she was pleased to see him.

"I am very glad to see you, Mr. Castrani," she remarked, leading him into the sitting-room; "and so, also, will be Nurse Day, when she returns. She has gone to a prayer-meeting now. And I am especially pleased to see you just at this time, because I am thinking of returning to New York, and I hope to persuade you to give me your escort, if it will not be asking too much."

"To New York? Indeed, that is delightful intelligence for the five hundred dear friends who have deplored your absence so long. I had feared sometimes that you intended to remain here always."

"I almost wish I could—life has been so peaceful here. But I must go back sooner or later; as well now as at any time. I think I am strong enough to bear it," she added, sadly.

"Miss Harrison, I want to tell you a story."

She drew back from the hand he laid on hers, and her air became cold and repelling. He divined her fears, and smiled a melancholy smile.

"No, not that. Do not fear. I shall never again trouble you with the story of my unfortunate passion. I must go through life without the blessing that would have made this world a paradise. It is not that of which I would speak, and you need have no apprehensions for the future. God helping me, I will never say to you a single word that a brother might not say to a dearly-beloved sister."

She put her hand into his.

"I wish I could love you, Louis Castrani," she said, solemnly. "You deserve my heart's best affections; but for me love is over! I have had my day, and it is set. But you shall be my brother—my dear kind brother Louis! O, it is sweet to know that in this false world there is one heart loyal and true!"

"Margaret, there is more than one true heart in the world, as you will acknowledge when I have told you my little story. I know now why you discarded Archer Trevlyn. You thought him guilty of the murder of Paul Linmere!"

A ghastly pallor overspread her face; she caught her breath in gasps, and clutched frantically the arm of Castrani.

"Hush!" she said. "Do not say those dreadful words aloud; the very walls have ears sometimes. Remember their utterance puts the life of a fellow-mortal in peril!"

"Have no fear; I am going to right the wrong."

"Leave his punishment to God. It would kill me to see him brought before a hissing crowd, to be tried for his life. O Mr. Castrani! I implore you—"

"Calm yourself, my child. I shall never knowingly injure Mr. Trevlyn. He de-

serves no punishment for a sin he never committed. He is as guiltless of *that deed* as you are yourself!"

"Guiltless—Archer guiltless!" she cried, her face wearing the piteful strained look of agonized suspense. "I do not quite comprehend. Say it again—O, say it again!"

"Margaret, Archer Trevlyn never lifted a hand against Paul Linmere—never! He is innocent before God and the angels!"

She dropped her head upon her hands, and burst into tears—the first she had shed since that terrible night when that blasting revelation had, as she thought, sealed up the fountain of tears forever. Castrani did not seek to soothe her; he judged rightly that she would be better for this abandonment to a woman's legitimate source of relief. She lifted her wet face at last—but what a change was there! The transparent paleness had given place to the sweet wild-rose color which had once made Margie so very lovely, and the sad eyes were brilliant as stars, through the mist of tears.

"I believe it—yes, I believe it!" she said, softly, reverently. "I thank God for giving me the assurance. You tell me so. You would not, unless it were true!"

"No, Margaret; I would not," replied Castrani, strongly affected. "Heaven forbid that I should raise hopes which I cannot verify. When you are calm enough to understand, I will explain it fully."

"I am calm now. Go on."

"I must trouble you with a little, only a little, of my own private history, in order that you may understand what follows. I am, as you know, a Cuban by birth, but my father, only, was Spanish. My mother was a native of Boston, who married my father for love, and went with him to his southern home. I was an only child, and when I was about twelve years of age my parents adopted a girl, some four years my junior. She was the orphan child of poor parents, and was possessed of wonderful beauty and intelligence. Together we grew up, and no brother and sister ever loved each other more fully than we. It was only a brotherly and sisterly love—for I was engaged at sixteen to Inez De Nuncio, a lovely young Spanish girl, who was cruelly taken away from me by the hand of violence, as you know. Arabel grew to girlhood, lovely as a houri. Lovely,

however, is not the right word; she was royally magnificent. I have seen many elegant women, but never one who for stately grace and beauty would compare with her. She had many suitors, but she favored none, until he came—Paul Linmere, the fiend and destroyer! Ill health had driven him to Cuba, to try the effect of our southern air, and soon after his arrival he became acquainted with Arabel. He was very handsome and fascinating, and much sought after by the fair ladies of my native town. Arabel was vain, and his devoted attentions flattered her, while his handsome face and fascinating address won her love. She was a passionate child of the south, uncalculating as a babe where her affections were concerned; and, before my parents had begun to apprehend any danger from Linmere's society, she had left everything, and fled with him.

"My mother was plunged in grief, for she had loved Arabel like an own daughter; and the uncertainty of her fate, I think, hastened my mother's death. My father left no means untried to discover the whereabouts of the erring girl—but in vain. For years her fate was shrouded in mystery. My parents died, Inez was taken from me, and, weary and heartsick, I came to New York, hoping to find some distraction in new scenes and among a new people.

"The day before you left New York I received a message from Arabel Vere. She was in Boston—ill unto death. She wanted to see me once more; and she had a sin upon her conscience which she must confess before she died; and she could confess it to no person but myself. In obedience to this summons I hurried to Boston, and the same train that carried me, carried you, also.

"I found Arabel but a mere wreck of her former self. Her countenance told me how fearfully she had suffered. She was very ill, in a wretched room, with no attendants or medical aid. I had her immediately removed to lodgings suitable for her, and provided a nurse and a physician. From that time she began to mend, and in a couple of days the physician pronounced her out of immediate danger. When she knew that her life was to be prolonged, she refused to make the confession she had summoned me to hear. So long as there was any prospect of her recovery,

she said, she must keep the matter a secret. But she could not die and leave it untold. Therefore, she promised that whenever she should feel death approaching she would send again for me, and relieve her soul by the confession of her sin.

"I bade her adieu, leaving with her a sum of money sufficient to keep her from want until she should be able to resume her employment, which was the copying of law-papers for a well-known attorney. I held myself in readiness to answer her summons whenever it should arrive, and a few days ago it came.

"Previous to this, only a little while, I had been inadvertently a listener to an altercation between Archer Trevlyn and his wife, during which Mrs. Trevlyn, in a fit of rage, denounced her husband as the murderer of Paul Linmere. She produced proofs, which I confess struck me as strangely satisfactory, and affirmed her belief in his guilt. She also told him that because the knowledge of his crime had come to you, you had discarded him, and left New York, to be rid of him forever!

"So, knowing this, when I listened to the dying confession of Arabel Vere, I knew that that confession would clear Archer Trevlyn from all shadow of suspicion. Arabel died, and I buried her. Previous to her death—perhaps to guard against accident, perhaps, guided by the hand of a mysterious Providence, to clear the fair fame of an injured man—she wrote out at length the history of her life. She gave it to me. I have it here. It will explain to you all that you will desire to know. I brought it first to you, Margaret, because I felt that it would be a sweet comfort to you to know that the man to whom you gave your love and confidence was innocent of the brand of Cain!"

He gave her the manuscript, wrung her hand, and left her.

Far into the night Margie sat reading the closely-written sheets, penned by the hand now pulseless in death. All was made clear; Archer Trevlyn was fully exculpated. He was innocent of the crime which she had been influenced to believe he had committed. She fell on her knees and thanked God for that. Though lost to her, it was a consolation ineffable to know that he had not taken the life of a fellow-man. And thinking it all over, she

came to believe that Arabel Vere was more sinned against than sinning. Remembering her great provocation, Margie could not utterly condemn her for her fearful sin. And, with a shudder, she remembered that, but for that sin, she herself should have been the wife of as black-hearted a villain as ever breathed.

Her resolution was taken before morning. She had deeply wronged Archer Trevlyn, and she must go to him with a full explanation, confess her fault, and plead for his forgiveness. She could not live without it, now that she knew how unjust she had been to him.

Castrani, who came in the morning, approved her decision; and Nurse Day, who was told the whole story, and listened with moist eyes, agreed with them both. So it happened that on the ensuing morning Margie bade farewell to the quiet home which had sheltered her through her bitterest sorrow, and, accompanied by Castrani, set forth for New York.

Margie clung to Castrani with almost childish fear; she had been so long separated from the world that the sight of its confusion, particularly now that the whole country was rushing to arms, alarmed and distressed her.

She went to her own home first. Her aunt was in the country, but the servants gave her a warm welcome, and after resting for an hour, she took her way to the residence of Archer Trevlyn, but a few squares distant.

A strange silence seemed to hang over the palatial mansion. The blinds were closed—there was no sign of life about the premises. A thrill of unexplained dread ran through her frame as she touched the silver-handled bell. The servant who answered her summons seemed to partake of the strange solemn quiet of everything.

"Is Mr. Trevlyn in?" she asked, trembling in spite of herself.

"I believe Mr. Trevlyn has left the country, madam."

"Left the country! When did he go?"

"Some days ago."

Margie leaned against the carved marble vase which flanked the massive doorway, unconsciously crushing the crimson petals of the trumpet-flower which grew therein. What should she do? She could write to him. His wife would know his address. She caught at the idea.

"Mrs. Trevlyn—take me to her! She was an old friend of mine."

The man looked at her curiously, hesitated a moment, and motioning her to enter, indicated the closed door of the parlor.

"You can go in, I presume, as you are a friend of the family."

A feeling of solemnity, which was almost awe, stole over Margie as she turned the handle of the door and stepped inside the parlor. It was shrouded in the gloom of almost utter darkness. The heavy silken curtains fell drooping with their costliness to the velvet carpet, and a faint sickening odor of withering water-lilies pervaded the close atmosphere. Water-lilies!—they were Alexandrine's favorite flower.

Margie stopped by the door until her eyes became accustomed to the gloom, and then she saw that the centre of the room was occupied by a table, on which lay some rigid object—strangely long, and still, and angular—covered with a drapery of black velvet, looped up by dying water-lilies.

Still controlled by that feeling of strange awe, Margie stole along to the table and lifted the massive cover. She saw beneath it the pale dead face of Alexandrine Trevlyn. She dropped the pall, uttered a cry of horror, and sank upon a chair. The door unclosed noiselessly, and Mrs. Lee, the mother of the dead woman, came in. Her sable dress swept the carpet with a doleful sound, like the sighing of the wind amid the cypress trees of a graveyard. Margie shivered with an almost superstitious terror. Mrs. Lee flew to her side, and flung her arms wildly around Margaret.

"O Margie! Margie!" she cried, "pity me! My heart is broken! My darling! my only child is taken from me!"

It was long before she grew composed enough to give any explanation of the tragedy—for tragedy Margaret felt assured it was.

The story can be told in a few brief words. Infinitely sad it is that so much suffering can be related in a few brief paragraphs. Alexandrine and her husband had had some difficulty. Mrs. Lee could not tell in relation to what, but she knew that Alexandrine blamed herself for the part she had taken. Mr. Trevlyn left her in anger, to go to Philadelphia on business. He was expected to be absent about four days. Meanwhile, his wife suffered agonies

of remorse, and counted the hours until his return should give her the privilege of throwing herself at his feet and begging his forgiveness.

But he did not return. A week, ten days, passed, and still no tidings. Alexandrine was almost frantic. On the eleventh day came a telegraphic despatch, brief and cruel, as those heartless things invariably are, informing her that Mr Trevlyn had closed his business in Philadelphia, and was on the eve of leaving the country for an indefinite period. His destination was not mentioned, and his unhappy wife, feeling that if he left Philadelphia without her seeing him, all trace of him would be lost, hurried to the depot and set out for that city.

There had been an accident about half way between New York and Philadelphia—one of those cases of sheer carelessness that we read of with so little interest every day—and Alexandrine Trevlyn had been brought back to her splendid home—a corpse! That was all.

Archer Trevlyn had left behind him no clue by which he might be reached, or communicated with, and his wife, unforgiven, must be consigned to the tomb without a single tear upon her face from the eyes of him she had loved so fondly.

They buried her at Greenwood, and the grass and flowers bloomed over her grave. She passed out of memory, and was forgotten, like a perished leaf, or a beautiful sunset fading out with the night.

The summer days fled on, and brought the autumn mellowness and splendor. Margie, outwardly calm and quiet, lived at Harrison Park with her staid maiden aunt. Life had become monotonous and uneventful to her. She expected nothing from the future here—she only aimed to deserve the blessed immortality which is promised to the faithful.

Her existence was much that of any other single woman. She sewed, and looked after her servants, and drove out pleasant afternoons, and visited the poor people who were fortunate enough to reside in her vicinity. Amusement or entertainment, as the world judges, she had very little; her life was one long system of waiting. And for what? When she asked herself the question, the invariable reply was "Nothing."

A year passed away thus monotonously, and then another, and no tidings ever came of Archer Trevlyn. Margie thought of him now as we think of one long dead, with tender regret, and love almost reverent. He was dead to her, she said, but it was no sin to cherish his memory.

In the third year Margie's aunt married. It was quite a little romance. An old lover, discarded years before in a fit of girlish obstinacy, came back, after weary wanderings in search of happiness, and seeking out the love of other days, wooed and won her over again.

There was a quiet wedding, and then the happy pair decided on a trip to Europe. And, of course, Margie must accompany them. At first she demurred; she took so little pleasure in anything, she feared her presence might mar their happiness, and she dreaded to leave the place where she had passed so many delightful hours with him. But her aunt and Doctor Elbert refused to give her up, and so one beautiful September morning, they sailed for Liverpool in the good ship Colossus.

For many days the voyage was prosperous, but in mid-ocean they fell upon stormy weather, and the ship was tossed about at the mercy of the winds and waters. It was a terrible storm, and great apprehensions were entertained that the vessel might founder, but she would doubtless have weathered the blast in safety, if she had not sprung leak.

The fearful intelligence was announced just at the closing in of a dark dismal night, and every heart sank, and every face was shrouded in gloom. Only for a moment! The men sprang to the pumps and worked with a will—as men will work for their lives—but their efforts were in vain. The water increased in the hold, and it soon became evident that the Colossus would hardly keep afloat until morning.

But Providence was pleased to snatch those human lives from the destruction which seemed inevitable, and just when they were most hopeless, most despairing, the lights of a strange ship flashed athwart their reckless course. They succeeded in making their desperate condition known, and by day dawn all were safe on board the steamer; for the stranger proved to be a steamer on her way from Liverpool to New York.

The decks were crowded; Doctor Elbert

was looking after his wife, and Margie, clinging close to a rope, stood frightened and alone. Some one came to her, said a few words which the tempest made inaudible, and carried her below. The light of the cabin lamps fell full on his face. She uttered a cry, for in that moment she recognized Archer Trevlyn.

"Margie Harrison?" he cried, his fingers closing tightly over hers. "Margie! Mine! mine at last! The ocean has given you up to me?"

"O Archer! where have you been? It has been so weary! And I have wanted to see you so much—that I might ask you to forgive me. Will you pardon me for believing that you could ever be guilty of that man's death? If you knew all—if you knew how artfully it was represented to me—what overwhelming proofs were presented, you would not so much wonder—"

"I do know all, Margie; Alexandrine told me. My poor wife! God rest her. She believed me guilty, and yet her fatal love for me overlooked the crime. She deceived me in many things, but she is dead, and I will not be unforgiving. She poisoned my mind with suspicions of you and Louis Castrani, and I was fool enough to credit her insinuations. Margie, I want you to pardon me."

"I do freely. Castrani is a noble soul! I love him as I would a brother."

"Continue to do so, Margie. He deserves it, I think. The night I left home, Alexandrine revealed to me the cause of your sudden rejection of me. We quarrelled terribly. I remember it with bitter remorse. We parted in anger, Margie, and she died without my forgiveness and blessing. It was very hard, but perhaps, at the last, she did not suffer. I will believe so."

"If she sinned, it was through love of you, Archer, and that should make you very forgiving toward her."

"I have forgiven her long ago. I know the proofs were strong against me. I am not sure but that they were sufficient to have convicted me of murder in a court of law. You were conscious of my presence that night in the graveyard, Margie?"

"Yes. I thought it was you. I knew no other man's presence had the power to thrill and impress me as yours did."

"I meant to impress you, Margaret. I brought all the strength of my will to bear on that object. I said to myself, she shall

know that I am near her, and yet my visible presence shall not be revealed to her. And now, can you guess why I was there?"

"Hardly."

"Love ought to tell you."

"It might tell me wrong."

"No, Margie. Never! You know that I have loved you from the moment I saw you first, and though for a long, long time I never dared to think you would ever be to me anything more than a bright beautiful vision to be worshipped afar off, yet it agonized me to think of giving you up to another. For after that it would be a sin to love you. When I heard you were to marry that man, I cannot tell you how I suffered. I set myself to ascertain if you cared for him. And I was satisfied beyond a doubt that you did not."

"You were correct. I did not."

"He was a villain of the deepest dye, Margie. I do not know as Arabel Vere sinned in ridding the earth of him. When I think but for her crime you would now have been his wife, I am tempted to consider her crime as a crime only in name. I am not so sure that she was not the instrument of a justly incensed Providence to work out the decree of destiny."

"O Archer! It was dreadful for him to die as he did. But what a life of misery it saved me from! I will not think of it. I leave it all."

"It is best to do so. But to explain my presence at Harrison Park that night. I went there hoping to catch a glimpse of you. I wanted to see you once more before you were lost to me forever. I did not desire to speak to you; I did not wish to disturb you in any way; but I wanted to see you before that man had a legal claim on you. I watched your window closely. I had found out which was your window from one of the servants, and I watched its light, which burned through the dusky twilight like the evening star. I wonder if you had a thought for me that night, Margie—your wedding night?"

"I did think of you—" she blushed, and hid her face on his shoulder—"I did think of you. I longed inexpressibly to fly to your side and be forever at rest!"

"My darling!" He kissed her fondly, and went on: "I saw you leave your room by the window and come down the garden path. I had felt that you would come. I was not surprised that you did. I had ex-

pected it. I followed you silently, saw you kneel by the grave of your parents, heard you call out upon your father for pity. O, how I loved and pitied you, Margie—but my tongue was tied—I had no right to speak—but I'd kiss your hand. Did you know it, Margie?"

"Yes."

"You recognized me, then? I meant you should. After that I hurried away. I was afraid to trust myself near you longer, lest I might be tempted to what I might repent. I fled away from the place, and knew nothing of the fearful deed done there until the papers announced it the next day."

"And I suspected you of the crime! O Archer! Archer! how could I ever have been so blind? How can you ever forgive me?"

"I want forgiveness, Margie. I doubted you. I thought you were false to me, and had fled with Castrani. That unfortunate glove confirmed you, I suppose. I dropped it, in my haste to escape without your observation, and afterward I expected to hear of it in connection with the finding of Linmere's body. I never knew what became of it until my wife displayed it, that day when she taunted me with my crime. Poor Alexandrine! She had the misfortune to love me, and after your renunciation, and your departure from New York—in those days when I deemed you false as fair—I offered her my hand. I thought perhaps she might be happier as my wife, and I felt that I owed her something for her devoted love. I tried to do my duty by her, but a man never can do that by his wife unless he loves her! That is his first duty. All lesser obligations will come easy, if his heart finds rest in her."

"You acted for what you thought was best, Archer."

"I did. Heaven knows I did. She died in coming to me to ask my forgiveness for the taunting words she had spoken at our last parting. I was cruel. I went away from her in pride and anger, and left behind me no means by which she could communicate with me. I deserved to suffer, and I have."

"And I also, Archer."

"My poor Margie! Do you know, dear, that it was the knowledge that you wanted me which was sending me home again? A month ago I saw Louis Castrani in Paris.

He told me everything. He was delicate enough about it, darling; you need not blush for any fear that he might have told me you were grieving for me; but he made me understand that my future might not be so dark as I had began to regard it. He read to me the dying confession of Arabel Vere, and made clear many things regarding which I had previously been in the dark. Is all peace between us, Margie?"

"All is peace, Archer. And God is very good."

"He is. I thank him for it. And now I want to ask one thing more. I am not quite satisfied."

"Well?"

"Perhaps you will think it ill-timed—now, when we are surrounded by strangers, and our very lives perhaps in peril—but I cannot wait. I have spent precious moments enough in waiting. It has been very long, Margie, since I heard you say you loved me, and I want to hear the words again."

She looked up at him, shyly.

"Archer, how do I know but you have changed?"

"You know I have not. I have loved but one woman—I shall love no other through time and eternity. And now, at last, after all the distress and the sorrow we have passed through, will you give me your promise to meet whatever else fortune and fate may have in store for us, by my side?"

She put her face up to his, and he kissed her lips.

"Yours always, Archer. I have never had one thought for any other."

So a second time were Archer Trevlyn and Margie Harrison betrothed.

On the ensuing day the storm abated, and the steamer made a swift passage to New York.

Doctor and Mrs. Elbert were a little disappointed at the sudden termination of their bridal tour, but consoled themselves with the thought that they could try it over again in the spring.

Trevlyn remained in the city to adjust some business affairs which had suffered from his long absence, and Margie and her friends went up to her old home. He was to follow them thither on the ensuing day.

And so it happened that once more Margie sat in her old familiar chamber dressing for the coming of Archer Trevlyn.

What should she put on? She remembered the rose-colored dress she had laid away that dreadful night so long ago—laid it away, and with it all her hopes of happiness. But now the rose-colored dreams had come back, why not wear the rose-colored dress? She went to the wardrobe where she had locked it away. Some of the servants had found the key out in the grass, where she had flung it that night, and fitted it to the lock. It had rusted there, and required all her strength to turn it. She lifted the dress and the beautiful pearl ornaments, and held them up to the light. The dress was fresh and unfaded, but it was full four years behind the style! Well, what did that matter? She had a fancy for wearing it. She wanted to take up her life just where she had left it when she put off that dress.

To the unbounded horror of Florine, she arrayed herself in the old-fashioned dress, and waited for her lover. And she had not long to wait. She heard his well-remembered step in the hall, and a moment after she was folded in his arms.

At Christmas there was a bridal at Harri-son Park. The day was clear and cloud-  
less—the air almost as balmy as the airs of spring. Such a Christmas had not been known for years.

"A glorious day for a wedding!" said Mrs. Sullivan to the cook; "I never saw the likes of it but once before in my life, and that was when my brother Teddy was married to Patty O'Brien. Ah, but wasn't that a day taken right out of Eden! And Teddy and Patty have lived and prospered, and

have always kept two elegant pigs, and had the finest hens and chickens in all the country. Ah, but there's no use in telling me that there's nothing in a wedding-day!"

"You're right there," said old Peter, "I remember the other day when the wedding was to have come off, Mistress Sullivan, but it didn't come at all. And if you mind, it rained pouring."

"Only a drizzle, Peter—only a drizzle," said Mrs. Sullivan. "But a drizzle is a great deal worse than a pouring rain. A deal worse. It means a weeping wife. Well, Mistress Margaret will have a long life and a happy one—the Lord bless her!—if there's anything in omens."

So the servants gossipped, and the sun shone brightly, and the soft winds sighed through the leafless trees. And Margie was married, and not a cloud came between her and the sun.

Peace and content dwelt with Archer Trevlyn and his wife in their beautiful home. Having suffered, they knew better how to be grateful for, and to appreciate, the blessings at last bestowed upon them.

At their happy fireside there comes to sit sometimes, of an evening, a quiet grave-faced man, whose strong right arm lies mouldering on a far-away battle-field—a sacrifice offered on the shrine of freedom. A man whom Archer Trevlyn and his wife love as a dear brother, and prize above all other earthly friends. And beside Louis Castrani, Leo sits, serene and contemplative, enjoying a green old age in peace and plenty. Castrani will never marry, but sometime in the hereafter, I think he will have his recompense.

## CERTAINTY.

BY OCTO.

It may be because I am tired,  
It may be because I am old,  
It may be because I've not riches,  
That our world seems so large and so cold;

It may be because I have waited  
Through years for His gate to unfold,  
It may be because that my kindred  
Mostly are laid in the mould;  
*Norwood Mass., June, 1875.*

It may be because that my children  
Are dead and too far for to hold,  
It may be because that their father  
Walks also the "streets of gold;"

It may be because I am dying,  
That the eyes of the spirit, grown bold,  
See father, and husband, and children,  
In a world as eternity old.



## IN THE MORNING.

BY CARRIE D. BEEBE.

"IN the morning," she said, looking away from the face which sought hers with a glance persistent, questioning. "I cannot decide to-night. In the morning I will give my answer."

"Why not to-night?" he asked, in reply. "I have heard, Miss North, that your ideas are peculiar, romantic. Your acts are original and decided; you do not believe in walking in the same old path in which your mother and grandmother trod before you."

"True; but I usually please myself, Mr. Thorne. Therefore, my only answer now is—in the morning."

The moon shone whitely upon her face, and her face was very white to-night. Miss North seldom betrayed any nervous emotion before people. She was cool and self-reliant, rarely losing her self-poise. But now the slender ringed fingers of her fair shapely hand trembled a trifle as they closed tightly over her daintily-carved ivory fan, and she fluttered it a little unsteadily, though the breeze came strong and sweet from the garden below.

A hush seemed to come over them for the space of a moment. She waited, thinking he might answer, and drew back a trifle, leaning her head against the fringed cypress sprays that clung to the pillars of the porch. He earnestly scanned the proud face and figure, for he had met them for the first time that day; and he had not yet become familiar with the shade of the yellow-brown hair, nor the changing lights and shadows of the deep restless violet eyes. They had been defiant, then frightened; now they were cold, and now tender, and at last they grew tired and wistful. Yet, with all these changes, they never lost their honest expression, but looked like great child-eyes set in a woman's thoughtful face. And as he watched her his heart yearned toward her, as it had never before hungered for woman's love.

"Miss North?" he said; and then he paused a moment, seeming to study her face again.

For answer she raised her eyes to his

questioningly, and the weary look in their depths was more decided now.

"Ada?" he said, again, more softly; and as he spoke her name, a flush crept over her face, and she drooped her eyes.

"If you would only say 'yes' to-night?" he pleaded; and there was a soft light in his eyes. "I love you just as dearly as though I had known you for years. You are my sister's dearest friend, and you are almost as familiar with my character and ways as though you had known me a lifetime. Mary would be delighted, and my parents pleased, also. You have no near friends to consult. Say yes to-night, and if my love and devotion can repay you, you shall never regret it. And it will be so sweet for me to remember hereafter, that I asked you to be my wife the first night I ever met you, and you had faith enough to trust me and promise."

His face was very manly and tender, his glance and smile loving and persuasive, and Ada could not meet them unmoved. She turned her face away suddenly, and looked steadily out toward the sky. A slight shiver passed over her frame, and she moved, as if to leave him.

"The dew is falling," she said, seeming unable to frame any other excuse, in her confusion, for going into the house.

"Yes," he answered, taking her hand, a quick smile flashing over his face. "It is falling in your eyes, my darling."

"Don't!" she said, with a half-sob that touched him, and looking bravely up, though her eyes were filled with tears. "In the morning I will tell you, and tell you, too, why I could not answer you to-night."

"In the morning, then," he answered, touching his lips lightly but tenderly to the white hand he held within his own.

She turned quickly, and he heard her light swift footsteps ascending the staircase and along the passage, the slight rustle of a train in their wake. The door of her room opened and closed, the key, with a decided click, shot the bolt in place, and he heard no more. Then he walked down into the garden, rather restlessly, wonder-

ing within himself if he had not been a shade too rash, and feeling a slight sense of relief, if the truth were told, that she had not answered him.

He was wonderfully interested in her, certainly. For more than a year her praises had sounded in his ears, rang with constant changes, by the voice of his sister Mary. He had not thought to like her; and when he had troubled himself to think of the subject at all, it was another woman he had pictured; stately, strong-minded, self-satisfied, and disagreeable in the extreme. Without wealth she had maintained a prominent place in fashionable circles, he had been told. And, without brains, he argued, she had palmed herself off for a woman who was both lovable and wise. Not the best logic in the world, you will say; but, to be candid, it was only his first impression in the matter, and he had not taken the trouble to think upon the subject at all.

So, when he met her that day, at the house of a friend, where she was spending the summer with his sister, his first sensations were of surprise, then pleasure. A self-possessed graceful girl bowed politely to a tall handsome man, and then, as though it were an after-thought, quietly put out her hand to him. He forgot to view her critically, as he intended to do. Afterward, when his sister came to consult her about some trifle in the way of dress, he remembered his intention, but, somehow, it did not seem an easy thing to do.

A well-fitting white dress set off a round but not too tapering waist; there was a heavy braid of yellow-brown hair; a drooping curl; a knot of ribbon here, a fall of lace there; a flower pulled carelessly through a soft-colored tie at the white throat. A combination he scarcely understood, yet harmonious in the extreme. She was stately, yet there was a certain prettiness about her all her own. She seemed both gentle and strong, and before he was aware of it, she had entered a door in his heart, and shot the bolt as securely as she had fastened the door of her room that night. A recess, too, it was, that he had never known before. He was not very young, this man of whom I am telling. He had not been without his flirtations, his loves, perhaps. But this girl's soft voice touched a chord in his heart which had never vibrated before. Her

eyes were "the sweetest his had seen." He did not pause to ask why. He had been a generous man, because he dispensed his charities with lavish hand. He was very tender and kind to those he loved, but always best of all to himself.

If he fancied a house, a yacht, a horse, he purchased it at once. He never sold his present moment for the future; never longed for a time to come when he should be happier, but always grasped the present pleasure, preferring it to promises of future joy. So, when he met this girl, he said, at first, "she's very lovely;" and by-and-by, when he had watched her more closely, he told himself that in all his travels he had never before met a woman that in his heart of hearts he longed to call his own.

That night, when the stars were out, and the moon was shining, they were all sitting upon the porch. First one and then another, under various excuses, passed into the house. Miss Thorne went in to play, and Mr. Thorne and Ada still stood upon the porch, listening. The words of a song floated softly out, and they seemed to stir his mind with a sudden purpose.

"Many a girl I have loved for a minute,  
Many a beautiful face have I seen,  
Ever and aye there was something in it,  
Something which could not be hers, my queen."

He scanned her face over critically. There was not a feature or expression he would change had he the power. There was more restlessness in her eyes to-night, and her face looked paler than it had been in the day. Perhaps her heart was touched also, but no matter. He was sure she did not dislike him, and he could win her love in time. And then, without waiting further, he asked her to be his wife.

When Miss Ada North had closed the door to the outside world, she went to the window, and, throwing open the shutters, she knelt down in the moonlight. Tearing a crumpled letter from her pocket, she smoothed it almost fiercely, and read its meaning again, by the white light of the moon. Her eyes were wild in their restlessness now, her hands trembled, her red lips were firmly set. It was written by a man's hand, this letter; her heart had often throbbed for joy at sight of this same writing, but now it only brought a feeling of cold distrust and dislike.

She rose, closed the shutters, lighted the lamp, and, taking a package of letters

from her trunk, she sat down and read them slowly, one by one. They were all in this same handwriting, and all breathing of love and devotion to herself. Her task was not half accomplished when she heard quick footsteps in the passage, the knob of the door was turned, then a hurried knock, all in the space of a breath.

She rose hastily and unlocked the door. Mary Thorne entered, uttering an exclamation as she saw the letters scattered about the table.

"What is it, Ada dear?" she said.

"There was one secret which I always guarded from you, Mary," Ada replied, quietly. "Sit down. I will tell you all to-night, for to-morrow I shall put it all aside."

"Don't tell me unless you feel just like it, Ada," her friend said, gently.

"But I *must* tell you!" she exclaimed, impetuously. "You knew I received letters from John Easton; but, as he was the son of my guardian, you were never sure whether they were upon business, friendship or love. For two years I was engaged to be his wife. We kept it secret, for it was his wish. Three days ago this last letter came, saying he was mistaken in thinking he loved me, and asking me to release him from his promise. I have not yet answered him. Not that I hesitated for a moment, but I could not bring myself to write him yet."

"Why should you allow this to trouble you?" asked Mary. "I, for one, am heartily glad; for, though my acquaintance with Mr. Easton is very slight, I have always disliked him; and then—"

"And then," interrupted Ada, a smile breaking over her pale face, "I know what you would say, dear. And the tale is not half told. Your brother asked me to-night to be his wife."

The words were uttered quietly, but the effect upon her listener was electric. She sprang up, overturned her chair, and caught Ada in her arms.

"I'm so glad!" she said. "You told him yes, didn't you? Of course, you couldn't well do otherwise."

"No," Ada answered, soberly.

"What!" And Mary held her out at arm's length, and gazed upon her for a moment in speechless astonishment. "Did you refuse him?" she gasped, at last.

"No," Ada again replied. "I am to

give him my answer in the morning."

"O, I see! Don't you dare to say no to him, you darling! I have always coveted you for my sister ever since I knew you first. I'll hurry to bed, and then you poke these old letters in the fire, make up your mind to say yes, and go to sleep yourself."

"The letters I must return," she said. "I wish to review some of them first. I may sit up very late, but don't let me disturb you."

She sat down to her task, and looked the love-missives over one by one. Selecting four as correct types of the others, she laid them aside together with the last one received. Then, writing a reply, she gathered the others together, and put them away.

In the morning she rose early. Braiding her hair slowly before the mirror, she glanced down into the garden below. Mr. Thorne was there, chatting with the gardener, who was cutting some flowers. She scanned his face and tall handsome figure critically for a moment, and when she turned back to the mirror, she met wide-opened half-frightened eyes and a very white face.

"What have I done?" she asked herself, with a little feeling of doubt and foreboding. "Or, rather, what am I about to do. I wonder if Fortune favors the rash as well as the brave?"

There was a tap at the door, a bouquet with Mr. Thorne's compliments, and a little note among the flowers.

He was waiting for her answer. Would she meet him in the garden in half an hour? It was a whole hour yet till breakfast time. He was impatient—would she come?

The messenger was waiting. "Yes," she said, in answer. "Tell Mr. Thorne I will come." Then she closed the door, and turning to her desk, she took out the four letters she had laid aside the night before. She sat down, shuffling them absently, as one would a pack of cards.

"It's all a game," she said, "and I am playing in the dark." And she shivered, though the morning was warm.

The half hour had nearly passed when she rose, and taking the bouquet Mr. Thorne had sent her, she pulled some of the flowers through her braids, and her letters in her hand, she went down.

He was waiting at the door, with an ex-

pectant look in his eyes that was hard for her to face in the full morning light; so that by the time they had walked down the path to a quiet nook in a shaded corner of the garden, her eyes were flashing, her cheeks glowing, and the hands that clasped the letters trembling a trifle; and as for Mr. Thorne—he was, to be candid, slightly nervous, too. She, giving him a shy fluttering glance, saw it, and was inwardly thankful; for she had learned to be suspicious of these men who are always self-possessed and cool.

"Well, my darling," he said, questioningly, a smile breaking over his face.

"Well," she answered him, hesitating, and not knowing what to say.

"Have you the answer I am waiting for ready?" he asked.

"You have not repented?" she said. "You are still willing to take me for better or worse, in your morning conclusions?"

"Still willing," he answered, "and very anxious, too. Do you doubt it?"

"No," she replied, staidly. "I don't think I fully understand you, but I do not doubt. Now I will tell you what I could not explain last night. For a long time I was engaged to John Easton. I knew him from my childhood, a quiet boy, studious and sober to a fault. As a man, he seemed the soul of honor, cautious, reliable and cool. When he asked me to marry him I said, if there is a man in this world I can fully respect and trust, it is John Easton. I never questioned him, never doubted anything he did or said. He wrote me often, fond, almost foolish letters. Here are four I selected to show you. Would you like to see them?"

"No," he answered, taking the hand that held them in both his. "You don't want me to read them, darling, and I will not. I can fully believe what you say without proof."

She thanked him with her eyes. Her lips were growing unsteady, and she waited a moment, trying to find her voice.

"Don't tell me this if it distresses you," he said, touching his lips to hers tenderly.

"Tell me you are not bound to this man now; that is enough for me. By-and-by, when you feel more composed, I will listen to the story, if you wish me to hear it."

She lifted her eyes to his face, and they looked more childish than ever in their surprise.

"You are not generous enough for this?" she asked.

"I am not generous where I do not love," he answered. "But I love you fully, I trust you utterly; I know you would not stoop to deceive me in anything."

"How we may wrong one man by judging him by another!" she cried, impetuously. "No, I am not bound to this man. He, the honorable, noble-hearted gentleman, who all his friends believe has never made a mistake in his life, broke the bond after a two years' engagement, saying he was mistaken in believing he loved me. And you, though you have seen me for scarcely twenty-four hours, are willing to take me altogether upon trust."

"Very willing, and very eager, too. There, you shall tell me no more now. Only promise me you will be my wife, and I am satisfied. Afterward, I will gladly listen to any confidences you wish to bestow upon me; and will make it my earnest care to keep troubles, as far as my power extends, away from you."

"But I hope you don't think me a saint," she said, still afraid.

"A saint," he repeated, with a smile. "No, little one, I know you are only a woman. I wouldn't care to wed a saint, dear, but I want you very much, for I love you, and believe you are a true noble woman. Of course I know you have faults, but I love you well enough to bear with them. Do you still hesitate? What more, darling, can I say?"

"Nothing," she answered. "I have many faults, I know, but I never yet deceived any one who was generous enough to trust me. I will be your wife whenever you desire. And more—though you have not asked me, though you have as yet been satisfied with avowing your love for me alone, without urging me, before I scarcely knew, to say I loved you—you are far dearer to me this moment than ever John Easton was in the full tide of my first devotion to him."

He clasped her still more closely.

"My darling," he said, laying his cheek to hers, "you are a girl after my own heart. There may be a life of trial before us—we cannot tell. But of this I am sure, you shall never regret that I offered myself to you the first night I ever knew you, and you had faith enough in me to take me—in the morning."

## COURTING DAYS.

BY FREDERIC HOWE MARION.

THE marsh was full of the little white pimpernel blossoms. Mary Ireton was wading about in there, looking for a ring she had lost. It was apparently a useless search, for she had dropped the ring from a boat a month before, when the marsh was covered two feet deep with water. The tide had flowed out now; the grass and pimpernel were springing strong under the warm May sunshine, and Mary, hoping against hope, went splashing, barefooted, among the blossoms, searching with anxious eyes and a flushed face. No wonder—it was her betrothal ring. And then Mary had had a dream.

It was not a very remarkable dream, but then she could not, somehow, forget it. She thought she was walking along the millstream in the meadows, with St. Cyr, the man she loved. On the hillsides the campions blossomed among the corn, the sky was fair, birds sang around them. Such had been the reality, many a time.

In her dream all was very happy. She believed she had met St. Cyr never to part again. He was talking to her, telling her how he loved her, and planning future happiness, when the millstream came rushing along with redoubled force. She could not hear his words, and suddenly he disappeared from her side. She looked, and saw him walking on the other side of the brawling water, and he was not alone. A tall fair girl, with dark curls curtaining her glowing cheeks, walked with bowed head beside him. She had been crying, and St. Cyr held her hand. Mary called to him, but he did not hear. She tried to cross to him, but the stream foamed up angrily to deter her, and she awoke, crying.

Haunted by this dream, she searched for her ring. St. Cyr was absent, and it was since his departure, while teaching herself to row, that she had lost it. It slipped from her hand, and sank through the turbid swelling water. It had been a family ring, and was rather peculiar—a blood-red garnet embedded in its own gray felspar, and set in the finest gold. A brother of St. Cyr's, long since dead, had sent the ring from America to his lady-love in England.

She was dead when it arrived, and it was sent back to St. Cyr the elder, who gave it to his brother, then a boy, and told him to bestow it upon the woman he married. St. Cyr told Mary this history when he gave her the ring, and she knew he valued it. Now she had lost it, and connected with her dream, the loss seemed ominous. Day and night she haunted the stream until the water receded, and the lake sank to its limits, leaving the low land dry. The ring was heavy, and she thought it might have sank directly at the spot where it fell, and was possibly embedded in the soft earth.

Pools of water were still shining among the flags and grasses. Believing that there was no one to see her, she splashed recklessly among them. Her feet and ankles were bare, her dress was kirtled up, and her soft bright hair falling from under her loose gray hood. She looked prettily romantic. So thought the man standing under the willows, fishing.

He was upon an elevation on the borders of the lake at some distance, but he had a pair of keen gray eyes that discovered the girl with perfect distinctness, and, also, other objects more remote. He saw the little brown house where she lived, the blue smoke curling from it, and the blooming garden before the door. A happy home, a good home, it seemed to be, but one cannot, truly, trust to appearances. Mary's father lived there, and Jean, her old Scotch nurse and general housekeeper, but her mother lay under the churchyard marble.

Mary gave up her search at last. She dipped her little feet in a clear pool, and sitting on a tussock, put on her shoes and stockings. Then she started home, but looking back, she burst into tears.

"Good-morning," said a voice, close beside her.

Before she looked up, it did not strike her as being a pleasant voice. She raised her head quickly, and saw a tall slender man with thin bloodless lips, tightly compressed, keen gray eyes, and light hair turned half gray. He was carelessly dressed in good material, and carried a fishing-rod

over his shoulder. He was an utter stranger to Mary. She stammered a reply to his salutation.

"Have you lost anything?" he asked, scrutinizing her closely.

"Yes," said Mary, eagerly; "a ring. Have you found it?"

"Where did you lose it?" he questioned, without replying.

"I lost it in the water when it crossed the marsh there; now that the water has gone down, I have been searching upon the ground. Have you seen it?" she asked again.

"No; and you are very foolish to look there for it; it has gone past recall. Whatever is lost in water and whatever is lost in love has gone forever."

Mary's heart, in suddenly sinking, forced the hot blood into her face. She turned away; the stranger followed her.

"You have lost your love-gift, and you have lost your lover. Mind. I tell you it is an omen," he said.

Mary walked on swiftly, with a burning cheek, and he ceased to follow her. When she reached home there was a letter for her from St. Cyr.

"MY DEAR MARY,—I cannot return to Lennox until several weeks have past. Circumstances which I cannot explain detain me. I will write you more at length soon.

"ST. CYR."

Mary tried not to think. It was the only way to escape distress and actual anguish, but a subtle depression haunted her. Unconscious of what she was doing, she searched for the proofs of St. Cyr's love. Upon the bracket in one corner of her room, was a tiny Cupid in the fairest Parian. He had given it to her upon her twentieth birthday, saying that the little god must henceforth be a shrine of hers. That was a year previous, when he was first her lover. Now her table was covered with his books, her garden bloomed with rare flowers he had planted there, a portrait of himself, painted by his hand, gleamed on her from the wall. He had been kind and tender, almost worshipful. She could not remember a look or word of blame, ever. Then why this perpetual fear and grief?

She reread the letter to see if innocent of any fatal meaning; but, as she read, the rustling of the trees sounded like the rushing millstream, and dropping the sheet,

she flung herself upon a couch and forced herself to sleep. Fortunately, she was quite unconscious when old Jean came into the room. The old woman saw the pale face and the crumpled letter.

"Ah, my bairn," she muttered, "marriage and hanging go by destiny."

It was an old saying, and a favorite one of Jean's. She had been a pretty girl once, and had had her own romance. It had ended very sadly, and Jean never spoke of it, save indirectly by trite remarks and wise saws, which showed, in their application, much worldly wisdom.

Mary wondered who the man was who had spoken to her. She met him the next day in the streets of the town, and he bowed. The morning following he passed the windows of her home, and she hurriedly asked her father if he knew him. Brown Ireton looked up slowly from beneath his shaggy brows.

"He's that hermit fellow who lives alone in that stone house up the mountain," he said.

Mary remembered vaguely of hearing a man of eccentric habits, who was little known, and lived alone near the town, spoken of by people at various times, but she had imagined a bent and hoary-headed man, rudely dressed, and unconvertible. His name was Toussaint. Merely this was all any one knew of him.

There was a lecture at the town hall that evening. To divert her mind, Mary went with a girl friend and her brother. As the crowd passed out, after the entertainment, she heard a voice say:

"Is St. Cyr in town?"

"No," said another man, "I saw him yesterday at Hartford. He was riding with a lady."

Mary felt faint, and pressed forward into the pure air. A pair of keen gray eyes peered down into her face.

"Is it not as I told you? Come to my house to-morrow, and I will tell you more."

She saw Toussaint's tall figure in the starlight.

"Will you come?" he asked.

His eyes compelled her to say "Yes."

The next morning, after a night of misery, she remembered her promise. She saddled her bay pony, Barley, and went galloping up the hills. Perhaps Toussaint could tell her more than she had at first thought.

The little gray stone house stood under a jutting rock that projected from the mountain side. She tied her pony, and knocked at the low door. It was instantly opened, and betrayed a home of Croesus-like wealth. The rooms were not large, but entirely beautiful. The walls were of polished rosewood, against which hung magnificent paintings in massive gilt. Rare hothouse vines and sumptuous flowers ran up to the snowy cornices. Carpets of purple velvet lay beneath her feet, and what was not unappropriate, that cool May morning on the high mountain top, a glowing fire glittered through a bronze fender. Toussaint was reading. He still held his book—a copy of Montaigne. He had wicked sinister eyes, but Mary gave that but half a thought.

"What do you want to tell me?" she said.

"I want to tell your fortune," said he.

He placed a small, white, unmarked globe on the table.

"Place your hand upon this," he said.

She did so, and instantly the globe was creased with blood-red lines.

"Red," said Toussaint, with a significant sneer. "You love him—you worship him—you would die for him. Girl, you are a fool! you shall have the reward of fools. See those lines break—not one encircles the globe. He has already left you."

"You lie!" cried Mary, frenzied, and unknowing what she did.

He laughed, mockingly.

"It is bad news, isn't it? The tidings are sharp to bear. They are, indeed."

The girl sprang from the house. She leaped upon her horse, and went tearing down the hill like mad. Suddenly her eyes caught sight of some moving object,

white and scarlet, on the long turnpike below. Something moved her to watch closely. She drew in her horse, and stood breathless.

They came on, the lady and the gentleman, riding slowly, as if in conversation. The lady's palfrey was white as snow, and from her graceful shoulders streamed a scarlet scarf. Her companion was St. Cyr.

Mary Ireton fell from her saddle as if dead. St. Cyr saw her fall. He spurred up the mountain, leaving the lady at its foot. Leaping from the saddle, he knelt down in the grass heath, and ghastly with the thoughts of her miraculous escape, drew Mary Ireton's slender foot from the stirrup. The docile pony, scarcely twelve hands high, stood motionless. He had saved his mistress's life.

He carried her home before him in the saddle. When she could speak, he bent down and kissed her.

"Mary, here is my sister Louise. She is hardly your age, yet a widow."

A young face, full of tenderest pathos, was at St. Cyr's side. It bent to the pillow.

"I have wanted to see you so long," whispered Louise Henrique.

Clasping the beautiful neck, Mary Ireton burst into overwhelming tears.

Not until her courting days were ended did she tell her husband of that painful episode. It chanced that he knew Toussaint's history. He was a wretched man, crazed on the subject of marriage, who long ago had been deceived by the woman he loved.

After all, Mary's wedding-ring was the one she had lost. St. Cyr found it where she had looked for it in vain.

## HEARTLESS.

BY MARIE OLIVER.

They tell me that I have no heart;

Ah me! I wish 'twere so;

For then I should no suffering,

Or pain, or hardship know.

They tell me that I have no heart;

Perhaps it is because

My iron will makes and adheres

To its own rigid laws!

They tell me that I have no heart;

And that I cannot love;

I am content, since I am read

By Him who reigns above!

Boston, July, 1875.

They tell me that I have no heart;

But of one thing I'm sure—

*The world shall never know how much  
I pass by or endure!*

For 'tis a faithless one at best,

And I'm but weak and small;

So, when they say I have no heart,

I smile, and bear it all.

Yet, this one thing I surely know;—

I am of life a part!

And how could I live on and breathe,

Without I had a *heart*?

"COBBING" THE COOK.

BY W. H. MACY.

WE had sent our boats in at the island of St. Felix, in the Pacific Ocean, for a mess of fresh fish, a luxury to which our palates had for some months been strangers. We had, it is true, caught albacore and bonita, which made something of a change from the monotony of salt junk; but these were not to be compared with the really *fresh* fish, such as are caught on soundings. We now had some pulled up from the very base of the rocks, the flavor of which could be depended upon; and it was determined to have a genuine Yankee "chowder."

We had good evidence on board the Alaska for proving the truth of the old saying so common among sailors, that "the Almighty sends us grub, but the devil sends cooks." Our cook, who was a black Portuguese from one of the Cape Verde Islands, bore conspicuous marks of diabolical origin. Indeed he might well have sat for a portrait of the devil himself, horns, hoofs, tormentors and all. Unskillfulness in cookery is rather a trying evil for Jack, who is its victim, to endure; but this can be borne with a tolerable degree of philosophy, if the cook's habits be neat and cleanly. For seamen are far more fastidious in this little particular than their long-shore brothers and sisters give them credit for. When, as in our case, the presiding genius of the galley is noted for the filthy condition of that department, and for the utmost carelessness and slackness about his personal habits, the nuisance becomes intolerable.

The chowder was made, and the operation of cooking it having been supervised by some of the knowing ones, who had from time to time made flying visits to the galley, it was pronounced all right. For once they believed we might count on having a mess that would gladden both our palates and stomachs. "The Doctor" was sulky and his black mug even blacker than was natural to him, because he did not like this show of interest in the cookery, which he considered an unwarrantable interference with his prerogative. He never, of course, expressed his feelings in any such dictionary words as those I have used; but

his expletives were often quite as ponderous in their way. He was cordially hated by all hands, but there was a touch of fear mingled with this hatred; for Perez was a fellow of Herculean proportions and muscle, with a savage vindictive temper.

The tinpan rallied briskly round the cook's coppers when eight bells were struck, and each man was soon driving his spoon deep down into the savory mess, and, as he sipped the contents, smacking his lips with infinite gusto. Suddenly old Ben Knox held up something in his spoon, and rose to his feet with an expression of horror on his face.

"What's the matter, Ben?" shouted half a dozen voices in chorus.

"Does St. Felix fish have sich bones as *them*?" he asked, deliberately; and lowering his spoon, exhibited a short pipe or "dudheen," colored deeper than the most ardent meerschaum-fancier would desire—in fact, burned blacker than the cook's own visage, and still half-charged with burnt tobacco!

In an instant the whole fore-castle was up in arms. This was the feather that was to break the camel's back. There was no longer any hesitation about proceeding to active measures. A league, offensive and defensive, was at once made against the common enemy, and shouts of "Cob him! Cob him!" were raised in several quarters at once.

"Silence!" said old Ben, who had by a kind of tacit consent assumed the leadership in the business. "Don't give him the alarm beforehand! Keep silence, and follow me."

Up the ladder rushed all hands in procession, and made a charge upon the galley. Old Perez, all unconscious of his peril, was eating his own dinner very leisurely.

"Come out here, you dirty black thief!" roared old Knox, seizing him by his woolly head, while another gripped hold of his arm. The tinpan of chowder went crashing to the floor of the galley, the whites of the cook's eyes rolled up for a moment until he had taken in the situation. He had



no time to seize any weapon, but down went his head as a battering-ram into the stomach of his first assailant, who tumbled to the deck on short allowance of breath. A single jerk released his brawny black arm from the grasp of Sam Lewis, before any third party could rush in to his support, and the cook stood at bay, his eyes flashing defiance.

"*Diabol* what for all dis?" he asked, backing into his citadel and seizing his tormentors.

"Why don't you lay hold of him, you lubbers?" gasped old Ben, who was struggling to rise, but half doubled up with pain from the "butting" operation he had undergone.

This was very good advice, no doubt; but was not easy to follow, the enemy having great advantages of position, which he seemed determined to hold.

"Gi' me that handspike!" said Sam Lewis, half frantic with rage, to one of the boys who was looking on. "Gi' me that, and I'll fetch him."

But as he received it from the boy, a heavy potlid met him full in the forehead, knocking both him and his weapon into the scuppers. A rush was made by several more, but it was not quick enough. The tall form stood erect, barring the entrance to the galley, and the tormentors gleamed high in air. We all fell back.

The matter was now getting serious. We had set out to cob the cook; and thus far were making but a cobbling job of it. But with a sudden crash, the weather-galley door was now driven in, striking old Perez with considerable force upon the back of the head, and he pitched forward with an impetus that sent him right in among us, dropping his tormentors as he fell.

The galley had as usual, two doors, and the weather one had been fastened on the inside. The credit of this manœuvre was due to the infuriated Ben Knox, who, had thus turned the cook's position and taken him in the rear, rushing forward over the fallen door to complete the victory. Now was the moment for a general attack, and the poor Portuguese was overwhelmed by numbers, and forcibly dragged to his fate. Plucky to the last, he disdained to cry out for help, though he might, by so doing, have raised an alarm and brought the officers from their dinner.

Panting and helpless in the grasp of many strong arms he was bundled bodily along the deck to the windlass-end, over which he was curved head downward on one side, and feet on the other. He was held down in this attitude by main force, while old Ben Knox armed with a thin barrel-stave swung it high over his head, and brought it down with all his power of muscle across that part of the cook's body which was thus elevated to receive the blow.

"One!"

A hurried step was audible from the quarter-deck, and the mate's face appeared as he came past the try-works.

"Avast there! What's going on?"

The habit of obedience to constituted authority is strong with sailors, and always has its due effect in well-regulated ships. At the words "Avast there!" the whole programme was changed, and all hands looked at the captain who, with the other officers about him, now made his appearance on the stage.

"What's the meaning of all this?" asked Captain Hathaway, "Cobbing the cook, eh?"

"Yes sir," responded old Ben, whose tongue was loosened, now that he had a chance to reply to a direct question. "See here, sir, would you like such seasoning as *that* in your chowder, sir, if it was your case?" And he held aloft the old black pipe, as if to say, *that* provocation would justify anything, even to mutiny.

"Did you find *that* in your chowder?"

"Yes sir, I fished it out of my own pan."

"Well, well," said the old man, who felt good-natured after dinner, and whose dinner, by the way, was not served up from the same copper as ours. "It's bad enough, I'll admit; but its dropping into the chowder was an accident that might have happened to anybody else as well as to old Perez. There's fish enough left, and you can begin anew, and have another chowder—but don't let me see nor hear any more of this sort of work." His tone was now firm and decided. "If there's any cobbing to be done in this ship, I'll do it myself. Go to your duty, now, all of you. Cook, be off to your galley, and cook them another chowder, if they want it—without any pipes or tobacco in it."

There was no reply to be made to this, and we all went away to nurse our wrath.

Old Knox by reason of his lame stomach and short wind, and Sam with his broken head, had special reasons for cherishing unpleasant memories of the little episode; while the Portuguese himself, secret and reticent as ever, cooked another mess as he had been ordered, and cherished thoughts of vengeance.

And now, from this day forward, began a sort of "reign of terror" in the Alaska's forecabin. Dark hints were thrown out by certain alarmists that we were all in peril of being poisoned by the deep and mysterious "Doctor." The contagion spread among us until all were more or less infected; and some "had it so bad" that they confined themselves to a diet of hard tack and sweetened water. The coffee and the "scouse" underwent rigid and suspicious examination; the steward received confidential cautions from one and another to be careful of the key of the medicine-chest; and a "round-robin" was signed and handed in to headquarters, praying for the cook's removal from office. But the old man only laughed at it, and ridiculed all fears on this head. He would answer for the cook, he said, that if we let him alone, he would do as well as heretofore—which he knew was not saying much. No one cared to show any open hostility towards the cook, for our taste of his prowess had not been at all encouraging. But there was a dread and uneasiness upon all hands, which made a very uncomfortable state of things.

It was hoped that the object of our fears would run away from the ship at Tahiti. We had been in port a week before he was given a good opportunity for so doing, by being sent ashore on liberty. Sam Lewis and old Ben were both in the same watch, and were observed to sail in company from the time they landed; for they considered themselves liable to be special butts for the cook's vengeance, and neither of them dared to tackle the giant single-handed. They separated at night, however, as they had made arrangements to sleep at different houses. It was about nine o'clock in the evening when a wherry, pulled by a native boatman, came alongside, and in it was Sam, with his head tied up and smarting with pain, one of his ears having been cut off close to his head! He had ventured out in the evening alone, and while in a retired part of the road, the tall form of

Perez suddenly started up directly in front of him. There was no escape for him; the suddenness of the attack was such, that he had not even time to cry out before he was seized like a pig by the ear, and the next instant, his assailant was off like a deer, bearing the cartilage as a trophy, while poor Sam was left holding on the stump, and in the midst of his agony, giving thanks that his throat was not cut instead of his ear.

We had hardly got Sam's wound dressed and made him as comfortable as the ship's resources would admit, when Knox himself arrived in a little canoe, and clambered, swearing and grumbling, up the side. To our astonishment, he was maimed in the same manner as his chum; only he had lost the right ear and Sam the left. Ben was very drunk, or at least had been before the pain and bleeding had partially sobered him, and was unable to give any account of the circumstances. The last he knew, he lay down to sleep in the back room of a native house, and was woken by the pain of his wound, to find himself minus an ear. There was no one but himself in that part of the house at the time; and the Kanakas had seen no one. The person who had thus curtailed Ben of his fair proportions, must have entered and departed by the little backdoor, and there could be no doubt that both he and Sam had suffered by the same hand.

The cook did not report himself next morning. Not coming on board, he was simply considered as "missing," and as by this time, the captain, as well as everybody else, felt relieved to be well rid of him, nothing was said to the French authorities about his absence for three or four days, when, as we were nearly ready for sea, the captain reported him as a deserter. But he offered no reward for his arrest, and gave the police to understand that he was quite indifferent about any special effort at recapture. The singular circumstances of our two men having their ears cut off, were of course known on shore, but the black was most effectually "missing," for nothing had been seen of him since that night. His manner of revenging himself was truly an odd one, and had in it something characteristic of the African stock from which he came. He had completed his purpose of squaring accounts with his two principal enemies, and was satisfied.

Visiting Tahiti a year afterwards we learned that our man had never been captured. But in a recent skirmish with a mountain tribe which still held out in the fastnesses against the French military power, a gigantic negro, fighting on the side of the mountaineers had been killed, and his body brought off by the troops in their retreat. This man had been noted for his prowess and daring on several previous occasions, and it was made a point of honor to secure his body, though several soldiers were killed or wounded in doing so. About the neck of this black Hercules were found suspended a number of savage trophies, and among the rest, several human ears, all of which seemed to have

been cut from white men. They were naturally supposed to have belonged to French soldiers, who had from time to time lost their lives in previous conflicts. But my mutilated shipmates could have testified whence two of them came, though they might not have been able to identify their own among the strange collection. They both have reason to be thankful that the revenge of Perez did not take a more deadly form instead of this eccentric one—for they can still laugh over their attempt at "cobbing the cook," as a curious episode in their lives, and a foundation for a thrilling yarn which they well know how to embellish.

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LORELY.\*

*From the German of HEINRICH HEINE.*

I know not what meaneth these sorrows

Stealing over me here—

From olden time legend borrows

Romance, and bringeth it near.

The day groweth cool, and 'tis fleeting,

Quietly flows the Rhine;

The mountain-tops' purple hues greeting

As slanting the sun's rays shine.

O'er yon, where the quick shadows flitter,

Wonderful sits maiden fair;

Her jewels with radiance glitter,

As she combs her golden hair.

She combs it, bright, with a comb of gold

Yellow-hued, like her hair,

While in wondrous melody is told

A tale to the listening air.

The sailors' senses with pain it locks,

As they sail in their bark,

Unseen beneath are the cruel rocks,

They to naught save Lurly hark.

To their last place of rest, neath the wave,

Sailors and ships go down;

While the Lurly, high o'er their graves,

With her chanting, lures others on.

\* Loreley or Lurly.

*Syracuse, N. Y., June, 1875.*

# ESCAPING THE GUARD.

BY M. QUAD, OF THE MICHIGAN PRESS.

THIS was what I heard:

"Halt! Halt there, you Johnny Reb, or we'll blow your head off!"

This was what I saw:

Six bluecoats in the underbrush, three on each side of the narrow road, muskets all held to cover me.

I bent down, and dug the spurs into my horse, but he had not made six leaps when he fell on his knees, rolled over, and was dead in a moment, falling in such a way as to hold me fast by the leg.

"Confound it! Didn't we tell you we'd shoot?" exclaimed one of the Federals, a corporal, as the six came up and began heaving at the horse, to set me free. "You ought to have halted when we shouted, and thus saved a good Confederate horse for Uncle Sam."

It was near Cynthiana, Kentucky, and on the morning of the same summer day when Morgan fought a battle, and lost so many good men. I had started out on a foraging expedition soon after daybreak, and in returning had ridden directly upon the Federal "fellers," who were cautiously creeping down to surprise Morgan, backed by a force which ought to have eaten him up in ten minutes.

How I came to be in Confederate uniform, to be a member of Morgan's command, to think and act with Confederates, is a matter which I shall not bring up here. I am going to relate my adventures, without fear of politicians, or care for what has passed.

It was no great job to get my leg free, and then two of the men were detailed to conduct me to the rear, or back to the advancing army. They were jolly good fellows, having no thought of malice or word of taunt. They had captured me fairly, there was no chance for me to escape, and I made the best of it. I had received a lieutenant's commission not two weeks before, and it was rather hard to be captured just as I was sliding gracefully into position. But it's victory to-day and defeat to-morrow in war, and soldiers were nearly all philosophers.

I was greeted with cheers and shouts as

I reached the main body, being the first armed "reb" which some of the men had ever seen. Their criticisms were good-natured ones, their conduct courteous, and I was rather sorry when a guard came for me to report at headquarters. Headquarters were on the move, and had only time to take my "pedigree," when the guard was ordered to conduct me along.

Passing from hand to hand, always closely guarded, I at length ascertained that my destination was Johnson's Island, opposite Sandusky, Ohio, which was a great depot for captured Confederates during the war. *En route* to Sandusky, I having been joined by ten others of the command, we were well treated by the guards, but they at the same time kept a close watch of our movements.

From the first moment of capture I had been constantly looking for a chance to escape, but none offered until we were approaching Sandusky, about five o'clock in the evening. The rear door of the car was open, and we were in the last car. I sat nearest the door, and observing that the guard was reading, that the train was moving slowly, and that there were no stumps along the track, I made up my mind to spring to the door and leap off.

Carefully gathering up my legs, and watched by two of my friends, I at length made a bolt. I had all the advantage, and should surely have made the jump, but that my coat caught the handle of the door as I went by, and the guard had time to seize me.

"We went over him sure!" I exclaimed, attempting no resistance, but pointing behind at the track. "We must have cut the poor fellow right in two."

"What was it?" inquired the guard, astonished at my passiveness, and beginning to think that I had not intended an escape.

I informed him that I saw a bloody mass on the track, leaped to see what it was, and that some one had been ground beneath the wheels. As I took my seat, and continued to talk about the "fearful accident," the guard was blinded, and the circumstance was forgotten in the bustle of

reaching the city. I do not know what rule was practised in other cases, but in ours we were hustled out of the cars, marched out of the depot, and then allowed to walk along at our own pace, part of the guards being in front and part behind.

My friends had given up all hope of escape. At our journey's end, in a Northern State, as good as landed on the island, they believed that any attempt would be useless. Not so with me. If I could once elude the guard, I believed there was a chance of getting away altogether. I knew that the only way to get free was to make a sudden dash down some street or up some stairs. I therefore looked keenly about me as we passed along.

I have not told you that I was a printer. Such was my profession before the war, and I was called a fast type-sticker wherever I worked. Therefore, as we passed along, and I saw the sign of The Daily Register over a hall door, it was natural enough that I should spring off the walk and dash up stairs, as I was determined to dash somewhere.

The rear guard shouted "stop him!" as they saw me leave the walk, but there was some little confusion, which gave me an advantage. I bounded up the steps, two at a time, reached a hall, turned to the right, and was in the composing-room. It was empty of life, the men being at supper. Just as the guards struck the first step below, I jerked off my coat, thrust it into the big coal stove, off with vest and hat, leaped on to a stool which stood in front of a well-filled "case," and when the soldiers burst in the door I was putting up the type for dear life.

"Where is he? Where did he go?" shouted three of the men at once, rushing around the room in their anxiety.

"Where did who go? What do you mean?" I replied, turning around on my stool as I spaced out my second line.

"Why, one of our Reb prisoners is up here somewhere—he made a dash from the walk, and must have come in here."

"Can't be possible," I returned, commencing on another line. "I have been here for the last half hour, and have seen no one. I heard a great racket on the stairs a few minutes ago, and perhaps that was he."

Not questioning my word at all, the sol-

diers rushed out, and began a search of the building, continuing it half an hour before returning. They then came back and reported that the man must have slipped out in some way.

"But he can't escape!" exclaimed one of the men, pulling a paper from his pocket. "Here is his description: 'Five feet ten inches, auburn hair, blue eyes, mole on right cheek, scar on right hand, one front tooth gone.'"

It was the greatest effort of my life to reach out that right hand with the "scar" on it after a figure "8," thrusting it right under the man's nose, but I did so. His eyes were within two feet of the "auburn hair, blue eyes and mole," but they were as blind as those of an owl in a July day. I promised to make a "local" of the circumstance, and to give the bolter's description; and the three went out, just as four or five of the men returned from supper.

"Hello! tramp, where are you from?" exclaimed one of the compositors, looking me over.

"Dropped down from Toledo," I replied. "I didn't find any one in the office, and thought I'd have a turn at this manuscript, just to see if I had forgotten how to decipher spider tracks."

"I'll be shot if he hasn't been settling up the old man's manuscript, and he has got it right, too!" replied the man, glancing at the lines in my stick.

The writing was the worst I had ever seen, but I had a peculiar *forte* of reading what no one else could read. What had bothered the men was plain as day to me. To increase their surprise, I picked up two or three pages and read them right off. The foreman, whose name was Ten-Eyck, if I remember right, came in at this time. After asking my name, where I was from, and so forth, he told me that I could have a "sit" for a few days, as he had never before seen a compositor who could "jerk sense" so readily out of the chief editor's scrawls.

When the boys understood that I had no money, they gave me a lunch. I took a "case," and was soon as much at home as any of them.

I pondered quite a while over my promise to make an item in regard to the escape of the prisoner, but finally concluded that it would divert suspicion to do so.

The city editor coming along, I detailed the circumstance, and later in the evening I had the manuscript to set up. It was rather odd, my putting in type, to be scattered over the city and country, an account of my own escape, but I set it up exactly as written.

The night passed off quietly, and when the boys started for home, at three o'clock, they "threw in" till I had money enough to get a bed and breakfast. I went to a small hotel, turned in, and was at the office at eleven o'clock the next day, to "throw in a case" with the rest.

We had been at work half an hour, when the apprentice boy picked up a copy of the morning issue and read the item about my escape, reading it aloud. Nearly all the men made comments, and none of them were favorable to me. My left-hand man had said nothing, but I suddenly saw that he was looking sharply at me. He saw everything but the mole on my right cheek, and he soon took occasion to make sure of that. I felt it in my bones that he was mentally comparing me with the description, but I worked on as if suspecting nothing.

"I don't feel well this morning," he remarked, after having his case about half in. "If you'll throw in that half column of 'solid,' over there on the stone, for me, I'll give you half a dollar."

I agreed, he handed over the money, and he then hurriedly washed up, put on his coat, and went out with a step altogether too quick for a sick man. He was going to betray me, and I knew it!

I put down my type, rinsed off my hands, borrowed a dollar of the foreman, telling him that I wanted to send a telegram to my mother; and in going out I in some way got into a linen coat belonging to one of the men. The compositor was not five minutes ahead of me in getting down stairs. Hardly knowing which way to turn, I walked over to a hotel on a corner, called the West House. As I stood for a moment in the hall door I caught sight of the compositor and two soldiers coming down the street. As they would have to pass me, I went further in, walked up two flights of stairs, and went boldly into a room.

"What in the devil do you want here?" growled a voice; and I caught sight of a man writing at a stand.

"O! ah! excuse me," I replied, and shut the door and passed on. After trying several doors, I found another unlocked, and this time met with no opposition.

My first thought had been to secure a hiding-place, but the sight of several good suits of clothing hanging up decided me to make an exchange. Locking the door, I threw off my suit, and was soon standing in another and a much better one. There was a Sunday silk hat on the stand, and it was a good fit for me. In throwing off the old clothes a pocket-book dropped from the compositor's coat, and I opened it, to find myself ten dollars better off. I was sorry to take the man's money, but there was no safe way to return it.

Picking up an ivory-headed cane, I saluted out. I met no one until I reached the front door, and then caught another glimpse of the printer and the soldier. Other soldiers were also hurrying around, and the idlers at the corner seemed considerably excited.

"O, they'll catch him—no fear of that!" said one of the group as I passed. "He played the game pretty well, but they are at the depots, down at the docks, and will have him before he is an hour older!"

I had intended to go to the depot, but this remark showed me that it would be unsafe. I must either hide in the city until the excitement had passed, or else tramp into the country; and I decided on the latter course. Taking one of the streets running south, I walked along at an easy gait, and was soon outside of business circles. I soon came upon a man sitting in the door of a carpenter shop, eating his dinner. He looked up as I passed, and I had not gone ten steps when he called me back.

"Let me see that cane?" he commanded, reaching out and taking the stick. "Ha! where did you pick this up?"

"In Toledo," I replied, beginning to see trouble ahead. "Why, what of it?"

"That cane belongs to Burt Leonard?" he continued. "See, here are my initials—S. J. S.—as I cut them before giving him the stick. And I'm a sinner if you haven't got on his new Sunday suit, hat and all!"

I endeavored to make him believe that he was mistaken, but he would listen to no explanations. He stated that Burt would soon be back, and contended that if I was not a thief I would at least sit down and

"wait until his friend came. This I agreed to, and we both went into the shop. My only chance was to quiet him, and I made up my mind to do it. As we reached a point half way down the shop I suddenly jumped and struck him behind the ear, knocking him over a bench. Before he could rise I hit him on the head with a plane, and he fell back stunned. I knew that he was not badly hurt, and so made haste from the shop, passing at the door two small boys who had been witnesses of the blow.

Getting into the street, and finding it deserted—it being the hour of dinner—I ran south three blocks, and then turned west. As I made this turn I heard a shout, and looking back, saw two men and the boys after me, looking ahead three blocks. I saw five or six men loading something into a wagon. Capture was certain if I kept to the street, and so I entered a gate, passed around a house, through a gate in a division fence, and entered the summer kitchen of another house. Part of the dinner was on the stove, but no one was in sight. Entering the real kitchen, I crossed it, and went into a bedroom to the left, just fairly getting in as a servant came from the dining-room.

There was immediately a great outcry. The men—there were half a dozen by this time—rushed into the shed, into the kitchen, the inmates of the house left the table, and the kitchen was a perfect Babel for two or three minutes. At last something like order prevailed, and I heard the words:

"We are after an escaped rebel prisoner, who also stole a suit of clothes at the West House. He is in your house somewhere, for we were not ten feet behind when he entered the shed."

The woman screamed, the servant girl screamed, and the man of the house told the men to make an immediate search. Now they would find me! There were half a dozen dresses hanging in the closet, and I backed into the corner, pulled them in front of me, and waited. One of the men came into the bedroom, looked under the bed, and then cautiously pulled open the closet door.

"He isn't here!" he remarked to himself, and went away, leaving the door open. The rest of the crowd had gone through into the hall, and I had some hope of es-

cape, when the frightened servant girl came into the room. She looked into the closet, and then attempted to take down one of the dresses which concealed me. I pulled and she pulled, but I was the stoutest. As she persisted, I saw that I must be discovered, and so I made a sudden jump, and had my fingers on her throat before she had scarcely seen me. Holding her just tight enough to prevent her from screaming, I whispered:

"I am that rebel! If you attempt to scream out I shall stab you to the heart! If you do as I say, I shall go right out, and not hurt you?"

Although my grasp could not have pained her much, the girl was nearly dead. I thought sure that I had made either a lunatic or an idiot of her. I heard the men up stairs, and so I let go my grasp, slipped out, turned the button, and had reached the shed, when she gave several screams which could have been heard three blocks away. I heard the men running, and I dodged out into the yard, ran through a barn, and was probably four blocks away before the girl had given any correct information. I ran south two or three blocks, and then east four or five, meeting plenty of people, but giving them no heed. I thought I was getting along finely, when I heard shouts behind me, and knew that my pursuers were on my track.

I was then near a church. Leaping the fence, I made a short cut into a street running south, ran about a block, and then dashed into the open door of a private dwelling. There was no one in the room, which was the parlor, and I tossed my hat into a corner, seized a magazine from the table, and sat down on the sofa. I had not yet got over puffing and blowing when a boy came in from another room, starting a little at the sight of me.

"Bub, is your father at home?" I inquired, giving him a pleasant smile.

He informed me that his mother was a widow, and went off to call her. She came in directly, when I introduced myself as "Mr. Jones," and informed her that I was soliciting Bibles, tracts, hymn books, and other proper reading matter for the benefit of the ungodly rebels languishing in confinement on Johnson's Island. She was about to reply when some one came up the steps and inquired:

"Say, Mrs. Weaver, have you seen any

one run by here?—a red-headed man, with a plug hat on?"

Both mother and son replied in the negative; and when the man had gone the widow went to hunting up books. After half an hour she brought me seven. It was now between one and two o'clock, and as I wanted to kill time I made arrangements for dinner, and after the meal sat and talked until four o'clock. She then recommended me to another neighbor, and, in brief, it was dark before I went beyond the block.

At the last house I complained of the set of my hat and of the headache which it gave me, and the lady made an exchange with me, giving me a felt hat but little worn. As soon as I got into the street I threw away the coat, stuck my pants into my boot tops, deposited the books in a yard, and walked right into town. As no one paid me any attention I made my way to the wharf, and lounged up to where the propellor Owego was loading.

I was certain that the depots would be watched, and so made up my mind to get off on the vessel if possible. After ascertaining that she was bound to Buffalo, and watching the roustabouts a few moments, I went into the warehouse, caught hold of a barrel, and rolled it up the plank. The mate did not notice me from the rest, and the men took me for a new hand.

Fifteen minutes after the planks were hauled in, and the boat was ready to start. I had not yet got on board, and the mate

sang out for me to cast the bowline off. As I rose up and heaved the line off the post some one seized my arm. I looked up, and stood face to face with the compositor who had left the office to betray me. Coming down the dock, not thirty feet away, were three or four armed soldiers.

It was all the work of an instant. I gave the man a blow in the face, turned and made the longest jump of my life, just catching the gangway with my fingers. Before the men had drawn me in the compositor leaped after me, but fell into the water, and was choking and gasping as the boat moved off. When drawn up some of the men questioned me as to the occurrence, but were satisfied with my statement that a constable was seeking to arrest me for a fight in a saloon.

Although no pursuit was made, I knew that I must look out on reaching Buffalo, as a telegram would be sent. The vessel was shorthanded, and the mate readily found me something to do to pay my passage. Reaching the dock at Buffalo, I beckoned a boy and his skiff alongside, and was off up the river before the Owego had been made fast. It was easy enough to get from Buffalo into Canada, but I was two months getting back into the Confederacy; and had scarcely entered service again when a Yankee bullet drove me out of it forever by shattering my elbow in such a horrible manner that the arm had to come off.

## THE RISING STAR.

BY ADDISON F. BROWNE.

Glimmering in the eastern sky,  
Far and dim the star appears,  
And oft the billows mounting high,  
Obscure its lustre from the eye  
With shade that darkly rears.

But soon it sails high o'er the sea,  
And shines with steady light,  
And burning on in lustre free,  
Its silver flame above the lee  
Doth cheer the sailor's sight.  
*Semerville, April 19, 1875.*

Glimmering in the mental east,  
The rising star of life  
Shines faintly o'er the ocean's breast;  
Oft hidden by the foaming crest  
That crowns each wave of strife.

But soon it mounts above the wave,  
To gleam with beauty clear;  
And though life's wildest billows rave,  
Its light will be to spirits brave  
A beacon of good cheer.



## A MAD PASSION.

BY FLORENCE EDWIN.

WHEN I was fifteen years old I was summoned from boarding-school by the sudden death of my father, resulting from a paralytic shock. My mother died in giving me birth, and by my father's death we were left orphans. By we I mean myself and my sister Helen, several years older than I. I cannot say that I mourned my father's loss as a parent should be mourned. He had been a cold stern man, repressing all demonstrations of affection, and never bestowing any. In all my life I can remember kissing him but twice, and then he merely suffered the caress. Though denying us affection, he gave to us every luxury that wealth could furnish while he lived, but left us penniless when he died. Of the immense fortune we expected to inherit, only a few hundreds remained to us when his affairs were settled.

I had abandoned the idea of returning to school, but Helen determined that I should finish my education, in spite of my entreaties that I might be allowed to try and support myself.

"Go back to school," she said, "and study hard for the remaining two years, and then my little sister shall take care of herself. I have a plan by which I can support myself, and give to you, Cecil, the benefit of a good education."

Much more she said in the same strain, till I was obliged to yield. Helen entered upon the duties of a music teacher, easily procuring pupils, she being a proficient in music. In her leisure moments she copied for a lawyer, and by working hard, she succeeded in accomplishing the plan of supporting herself and defraying the expenses of my education. When I thought of her patient unselfish labors, the time seemed to drag too slowly ere I might relieve her of a part of them. Happily for her, kind Fate interfered at the end of a year, and released her from her self-imposed labors. A distant relative died, and left us a comfortable competence, and a pretty cottage in Norwood, a small country town. As it was vacation time, Helen and I immediately took up our abode in our new quarters. We found Norwood a de-

lightful place, it being then the middle of August, when we could fully appreciate the beauty of the country, after being shut up in a small room in the hot dusty city. As for society, to tell the truth, we were likely to be but poorly off in the winter, there being but few families worth knowing. But in the summer the city people at the hotel made the quiet town as gay as one could wish. We were barely settled, however, before I was obliged to return to school, bidding Helen good-by for another year, the school being at such a distance from Norwood, we thought it impracticable to make the journey more than my return to and from school.

I had no unhappy thoughts to disturb me that year. Helen was now comfortably settled, and enjoying herself greatly, if I might judge from her letters, in one of which she spoke of renewing her friendship with people she had known in our father's lifetime, who were staying at the hotel. Through them she became acquainted with a prominent lawyer, Gerald Folsom, in whom I thought she seemed to be much interested, if I might judge from her letters. Nor was I surprised when I received a letter announcing her engagement to him. Though rejoicing in her happiness, I could not repress a feeling of jealousy at this news. Hitherto I had been the first and only object of all her love and thoughts; now this man had usurped my place, had stepped between us. Another thing disappointed me. Helen had enclosed his picture, "that I might get used to my future brother-in-law's face," she said in her letter. The face was a dark handsome one, but too much of the same type as Helen's to suit me. She was an extremely handsome brunette, and I had pictured her husband as a fair tawny-bearded man. I was, I confess, like most schoolgirls, inclined to romance, and all my favorite heroines were dark beauties, who always married these tawny-bearded heroes.

However, there was no help for it, so I did the only sensible thing under the circumstances; sat down and wrote a letter

congratulating Helen, and breathing no word of my disappointment at the receipt of hers; and in the letters that followed I grew quite reconciled, seeing that Helen's heart was bound up in him, though I could not banish my jealousy at once.

The year rolled away, and at its close, with my education finished, I returned to Norwood. After so long a separation, Helen and I had much to talk about, and thus employed, the time passed unobserved till the middle of the afternoon; then Helen said:

"You must lie down and have a nap, Cecil, in order to be fresh for to-night, for we are liable to have company, and I want you to look as fresh as these roses;" pointing to the roses that clustered so thickly around the cottage as almost to hide it.

I followed her advice, for I was very tired, and was soon fast asleep. When I awoke the sun was shedding its last glorious beams upon the earth. I sprang up refreshed, and commenced my toilet, and was about going in quest of Helen, when she entered, bringing some lovely flowers, which she lovingly and artistically arranged in my hair.

"How lovely my sister has grown!" she said, turning my face toward her and kissing it. "Now I know how lovely mamma must have been, for you are her image. See!" drawing me to her portrait which she had thoughtfully hung opposite my bed, that my mother's face might greet me on awaking.

I stood spellbound. Could I indeed resemble that lovely pictured face? It seemed almost sacrilege to think of making the comparison. And yet, as I looked at the reflection of myself in the mirror, I saw that Helen had spoken truly. The same large hazel eyes, shaded by heavy silken lashes, which, like the eyebrows, were of a soft dark brown—so dark as almost to be taken for black. The pouting red lips, the dimpled cheeks, the bright gold hair, though my mother's was wound in graceful bands about the shapely head, while mine fell in large natural feathery curls below my waist.

Helen interrupted my comparison, saying gayly:

"You have admired yourself sufficiently, I think, Cecil dear; and as the teabell is ringing, let us first despatch that meal, and if there be time you shall return and

finish your study of the two faces. Be sure of one thing: though you may resemble dear mamma in person, that is all, for she was of a quiet dovelike disposition, very different from the impulsive one of my little Cecil."

"She bestowed her disposition on you, Helen, and I am very glad of it, and so are you. I'm sure I was not admiring myself." And, laughingly arguing, we went down to the dining-room.

After tea we went to the drawing-room, and soon after were joined by my old friends, whom I had met during my brief vacation. These were the Thorntons, a young couple who made their summer home in Norwood, from May till November. The others, consisting of the minister and his young daughter, and Dr. Forsyth, a jolly old bachelor, accompanied by his anything but jolly sister, a maiden lady of sharp features, and still sharper tongue, were residents of Norwood. With the doctor I was a special favorite, but his sister regarded me in a rather unfavorable light, owing to my tomboyish behaviour, as she phrased it, of which she had been a scandalized witness during my vacation. In greeting me she expressed a hope "that I had come back from school steadier and more lady-like than when I departed for that place."

"O, as to that," I replied, "I always considered myself steady and lady-like! Young ladies are not expected to keep as much in the background as when you were young."

Thereupon her brother chuckled, and she gave me a look that ought to have annihilated me; and Helen, distressed at the conversation, hastened to change it, and we were all engaged in a lively discussion when her betrothed entered, to whom I was duly presented.

Did my prejudice vanish on seeing him? On the contrary, it merged into one of my violent dislikes, for I either felt a strong liking or dislike on first meeting any person. The evening passed pleasantly enough, being for the greater part spent in singing. When I had sung one song I was asked to sing again and again, till at last I resolutely declared that I would sing only one more song. This was a favorite of mine, and all my school friends and I had purposely reserved it for the last. It was a mournful love ditty, and unconsciously I threw a

great deal of expression into it. My audience were wiping away the tears that my song had caused, except my sister's betrothed, who was regarding me with a strange look in his dark eyes—a look not at all to my taste, though I did not allow him to guess it from my face.

Though disliking him, I was pleased with his singing, which was uncommonly fine, and yielded to the general desire that I should sing a duet with him. He chose "*La ci darem*," from Don Giovanni. I should have greatly preferred another selection.

At a late hour our guests took their departure, Gerald lingering for a *tete-a-tete*, I supposed. I excused myself, and ran up stairs to my room, and was almost asleep when Helen came in for her good-night kiss.

"Why did you run away, Cecil? Gerald lingered to get better acquainted with his little sister."

"I was sleepy and tired, and there's lots of time to get acquainted," I replied, sleepily.

"Then I'll wait till to-morrow for Cecil to tell me her opinion of her future brother."

On the following day, when discussing her lover, I frankly told Helen that she must wait till I knew him better, before I could pass an opinion, adding that I could not yet forgive him for usurping my place in her heart.

"Foolish child! my heart is large enough for both. But I won't bother you now, though I am positive you must like Gerald when you know him better," Helen answered; though I could see it pained her that I had not given my opinion. I determined to get over my dislike, for her sake, if possible.

We had plenty of society, for Helen's friends and acquaintances at the hotel made it very gay for us. I got on very well with Gerald, though seldom alone with him, and never willingly. I had noticed a desire on his part for *tete-a-tetes* with me. These I skillfully avoided. He complained to Helen of the coldness with which I treated him, and she remonstrated with me, but assured him that it was only a feeling of jealousy on my part, which would soon wear off. After that he redoubled his efforts to change my manner toward him.

One afternoon, when we three were sitting together, Helen was called away by one of her poor people. Saying that she would soon return, and bidding us not to quarrel, she left us. As soon as the door closed Gerald came to me, and said:

"Cecil, why will you persist in treating me so coldly? Can you not forgive me for stealing Helen's love? Won't you treat me in a more sisterly manner?"

"When I am your sister it will be time enough to do that," I replied.

Seizing my hand, and with eyes ablaze with a passion I could not mistake, he said:

"I will force you to love me, you beautiful—"

At that instant Helen returned. Had he been facing her, she, too, must have read that look. Fortunately or not, she did not, and in a moment he had regained his usual manner, and retaining my hand, explained "that he was endeavoring to do away with my dislike, but with poor success." I hardly heard him, for, hastily snatching my hand away, I ran out into the garden, leaving them together; him to invent lies, her to foolishly listen and believe.

Conflicting emotions swept over me as I reached an arbor and sat down to think. I could not cheat myself, nor mistake the look that blazed from his eyes. As surely as if Gerald Folsom had told me, I knew that he loved me. What should I do? I asked myself again and again. To tell Helen was impossible, for so necessary was he to her happiness, nay, life, that should she learn of his perfidy, both would be lost to her. I therefore determined to say nothing of my discovery, to avoid Gerald's society, and as in a month I was to visit a school friend, I would make my stay as long as possible, and on my return he would have forgotten his mad passion.

Having thus arranged my plans, and having no desire to meet him again that evening, I started to go to Mrs. Thornton's, she and I being very intimate, leaving word with Hetty, our maid-of-all-work, that I should not be home to tea.

On my way there I passed Dr. Forsyth, who was so busily talking to a tall *distinguished* looking gentleman, that he did not perceive me. I was glad of this, as I was in no mood for the good doctor's joking.

The Thorntons rented for the summer a

cottage quarter of a mile distant from ours, and before I reached there, with the natural buoyancy of youth, my depression had left me. It was not my nature to "cry over spilt milk." I had spent time enough of the lovely summer afternoon in mourning and planning; the rest of the day I would enjoy. Therefore, it was with no sign of my whilom unhappiness that I returned Mrs. Thornton's kind salutations.

"How fortunate!" she said. "I was about to get ready to go to you with some, to me, very good news. I'm so happy that I felt I must tell it to you, for I knew you would sympathize with me. Cyril is here, and don't be surprised at any madness I may commit, for the joy at seeing him, after three years of separation, must find vent somehow. He has gone to Dr. Forsyth's. They were in the army together, and are great friends."

"Then I have seen him, and Colonel Tremaine deserves all the praises you have lavished upon him, as far as beauty is concerned. If he is only half as nice as his sister, I fear that I lose my heart entirely."

"Nothing would give me greater pleasure than to call you sister. So 'set your cap' for him at once, Cecil, for here he comes with your ardent admirer the doctor." And as she finished, in they came, and Mrs. Thornton presented me to her brother, whom I found on near inspection to be quite as handsome as he had appeared at a distance.

While they three were busy talking, I was engaged in studying his face, trying to determine whether we should be friends; and indeed it was a face worth studying. A man of thirty odd summers, with a figure expressing dignity and power. A countenance handsome, earnest, and full of intellect. A mass of dark curly hair surrounded a brow that, being naturally pale, stood out in bold relief from its shadowy masses with an almost classic beauty of outline. The dark gray eyes were deep and full, with the earnest soul shining from their shadowy depths.

He must have felt my earnest gaze, for he turned suddenly, and coming towards me, said, mischievously:

"Have you made up your mind whether you shall like me or not?"

"Not quite. I shall be better prepared to answer that question a month from now," I replied, nonchalantly enough,

though I could feel the warm blood surging my face, as I met the laughing mirth in his dark eyes.

"Very well!" with more earnestness than the circumstances warranted, I thought. "I will ask that question at the end of a month, and expect an honest answer."

After that we talked quite a while on various subjects, though, to tell the truth, he did most of the talking and I the listening. He was interrupted in an animated description of army life by the summons to dinner, for the Thorntons kept up their city customs, and dined an hour before our teatime, we keeping to the old fashion. After dinner we all went for a row on the river skirting their grounds. We came back just as the moon was rising.

"I wish we had not started till now," Colonel Tremaine said. "How stupid of us not to think and wait! Confess," turning to me, "that you would prefer a moonlight row."

"Of course! But since we have made a blunder, let us make the best of it. Besides, the river was delightful, and we can take advantage of another moonlight night."

"You are disposed to be philosophical. Well, there's nothing like it for helping one out of difficulties, though I can philosophize better on great than small trials."

"You shall have a greater pleasure, Cyril, than a moonlight ride on the river. You shall hear Cecil sing," said his sister. And as we had reached the house, we went in, though I should have preferred to stay on the piazza and listen to Colonel Tremaine's conversation.

"Give us your favorite," called out the doctor, as I sat down to sing.

"I think it is every one's favorite," said the colonel, as he glanced at the music. "Who ever heard of a person who could not appreciate 'Home, Sweet Home?'"

No one could appreciate it better than myself, and in rendering the song I could not help doing it justice. Had I not for a year suffered the pang of knowing that I was homeless? Ah! though now surrounded by comfort, I could not banish that remembrance entirely, and the song always brought it freshly back to mind.

No words of praise greeted me on finishing. I needed none, for the moist eyes and expressive countenances showed the

appreciation of my singing far better than words. And as for him that stood leaning on the piano, his dark eyes thanked me with a look that set my heart beating with a strange, new and sweet sensation.

"Will you sing this for me?" handing me "Robin Adair." "I know that you can't help singing that well."

I complied, and on finishing, resigned my place to him, for his sister Louise had told me of his exquisite improvisations, and I was anxious to listen to some of them. She had indeed spoken truly in describing them as no "earthly music," for when singing or playing his eyes had a strange far-off look, as if holding communion with unseen spirits. Indeed, he told me himself, that while performing it seemed as if some invisible agency guided his fingers. Had he been a poor man, he must have made his fortune by this gift; but, possessing jointly with his sister one of the finest estates in the North, there seemed no likelihood that he would ever use it for that purpose.

At Dr. Forsyth's request we sang duets, and I found it much pleasanter to sing with him than with Gerald.

I had no more tete-a-tetes with Colonel Tremaine that night, for, soon after singing, I spoke of going home, and Louise proposed that they should all walk back with me, and thus get some of the benefit of the moonlight.

On reaching Rose Cottage we found Gerald taking leave. He recognized Colonel Tremaine as an old acquaintance. For my part, I was glad that my meeting with Gerald, after that hateful scene, should be gotten over. As for him, he treated me the same as usual, and jestingly told Colonel Tremaine that "he hoped he had made better headway in gaining my favor than he could," alluding briefly to my reasons for disliking him.

I think I hated him, standing there and telling what he knew to be a deliberate lie. Yet I answered not a word, and Helen, knowing intuitively how I disliked that subject, changed it, by cordially inviting Colonel Tremaine to visit us, *sans ceremonie*; to which he gladly assented, asking me to echo Helen's invitation.

"Certainly," I replied. "Nothing could give me greater pleasure, for I want to hear the rest of that description, you know."

Thereupon Gerald scowled at me, unobserved by all save Louise, who joined with me in being barely civil to him. Soon after they all went away, and Helen and I sat for some time talking of them, she never alluding to my running away in the afternoon, of which I was heartily glad.

From that time Colonel Tremaine was a constant visitor at our home. The days glided swiftly and happily away in his society, and the feeling that had sprung up in my heart on our first meeting grew and strengthened into a deep love, which I felt was returned. The end of the month was approaching when Cyril—it was Cyril and Cecil now—should renew the question he had asked that first evening of our acquaintance. My heart would beat, and the color come into my face, as I would muse on the way in which he would renew it; but if I were mistaken!—if I mistook friendship for love!—but I would not think of such a possibility. I would enjoy the present, and the future should take care of itself.

Living in this world of love's creation, I seldom thought of my discovery of Gerald's passion for me; or, whenever it recurred to my mind, dismissed it as an unpleasant subject to think about, when there were so many others more pleasant to occupy my mind. Being so much with the Thorntons, I saw little of him, and, when in his society, he treated me with a coldness of manner equal to my own. Helen, though mourning in secret, had long since ceased remonstrating with me, knowing, too, that it would be quite useless. The only one who sympathized with my dislike was Louise Thornton, whose sharp eyes had discovered that Gerald was "in love with me," as she phrased it, and who was accordingly indignant with him.

"Don't deny it," she said to me, when first speaking of it; "it is not your fault if the man has no honor. I feel sometimes as if I should like to strangle him, when I see him caress Helen, and then look at you to see if it disturbs you any. My own bitter experience has taught me the way dishonorable men woo."

Mr. Thornton was not the first choice of Louise's heart. The first had jilted her, marrying her sister, who joined in the deception practised upon Louise up to the evening when a faithless lover and treacherous sister left the deserted bride expect-

ant to wake on her wedding morning and learn of their elopement the night before. Louise never entirely recovered her faith in human nature after that. She married her cousin, who was her tried friend through that trying period of her life, and after marriage she learned to love him, and their married life was very happy. I was, therefore, not surprised at this outburst, knowing her heart trial, but replied:

"I trust you are mistaken in the last remark. I shall be more uncomfortable than ever. O, if I only knew how to kill his passion, which I thought must have died from coldness and want of encouragement! But if his love is so plain to you, Helen will discover it, and then both our lives are wrecked. I could never forgive myself for being the innocent cause of her unhappiness."

"No danger of that," said Louise, sarcastically; "he will take care of that; and if you or I do not inform her, she will be deceived to the last. You really ought to tell her yourself."

"What can you be thinking of, Louise? There is a better way than that. I shall go away, and not return till after they are married. Then Gerald cannot resist such love as Helen's."

Louise would not believe in the utility of this plan, and declared she would tell Helen; but finding that this would make us enemies, she at last agreed to have nothing to do with the affair.

A few days after this conversation Louise came to us in the morning, to beg our company at an impromptu croquet party. Some of her acquaintances had come down from the city for a few days, and she wanted our help in entertaining them. We promised to be there, and prepared to get ready after an early dinner. While dressing, however, my head began to ache, and grew so much worse that I was obliged to give up the idea of going then, hoping that by keeping quiet I might be able to go in time for the sail on the river, which was one of the features of the programme. I persuaded Helen to abandon the idea of remaining with me, for she had sent word to Gerald of her intention to be there, and I did not desire his company in the drawing-room, which was the coolest room in the cottage at that time of the day, and I had taken up my quarters there. After preparing a sedative, she reluctantly left

me, and I suffered excruciating pain until the latter part of the afternoon, when I fell asleep. I awoke at sunset, with an uneasy consciousness of some one staring at me, and opened my eyes to find those of Gerald bent full upon me. I sprang up quickly, saying:

"Did you not receive Helen's note?"

He replied in the negative, and I explained to him Helen's absence and my presence; but he made no motion of leaving, so I set the example by going toward the door. Guessing my intention, he preceded me, and I supposed he was about to open it for me. With his hand on the doorknob, he spoke:

"Stay, Cecil! I have something to say to you which must be said privately. I have long sought this opportunity, and fate has at last been kind to me."

"Excuse me," I returned. "I am in a hurry to dress, and cannot waste any of my precious time."

"But you must hear me! Another time will not do. Besides, what I have to say must be said to you alone, who are shrewd enough to avoid another *tete-a-tete*."

"You are right," I replied, coldly; "nor do I desire one now, as I decline to hear anything you may have to say to me, except in my sister's presence. Therefore, detain me no longer."

"I am sorry I cannot comply with your request; but really, I am not capable of such a sacrifice as that would be." And he leaned his back against the door, and regarded me with a triumphant smile.

"If you are willing to forget your claim to the title of gentleman by an act at which a ruffian might blush, I am forced to listen."

His face flushed darkly at my taunt, though he replied:

"Love must be my excuse—a love, passionate and enduring, fanned into its fiercest flame by your coldness. Every principle of manly honor has cried out against it, but it will not be conquered, and will end only with my life. O tell me, Cecil, that but for Helen my love would compel a return!"

"Never!" I exclaimed, passionately. "Before I met you I conceived a prejudice that ripened into a strong dislike on our meeting; a dislike that, I am positive, could change into the love you desire under no circumstance."

He staggered as if I had struck him, and his face was convulsed with an expression of agony; but recovering himself, he said, sneeringly:

"You have omitted the principal reason, which I can easily supply—that you have given to Tremaine, unasked, what I would give my life to possess. Ah! I am right. Your face is a truthful mirror." Then, with a passion that almost frightened me, "He shall never possess your love, nor enjoy it! I will kill him first. I swear it!"

Now at this threat my temper rose, and I said, angrily:

"Do not make me hate you, Gerald Folsom. Has every particle of honor left you, that you seek to intimidate me by idle threats? Has the love you profess for me lowered you to that?"

"It has made me desperate enough for anything!" he muttered.

"I hope not." And then, thinking I might soften his heart by entreaty, I continued, "Rather let it elevate you; let it teach you your duty. I will go away, and in my absence you will forget this madness, and be happy in Helen's love. O, do not wreck her happiness, her life, perhaps, by your perfidy, and render mine wretched by the maddening thought that I am the innocent cause of her misery!"

He made no reply, and glancing at his unyielding face, I could not refrain from bursting into tears, at the sight of which his face softened, and he cried out, passionately:

"For Heaven's sake, Cecil, do not weep, or you will drive me mad! Will nothing content you but the sacrifice of my life?"

I made no answer, and seeing I had softened him by my tears, made no attempt to stay them. He went on, speaking in a voice almost unintelligible from emotion:

"So be it. I will make any sacrifice rather than see you weep. I will fulfil my promise to your sister."

"Then, indeed, have I wronged you, for the heart must be noble that prompts those words. O, may Heaven make your life as happy as you will make mine by this resolution!"

"Enough!" he said, bitterly. And going to the table, he hastily wrote a note; then giving it to me, said, "I cannot meet your sister yet. I shall go away for a while, and try to gain strength for the ordeal before me. That note will explain

my absence to your sister. With it I begin my life of deception. She will never know that love for you drives me away to gain strength to pretend love for her." Then, throwing his arms about me, he pressed kiss after kiss upon my lips, eyes and hair, and murmuring, "Forgive me, darling," was gone, before I could recover my self-possession; gone, and instead of the strong feeling of dislike which had hitherto been the only emotion of my heart for him, he left pity instead. And, indeed, the expression of agony stamped on his features when leaving me would have evoked pity from a harder heart than mine. A woman's heart is a strange thing, even to herself, as I now learned by this past scene; and I wished fervently that I had never crossed his path, and thus averted this misery. Had I indeed averted it? had I secured my sister's happiness? These questions worried me; though, as if to assure myself, I kept repeating, "He must forget this folly, and Helen must regain her place in his heart."

From this reverie I was roused by Cyril's entrance, who tenderly asked me if my headache had left me, and if so, I must return with him.

I answered that my head did not ache badly enough to keep me at home, and if it did, I preferred any society to that of my thoughts. So, bidding him amuse himself while I put on my wraps, and made a few changes in my dress, I started to leave him.

"Take these with you. I never like to see you without flowers, you know."

"How kind of you, Cyril! My favorites, too! How shall I reward you?"

"By wearing them," with a look that brought the warm blood into my face. "But where's Gerald? Helen thought he might not have received her note, and would be here."

"He has been, and gone away again, leaving a note for Helen," averting my face, for Cyril has keen eyes, and I feared my face would not bear scrutiny.

"Some business engagement, probably," he replied, carelessly. And, fearful of further questioning, I hastily left the room.

In separating the flowers, Cyril had given me, I found, a tiny note, which drove all thoughts of Gerald out of my head. "Cecil, darling," it ran, "the

month is at an end. Do you remember your promise? and will you give me an honest answer? Wear these flowers as a token that my deep and passionate love is returned. My heart tells me that Cecil will not deny me the blessing of her love; but if I am mistaken, I can never cease to love you.

CYRIL."

I kissed the note again and again. Cyril need not have feared that I should refuse the boon he craved. I went down to him, wearing the flowers that would ever be a precious memento. For the first time in my life I was bashful. Love had taken away my self-possession, and with downcast eyes and blushing face, I stood in the open doorway.

Cyril gave one glance at me, he says, and that glance assured him that his petition was granted. Before I could resist, if, indeed, I should have wished to do so, I was clasped in a passionate embrace, and lips I love the best in all the world were whispering, "My own, own darling!" and on my finger was placed the signet of betrothal.

When we arrived at the cottage we found the party en route for the river. Louise rallied Cyril on his long absence; and in answer to Helen's questioning look, I gave her the note, which she read, saying, when she had finished, "Business has called Gerald to the city." She made no comment on his not finding time to deliver his adieux in person, and I suppose he must have satisfactorily explained the reason for failing to do so. But I could see that his absence was hard to bear, and I got Louise to excuse us, on our return from the river, for I knew that she wished to be away from the gayety that was oppressive to her now, when sadness pervaded her being.

"It is our first parting, and very hard to bear," she said, as we sat together on our return; "and his note is so brief and cold. He was probably provoked at my absence, for he hadn't time to seek me and tell me good-by. O, how can I endure the dreary week of separation!"

I comforted her the best I could, feeling like a guilty person. Had I any doubts as to the propriety of keeping silence, they were now dispelled. I tried to divert her mind from its sadness, by calling attention to my ring, which she had been too much

preoccupied to notice, and of my engagement to Cyril, at which I knew she would rejoice. She warmly congratulated me, adding "that she wished I could have welcomed Gerald for my brother as heartily as she did Cyril." To this I made no reply. I could not tell her of the change in my feelings, since she must not know the reason of that change.

The week of Gerald's absence sped rapidly away, though Helen declared it the longest week of her life. The day before his expected return I set out on my promised visit to Fannie Ainslie, a dear school friend. Cyril accompanied me, having business in the city requiring his attention. Singularly enough, the cousin of whom Fannie, in schoolgirl fashion, had raved, was none other than my Cyril, which made a warmer bond than ever between us. I had purposely taken this time for my visit, partly to avoid meeting Gerald, and partly to allow him time to get over the shock the news of my engagement must cause him, if he really loved me. I had begged Helen to say nothing of it to any one, Gerald included. She had ascribed this to one of my whims, but had nevertheless promised. I knew that Louise would take a particular pleasure in telling him; but he, knowing intuitively that she suspected his passion, would not let her see what effect her news might produce.

Two days after my arrival at the Ainslies I received a letter from Helen which I read with mingled emotions. It told me of my sister's marriage and departure for the West. It appeared that Gerald had come back only to take leave of her again. Urgent business called him immediately to the West, where he should be obliged to remain several months. But finding that Helen was entirely overcome at the bare thought of parting, he proposed an immediate marriage. To this she gladly consented. She had hoped to be able to stop long enough in the city to take leave of me, but Gerald had declared it impossible, and she had submitted to this decision, gaining consolation from the thought that I should come to them as soon as they were settled. Enclosed in her letter was a note from her husband, who had mailed her letter, thus concealing the existence of his note. I opened it, and read these words:



"CECIL,—If you are angry with me on the receipt of Helen's letter, I cannot blame you; but it was the only way in which I could keep my promise. I could not endure the sight of your happiness yet, and have put a wide distance between us. I might have allowed Helen to say good-by, but that I knew she would expect me to accompany her, and I might arouse her suspicions by my refusal; for I dare not trust myself to see you. GERALD."

As he had conjectured, I was angry with him, but anger subsided and gave place to pity while reading his note. Though keenly feeling this parting, I was comforted by the thought that Helen's happiness was secured; for, since he had deceived her so successfully hitherto, there would be but little danger of her discovering his secret in the future, for Helen's mind could not conceive of the possibility of a marriage without love, and she would judge him by herself. But I knelt down and asked God to help Gerald, and to take away this mad passion for me, and restore that love which he must have felt for her before I so unfortunately crossed his path.

The rest of my story is soon told. That night I told Cyril all. He agreed with me, in that Helen's home was no place for me, and proposed that at the conclusion of my visit I should return to his sister's and be married. After some hesitation I agreed to this plan. I returned to Norwood in October, and was married on the eighteenth. After our marriage we went to Washington. While in that city my husband received an appointment as foreign minister. We went abroad immediately after this appointment, and it was after an absence of several years that, yielding to my longing to see Helen, and his own for his native land, my husband resigned his position, and we came home. During my stay abroad, in all Helen's letters, she had alluded to her happy married life. Her husband gratified her every wish. They were settled in Cincinnati, and Gerald had actively engaged in public life. This was the only drawback to Helen's happiness, as it necessarily deprived her of a great deal of his society. But she was too unselfish to complain of this, and she knew he thoroughly enjoyed this life. After a little stranger came, however, her "cup of happiness was full."

You may be sure that these letters were as white-winged messengers of peace and joy to me. My prayers seemed to be answered. Cyril rejoiced with me, for he had doubted if I had secured Helen's happiness.

On our arrival home we went directly to Helen's residence. Our coming was a great surprise to her, for we had not apprised her of our intention to return. Let me draw a veil over our meeting. It was too sacred for pen of mine to portray.

Gerald came in late in the evening, and welcomed us cordially, and without any trace of the old feeling. Helen rallied us a little on our old dislike. I replied that for my part I had got over that long ago.

"And you, Gerald dear?" she said, inquiringly.

"I think the dislike was all on Cecil's side," he replied, looking at me with an odd expression.

That night, when we were alone together for a short time, I thanked Gerald for making my sister so happy.

"It is my duty," he made answer. "I have tried in vain to give her what rightfully belongs to her—my heart; but that is, and I fear will always be, given to one who thought my love only a mad passion—to her sister Cecil!"

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**NATURAL BEAUTY.**—All our moral feelings are so interwoven with our intellectual powers that we cannot affect the one without in some degree addressing the other; and, in all high ideas of beauty, it is more than probable that much of the pleasure depends on delicate and untraceable perceptions of fitness, propriety and relation, which are purely intellectual, and through which we arrive at our noblest ideas of what is commonly and rightly called intellectual beauty. Ideas of beauty are among the noblest which can be presented to the mind, invariably exalting and purifying it according to their degree. And it would appear that we are indebted to the Deity to be constantly under their influence, because there is not one single object in nature which is not capable of conveying them, and which, to the rightly-perceiving mind, does not present an incalculably greater number of beautiful than of deformed parts.

WILL SHE MARRY HIM?

BY FLORENCE MARRYAT, AUTHOR OF "AN UNFORTUNATE MATCH," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXV.

"WHAT MAKES HER SO FIDGETY TO-NIGHT?"

THE earl, with the assistance of his friend, reaches his own apartment, and sinks back exhausted on the sofa, helpless as a child.

"I have but one wish left," he utters brokenly, "to hear the hour strike that shall see my life ended, Bulwer."

"Valence! this is a case in which you should act, not weep. Try and rouse yourself. Assert your authority as master of the castle, and turn the man who presumes to insult you through your wife from its doors."

"What good could I do by it?"

"All the good in the world. Show your own independence, and earn the admiration of your wife. All women love power when it is justly wielded."

"Gain her admiration by outraging her modesty—and for how long, Bulwer? You forget to-morrow will be the third of February."

"And what then? You do not place any real credit in that absurd prophecy, do you?"

"Each passing moment convinces me still further it is true. No! Bulwer! the time is too near at hand. Let me die—not in peace—but at all events with the knowledge I have not made her miserable. Were Everil in real danger I might risk her anger, but by this time to-morrow she will be free to love whom she chooses."

"And you would not stretch out your little finger, I suppose, to save her from destruction?"

"What do you mean?" cries the earl, starting into a sitting posture.

"Suppose she were to elope with that man to-night, what then?"

"God! are you saying this only to torture me, or do you know anything—suspect anything?"

"I know nothing but what you have shown me, but surely that is enough."

"Do you mean to insinuate that my Everil *could*—that it would be *possible*? O

no, O no! She is young and thoughtless—and by the very fact of marrying her I have thrown her into the way of temptation—but she is too pure, too good, too honorable. I would rather die than suspect her of such baseness."

"*Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coute*, and Lady Valence appears, at any rate, to have *begun* well."

"Bulwer, you do her an injustice! Her first lover, the only man she ever cared for—God help me!—is near her, and dishonorable enough to whisper love into her ear. The poor child were less than a woman could she refuse even to listen. But more than this Everil would never do. I would stake my life upon it. Even now her pure heart may be reproaching her for having listened. But if I thought that he had *dared*—and Lord Valence's hands are clenched tightly together as he says the word.

"To suggest something more than listening to her ladyship, you mean. What would you do in that case, Valence?"

"I would tear his false tongue out of his mouth! I would place my heel upon his face, and grind it into powder!"

"What, in your present condition?"

"Heaven would lend me the strength. The knowledge that my darling's mind was being corrupted—that all through her long life, though released from my presence, she would bear the scourge of an accusing conscience that would not permit her even to meet me in the other world with unabashed eyes—would imbue me with a false capacity for exertion. In that hour, Bulwer, I should be stronger than the strongest man that was ever born, even if I died the moment after I had pulverized my enemy and hers to dust."

"Notwithstanding the prophecy."

"Ah! that prophecy! What signifies our talking when I shall not live, perhaps, to look upon my darling's face again?"

"I will call her to you if you wish it."

"No, no! She is happy! Let her remain so now. Only—to-morrow, should she be sleeping towards noon, Bulwer, rouse her just for one moment, that my

last sweet impression of this world may be the features of her lovely face."

"You are quite sure you shall go at noon?"

"Quite sure! Who should know better than those who have been commissioned to conduct my spirit from this world to the next?"

"And you have no doubt whatever of the trustworthiness of your spiritual messengers? You do not suppose it possible they could be mistaken?"

"If I once found what they told me to be untrue, the whole fabric of my belief in them as guardian spirits would crumble to the ground."

"I am glad of that," remarks Bulwer, dryly.

"That they *are* spirits, and that the communications I receive through my own hand and hearing are due to some influence ulterior to my senses, no power on earth could make me disbelieve; but there are, of course, different grades of creatures in those spheres as in this, and false messages and prophecies could only come through the mouths of lying or evil spirits. It would give me infinite pain, Bulwer, to believe that I had ever had communion with such as those."

"Even though the knowledge were attended with your prolonged existence?"

"What good is my life to me? She does not love me. No, Bulwer! let me die! My death will make her happy; my life can only make myself miserable."

"Still here, Mr. Bulwer?" interposes the soft voice of Agatha, as she comes creeping up to the head of sofa. "This is good of you. But I am afraid dear Valence must be tired. Don't you think he would be better in bed? It is past two o'clock."

"I do not intend to go to bed to-night, Agatha; I shall remain here."

"To what end, Valence?"

"To speak to Isola. She promised me she would visit me to-night."

"She will not come whilst Mr. Bulwer is with you, as you well know. Had we not better go back to the ballroom, and leave you alone?"

"Perhaps you had. And yet I should have liked Bulwer to see Isola. He is so incredulous."

"He can see her another time. You must ask her permission first, remember. Come, Mr. Bulwer."

"Is he fit to be left by himself?"

"He has his bell, and Johnson is within call. He will go to sleep as soon as we are gone," she adds in a whisper.

"Why cannot Bulwer stay?" inquires the earl as they rise to leave the apartment.

"I thought you wished to see Isola. You know how timid she is with strangers."

"Yet she came before Everil."

"She did not like it, as she told you afterwards. But perhaps you would rather have your friend?"

"No, no! He can return to me afterwards. Leave me for a couple of hours to myself, Bulwer, and then come back to me if you choose."

"I will not fail to do so, my dear fellow," says the young man as he and Mrs. West step into the hall together. Under the hall lamp he grasps her wrist, and looks steadfastly into her face.

"Mrs. West! do you believe in 'Isola?'"

Agatha's eyes move uneasily from beneath his gaze.

"Of course I do. I have seen her. So has Everil."

"You believe her to be a spirit, and not a woman?"

"A woman! O Mr. Bulwer, what absurd nonsense, when she can come through a keyhole or a pane of glass. Of course she is not a woman!"

"Well! I should like to see her do it," is his rejoinder as he drops her arm and follows her into the ballroom. A waltz is in active progress. It is some time before he can distinguish Everil. When he finds her she is seated languidly upon a couch with Staunton hanging over her.

"Will you take another turn?" Captain Staunton is saying as he comes up to them.

"No! thank you. I am tired. But I wish you would ask one of the O'Connor girls. You have not danced with either of them this evening, and it looks so particular."

"To hear your wishes is to obey them," he replies gallantly, as he moves away in quest of Miss O'Connor. Then the countess turns eagerly to Bulwer.

"How is he?"

"Very low, and quite convinced that he is sinking. But it will be all right, Lady Valence. I have ascertained that."

"Heaven grant it! If it is only right for him, I care little what becomes of me."

"It will be right for both of you."

"Do you think so? I know his high sense of honor, and am not so sanguine. You are sure you understand everything?"

"Perfectly."

"The hour we start, the place we go to?"

"Every particular."

"And you will not fail me?"

"As there is a God in heaven! No!" replies the young man, in a low voice.

"Where is Agatha?"

"She entered the ballroom with me just now."

"Then she has disappeared again," replies the countess, as her eyes wander round the apartment. "What makes her so fidgety to-night, I wonder?"

The remark sets Bulwer wondering also. What can make Mrs. West so fidgety to-night? Why should she have appeared so anxious that he should not remain in the library and prevent the advent of the spirit Isola? If she is true to her brother-in-law, would she not hail any justifiable means by which his mind might be diverted from the subject of his approaching doom?

The more he ponders the more curious he becomes. At last he grows fidgety himself, and leaves the ballroom also. On the threshold he encounters Dr. Newall.

"Have you seen the earl lately, doctor?"

"I have just come from him. His pulse grows lower every hour. This is a melancholy contrast, Mr. Bulwer—feasting and dancing in one room, and death in the other."

"You believe it is death?"

"I believe it will be, unless a miracle occurs to prevent it. Lady Valence has terribly disappointed me."

"Do not judge her too harshly. Her anxiety itself may urge her to appear gayer than she feels."

"A lame excuse, Mr. Bulwer, and you know it. But thank heaven the poor fellow sleeps at present and forgets all his sorrow."

"Valence is asleep?"

"Yes; he dozed off as I was talking to him. He is so weak, he might well sleep his life away. But his valet is within call."

"Mrs. West is with him, I suppose?"

"No; for the moment he is alone, and I should wish him to remain so. I distrust that woman more than ever."

"So do I," is the earnest answer, as Bulwer slips through the crowd assembled in

the doorway, and makes his way up to his own bedroom. A thought has struck him—he is resolved to put it into execution. Quietly as a mouse he changes his dancing shoes for a pair of velvet slippers, and, with a dark rug in his hand, steals down the back staircase to the lower story. Only a few servants hanging about the corridors, to see what they can of the unusual festivities, encounter him upon his way, and he gains the library threshold unmolested. The room in which the personal attendant of Lord Valence waits in case of being wanted, although close by, is entirely divided from the larger apartment, and the door at the further end of the library, which is always kept locked, is covered by a heavy velvet curtain.

As John Bulwer enters he cannot hear a sound, or hardly see an object. The breathing of the earl is too faint and weak to be audible, and the solitary lamp which burns upon the table has been turned down to its lowest point. He gropes his way cautiously to the head of the large old-fashioned sofa on which his friend lies, and crouching down behind it, covers himself with the travelling rug, and prepares to wait for what may happen. He has determined that he will see and judge of the reality of this mysterious "Isola" for himself, and if possible penetrate what reason she can have had for foretelling evil to a man who (if the prophecy prove true) would have found it quite soon enough for himself. He has to wait there in his uncomfortable cramped position much longer than he anticipated or than is pleasant to himself. He hears the strains of the brass band, which has been sent for all the way from D—, strike up again and again, and the clocks strike one; and a noise of much rustling, and treading, and talking, as the company troop in to supper; and he is beginning to think he has come on a wild-goose chase, when he sees the velvet *portiere* that conceals the second door, which he has always been given to understand is locked, if not fastened up, move suddenly, as though pulled by a hand round which a pale light plays, and then close up again. At the same moment Valence, as if instinctively, stirs in his sleep, and then rousing, sits up on the sofa and looks about him.

"Isola!" he utters in a voice half of entreaty, half of awe.

A quick whisper comes from behind the curtain.

"The light—the light—it hurts me!"

The earl rises languidly, and totally extinguishes the lamp, then throws himself back upon his cushions with a groan, as if that slight effort had even been too much for him. The flame from the fire is now the only light in the apartment, and it plays upon his pallid countenance and haggard features as though he were a corpse.

Bulwer ventures to uncover himself, and look eagerly towards the curtain.

In a minute or so the drapery is again agitated, and for the space of an instant a form, clad in white, appears, and disappears again.

"There is no light now, and I am alone," murmurs Valence. "Come to me, Isola! I am too weak to rise and go to you."

The hangings are again parted, the form steps into the space before them, and the mysterious "Isola" is at last revealed to Bulwer's view.

The young man feels his heart beat quicker and the blood surge to his head. He has been told, on unquestionable authority, that he stands face to face with a spirit risen from the dead; and whilst the idea is still new to him, even the most lion-hearted man would experience a slight qualm on such an introduction. Still trepidation does not deprive him of his senses as it did Everil. He trembles, but he can observe, and his observation is rewarded. The form that stands before him is worth looking at.

Slight and small in figure, and draped in some white, soft, cloudy material, that hangs loosely about every part, and yet seems to envelop all, "Isola" is the embodiment of what a fanciful imagination might conjure up as the appearance of a visitant from the other world. Her golden hair ripples loosely to her knees; her features are not so distinct as Bulwer would wish to have them, because her head and shoulders seem to be covered with a veil that looks like black *crepe*; but her bare arms are deadly white and bloodless-looking; and in one hand she bears a small antique lamp, the dimly-burning wick of which just shows sufficient light upon her person to render it mysteriously unrecognizable except as a whole. But Valence seems to have no difficulty in recognizing his visitor.

"True to the last!" he murmurs. "My faithful Isola, your task will soon be over, and your weary charge set free. But why do you look so mournfully to-night? What is the meaning of that dark veil about your head?"

"I come to earth," replies the apparition, speaking in a low hissing whisper, which renders it impossible to note the quality of her voice, "and I adopt her customs. She will mourn, whilst we rejoice."

"Will you stay with me to the end?"

"I cannot stay. My services are needed elsewhere. But as your spirit leaves the body it will encounter mine."

"And then I shall be free from all trouble, and sorrow, and disappointment forever! Isola, is the time certain? Is there no possibility of its being altered?"

"The fiat has gone forth—there is no possibility of change."

"And you will be glad to receive me, will you not? You will be ready to welcome me to those spheres where I shall again encounter my beloved father and brother? O, tell me, Isola, that *some one* will rejoice! That, though I leave none to regret me upon earth, I shall find the affection my soul longs for *there!*"

"It waits for you," is the low reply, "and you will realize it *to-morrow—at noon*. Farewell!"

"Stay, Isola—stay one moment! For the last two years you have been preparing my mind for the event so near at hand; but during all that time you have never let me touch you, nor even approach you nearer than I am now. Other spirits have handled me, written through me, and spoken to me. You only, of all my spiritual friends, have denied me this privilege. Why is it so?"

"I am not formed like other spirits. They are, except for a hand or a voice, for the most part intangible. My immortal part is clothed upon with an emanation from your own substance, and you could not approach too near or handle me without injuring yourself."

"What signifies an injury to a man with one foot in the grave? By this time to-morrow I too shall be intangible. But let me touch you to-night. I am still mortal, and this desire is strong on me."

"It must not be," says Isola, as she commences to back towards the velvet *portiere*.

"Then come nearer to me. I would not willingly offend you; but how can I tell that in the spirit world you will appear to me as you do now? Let me have a proof before I go that you are all you have said yourself to be."

"A proof! and at this hour!"

"Yes! I want it. The wish has come on me suddenly, but strongly. Pass over my sofa, Isola—walk through me—or float out of the window. Do something to show me that you are beyond my finite comprehension."

Bulwer is watching the apparition closely. He, too, is waiting anxiously to see the upshot of his friend's request.

"To-morrow—at noon!" is all the spirit answers, as she begins to glide away.

"You will not do it for me, Isola!" exclaims the earl, hotly. "You will even let me die, wrapped round with this mysterious, wavering credulity, which says one moment that '*it is*,' and the next '*it cannot be*.'"

"The proofs are coming—coming—coming!—to-morrow—at noon," whispers the fast-receding phantom.

"By heavens! I will have them now," exclaims Lord Valence, as he starts from his couch and advances towards the white-draped figure. In a moment it has vanished behind the heavy curtain, and he is left standing in the middle of the room alone.

Bulwer feels that his opportunity has arrived. With the speed of lightning he leaves his hiding-place, and gains the outside of the library door before the earl has staggered back to his seat.

The company are returning from the supper-table, and the corridor is filled with guests. Bulwer gives himself no time for thought or ceremony, but rushing past them in his slippered feet, gains the upper corridor, the further end of which he knows is the only communication (except that which leads to the kitchen offices) with the passage upon which opens the velvet-curtained door in the earl's library.

He reaches it breathless—but in time. Just as he turns into it, the apparition noiselessly appears at the other end, and seems about to make for the upper story. He rushes heedlessly to meet it. It sees him—pauses—and then turning, flees swiftly down the staircase by which it has ascended.

Bulwer, regardless of all consequences, pursues and overtakes it on the threshold of the locked door of the library.

## CHAPTER XXXVI.

"YOU WILL KNOW, HUSBAND, THAT I HAVE LOVED YOU."

THE ball is still at its height, though the first gray streaks of dawn have commenced to peer through the unshuttered windows of the castle, when John Bulwer persuades the earl to lie down upon his bed.

"It will rest you to take off your clothes, Valence, even if you do not feel inclined to sleep."

"Just as you like, dear Bulwer. It makes no difference to me. The object for which I waited here is accomplished."

He leans as heavily on his friend's arm, as they toil up the staircase together, as though he were about to sink through the ground.

"This is the last time I shall need to bear all my weight on you, Bulwer. I shall soon be able to walk by myself. What o'clock is it? How light the corridor appears!"

"It is just two."

"So late! and they are not yet tired of dancing! Some one is leaning against the door of my room. It must be one of the servants fallen asleep through fatigue."

But it is not one of the servants. It is Lady Valence. At the sight of her, even under such painful circumstances as these, his pale face flushes and looks glad.

"Everil! can it be you? What is the matter? Are you ill?"

She starts and is silent, trembling too much for speech, as Bulwer can well perceive, as she stands before them, gray and ashen in the uncertain light. He slips his arm from beneath that of his friend, and passes from them into an adjoining room.

"Ill! of course not! What on earth should make me ill?"

"But you are shaking. You must be terribly cold, standing in this draughty passage, and with nothing on your neck and shoulders. O, take care of yourself, Everil, for"—"for my sake," he is about to say, but he alters the expression—"for the sake of all who love you!"

"They are not many," she laughs carelessly.

"They ought to be! But why have you left the ballroom?"

"I was tired. I wanted rest. I thought you were in bed long ago."

"No. I cannot rest! But I shall soon!—I shall soon! Will you come and see me, Everil, before I go?" he continues, gently, as he lays his hand upon her arm.

"Before you go—*where*?"

"Where God pleases! Before I am called to leave you, I should have said. It will not be many hours longer now. You have not forgotten this is the third of February."

She seizes his hand passionately. A wan hungry look has come into her eyes. She is about, apparently, to cast herself upon his neck and strain him to her bosom—when she stops, and laughs derisively.

"How can you talk such nonsense! The third of fiddlesticks! Valence! I have no patience with you!"

"I do not ask it of you now," he returns, slowly; "only give it to my memory tomorrow, with pardon for all the trouble I have unwittingly brought upon your head. Believe me, Everil, that when I married you, I did not know—*what I know now*—or I should have exercised a spirit of greater generosity and forbearance towards you. The past cannot be undone; but in the future, remember that my last prayer was for your happiness and prosperity!"

He walks slowly from her as he speaks, and passes into the room beyond, where Bulwer is waiting to receive him. As the door closes upon her, Lady Valence sinks prostrate on the floor, and moans in the extremity of her pain.

"O, why did I not adopt the other course at once, and kill myself by inches? My death might have aroused him as effectually as the thought of my dishonor, and been less painful to look back upon. How kind he is! How patient—noble—generous! And he believes I can desert him! He believes that all my protestations of affection were so many falsehoods, concocted perhaps for the very purpose of covering my love for Staunton! How shall I ever undeceive him?—how ever convince him that I have but been acting a part in order to save his precious life?"

"Perhaps never! Perhaps all his life long he will consider that I have betrayed him! But if I may but live to see him live, I shall have my reward. And some day—

when all the mistakes of this world are set right—you will know, Valence—husband—dearest!—that I *have* loved you!"

She rises to a kneeling position, and presses her lips against the panels of the door that separates them; then hastily dries her streaming eyes, and passes into the open corridor again.

At its extremity she encounters Captain Staunton. He is in a flurry, and seems to have been seeking her.

"Not changed your dress yet, Everil! Do make haste! Everything is ready, and your guests are beginning to leave. This is just the time for us to slip away unnoticed."

"I will be ready in a quarter of an hour."

"Your absence may be observed before then, and it is no use anticipating a scandal. How red your eyes are! Have you been crying?"

"A little. It is an important step I am about to take."

"But I cannot have you weep over it, or I shall think you are an unwilling captive. Come! let me kiss those tears away."

But she shrinks from his embrace, as though it had been that of her bitterest enemy.

"Do not touch me! Some one may be watching us! I will go and tell my maid to get ready, and we will join you in the west corridor in less than half an hour," she answered.

"Your maid! You surely do not intend to take her with you, Everil?"

"Indeed I do. I never travel anywhere without her."

"But under these circumstances—"

"I should imagine it will make little difference who sees us fly or not. Will not all the world know it before noon?"

"You must do as you choose, but I consider it quite unnecessary. In twenty minutes then, let us say, in the west corridor. I will be sure to meet you there."

He turns away as he finishes his sentence; and Lady Valence walks slowly to her own apartment, where the maid, dressed in a dark bonnet, and shawl, and veil, is waiting for her.

"O, you are ready! Have you got out my things?"

"Which do you mean to wear?"

"The oldest, darkest, shabbiest apparel I may happen to possess, as is fit for the

darkest and shabbiest deed I have ever committed."

"Don't lose heart now that it is so nearly over," observes the maid.

The tone of her voice is so familiar that it is surprising Lady Valence does not resent it; but, on the contrary, she does not even appear to notice the change.

Perhaps she is smitten with a self-consciousness that the insult is not undeserved; perhaps she is unwilling to alienate the only creature who countenances the offence she contemplates.

No further conversation passes between them as the waiting-woman disencumbers her mistress of her balldress and jewelry, and, robing her in a simple black silk, throws a furred cloak about her shoulders. Only when the last preparations are completed, and they are ready to steal down stairs, hand-in-hand, like two guilty creatures bent on the same deed of infamy, Everil turns suddenly to her companion, and says:

"After all, you had better not go with me. Why should I compromise you, in order to assist my own ends?"

"I am determined to go with you, so it is no use saying anything more about it. Do you not see that my presence is necessary to your success?"

"But suppose my efforts end in defeat, and I drag you down with me?"

"There is no probability of that; but if there were, I am ready to risk it."

"O, thank you so much for saying so! You are the only creature I know that would do as much for me." And Lady

Valence actually stoops down and salutes her maid upon the forehead. Then, after a few tears and kisses, they leave the apartment softly and reach the western corridor unnoticed.

Maurice Staunton comes forward to receive them.

"I suppose your maid knows all, Everil?"

"All."

"And she is trustworthy?"

"I shall not give her the opportunity of being otherwise. She will travel inside the carriage with ourselves."

"Deuced inconvenient!" mutters the captain.

"I wish it to be so," is the dignified reply; and he considers that the discomfort will be but temporary, and makes no further objection to it.

A few minutes later, a dark travelling-carriage with post-horses—not unlike many that have conveyed their loads of papas and mammas and pretty daughters to the castle that evening—rolls over the draw-bridge and through the park gates, without exciting much suspicion in the mind of any one.

And no one discovers that Lady Valence has left her home until the last guest has departed, and Agatha West, desirous of ascertaining if the hostess's early retirement is due to sudden illness, enters her sleeping apartment—now at some distance from that of the earl—finds a note upon her toilet-table to tell her of the disgrace which has fallen on the house of Valence.

[CONCLUDED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

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## DICK FELTON'S FAITH.

BY BERNICE M'CALLY.

## CHAPTER I.

OF Margaret Danley's friends few, if any, would have admitted that she felt a tithe of affection for Barbara Cray, the orphan child of her husband's dead sister; yet all agreed in pronouncing her a benevolent woman. She had readily assented to her husband's proposition to give Barbara a home; but, being childless herself, what was she to know of a young girl's needs? She had fed her, and clothed her, and given her such education as the country schools afforded. Further than this she had not agreed to go. If she ever noticed the girl's slow step and mournful eyes, it was merely to suggest that she might be a little quicker in her movements, if she chose; and as for her always trying to look so sentimentally sorrowful, it was not going to win her admiration. If Mrs. Danley had known of the bitter tears shed in secret over these unkind words, perhaps she would have been more considerate; but she never knew.

Barbara was not beautiful, certainly; yet I speak but the truth when I say that her face immediately enchained the eye of the beholder. There was nothing unusual in her features—in fact, she was quite plain; yet the fact was unalterable that there was a magnetism in her glance, and a certain spell in her smile. Her eyes were dark and lustrous, and her hair was remarkable. It was black as ebon midnight, smooth and glossy as satin, and it lay on her head in bands and braids in prodigal profusion.

The drudgery of the farmhouse had well nigh broken the girl's spirit, as it needed but a glance to show. Her hands were shapely and small, but brown and hard from toil. Her face, naturally fair, was tanned by exposure to sun and wind, for this delicate girl had many a day, with hoe in hand, faithfully followed the plow.

That she was an uncommon child, all the neighbors, and even her aunt, avowed; and, "Don't be mooning like Barbara Cray!" was a frequent rebuke from the thrifty housewife, if she saw her daughter with a book in her hand, or gazing silently

into vacancy, building, possibly, castles in the air.

Barbara was above the average in intellect. Much, too much, doubtless, given to dreaming; she had the temperament, ay, the talent, too, for an author of note, had she been properly educated. This habit of dreamy speculation was inherited from her father, an idle visionary, whose castles never took solid shape or actual form; whose scribbles and attempts at authorship Barbara religiously preserved, and pored over at odd intervals, when the nightwork was finished, and she had procured the nameless blessing of a tallow dip, made on purpose, by her aunt, made with wick so scant and tallow so sparing, that "Barbara's candles" became a by-word on the farm.

As she grew up to womanhood, her superiority to the rude country lasses around was more noticeable still. Elegant in form, she had the carriage of a princess; and her hair was a crown of beauty a queen might have envied. She began to take a certain pride in caring for her complexion. Long sunbonnets she made of gingham which her own labor had purchased; gloves she made of sheepskin which her own hands had prepared; until her face was purely white, and her hands delicate and soft as velvet. Unhappily, Barbara was utterly unsuited to the atmosphere which surrounded her, the circle in which she moved. Hopes and aspirations to which her associates were strangers stirred her breast. Dreams of fame she indulged—dreams of that fame which is only won by that instrument which, in the hand of genius, is mightier than the sword. Poor girl! what wonder if often

"a vague unrest  
And a nameless longing filled her breast—  
A wish she scarcely dared to own  
For something better than she had known?"

The spirit of Barbara's dream was disturbed, not by ghost or hobgoblin, but by a stolid form of real flesh and blood, a huge six feet of masculinity, her uncle's "hired help," Richard Felton—"Dick,"

as he was called by his familiars, but whom Barbara freezingly addressed as Mr. Felton, and who, in the honest simplicity of his nature, called her "Barbara, my girl." Once he had spoken to her confidentially as "Barbara, my dear;" but it was only once, for the flash of scorn and anger that blazed up in the girl's eyes had startled him, and sent him out from her presence in unbounded sorrow and humiliation.

Dick Felton was one of the few men whom we can conscientiously call good. He possessed an uncorrupted spirit, and an honest tender heart throbbled in his breast. He was frank, generous and kind; nor was he a mere dolt in intellect. True, he had but little education, but Barbara herself was not fonder of books than he. And he loved this girl, Barbara Cray, with all his honest soul. She was the very life-blood that stirred. But, alas! for him—I had almost said for her, too—she could not love him. So far, in fact, was she from this, that she looked upon him with actual repugnance. His presence was unendurable to her. She hated him, as girls do sometimes hate the very men whom they should love, who would with tenderest hand smooth their pathway through life, and worship them with a devotion entire. But Barbara could not associate sentiment with the thought of the man who had plowed the corn while she hoed it, or furrowed out while she dropped. Love him she could not; it was out of the question; *a l'impossible nul est tenu*.

But Richard was not easily discouraged. He was determined to get into her good graces. O how the man loved her! I sometimes wonder, in serious moments, whether ever woman in God's fair world was loved more truly than Richard loved this pale-faced girl.

It was a hot day in August, and nearly noon. Barbara had been raking hay from six o'clock in the morning. It was astonishing to see the adroit manner in which Dick managed to keep the girl's side.

"It is insufferable!" thought Barbara.

"It is heaven!" thought Dick.

But his eyes dwelt pityingly on the slight form and flushed face. At length he paused, and, leaning on the handle of his rake, threw his head to one side, in a peculiarly significant manner, and said, slowly:

"Look here, Barbara, my girl! you just throw down that rake, and go over yonder by the spring, where it's cool, and rest, and I'll do my share and yours, too!"

The girl looked up quickly, giving him a glance so kind that Dick's heart—to use his own mental exclamation—almost jumped out of his bosom, and said, hastily: "You cannot do it, I'm thinking."

"Humph! I rather 'low I am about the one that can. I tell you, my girl, if I choose, I can rake more hay with these two great paws of mine in five minutes than you and me together'll rake in fifteen; because I'm not going to leave you here by yourself so lonesome like. And as long as they've no more pity than to put a wee thing like you in the hayfield, I'm not going to do such mighty licks nohow! and I don't care who of 'em knows it—so please the goodness!"

Barbara could not help smiling at his queer expressions.

"You have a kind heart, sir," she said; "and I will gratefully accept your offer—at least, while I get a fresh drink, and rest a moment."

To say that Dick "made hay while the sun shone" would not express the marvellous manner in which he made that hay fly. He, however, having ever been a cold-water advocate, soon felt a thirst which nothing but a draught from that spring could assuage.

Barbara was sitting with her head bowed on her hand. The flush on her face had given place to a deadly pallor, and, looking closely, Dick discovered that tears were dripping through her fingers. He forgot that he had come to the spring for a drink. He just stood and looked at Barbara, an expression stealing over his face that no one ever saw there before. It was one of awe softened into supremest pity, and around the lips lurked a look of resolute determination.

"Barbara," he said, softly, with an utterly futile attempt to repress the tenderness in his voice.

The girl shivered, but did not look up.

"Barbara, if you have any human pity for me, go to the house; for I would rather some one shot me than to see you crying there that way. O Barbara! O my darling!"

It was useless; try as he would, his mighty love must have some vent.

Still she sat motionless. She did not even speak, to give him the reproof he expected.

"Barbara, do you want me to lift you up and carry you to the house?"

She looked up now in a quick frightened way.

"O no indeed, Mr. Felton!"

"Well, then, you'd better hurry and go; for if you don't, I declare I'll do it!" And the stalwart frame seemed to expand and grow taller in the gaze of the almost petrified Barbara.

She rose quickly. She tried to look angry, but, at sight of the look on his face, anger died in her breast, and she merely said:

"I am sure Mr. Felton would never do such a very absurd thing—seeing that I am as able to walk there as he is!"

With a regal inclination of her head, she walked away very swiftly indeed. If Dick had been well versed in modern poetry, doubtless he would have murmured as he looked after her:

"The white moon that looks from above,  
And the stars, know the woman is mine!"

But he only said, with an audible sigh:

"She certainly is the nicest girl I ever set eyes on; and I'll marry her—if she'll have me; and if she will not, I'll die a bachelor!"

At dinner time Mrs. Danley said:

"Come and eat your dinner, Barbara, and I will wash the dishes; so you need not stop back when they go out to work."

An ominous *ahem!* sounded from Dick's direction. Every one knew when he cleared his throat in this manner that something of importance was bound to follow; so they all respectfully awaited his forthcoming remark.

"Squire," he said, addressing Mr. Danley, "I've been considerin' all this forenoon, and I've concluded that that child haint got strength enough to rake hay; and I think she'd just as well stay in the house and help her aunt."

A small bombshell exploding under the meat-dish would not have carried more surprise than this remark. Mr. Danley's discomfiture was evident. He glanced at his wife, but her lips were closed with as much stolid determination as Dick dare evince.

"So I just stepped over to the Widow

Goff's and hired her boy Tom—a likely lad he is, too—to take Barbara's place. He's been wanting a job of work, you know."

Farmer Danley dropped his knife and fork in blank astonishment, and ejaculated:

"I think you've taken great liberty! Pray, who agrees to pay this lad? I assure you I will not."

"I calculate he'll be paid, squire," said Dick, composedly.

The other harvesters could with difficulty refrain from giving Dick three rousing cheers on the spot; while that personage ate away with as much indifference as if he had not just made one poor tired heart throb with gratitude unbounded.

## CHAPTER II.

MRS. DANLEY had, as she was often wont to express it, "high connections." She had married beneath her, and her family had consequently discarded her.

Her father had been at one time a member of Congress; and if he had not been beaten by an opposing candidate, he would have been governor of the State of Pennsylvania. Still, as Mrs. Danley truthfully remarked, it was *some* honor even to have aspired to the gubernatorial chair. She had a sister married to a wealthy Philadelphia lawyer. Mrs. Hildebrand, Mrs. Danley's sister, was a mild equable-tempered woman, who had, long years ago, forgiven Margaret, and longed to visit her, but her husband sternly forbade it; and as her daughters, Gertrude and Arabella, grew to womanhood, they shared and heightened their father's aversion to the mention of Margaret Danley's name. But the son, young Frank Hildebrand, indorsed his mother's side of the question. He was the eldest, and was about twenty-one years old. Rumor affirmed that he was a very wild and reckless young man, much given to wine. I can hardly say whether it was strictly true or not. But I do know that he was a very brilliant fascinating young man; that he was welcomed and petted by the first circle, the *bon ton* of Philadelphia.

Mr. Hildebrand was wont to boast that he had never exercised any control over his children, that they had always shown themselves possessed of sound judgment enough to steer their own course aright. Such being the sentiments of their father, when I say that the girls were admired and

esteemed, and that Frank was considered "quite a treasure," I have, perhaps, shown them to be, after all, a rather wonderful trio.

It was one morning at breakfast that Frank demurely remarked:

"Mother, how many aunts have I?"

"Only one, my son."

"Father has no sisters, I think."

"None."

"I'm so sorry! I should dearly love to visit some of my aunts."

"You have no aunts," said Gertrude.

"Where's Aunt Margaret Danley?"

"Not where she deserves to be, by some odds!" said Mr. Hildebrand, savagely.

"In what part of the State does Aunt Maggie live, mother?" asked Frank, heeding his father's remark no more than he did the cat's purr at his feet.

Mrs. Hildebrand made no reply, though it was evident she admired her son's courage.

"Somewhere near Reading, I rather guess," he went on. "I think I'll run down to-morrow and see her."

His mother's eyes flashed with pleasure.

"Going bear-hunting?" sneered Gertrude.

"O no! deer-hunting, sis."

"I always thought there was a weak spot somewhere in your unlucky cranium!" said Arabella, loftily.

The father, having always had such firm faith in his son's sound judgment, laughed, shrugged his shoulders, and said:

"Well, go, if you wish. But I sincerely hope your highly intelligent uncle will put you to plowing, if you do go!"

At the Danley farm things went on in much the same way as usual, save that Barbara was now freed from the galling yoke of outdoor service—freed by the unexampled generosity of her uncle's "hired help," Richard Felton. A change had come over that young man. He became dissatisfied with his station, and resolved to look higher. Moodily sitting in the farmhouse door one evening, after he had driven home the cows for Barbara, he suddenly concluded that he would obtain a better education. He was no mean hand at mathematics even now. He had saved quite a snug little sum of money, amounting to nearly a thousand dollars. A plan unfolded itself in his brain. He would go to a commercial college, learn to keep

books, and obtain a situation in some mercantile establishment. He readily observed that Barbara looked upon him as her inferior in intellect.

"I'll become her equal," thought he, proudly. "*I will marry her yet!*"

Mrs. Dauley had gone to visit a sick neighbor. Mr. Danley had gone to purchase cattle. Barbara and Dick were alone. The young girl had come to look upon Dick as a sort of benefactor. She did not like him even yet; but she had ceased to feel that nervous dread of his presence which had formerly so disturbed her. She brought her knitting out on the porch and sat down. Dick had been making a pretence of reading a newspaper, but he threw it down, and reclining against a pillar, gazed into vacancy. The unutterably sad expression of his face touched the girl's heart. He remained so obdurately silent that her ears ached to hear the sound of a human voice.

"I will not speak first," she thought. "What can ail the fellow, I wonder! Is he angry?"

Still his lips were as firmly closed as if they were frozen together. An hour passed. Twilight crept up the walk and darkened the shadows of the vines.

At last, "Dick," said she, desperately, "are you never going to say anything?"

He started, a blaze of light flamed athwart his eyes, and a vivid dash of red came up in his face. She had never called him Dick before.

"I was absorbed in thought," he faltered.

"What have you been thinking about that is so absorbing?" asked she, kindly.

"I have been thinking of you—and a few other things," he replied, frankly telling the truth.

Barbara smiled.

"What a very queer person you are!" she exclaimed.

"Barbara," he said, suddenly, "I want to talk to you a little; have I your consent?"

She hesitated. She did not care to hear what he had to say; yet, if she refused, should she ever regret it?

"I think I will hear you," she said, gently.

"Barbara, this is the last time I shall have an opportunity to speak with you, at least for a long time. I am going to Phil-

adelphia, to enter a commercial college. I am not going to pass my life on a farm, though farming is an honorable business. Barbara, do you advise me to go?"

"I do not—know—it is so sudden!" she stammered, as a vision of what her life would be without him rose before her—a life of drudgery, probably unequalled by anything in the past.

Dick moved his position, and sat down on the step at her feet.

"My girl," said he, tenderly, "if you do not want me to go, say so, and I'll give it up. Anything that you bid me, that will I do!" And he took her hand in his.

Poor Barbara! it seemed to her that fate was determined on making her wretched. Why must her only friend be taken away from her? Yet she dared not be so utterly selfish as to object. What right had she to do so? Could she expect him to remain, merely to lighten the burdens of one who could never be aught to him? Moved by some feeling she could not fathom, her bosom heaved, and she wept bitterly.

Dick drew her unresisting head down to his shoulder.

"My dear Barbara, my little darling!" he whispered; "I will not go—no, no, I will not go! O Barbara, I love you! I love you!"

She raised her head. She knew that the man had spoken the truth; that, could she accept this love, it would be the crowning blessing of her life. *But she could not accept it.*

"Dick, my friend," said she, mournfully, "I know that you love me; and it is the great grief of my life that you do, for I can never love you in return. You are the best friend I have. I should sorrow deeply to see you go away; but my advice to you is go—go, by all means. Improve your mind. Do right, and you will be happy; and my prayers shall follow you. But to stay on my account would be very unwise. A century could not alter my feelings toward you. My lot will doubtless be more toilsome when your faithful hands are absent; but you must not, *must not stay.*"

A great and overwhelming anguish swept over the man's soul. He bowed his head silently. The darkness crept closer around, enveloping them. The fireflies came out, the stars looked twinkling down, and the empress of the night serenely shed her light upon them.

Richard Felton raised his head. Some strange light burned in his eyes. He suddenly threw his arm around the shrinking form, and clasped her passionately to his heart. He kissed the pale face and the quivering lips.

"Barbara, my love! Barbara, my love!" he moaned; "how can I give you up? But I must! I must! And yet, my darling, I have faith to believe you will one day be mine. O Barbara! no one can ever love you as much as I do—never, never! Dear Barbara, farewell!"

Before the next day had dawned Dick Felton had taken his departure from the farmhouse; while Barbara slept, and dreamed that she had learned to love him, and that her heart was torn asunder by some cruel separation that must last for aye!

### CHAPTER III.

FARMER DANLEY and his wife were much surprised at Dick's sudden departure, and no wonder. He had been with them five years!

"It is strange," said the farmer, looking curiously at Barbara. "I don't know where he'll go to get more than sixteen dollars a month and boarded; and that is what I have been paying him for the last five years. And to leave me just now, in the very busiest season—an ungrateful dog!"

Barbara could scarcely have told what made her face flush so angrily and her heart beat so quickly, as she retorted:

"That is the last epithet I should apply to Dick—ungrateful dog, indeed?"

The sun was sinking behind the western hills. The sultry summer day was drawing to a close. Barbara, tying on her sun-bonnet, started for the cows. If she thought of one who had been accustomed to perform this duty for her, she said nothing about it. She walked aimlessly along, and at last sat down on a large rock beside Squire Danley's millpond. She was utterly dejected—tired, soul and body.

"An iron frame could not endure it," she mused. "Ah, why did Dick go away? Poor faithful Dick!—ever ready to relieve me of my burdens. But I could not love him, O no! I see nothing to live for. Toil from early morn till late at night. Work, work, work! how I hate the word!

The Bible says, 'As thy day is, so shall thy strength be.' But I doubt it—I doubt everything in the hollow mocking universe. Dick's love only is true. I have tested that, and I know it is true?"

Poor girl! she was half tempted to "shuffle off this mortal coil," and have done with it.

"Mad from life's history,  
Glad to death's mystery,  
Swift to be hurled  
Anywhere, anywhere,  
Out of the world!"

But remembering that possibly her condition might not be greatly improved by any such rash adventure, she wisely

"Took up her burden of life again."

The shrill whistle of the locomotive across the hill aroused her from her reverie. She rose and walked on mechanically. She had almost forgotten she was hunting the cows.

"Pardon me, madam, but can you tell me how far I am from Jacob Danley's residence?"

Barbara was completely startled. So deep was she in thought that approaching footsteps had not aroused her. Before her, bowing with hat in hand, stood a very handsome young man. He was dressed in the finest of broadcloth; diamond studs flashed from his bosom; a heavy gold chain was fastened in his buttonhole, and extended to his left vest pocket; and an immense seal ring was very conspicuous on the fourth finger of his left hand.

Barbara was too wellbred to evince an atom of the curiosity which overwhelmed her. Bowing gravely, she said:

"The next house on the right is where Mr. Danley lives."

With a profound bow and a "thank you," the young man walked rapidly on. Barbara quickened her pace. Finding it useless to look further in that direction, she returned, and found the cows quietly chewing their cud in the barnyard. Slipping through the backdoor, she gained her own room, where she brushed her hair and put on a clean collar. Then she sank down on the side of the bed to try to collect her thoughts. But just then she heard the old accordeon in the "front room" going it at quite a lively rate. It was no earthly tune that was ever invented, and certainly

it was not a heavenly one. It sounded something like a distorted jig commingled with a jumbled-up waltz.

"Who in the world can he be that makes himself so much at home on such short acquaintance?"

She knew that her aunt would need her assistance in preparing supper, so she went to the kitchen, took down her apron, and rolled up her sleeves.

"Indeed!" sniffed her aunt. "Is it possible it's you? I should like to know, Barbara Cray, where you have been."

"There are many things which we desire to know, yet which we never find out," replied Barbara, an ominous glow coming up in her eyes.

Mrs. Danley was a peculiar woman; as long as Barbara made no retort to her innuendoes she flung them at her with insulting frequency. But no sooner did the girl evince a spirit of independence than she forthwith came down from her lofty height, and became quite conciliatory.

"My nephew, Frank Hildebrand, has come," she remarked, pleasantly. "He is from Philadelphia, and seems a very pleasant young man. I should like it if you could manage to make a favorable impression on him, as you might step into quite a nice little fortune—provided you have no foolish liking for Dick Felton."

"Aunt Margaret, I declare I will not—"

"Aunt Margaret, how snug you are here in this old farmhouse!"

There stood Frank in the doorway, his blue eyes dancing, and the corners of his mouth drawn down in a vain attempt to repress a smile. Evidently he had heard the entire conversation. Barbara was standing haughtily erect, her queenly form drawn up to its full height, her great eyes blazing wrathfully. But, try as she would to look dignified, she could not repress a smile at the serio-comic expression of the young man's face.

"My husband's niece, Miss Barbara Cray, Frank," stammered Mrs. Danley, at length.

"How do you do, Cousin Barbara?" said Frank, with charming impudence, crossing the white floor, and shaking hands cordially with her. "I am profoundly glad to make your acquaintance, though our mutual aunt has neglected to state my surname, which is Hildebrand."

For three seconds Barbara looked at him

in cold surprise, then her icy manner melted, and she smiled up at the face which seemed guiltless of imposture, the frank, pure handsome face.

Mrs. Danley was in an agony. To cook, with so fine a gentleman looking at her, was impossible. She could not have found the flour barrel.

"Barbara," she gasped, "take your cousin into the other room and talk to him, and I'll get supper."

It is not wonderful that Barbara Cray should be fascinated by the young man's manner. Frank Hildebrand was a person of no great decision of character, as it needed but a glance at the flexible womanish mouth to tell. And when I say that life held nothing half so sweet for him as a dangerously fascinating flirtation, I have told his history.

When they were seated at the table a letter was handed to Mr. Danley, which had been brought from the office by some friendly passer-by. Without any apology he hastily tore the seal. He unfolded the letter, and a twenty dollar greenback dropped out. He jumped up, unmindful of his city guest, overturning his chair in the operation, and made his exit through the back door like a flying meteor, and with the pale glow of the dying sunset illuminating the page, read:

"SQUIRE,—There is one thing which I entirely forgot to mention to you; and I take the five minutes before the train is due to acquaint you with it. I enclose twenty dollars, with which you will please hire the Widow Goff's son to perform Barbara's share of the out-door service on the farm for this season. If the expense should exceed this amount, do not fail to let me know, as I stand ready to foot the bill. I will write you on my arrival in Philadelphia, giving you my address.

"In haste, R. FELTON."

"Well, I do declare! Well, upon my word!" was all the farmer said. But the widow's son was engaged, and Barbara's bondage was ended.

It is scarcely worth my while to enter into the details of Frank Hildebrand's course of action. The reader will doubtless understand much when I say that the end of October found him still lingering at his Aunt Margaret's. Barbara Cray had

been a surprise to him—first a surprise, then a study, and finally an enigma. But I am sure that he loved her with as much earnestness as a man of his peculiarly selfish temperament is capable of loving anything besides himself; and he would have married her but for the stern, bitter, relentless opposition of his family. Even his mother was appalled at the idea. His father said, "The day you marry her I will make my will, and it shall contain this clause: 'To my son Frank I bequeath one dollar;' and from that hour your name shall never be mentioned within these walls."

And Barbara? Is it wonderful that she should love him? I say it would have been more strange if she had not. She loved him with the strength of a passionate heart whose tranquil depths had never been stirred before. There was a magnetic spell about this girl that chained Frank to her side—he could not get away. To have seen them together, you would have supposed that he worshipped her with a devotion entire; nor would you for the moment have been far wrong. He wandered by her side through the long lanes, in the quiet September evenings. He read Tennyson to her. His eyes dwelt lovingly on her face, while he recited to her the lines:

"Sweet is true love though given in vain, in vain;  
And sweet is death which puts an end to pain:  
I know not which is sweeter, no, not I."

"Love, art thou sweet? then bitter death must  
be;  
Love, thou art bitter; sweet is death to me.  
O Love, if death be sweeter, let me die!

"Sweet love that seems not made to fade away,  
Sweet death that seems to make us loveless clay,  
I know not which is sweeter, no, not I."

Before he went away he gave her the book, with his favorite Italian motto, "*Amor tutti equaglia*," pencilled on the flyleaf.

October's frosts had tinged the leaves with fantastic colors; and from the trees they shimmered down, falling with a half-shivering sigh, as if, though inanimate, they realized that they must rise no more forever; that for them no kindly voice could chant *Resurgam*. The lovers stood beneath a gigantic elm, and watched them silently as they fell. Frank had received that morning an absolute command from his father to return to the city. "If you

do not come *immediately*," wrote the irate sire, "I will contrive a plan to bring you!"

"I am going home to-morrow, Barbara," he said, at length.

The girl closed her lips to keep back a cry of pain at the sudden announcement.

"My darling," he said, tenderly, putting his arm around her, "it is useless to say that it grieves me to part with you. Barbara, it crushes my very heart! it kills me!" And he strained her slight form passionately against his breast, and bowed his face down to hers. Poor Frank! he loved her, there is not a doubt of it—not one!

"I cannot leave you! I cannot part with you! Barbara, my precious love! my queen, my treasure! O Barbara! go with me as my wife! I will not go alone! Dear love, go with me!"

Frank was thoroughly in earnest. Fortunately, Barbara had the more sense of the two. She told him it was impossible; that he could return soon; that she would certainly marry him some day. So Frank sadly took his departure, and Barbara wept bitter tears of anguish over the separation that was to be so shortlived.

*Amare simul et sapere ipsi Jovi est non datur!*

#### CHAPTER IV.

MY story has lengthened itself out strangely. I had intended to tell it in two chapters, and here I am engaged on the fourth! But I ought not to be expected to chronicle the most important events in three human lives in less than four chapters!

As I have said, it was the last of October when Frank went away. He was to return in two months; and in the meantime he was to write twice a week. True to his promise, he wrote—four letters. Then they ceased, and *Barbara heard from him no more!* The letters which he wrote were full of hopeful love, assuring her of the rapture with which he looked forward to the time when he could again clasp her in his arms, again gaze upon the face so loved. In the generality of cases there is a falling off, first in the warmth of the letters, and then in the number of them, until gradually they cease; and the recipient is more or less prepared for such an issue. But the last letter Frank wrote ex-

ceeded the others in passionate expressions of endearment. Frank—weak heart!—knew when he wrote it it would be the last. But the ardor of his passion cooled? I think not—else, why write at all? Her suffering, I am convinced, would not have been greater had she never heard from him once; and his being, as I have intimated, an utterly selfish nature, I feel safe in asserting that had his ardor cooled, he would not have written at all.

Reader mine, let me tell you, there is nothing under God's fair heaven so cruel, so utterly devastating to the human heart as a vain love. Bitter it is to feel, day by day, that your idol is becoming estranged; that a fairer face than yours has attracted the eye, another has usurped your place in the affections. But doubly bitter is the agony when the blow falls unexpectedly; when the being you have trusted next to God, whom, as firmly as you believe in Heaven, you believe to be faithful and true, proves to you, either by prolonged and aggravated silence, or by coldness and indifference, that he is utterly false—I ask you candidly, can you think of anything more calculated to crush the heart?

Barbara had loved Frank Hildebrand so deeply, so entirely! Mines of gold, the wealth of the Indies—ay, of this round world of ours, could never purchase a love like that! Fatal indeed was the hour when he consented, for a few paltry thousands, to fling it away! fatal to himself morally—disastrous in every single particular. It was the one pure love of his life, his last hope, his only salvation. Heaven pity him! And Heaven pity, in the last grand assize, the judgment day, those who, by their relentless decree, hurled him forward with frightful impetus down that slippery well-travelled path that leads to destruction!

Weeks rolled away, bearing to Barbara not one word of the false-hearted man to whom she had unwisely given her life's fondest devotion. False-hearted, I said, and I repeat it. False-hearted he must have been, or he would have trampled his father's gold beneath his feet! Understand, in all I have said explaining the reason of his falsity, I call it nothing but falsity still.

We are tired of reading in novels of the unfaithfulness of man, and the consequent suffering of woman. Now, right here let



me tell you, I am relating a story of real life—in short, a true story. It has almost become a stereotyped thing for the lover to prove false, and the unhappy young woman who trusted him to pine in solitude, grow pale, and very likely die; or, possibly, revive, recover—in plain English, get over it, and marry some one else. Well, now, I can't help it if it has become stereotyped. The truth is the truth, and I, for one, can't make anything else out of it!

"What?" you say, "did Barbara grow pale and drag out a weary existence, just because a worthless fellow loved gold more dearly than he did her? Humph! I should not have done any such thing. I should rather have considered it a good riddance, and should have congratulated myself on the timely *expose* of his falsity!"

Why, bless me, reader, so should I! But don't you know there are few persons on this mundane sphere who are possessed of *our* sound, practical, philosophical common sense? More's the pity! Don't you think so?

Six months passed away. How Barbara managed to drag through those dreary winter months she never knew. Truly, hope deferred maketh the heart sick. At the end of six months she received a letter postmarked Philadelphia. Dare I attempt to describe the nameless thrill of rapture that for one moment caused her heart to stand still? With trembling hands she tore the seal, with rapid eyes she glanced down the page. Now whose signature do you think was at the bottom?

"Very truly yours,  
"RICHARD FELTON."

Her disappointment was so cruelly intense that she crushed the letter in her hand, threw it into the kitchen stove, and, with a hard cynical smile, she watched it crumble to ashes.

Another month passed away. June, with her perfect coronet of leaves, reigned mildly grand o'er God's fair creation. Barbara started out one evening for a walk. She seemed to be in quest of something, she knew not what. Forgetfulness, I think. But that was about as far off as ever. The linnet, swinging on the bow, sang mockingly:

"Frank! Fr-ank! F-r-a-n-k!"

The millwheel churned slowly out:

"Frank Hildebrand! Frank Hil—Frank Hil—Frank Hildebrand!"

She retraced her steps, and entering the gate, closed it, and leaned listlessly against it, gazing into vacancy.

"Hullo, Barbary!" shouted a rough farmer's lad, abruptly reining in his saddleless steed at the gate. "The postmaster give me a letter which he said as how 'twas fur you. I can't read writin' myself, but I caculate it's all right." And away he galloped, singing lustily:

"If you git there before I do,  
Look out fur me, I'm a comin' too!"

There could be no possible mistake this time. It was Frank's bold careless handwriting. The girl's heart gave a quick palpitating throb, and a suffocating sensation passed over her. She stood a moment erect and motionless, gazing at her name on the envelop. Then she tore the seal; and here is what she read:

"MY DARLING,—I am ill—probably dying. Come to me without delay. O Barbara, my own precious love, beloved of my soul, will you cruelly let me die without ever again seeing your dear face? You will not refuse to come? Sweet love, in agonizing suspense, I am yours till death.

"FRANK HILDEBRAND."

That was all, save the name of the street and the number of the house that would find him. I might consume a page or so in explaining why Barbara pursued the course she did, and what good she expected to accomplish, or what she expected to gain. But the fact is, I do not know anything about that; I only know that she went to Philadelphia, that she went alone, and found Frank Hildebrand at his father's house—found him on a bed of sickness, but not, as it chanced, a bed of death. She was welcomed there by the parents and sisters of the suffering man—welcomed with the respect and deference they might have shown a queen; for was not the son and brother tossing in delirium, calling constantly, "Barbara, my darling?"

If there was any human power that could quiet him, let it be brought into requisition, though the heavens fall, or their pride, which was about as stubborn. She followed the anxious mother into the darkened room. O, how her heart bounded as she knelt beside the low couch. She laid her hand on his forehead. He looked at

her, but there was no recognition in that feverish glance. He grasped her hand, crying:

"I thought you were Barbara! But she will not come to me—never again! O Barbara, my darling!"

He went to sleep directly, and the physician said he would awaken conscious. Barbara was in a strange and unnatural state of excitement. Her cheeks burned, and her eyes gleamed like stars. She felt she must have a breath of fresh air. She never thought there might be danger in a young and unguarded woman's venturing on the street alone, so late in the evening. She carefully noted that the name was on the door, and started for a walk.

"Well," you say, "she met Dick Felton, and—"

Don't anticipate me, I beg! To be sure she met Dick Felton—why not? I can tell you, though, she was not thinking of him any more than if he had been at the North Pole. Not but what she might have thought of him, I suppose, if he had been there—but I digress!

"Well, Barbara Cray!"

Did you ever reflect for a moment how much tenderness, joy, rapturous delight a tone of the human voice can express? If you haven't reflected—in short, if you have not heard it, you will never know just how Dick Felton pronounced those words:

"Well, Barbara Cray!"

Barbara stopped, amazed, and looked up at him. His face brightened and brightened with a great and boundless joy. His eyes grew mistily tender, and his firm lips trembled. She quietly laid her hands in his, saying, simply:

"I am overjoyed to see you!"

"Let me accompany you in your walk," he said, drawing her hand through his arm; and they walked slowly on.

Barbara could never tell what spell moved her, but she told Dick the entire history of her life, from the time he left her to the present moment, and even showed him the letter which brought her to Philadelphia. Dick read it; his face whitening, his lips closing firmly together, and his eyes taking on a terrible aspect. He folded it up, and put it in his pocket.

"Gracious heavens, Barbara!" he ejaculated, covering with his other hand the trembling hand that rested on his arm.

A rebuke rose to her lips, but there was something so appalling in his voice that the words died on her lips.

"Is—is he dead yet?" he asked, in a hoarse tone.

"No."

"And you saw him?"

"Yes."

"And he knew you?"

"No."

"Thank God!"

"Why, Dick?"

Richard Felton turned toward her, a look she could not fathom in his eyes.

"Barbara, my girl, I don't think you are aware that it is a *married man* whom you have come here to see. Speak, Barbara—tell me!"

A cry of agony escaped her lips.

"It is false!" she exclaimed.

"False that Frank Hildebrand is married? married to an actress whom he has deserted? He is not a man of much note, but I think all Philadelphia knows that! I can prove it to you in five minutes."

Barbara clung hysterically to his arm.

"I—I believe you, Dick. But, O my friend, I am so wretched!" And swift tears slid down the white face.

For my part, I never blamed Dick for what he did. He just stooped quickly and kissed the quivering lips, and more closely pressed the trembling hand.

"My poor little Barbara!" he whispered, tenderly.

Well, I am pretty near the end of this story, as any intelligent reader can see; and as I did not set out to prove that my heroine was a first-class idiot, I will merely add that she sensibly allowed Dick to take her home; that she married him, and, further still, that she loved him! Which latter change I can't say I thoroughly understand; but, fortunately, that does not alter the fact. And since there are quite a number of things which I cannot rightly fathom, I will close by saying that Barbara is a happy woman to-day, and so am I, dear reader, if you have liked this story!

## MR. BARTEAUX.

BY CATHARINE EARNSHAW.

"ARE you ready?" impatiently called a voice at the foot of the stairs. "Charlie has been waiting this half hour."

"I'll be down directly," came the answer from the little chamber, within which a girl was shaking out the folds of her muslin dress, and looking in the glass to see how they "hung."

"Let him wait," she said, to herself, bending toward the glass, and seeing therein the reflection of a faultless face—faultless as to hue and feature. Clear in profile, rose-pink and lily in color, with the requisite almond-shaped eyes of cloudless azure—the ringlety hair of chestnut, and straight eyebrows of the same color.

"Let him wait," she repeated. "I cannot go to the festival looking dowdy, because I had to hurry."

A second inspection of a ribbon in her hair decided upon its rejection, and at last, with the wavy locks loosely confined, she put her hat on with care to look carelessly, and descended, entering the parlor with her gloves in her hand.

The young man's face grew radiant as he saw her; manifestly he would have given his life for one of those curls. But she chose to be very high and distant, because she knew everything she wore was just enhancing her beauty, and she liked to see this man so visibly adoring.

It is true she liked him best of anything, next to herself, and was going to marry him; but she had no idea of the tremors and flushes of love he experienced. To have attempted to tell her would have been talking in an unknown tongue to her. "I think Robert Browning must have had some such woman in his mind, when he said:

"But for loving, why, you would not, Sweet,  
Though we prayed you,  
Paid you, brayed you  
In a mortar, for you could not, Sweet."

The September sunshine was lying warm and yellow on the flaunting dahlias of the little garden through which the two passed to the carriage that awaited them at the gate.

Mabel Saunders paused among the flowers, considering what one she should pluck for her own sweet wearing. Her superficial taste saved her from any of the gaudy blooms, and she chose a pale mottled carnation pink whose spicy penetrating perfume brought to Charlie Wayland dreams of some rare garden, under some miraculous sun, to which he would one day lead his love—this hour in muslin, whose small fingers touched his arm. After, the fragrance of the carnation gave him that most keen of pains—the knowledge that you have invested a worthless one with the ideal that is dearest to you.

The light carriage flashed along over the hard yellow road, Mabel's blue eyes dancing with the exhilarating motipn, with her own consciousness of looking well—with expectation of the gayeties to which she was speeding.

By a trough at the roadside, into which trickled the ice-cold stream from a spring in the rocky hill near by, stood a horse, his nose plunged in the cool water. Its rider had not dismounted, but sat negligently, while his horse drank. He saw the carriage wheel round the curve in the road—saw that figure, as fair and perfect as a picture—with its bright face and clear eyes, and a smile of admiration swept across his lips; and, as the couple rode nearer, he turned in his seat, and beckoned slightly, determined upon a better sight at so unusual a picture.

Charlie drew rein, and looked questioningly at the stranger, who said:

"Will you tell me the road to the Episcopal church of Wylding?"

Charlie writhed beneath the audacious gaze fixed upon Mabel, for, though the interrogation was put to him, the man's eyes never left the face of the girl.

"You can go straight on, and turn to the first left, or you can take the old road which branches from this, by those bars, yonder. Either will lead you there."

It was only by the utmost control that Charlie could prevent his hand from sending his whip tingling across that dark mustached face.

"Thanks," said the stranger, and, as Charlie drove away, the man lifted his hat, with the air of a chevalier, to Mabel. He said softly to himself, as he pulled up his horse's head:

"An amusement for my leisure hours while I stay in this devilishly dull place. And a lover to torment, into the bargain. Quite a godsend!" And he trotted slowly after the flying carriage.

"What a striking-looking man!" exclaimed Mabel, longing to look back, but denying herself, for fear he might be watching.

"I've a great mind to go back and horse-whip him!" said Charlie, his sinewy hand looking as if it might accomplish that feat.

"That would be a pretty thing to do," remarked Mabel, secretly amused. "We shouldn't get to the festival in time, and might delay him, too."

"How do you know he's going?" asked Charlie, looking suspiciously at her, and wondering if she could help feeling resentment at such a gaze from a stranger. He felt an unrecognized pang, as he saw she had not been angry with the man.

"I imagined so, because he inquired the way to the church where the festival is," replied Mabel. "You ought to know that, for you told him."

"I should have had a much higher opinion of myself, if I had told him the wrong road," was the response.

"That would have done no good," said the acute girl; "for it's my opinion the man knew the way as well as you did."

Which was very true.

The two rode on, Charlie very moody and dissatisfied with this day from which he had expected so much; Mabel eager to reach the church and discover who was the man who looked so differently from her country admirers.

The horse, ever ready to shy and jump at anything which he could imagine to be sufficient cause, had been somewhat excited by various ghostly-looking stones, and by a pile of shining birchwood close to the road. But the strong arm of his driver had easily subdued him. Now a party of boys in a field by the road, were hastily pulling in a kite, and, as the horse came up opposite, the kite wavered and fell, rattling, right in front of the animal's head. The horse flung out his mane, grandly—fire flashed in his eyes, and he trampled

over the kite, and darted on in the swift run which fear urges.

Mabel was not timid, and she felt entire confidence in Charlie's power to control the horse; but, when suddenly one of the lines parted, and Charlie fell violently back, without one curbing influence on the flying steed, Mabel felt she might be riding to her death.

Charlie knew it was a straight road for a mile further; after that he would not think. He felt conscious of no fear for himself, but his heart was pierced with agony that he should have brought Mabel into danger. Mabel sat very still, not thinking of anything, and hardly able to breathe, so rapid was the motion.

At a little distance in front, the narrow old road came out upon the broader new one over which they were travelling. While they were within a few rods of it, they saw a chestnut horse emerge from it, and its rider turn his head quickly to see who came so furiously. Then he sprang from his horse, and stood awaiting the coming of the leaping animal whose speed seemed increasing rather than diminishing. The two in the carriage recognized the man, and even at that moment Charlie felt a sensation of anger toward him.

The lithe nervous figure leaped at the horse's head, and grasped the bridle as though his hand had been of iron. The horse struggled, reared, then stood and panted. Charlie jumped out and was about to turn to Mabel, but the stranger left the horse's head, thus obliging Charlie to take his place there, and going to the side of the carriage, showing a face paler than its wont, but smiling and careless, extended his hands and lifted Mabel from her seat, saying:

"I could not have been so cruel as to have wished this should happen, but now that it has, I can hardly be sorry for it, as it brings me to your presence."

It was said with a tone, a glance, an *empressment*, which called the scarlet to cheek and lip, lately so pale.

"I hope you are not hurt," Mabel said, thinking she must say something, but much preferring to hear him speak.

"Hurt? No indeed! Then with a laugh—"How should I be hurt in your service?"

The two stood by the carriage, his hand still on her arm, as if she must still need

support after such an escape; his stately, graceful head a little drooped toward her, his swift black eye-glance seeing how beautiful was the transparent carmine, the snowy white, the sapphire eyes, all glorified by excitement.

Charlie was tying together the lines, studiously endeavoring not to look at Mabel, but seeing too plainly how enchanting was her face and figure at this moment. When he had accomplished his work, he advanced, and elaborately thanked the stranger, who received his thanks with a suavity in which Charlie felt, but could not see, the scorn.

"The horse is perfectly safe, now, Mabel," he said, "shall we go on? Unfortunately we are now very late."

He could not refuse the tacit demand of the stranger to be allowed to put the lady into the carriage, which was accomplished with the same careless grace with which he appeared to do everything; then he galloped away out of sight, on the road to Wylding.

The two followed more slowly, and almost in utter silence. Soon they drove up to the pretty little brown stone church in which was to be held a celebration in honor of the formation of the society—that day being the first of the fiftieth year of its life.

The people moved in and out beneath the gothic entrance, along whose arch drooped the brightest and sweetest flowers of September. Two or three girls stood at the foot of the stairs that led up to the choir. They advanced to meet Mabel, as she came slowly up the yard, bowing gayly to the young men who lounged there, and who half started forward at sight of her—as if awakened to keener life by her presence.

"We have been waiting so long for you," exclaimed one of the girls; "you know we cannot sing, until they are all here. We thought you would never come. And I was quite angry that the organist should be so late—he has not been here five minutes."

"He?" questioned Mabel, ascending the choir steps, and giving a last arrangement to her hat, as she went. "I thought Ellen Winthrop was to play, as usual."

"O no. You were not here at the last rehearsal—they decided to send for Mr. Barteaux, from B—. He's to play here all the month."

The truth flashed into Mabel's mind, instantly; it was the new organist whom she had twice met this morning.

By this time they were arranged in their seats, and in the body of the church the ranks of fluttering ribbons and black coats became quieter, in expectation of the grand anthem that was to open the festival. Mabel had, as yet, no chance to confirm her suspicion, as to the organist. She sat in the front row of singers, and could not well look behind to where some one sat at the keyboard.

"Is he not handsome—or, rather, so *distinguee*?" whispered a fluttering academy miss, by her side.

"How should I know? I cannot see him," was the response.

But she could see Charlie Wayland in the church below; she saw his gaze upon her, and it annoyed her.

The first strains of the organ hushed the murmur, for the strains were unlike any ever heard in that church before. Clear, full, with a triumphant clarion of the hosts of Judah thrilling through. The touch was assured, as though the organist had in command inexhaustible resources. Correct, with a fire and spirit in the playing that fascinated and enchained the ear. But the musician who devoutly loved music—whose very heart and soul were infused with it, would have felt vaguely that this player only laid the riches of intellect and talent at the shrine, that his soul was not worthy of worshipping at such an altar.

But the crowd were swayed, and worthily—they listened breathlessly, and when the words of the anthem burst from the throats of the singers, in unison with those organ strains, they thought that never had been such music. Many eyes filled with rapture, and many a heart throbbed suffocatingly.

Charlie Wayland, listening, and watching the face of her whom he loved, felt the strange pain of music and love. Sometimes, he could distinguish the clear thin soprano of Mabel, who sang so well that one might wonder if she felt all her voice conveyed, for, though not so rich and full, it could be very sweet.

After the anthem, came a prayer from the white-robed minister, then the bustle of going down to the chapel below, where were to be the usual number of charades, semi-sacred colloquies, and to finish with

the bounteous collation which already tempted the hungry eyes of the children. Mabel lingered long enough to catch one glimpse of the organist, and make her suspicion certain, then she was borne off by Wayland.

As for Mr. Barteaux, he had seen the blue ribbon of Mabel's hat in the choir, then all thought of her had been lost in listening to a contralto voice, whose first tones had sent a memory through his mind that thrilled upon the most sensitive chord in his nature.

"It could not be possible," he said, to himself, "that he should meet again the owner of *that* voice here."

He tried to discover just where she sat, but intervening figures prevented. After the singing, he walked down the steps, his eyes roving restlessly through the crowd for the face he knew so well, but he did not find it. Returning, his glance met the face of Mabel, who was walking away upon her lover's arm.

He flashed a smile upon her, saying inwardly, with something of self-scorn, "that voice has driven this little amusement out of my head." Then he sauntered slowly into the yard, and to the grove of oaks, where some of the younger people, who preferred more freedom, were already wandering.

At the grassy roots of one of these trees, sat Charlie and Mabel, and near them a slender girl leaned against a tree trunk, now and then joining in the desultory conversation. Her face was of that soft clear darkness, unrelieved by any color, save the crimson of her mouth, her eyes gray, but looking much darker, by reason of the ink-black lashes and dark brows—and that indescribable something about the eyes of a brunette that makes them look of a deeper color than they sometimes really are. Mabel began to relate her adventure of the morning, dilating upon the rare grace of the stranger. The girl listened, with a curious smile in her eyes, but her lips only reposing in quiet attention.

"And what did you think of this wonderful cavalier, Mr. Wayland?" asked the girl.

Charlie looked up from the grass he was listlessly braiding, and said:

"Unaccountably I thought of a glittering snake I killed in the field the other day. Now, I think Mr. Barteaux a remarkably fine organist."

"I am glad you killed the snake, Mr. Wayland," said the girl, softly.

The two looked at each other, and she felt that he, also, had an intuition other than jealousy, of the nature of the newcomer.

"I think you two are talking very absurdly, as well as incomprehensibly," exclaimed Mabel, with a bewitching pout, that instantly called all her lover's attention to herself.

"Let us, then, assist in disseminating reason," said a voice near them, and Barteaux came leisurely from among the trees behind them, and was about to sit down on the grass at Mabel's feet, when he perceived the third person whom the bole of the tree had partially screened.

Mabel, who was looking at him, saw a sudden pallor follow a quick flush on his face, then he instantly became careless as ever, and made no sign of recognition. Mabel had no idea of why he should have looked so, and soon ceased wondering. He must be presented to the girl, consequently she said:

"This is Mr. Barteaux, Miss Ray."

Barteaux, with indescribable effrontery, masked in exquisite self-possession, said, as he bowed low:

"It is Miss Ray, then? I fancied I had seen you before; the name recalls you definitely to my remembrance."

Mabel showed the surprise she felt that Charlotte Ray had seen this man before, while Miss Ray said, with a coolness that Charlie Wayland could perceive bordered on disdain:

"Mr. Barteaux's memory is not so good as mine. I remembered him the moment I saw him."

He winced inwardly, but said in his soft musical voice:

"I cannot be too grateful for that fact."

Then he sat down by Mabel, gallantly listening—bestowing attentions which seemed to come so directly from his heart, as to dissipate his usual carelessness. And therein lay his most potent charm. He did not address any remarks to Miss Ray, who talked intermittently with Charlie, until a deputation came to summon them to dinner. Then Barteaux fell behind by the side of Miss Ray, a pale flush coming to his cheek, a deep gleam to his eye, as he found himself so near her. He offered his

arm, and he could not well refuse to let her hand rest there.

Never had woman held such a power over this cynical heartless man, as did this girl who now walked by his side. And she could not but feel sometimes the fascination of his presence, the electric power of those eyes that had looked to her all of love he could know. But his innate untruth she knew as well as felt. His life of dissipated uncertainty—more than all, his falseness to every promise where woman was concerned, too plainly polluted his soul for such a woman as Charlotte Ray ever to come within his power—let him be ever so strongly attached to her.

Now, as he walked with her, though he longed to touch her hand, to clasp the fingers that lay on his arm, he dared not. He bent his head low and said:

"If ever woman was flattered by visible evidence of her power, you have been. I am not used to grow hot, and tremble with delight at meeting one. This morning your voice thrilled through all the singing—I heard only you. Your tone was the first knowledge I had that you were here."

He paused, his burning eyes blazing upon her face, his words echoing with passionate intensity. With all the tenacity and passion of his temperament, this man had resolved that he would conquer the love of this girl—for never had woman been haughty and indifferent to him before.

She walked in silence. She knew how powerful was the attraction he felt, and knowing that she could not but be conscious of the magnetism of his presence. Still she wisely forbore to speak, to iterate words she had already spoken. There rose before her a pale blonde face, with sad wistful eyes—the face of a girl whom this man in sportive mood had won to love him with the one grand passion of a life. It had been rare amusement for him.

As she thought, Charlotte Ray's eyes grew full of a steely dangerous light. Unconsciously she withdrew her hand from his arm, as she said:

"What if I should tell you I did not believe a word of all you say?"

It was not a wise remark for her to have made, and she knew it instantly.

"Have I, then, but to convince her of my sincerity?" he asked himself, with a feeling of triumph.

They had reached the door of the chapel. Miss Ray would not allow him to escort her in, and a while after, she saw him by the side of Mabel—saw that subtle smile of his shedding its radiance into the heart of the unsuspecting girl.

It was evident in a fortnight that Mr. Barteaux was prosecuting his amusement with vigor and success. Miss Ray saw the look of fierce gloom that had settled upon the once bright face of Wayland—her quick-seeing eyes detected the restless flush, the eager, illy-subdued expectations and disappointments that began to make the life of Mabel Saunders what she was making that of Wayland. Miss Ray saw, and her soul rose, rebellious. Her tact and resolution had thus far succeeded, and she had had no interview alone with him since she had met him at the festival. While she despised him, there was a power, an electrical strength of eye, and voice, and presence, that she could easily know might hold another in a spell whose influence she had faintly felt.

It was a night far into September—a soft sweet night of summer and autumn united in that union which is so dearly sweet. The stars shone through a fragrant mist—a slender moon had already passed goldenly down below the horizon. The star sheen glittered on the single jewel Charlotte wore, as her hand rested on the shoulder of Mabel. The two stood in the garden of Mabel's home. Both their faces revealed the earnestness of their conversation, but Mabel's aspect was incredulous and fearful. Every moment her eyes wandered restlessly toward the gate, and the late rose she twirled had lost nearly all its petals.

"You do not tell me seriously, that you have broken plight with Wayland," Charlotte said, after a pause, which to both was full of unpleasantry.

"Yes, seriously; you may believe it," was the reply.

"And you fancy Barteaux loves you?" asked the tender pitying voice, that could not make Mabel angry.

"It seems so," said Mabel, slowly; then a deep blush stained her cheek, in the dusk, and she continued with low vehemence, "and I do not know why—but I would do anything he willed—I never knew love before. I could die for him!"

"Dear child, believe me, he has no glim-

mer of love for you; and it is not love you feel."

Her hand clasped the fingers of Mabel with a grasp that some way had healing and strength in it.

"It is, however, something that has changed my whole life," said Mabel, in a weary tone.

Charlotte's lips were parted to reply, when the two caught the sound of steps, and the gate swung open. Charlotte pushed Mabel hurriedly up to the door, whispering:

"Sit concealed in the parlor, by the open window!" And the girl passively obeyed.

Barteaux saw the shining of some white drapery, and thought it Mabel; but when he saw the prideful *pose* of figure, his face lost its look of easy supremacy—his pulses their calm beat. He came up to where she stood near the vine-wreathed window.

"At last accident blesses us," he said, in such tones, as the listening girl within the house had never heard before.

"Why not say Providence?" asked Charlotte; "I feel like ascribing this meeting thus high."

He came close to her; his eyes glowed through the darkness. The unexpectedness of his meeting with her—the strong desire he had felt for an hour like this with the woman who so strangely enthralled him, gave to his manner an impetuous passion that would have made him irresistible had there been one particle of love in the heart of the girl to whom he pleaded. And Mabel learned that night more suffering than she had ever known before.

She heard her name in his tone, uttered with an indifferent scorn that tingled like fire through her veins. In the passionate words of love he poured out, she recognized

so truly how false had been every look and tone to her. In that hour of trial, Mabel's pride, her vanity, her better nature, everything within her, rose to sustain the shock. And in it all, she felt surely that she had forever fallen from the ideal one good man had ensnared her in.

Charlotte stood icily calm; only a steady flush burned in her cheeks—a hue invisible to the man before her.

"I beg you—I command you to desist," she exclaimed, as soon as she could find breath to break the burning eloquence.

There was that in her tone, her gesture, that seemed to freeze him.

There was dead despair in his voice, as he said, slowly:

"And you *never* could love me?"

"Never," she said, with unhesitating certainty in her accent.

Mabel knew that he took Charlotte's hand, that he held it an instant, then he walked down the path.

The next day, the people of the village were surprised that Mr. Barteaux had left them so suddenly.

Mabel could not take up her life as though such experience had never entered it—some poison of that time would linger long with her—the longer, because her character was not so strong as some to shake itself pure of contamination.

Wayland had left the village, to battle with a disappointment too keen to be endured there, where a fair face and blue eyes might suddenly revive all the old agony.

Who shall say but in years to come, Mabel may not grow to be, what in his faithful heart her lover so truly believed her to be?

THE PATIENT ELEPHANT.—An elephant in Calcutta had a disease in his eyes. For three days he had been completely blind. His owner, an engineer officer, asked the doctor if he could do anything to relieve the poor animal. The doctor said he would try the nitrate of silver, a remedy commonly applied to similar diseases in the human eye. The animal was ordered to lie down, and at first, on the application of the remedy, raised an extraordinary roar at the acute pain it occasioned. The effect, how-

ever, was wonderful. The eye was in a manner restored, and the animal could partially see. The next day, when he was brought and near the doctor's side, he lay down of himself, placed his enormous head on one side, curled up his trunk, drew in his breath just like a man about to endure an operation, gave a sigh of relief when it was over, and then by trunk and gesture, evidently wished to express his gratitude.



## GOING TO BED.

BY REV. DR. H. STANDISH.

'ALL the world goes to bed, in some mode or other; but the fashions of so doing present singular variety. Some folk have no other bedstead than mother earth, no other bedclothes than the skins of animals, no other night-gear than the same garments as are worn by day; whereas, at the other end of the scale are found the utmost refinements of splendor and lavish cost.

Among such ancient nations as we know most about, and in many Oriental countries of more recent times, the floor of a room, or the flat terraced roof of a house, served the place of bedstead. A mat or cushion, coiled up during the day, was spread out at night—a simplicity of arrangement which almost dispensed with the duty of "making the bed." In Russia, to the present day, the semi-Europeanized peasant seeks his repose on the top of the immense stoves used in that country, covered with coarse mats or blankets. The Orientals of old, when well-to-do in the world, substituted cushions for mats, and made them elegant as well as comfortable, with rich silks on the outside, and a stuffing of fine wool, down and feathers.

The ancient Egyptians used a pillow of wood, with a recess or hollow to receive the neck. The Israelites had sheep or goatskins for beds, or bags of goats' hair; the better kinds stuffed with wool, cotton or feathers; most usually, however, the pillow was only so stuffed. It was such a pillow as this that Michal had put upon the bolster, in the bed on which the image was laid to save David from the emissaries of Saul. "The Egyptian bedstead," says Mr. Blyth, in his interesting little work on this subject, where he notices the period of the sojourn of the Israelites in that land, "although there seems to have been considerable diversity in the shape of the canopy and the means by which it was decked with hangings, and although it sometimes resembled the modern four-poster, was generally similar in form to our couch. It manifested a considerable amount of taste. One end was raised, and receded in a graceful curve; the legs were sometimes straight, sometimes curved, and the feet

were often fashioned to resemble the claws of animals. The fittings for the day seem to have been different from those used at night. In the daytime there were spread over them coverings, on the gorgeous decorations of which those who were able were lavish in expenditure; they then answered much the same purpose as our sofa. Thus we are told that when the murderers, bent on their deadly work, went to Ishbosheth, the son of Saul, they found him at home, lying on his bed. When, too, the deputation waited on David to thank him for conferring his crown on Solomon, he must have been reclining on his bed, for it is said that in token of his pleasure he raised himself thereon. It is also related of Jacob, in his dying interview with Joseph, that he laid himself on the head of his bed." That at the time of the prophet Amos the Jews indulged in much luxury of beds and bedsteads, when they had the means of so doing, is proved by the passage, "They lie upon beds of ivory, and stretch themselves upon their couches, and eat the lambs out of the flock, and the calves out of the midst of the stall." Solomon's bedstead, we know, was of cedar of Lebanon, with a bottom of gold, pillars of silver, and covering of purple.

We are prone to believe that the spring mattress is quite a modern invention, a product of the age of elastic steel plates and coiled wires; but there is reason to doubt the correctness of this conclusion. The ancient Egyptians appear to have had an article somewhat similar in character, if not in the construction, at least in its purpose; it consisted of a flat web or surface, constructed of transverse pieces of bamboo cane or palm branches. This was very much in use, often serving, when placed on the floor, the threefold purpose of bedstead, bed and mattress. The Assyrians, a luxurious people in many ways, knew how to make and to use voluptuous couches. When King Ahasuerus gave a great feast, the guests reclined on couches of silver and gold; these couches were placed on a pavement of porphyry, marble, alabaster and blue colored stone; while the

hall which contained them was surrounded by hangings of white and green velvet, fastened, with cords of fine linen and purple, to silver rings and marble pillars. It was customary in those days, at the houses of the great, to recline on couches at meals, not to sit on chairs or stools; and sometimes the couch used for this purpose by day served as a bed at night. The Greeks and Romans adopted the use of these couches rather extensively. The framework was sometimes very gorgeous, being resplendent with gold, silver, amber, carving, inlay, and veneered with ivory. The bedding was quieter in tone, consisting of quilted mattresses of cotton, woollen or leather, stuffed with wool, weeds or dry leaves; over this was thrown a cloak, often the same that served the wearer during the day. Two or three coverlets, according to the temperature of the season, covered the sleeper; a round pillow was used, stuffed like the bed. In later effeminate days, when the manliness of the Greek character had been nearly worn out, the bedsteads and bedding became still more gorgeous; and such was also the case with the Romans in the days of the empire. The trading and middle classes were, of course, much less sumptuously accommodated. Their bedsteads were of common wood, bottomed with planks pierced with holes for the admission of fresh air, or of leathern thongs fastened one over another. Sometimes a sort of hammock or slung bed was used, strong cord netting fastened to four pillars.

Coming down to later ages, and to our own country, we find that in Anglo-Saxon wills mention was often made of straw beds and pillows, bedclothes, coverlets and curtains. A common bed, such as was in use among the poorer classes, was nothing more than a sack stuffed with straw. The bedsteads were, for the most part, short boxes, with an inclined frame to support a pillow, on which the head of the sleeper rested. In better households a larger box was used, having four posts or pillars to support a canopy or tester—perhaps the original pattern whence our four-poster was derived. The illuminations or colored drawings, with which old manuscripts were so often adorned, afford curious testimony to the bed-gear of our Anglo-Saxon forefathers. Among the Harleian MSS. is one decorated with a picture of a bedroom,

with three beds; they are what we should call stump bedsteads, with four posts rising a little above the level of the bedclothes; two are plain at the sides, the others railed or balustraded. The pillows are propped up so as to be nearly vertical. In another example, shown in the Cotton MSS., a child's cot is shaped in a peculiar way; it somewhat resembles a boat, hung at the ends by hooks from two uprights; these uprights spring from a framework or carriage, provided with four wheels—altogether a snug and convenient arrangement.

In the Norman period even the better classes had little more than plain wooden bedsteads, with coarse bedding; while the commonalty had to be content (more or less) with straw for a bed and skins for bedding. Some estates, in the curious days of feudal tenure, were held on condition of the recipient supplying clean straw for the king's bed, when the royal personage was journeying that way. There is a wardrobe account extant, in which a sum of fifty shillings (large in those days) is set down for silk, taffety, fustian and cotton for King John's bed. In the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries the bedstead was customarily shaped like a crib or cot, and was placed in a kind of recess, at the side of the room; but the style adopted by royalty was ornate enough, with its velvet, satin, silk and ostrich feathers. There was, in fact, a strange mingling of splendor with rudeness, luxury with bareness, in the arrangements of those days concerning bedsteads, beds and bedding. Among the royal MSS. is one with an illumination, representing apparently some Anglo-Norman king, lying on a low bedstead, with a dark wrapper or coverlet, and a bolster and pillow so very much raised that he occupies nearly a sitting position; curtains, suspended from a rod, form a kind of half-tester. It gives us an insight into some of the usages of the time, that, although the royal personage has a crown upon his head, he is wholly without body linen—in plain English, a nightshirt. In another pictorial representation the bedding is ample enough to wholly hide the bedstead; the tester is as large as the bedstead, and is provided with small side curtains. Among the Cotton MSS. are two still more curious, representing ladies' bed-chambers. In one of them is a bedstead with a fringed tester, ample coverlets, the undersheet brought

up so high as to be drawn over the head of the sleeper, and the pillow nearly vertical. In the other some of the carving of the bedstead is shown, and the valence of the tester is embroidered with stars. The materials employed were often rich and costly. Chaucer knew something about this when he wrote:

"Of downe of pure dove white  
I wol give him a feather bed,  
Rayed with gold, and right wel clad  
In blue black satin d'outremer,  
And many a pillow, and every bere  
Of cloth of Raynes, to sleep on soft."

Raynes is supposed to have been Rennes, in Bretagne, where fine linen was woven.

Bequests of beds with worsted hangings were frequently recorded in those times. About the middle of the fourteenth century the Countess of Northampton bequeathed to her daughter, the Countess of Arundel, "a bed of red worsted, embroidered;" still later, Lady Despencer gave her daughter Philippa "a bed of red worsted, with all the furniture appertaining thereto;" and later still, Lady Elizabeth Andrews gave to William Wyndsores "a red bed of worsted, with all the hangings." These details are given in the *Testamenta Vetusta*. The cradle honored by the bodily presence of Henry the Fifth, when an infant, was a box or crib about thirty-eight inches long, nineteen inches wide, and twenty-nine inches deep; it was suspended on two carved uprights, on the top of each of which was the figure of a dove. In the reign of Henry the Sixth, Lady Abergavenny bequeathed by will a bed and its trappings, which were described with all the minuteness of a loving connoisseur in such matters: "A bed of gold swans, with tappetes of green tapestry, with branches and flowers of divers colors, and two pairs of sheets of Raynes; a piece of fustian, six pairs of other sheets, six pairs of blankets, six mattresses, six pillows; with curtains and vancours that belong to the bed aforesaid. A bed of cloth of gold, with leopards, with the cushions and tappetes of the very best red worsted, that belong to the same bed; also four pairs of sheets, four pairs of blankets, three pillows, three mattresses, a bed of velvet, white and black paled, with cushions, tappetes and forms that belong to the said bed. My bed of silk, black and red, embroidered with

woodbine flowers of silver; and all the casters and apparel that belong thereto." We can imagine how proud the noble dame must have been of all these dainty luxuries. During the Wars of the Roses, in the latter half of the fifteenth century, splendor and comfort alike declined, and many classes of the community were stricken with dire poverty. The beds of the common people became, as they had been some centuries earlier, a mere layer of straw or skins, placed on the floor or on a trestle; while the pillow was little other than a block of wood.

During the Tudor period, when the middle classes were becoming by degrees a power in the country, their improved position enabled them to provide better furniture for their sitting-rooms, and better beds and bedsteads for their sleeping accommodation. The tester and the four-poster reached the houses of families deprived, until that period, of such comforts. Of course, royalty and nobility were provided in more ornate and luxurious style. There is extant the order issued, and, we may presume, acted upon, for the daily making of Henry the Seventh's bed; it is most elaborate, prescribing what portions of the duty are to devolve upon the yeoman of the wardrobe, the gentleman usher, the groom of the wardrobe, the yeoman of the body, the squire of the bed, the yeoman of the chamber, and the yeomen of the staff. It might, perchance, strike some of us that this formality must have been nearly equivalent to Dick and Tom helping Harry to do nothing; but the persons concerned evidently did not think so; exhausted nature required refreshment after such labors, and, accordingly, we are told, these palatial domestics retired from the royal bedroom to an ante-chamber, where they partook of meat, beer and wine. The bed on which Henry the Eighth slept contained straw beneath its finery; and a curious order was issued regarding the making of this bed. The usher was directed "to search the straw through with a dagger, that there be none untruth therein; and to tumble over on the down bed for the search thereof." This, if our surmise be correct, was a precaution against possible intended mischief to the royal person.

Nevertheless, throughout even the sixteenth century, the sleeping accommoda-

tion for the middle and working classes was very rough. Henry the Eighth's rush purveyor, who supplied one of the materials for making rushlights and for strewing on the floors, was directed also to provide straw for the slumbers of the king's servants, the said slumbers being enjoyed in the kitchen. Straw beds and wooden pillows were in use among the peasantry down to the very close of the Tudor period.

It affords a notable proof of the magic power exercised by Shakspeare, that a mere brief mention of the Great Bed of Ware has made an abiding impression for more than two centuries and a half, and bids fair to do the like for two centuries and a half to come. The passage occurs in *Twelfth Night*, where, in the second scene of the third act, Sir Toby Belch urges Sir Andrew Aguecheek to write a challenge to his supposed rival: "Go, write it in a martial hand; be curt and brief; it is no matter how witty, so it be elegant and full of invention; if thou thou'st him some thrice, it shall not be amiss; and as many lies as will lie in thy sheet of paper, although the sheet were big enough for the Bed of Ware in England, set 'em down." No earlier mention of the said bed has been found; but as Shakspeare speaks of it so familiarly, we may infer that it was known before his time. However this may be, the bed acquired a double celebrity—for its large size, and for Shakspeare's mention of it. In his day it was in the manor house at Ware, Hertford, the residence of the Fanshaws; but whether it was made for a Fanshaw, why it was made of such large dimensions, and who were the sleepers who reposed in it, we have no means of determining. The bed-

stead is ten feet nine inches in length, about the same in breadth, and seven feet six inches in height. The two posts at the foot are very massive; and nearly the whole of the bedstead is elaborately carved, especially the panelling at the bed's head. Certainly, since the days of Og, King of Bashan, there have been few such four-posters as this. At some date not now known the bedstead was transferred from Manor Park to one of the inns at Ware; and here it became an object of pilgrimage, and, in such wise, was doubtless, financially beneficial to mine host. Stories are told of twelve people sleeping in it at once, merely to test its capacity; and, at one time it was customary to drink a can of beer on coming into the august presence of the mighty bed—doubtless, for the good of the house. Four or five years ago this Shakspearian relic (if we may so term it) was purchased by the proprietor of the Rye House, who built an ornate wooden structure to contain it, as well as the tapestry and carved fittings which had been kept in the same room.

It was in Shakspeare's time that James the Sixth of Scotland, afterwards James the First of England, went to Copenhagen to bring over his young bride, Anne of Denmark. She brought with her "ane stately bedstead, made of walnut-wood, and elaborately ornamented with carved figures." This royal relic is, or was recently, in the possession of the Earl of Elgin. In advancing into modern times, through the Stuart period into that of the Georges, there is, of course, a multitude of gossip concerning beds, bedsteads, bedding and bedclothes.

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**LOVE OF THE BEAUTIFUL.**—Place a young girl under the care of a kind-hearted graceful woman, and she, unconsciously to herself, grows into a graceful lady. Place a boy in the establishment of a thorough-going straightforward business man, and he becomes a reliant practical business man. Children are susceptible creatures, and circumstances, and scenes, and actions always impress. As you influence them, not by arbitrary rules, nor by stern example alone, but in a thousand other ways that speak through beautiful forms, pretty pictures, etc., so they will grow. Teach

your children, then, to love the beautiful. If you are able, give them a corner in the garden for flowers; allow them to have their favorite trees; teach them to wander in the prettiest woodlets; show them where they can best view the sunset; rouse them in the morning, not with a stern "Time for work!" but with the enthusiastic "See the beautiful sunshine!" Buy for them pretty pictures, and encourage them to deck their rooms in his or her childish way. Give them an inch and they will go a mile. Allow them the privilege, and they will make your home beautiful.

TO —.

BY MARPHON.

"A lamp is lit in woman's eye  
That souls, else lost on earth, remember angels by."—N. P. WILLIS.

'Twas Goethe, erst the greatest bard  
That sang in tuneful measure,  
Who said with true poetic thought—  
What I regard with pleasure—  
Of land the lakes are brilliant eyes,  
That flash with silvery splendor;  
Or, lapsing soft at twilight hour,  
In glances soft and tender,  
Besprent with heaven's golden stars,  
The smiles of heaven they render;  
And O, dear maid, on thy fair face,  
Which beams with rosy radiance,  
Where, like the landscape's humid eyes,  
*Boston, June, 1875.*

Thine eyes flash forth effulgence,  
I'd ever gaze with rare delight,  
Content, enraptured gazing;  
For, e'en as stars on summer night  
Are pictured brightly blazing  
All o'er the lake's extended sheen,  
The smiles of heaven revealing;  
So, o'er the splendor of thine eyes,  
Bright starlets, never palling,  
Dance here and there with subtle grace,  
The heart of man ensnaring—  
Translated glory from the skies,  
Celestial thoughts declaring.

## LIVING WATERS.

BY MRS. M. A. BATES.

It was not surprising that Richard Fairlawn should be an atheist, for his parents, who had died in his childhood, had gone down to their graves with no divine warmth breaking their lifelong belief that God was a myth, and that even as death lays waste the body, so it would destroy the immortal soul. With this dark fear in their hearts, they all their lives had shrunk from thoughts of that hour which must lay its chill claim upon us all. They had sipped eagerly at the fount of human pleasure, thinking thus to dispel the haunting reminder, and satisfy the cravings which always dwell in that heart seeing only vacancy beyond this earth. But the tempting waters misted away as they drank, leaving their souls as heated and desiring as ever. Their son, possessing both their principles and splendid fortune, had pursued the same deceitful mirage—longing for he knew not what, and embittering an otherwise good and perfect life in dreading death, and in condemning all things of a sacred character. He would sit in costly attire at the windows of his regal home, curling his lip contemptuously as he viewed the crowds which thronged into the church over the way, and wonder how they could

be such fools as to worship and believe that which they had never seen.

Richard Fairlawn had a noble mind; his features were attractive, and, when not in his cynical moods, few could excel him in courteousness or gentlemanly bearing. And then his heart was generous and feeling. Did he meet a little child, suffering from cold or hunger, it would immediately be well fed and warmly clad; coal, barrels of flour, and other comforts, intruded themselves unexpectedly upon the suffering poor, whose hearts thrilled out blessings upon their unknown benefactor; while the hard-pushed merchant or mechanic well knew where to borrow money without feeling humiliated. So noble, so kind, but walking without the lamp that brings such joy, and peace, and hope to the believer. Christians looked pityingly upon Richard, and fervently prayed that the time might come when his soul would welcome and drink of the waters theirs had found so satisfying and sweet. None dared, however, to talk with him upon the great subject, as it was known that he instantly repelled such efforts.

It was singular that Richard Fairlawn did not marry; for, although his one great

failing was generally known, there were many beautiful and attractive women among those with whom he associated who evinced, by their delighted acceptance of his society, that it would not require much urging, should he propose to them to become his wife. But he resolved to remain single, fancying that he would be happier so. He would thus have more time to himself, to muse and read his myriad books, or pursue his charities, and the endless amusements which helped to absorb his time.

He was nearly forty years old, when, in one of his changing notions, he broke up his splendid establishment, sold its furniture, and set his old housekeeper adrift with a liberal pension. These movements were made because he had taken it into his head that it would be very pleasant to board at the good Widow Greeley's, whose house, shaded by elms and willows, stood in the suburbs of the city, and commanded a beautiful view of Rosebloom Valley, with its gothic cottages and artistic grounds. Mrs. Greeley's house was always sure to have a full complement of boarders, for she made it so elegant and homelike, that, connected with her genial motherly ways, it proved a noted attraction.

Now, the widow, in an ecstasy at the prospect of having the envied millionaire as her boarder, was thrown into a great flutter. Carpets came up in a trice in the apartments which Mr. Richard Fairlawn had blandly chosen for his accommodation, and new ones, radiant in perfect design and in the most beautiful of flowers, were substituted; while such pictures and ornaments as his æsthetic tastes were supposed to approve were displayed upon the walls and mantel. Mrs. Greeley wished to do everything in her power to merit the round sum which Richard voluntarily proposed to pay for his board, and which was twice the amount she had thought of asking. So Mr. Fairlawn became ensconced in his new abode, feeling quite complacent and happy with the novel change.

His library had been placed near the two great windows commanding Rosebloom Valley; and here he would sit and read, enjoying the beautiful summer weather and the sweet valley, or wondering who occupied that corn-colored cottage, situated across the lawn from Mrs. Greeley's.

He had not as yet been able to see any of its inmates—the blinds, as it was hot weather, being always closed. Yet, ever since his coming to his new home, he had heard, many times a day, the most violent scolding and commands issue from the cottage; and from the musical grieved tones which usually responded, he felt that it must be a woman—a very young one—who bore these rough reproaches. He felt ashamed to listen; but the fascination of that low clear voice made him often linger at his window, longing for those blinds to open, and reveal the face of the one who had so interested him.

"But, pshaw! I am a simpleton to trouble myself about such matters!" he would declare, as he vainly strove to subdue his new curiosity; "though I can't help pitying that girl," he mused, "whoever she is; for a stage-driver talks more gently to his horses than those people do to her."

It was on the sixth day of his residence at Mrs. Greeley's that the longed-for face became visible to Mr. Fairlawn. The blinds at the cottage were wide open, and the golden sunlight fell in prismatic fire upon the girl's soft chestnut hair, as she sat at the window of what was probably the kitchen. Her attention was earnestly absorbed in a little volume that lay open upon the sill; and Richard, nearly hidden behind his damask curtains, had a good opportunity to view the thin sad face, with its small childlike mouth and full intellectual brow.

"O," thought Fairlawn, charmed in spite of himself, "that is the most beautiful countenance I ever saw! yet how very, very pitiful it looks—and old—though she cannot be over seventeen, she is so small. I might have known," he pondered, "that the sweet voice which has so interested me belongs to her. She cannot be related to those who so abuse her—Halloo!—that must be one of the wretches who—"

He stopped short, with his face full of sudden indignation, his hands clenched, as he contemplated the scene just beginning at the window where the girl sat. Two great red hands fastened themselves upon her delicate shoulder, while the voice of their rough owner bawled out, as she jerked the young girl from her chair:

"Ye lazy jade, what yer settin' there for, when the hens aint fed nor the dishes washed! Ye haint arnt yer salt since I

took ye from the almshouse. Give me that Bible!"

Unconscious of Richard's observation, the girl put the book quickly behind her, and said, imploringly:

"O Mrs. Grant, do not deprive me of this blessed treasure! My head ached so bad that I had to rest from working a little. Be merciful, I—"

"I'll have that Bible, ef I hev ter tear ye in pieces gettin' on't!" interrupted her mistress, as she fiercely sprang upon her, and wrenched it from the thin white hands. "There!" as she tossed the book into some place invisible to Fairlawn; "now ye'll find more time to work, I guess."

"Jest what ye orter done long ago, wife," chimed in a masculine voice, which Richard had before heard roughly addressing the young girl.

As for the latter, she stood, as it seemed, with her soul in her clear eyes, and with her thin face paler than marble, regarding the one who had robbed her of her Bible.

"May God forgive you for burning my last comfort, and the last gift of my dear mother," she said, slowly and impressively, to her persecutors, who could not help covering for an instant before the pure noble glance of this scorned one.

But the next moment an angry flush burned upon Mrs. Grant's leathery cheek.

"Go 'long ter work!" she cried, furiously. "I wont have another word of yer pious gab!"

The pity and surprise of Richard Fairlawn, as the girl turned, without a word, and limped away, almost made him groan aloud.

"She's a cripple, then? Poor, poor child!" he murmured, with a big lump in his throat. "And how meekly she obeyed that coarse woman's order!" He drew away from the window to hide his agitation. "I'll find out who that girl is, and how she is connected with those brutish people," mentally vowed Fairlawn.

Concealing his emotion, he descended into the parlor, where Mrs. Greeley was chatting with her boarders.

"I would like to speak with you alone," he smilingly whispered, declining the luxurious chair she rolled towards him.

Accordingly, the next moment they were standing alone in the deserted breakfast-room just beyond. Richard briefly related

the occurrence he had witnessed at the cottage, inquiring if the widow knew its inmates.

"Yes," she responded; "they moved there four years ago, and although none of the neighbors visit them, their cruelty to poor Mary Clede, who, I understand, was bound out to them in her tenth year, is well known."

"I observed that she was lame. Is it natural for her to be so?" inquired Richard, anxiously.

"Mrs. Grant pretends it is," replied the widow; "but the people hereabouts declare that the poor child's infirmity has been created by their abuse."

"I know, by that young girl's face, that her mind is pure and intelligent; and if you can suggest any plan, Mrs. Greeley, to get her from the power of those wretches, and if money is required, I will—"

"But I am afraid it will not avail to free her," interrupted the widow, smiling at his earnestness. "Mary is bound to those Grants until she is eighteen; and, from the fact that many have vainly tried for her freedom before now, I am sure they will not give her up until then."

"Yet something must, *shall* be done to make her lot less bitter," returned Richard, vehemently; quickly adding, "Could you not, my dear madam, buy her books and other comforts from time to time, and manage to get them to her some way? I will provide money for the purpose, and in abundance."

Had any other single gentleman of Mrs. Greeley's acquaintance betrayed Fairlawn's interest and generosity for the poor bound girl, the widow would have instantly pronounced him in love; but the eccentric millionaire might safely do this, and not provoke such a thought. She regarded his sympathy for Mary Clede only as one of the many humors of his generous heart, and willingly agreed to his request, for the sorrows and desolation of the young girl had long ago aroused her indignation and pity.

When Mrs. Greeley carried the presents to Mary, a few days later, she found, to her surprise, that Mrs. Grant was very willing for her drudge to receive them, saying, as she grimly viewed the pretty articles of clothing in the package before her:

"Much obliged to ye, Miss Greeley."

They'll save me layin' out any more money on the jade."

But when her lynx eyes spied a little pile of books under the dress-goods she frowned darkly, declaring to the overjoyed Mary that it would not be well for her to neglect her work to read them. It was not until the termagant overheard the kind widow's whispered explanation to Mary, that she was undeceived in the supposition that she was the donor of these rich gifts. Poor Mary! She had to bear many cutting remarks and insinuations after this—her persecutors maintaining that so wealthy a gentleman as Fairlawn could have no other than dishonorable motives in being thus free and liberal towards a pauper like herself. Yet Mary, remembering the high praises of Mrs. Greeley, resolved not to mind these taunts, and henceforth, modestly returning Richard's respectful salutations from his open window, learned to regard him as a kind father. She felt, with many thrills in her lone heart, that she had now indeed a friend; but why had he, rich, admired and envied, interested himself for one poor and despised like herself? She cast shy glances at his noble face, as he sat absorbed in his reading at the great bow-windows at Mrs. Greeley's; and her soul, yearning to love something, went out with a tender and revering affection towards him.

By the aid of Mrs. Greeley, Richard continued from time to time to make poor Mary happy with such presents as he thought might tend to cheer and lighten her spirits.

The attic window of Mrs. Grant's cottage faced those of Mr. Fairlawn's apartments. And often when he returned hither late at night, he saw a light there, and felt that Mary was enjoying the books which he had sent her, for he well knew that none of the family save herself would occupy the lonely attic.

One day Mary was standing at the open door of the cottage, and had just responded to Richard's kind salutation, when Mrs. Grant fiercely ordered her away, forbidding her to speak to the one of whom she had lately become so jealous, notwithstanding Fairlawn's liberality had benefited her as much as it had poor Mary, for she generally appropriated a part of his beautiful gifts to herself. Many weeks passed away, and Mary continued invisible to her

anxious friend at Mrs. Greeley's. Now that Fairlawn was denied the sight of the young girl's pure pale face, he began to long for it in a way that destroyed his taste for his usual pleasures and pursuits. He tried to persuade himself that it was only a fatherly regard he felt for her; but there was something in his heart which told him, as he thought thus, that it was love, deep and immortal.

"Wherefore is this?" he would muse. "There is nothing about the child which it would be supposed could charm a man of the world like me; yet, O! I have found her beautiful voice, her pale sad face, and her marvellous patience with her hard master and mistress, very magnetical. Well, well," he would sighingly conclude, "I can never marry her; for I know, by her love for that Bible, that she cherishes the faith I scorn. Could I bear *my* wife to be so dissimilar to me? No! Yet I will be a father to little Mary, and provide for her after her servitude to those Grants has passed; and I—I will travel till I get over this nonsense. Forty years old and in love! Pshaw!"

Yet he went not, but still continued to watch from one dreary day to another for Mary to appear at the cottage doors or windows.

It was about midnight, on the last of August, that Richard, unable to sleep from his concernment about Mary, arose from his couch and dressed, and, with the aid of a cigar, sat down to compose himself by the open window. The pale light of the moon had enabled him to dispense with a light, but now the murky clouds swept over the moon, and made all so dark that he could not discern any object. While he thus sat, there arose in the midnight hush a voice which he knew came from Mrs. Grant's attic—Mary Clede was praying. He rose with a scoff upon his lips, but a curiosity to hear her words, and the charm of the voice he loved, made him the next instant sink back listening into his seat.

"Blessed Redeemer! Still let me drink of thy love, lest I faint by this earthly wayside, for it is that, O Lord, which restores my discouraged and bleeding heart, and lifts from all sorrow my thoughts up to the beautiful land where joy, and glory, and song live forever! Tender Father, forgive those who have long so cruelly



used me, and give me the joy of seeing them come to Jesus, whose affection, and patience, and mercy are eternal. O Saviour, bless with all thy power the kind man who has been so good to me; and O, if he has never found any joy in thee, give him now the hope and happiness with which my belief in thy mercy has filled my heart. And when life has ended, guide him gently to his heavenly rest. Give me strength to endure all and suffer all, and accept me at last, in Jesus's name. Amen!"

Richard Fairlawn no longer heeded his cigar, but sat there in the darkness, with white face and parted lips, listening to that earnest and touching prayer. Even as sweet music inspires the proud and unquiet heart to holy breathings, so did the clear-toned petition of the poor bound girl steal in upon his rebellious soul. O, he knew now how she had gained her patience, her meekness. His scoffing at holy things, his self-reliance, stood, before her joyful trusting faith, rebuked and condemned; and when the moon pierced the dark clouds, and shone brightly into the little attic, he drew back from sight, and contemplated, in a sort of rapture, that small wan face, whose sacred light truly proclaimed that her soul was illuminated by a celestial fire—that it drank of waters divine. Perhaps his loving her so made him more easily yield to the influence of her words and look. A mighty longing was in his beating heart as he sank upon his knees, and cried out:

"O Lord God! I will disown thee no more. Henceforth and forever I will love and praise thee!"

Richard Fairlawn rose up, not inspired, but convicted, and drinking the living waters of heavenly faith and salvation.

The time of Mary Clede's servitude to the Grants had expired; and now, with her few articles of clothing tied in a bundle, she had passed from her ungenial home, out under the great willows that stood at the foot of the lane. She looked up where the stars gleamed down through the leaves, and thanked God that she was free at last! Yet a pang of sadness mingled with her new joy, for she was home-

less, and knew not whither to go. There was one whom she felt would have helped her, had she asked him, but her delicacy forbade her doing this. So, all alone, with the moon and stars shining coldly on her desolation, she sank upon the dewy grass, and groaned out a prayer that Heaven would open some earthly haven to welcome her.

"Little one! Dear Mary!"

These words were spoken with infinite tenderness. She turned in surprise, to behold Richard Fairlawn standing directly behind her, with his very heart in the eyes that were regarding her so pityingly. He could no more help clasping her to his breast than he could subdue the great love and sympathy for her which filled his soul; and something told him that she loved him in return. Then, as he held her so tightly that she could not free herself, he made known to her that he had heard her prayer in the little attic, and told her how much peace and joy it had brought him. Now he could not part with her, for he wanted her to still be his teacher of the blessed theme—to become his cherished wife. Mary's head, turned and averted, fell on his breast—she did not reply.

"Say, darling," he entreated, "that you will give me this right to shield you from the cold world—will permit me to minister to your happiness!"

Mary had been softly weeping, in her great surprise and inexpressible joy at his offer. And now, with blessings upon him, she hid her glowing face in his breast, and he was well satisfied.

So, one golden day in October, Mary, clad in beautiful attire, and adorned with diamonds, stood beside Richard Fairlawn in the splendid home he had prepared for her, and repeated the words that made her his beloved wife. The wedding guests, beholding her perfect joy, were glad with her, and admired her the more as they remembered that she had been but a poor bound girl.

And now, while Richard earnestly seeks for every means to increase Mary's health and happiness, she is gently teaching and leading him on in that faith which illumines the dark valley of death, and carries the soul triumphant to its heavenly home!

## MAY AND SEPTEMBER.

BY MARY A. LOWELL.

In a well-furnished apartment in one of the houses in Bloomingdale Street, there sat, on the morning I speak of, three persons. One was a man, whose smooth brow and unfaded locks told nothing of age, but whose limbs were completely paralyzed. The second was a lady who might once have possessed great beauty, but on whom consumption was making hasty and unmistakable ravages. The third was a girl of eighteen or nineteen, whose likeness to each, as well as her evident devotion to their wants, proclaimed her their daughter. Kate Ashcroft was not beautiful, in the common acceptance of the word. She had fine expressive eyes and a sweet mouth; but even these did not entitle her to be called a beauty. The highest charm of her face was a sweet and lovely expression, speaking of inward peace and gentle kindly thoughts.

Mr. Ashcroft had long been a miserable invalid. When still in the prime of life, paralysis had done its work upon his frame; bringing all the appearances of old age to his noble figure, while his face was still youthful. Mrs. Ashcroft had watched beside him faithfully and devotedly, until consumption had touched her with its chilling fingers, and laid her upon a bed of pain and distress. Thus it fell to the daughter to nurse the two beloved invalids; and she did it with a devotion that made the task light. She was the light of their eyes—the only being whom they could not cheerfully give up, in the prospect of death.

What *would* she do when they were gone, was a question that weighed upon their minds most heavily. They had no relatives near enough to take an interest in their child; and the few friends they possessed were in foreign lands. Judge then how desolate was the path which seemed to be before the daughter they loved so well. It added, too, to their anxiety, that they must leave her penniless. Sicknes had melted away their resources, until the little that was left would hardly, Mr. Ashcroft thought, pay the expenses of the double funeral which must inevitably follow their long and lingering illness.

"Do not grieve so, dearest father," Kate had been saying, "I shall surely be provided for. I can work as well as many others. The little I shall want, I can earn."

Her father gazed at her with tearful eyes. "Poor child!" he exclaimed; "how little you know of the world. How will you, who have known so little of the trials of life, be able to stem the rude torrent of adversity? How will you bear up against the terrible burden of poverty? Will those little hands be strong enough to earn your daily bread? You, who have never been trained to work, who have never borne the weight of crushing sorrow—O merciful Father! do thou temper the wind to this shorn lamb! Bring her into thy fold, and make her thy especial care!"

Tears hot and bitter impeded his utterance. It was long ere Kate could soothe him into anything like composure. Mute and still was the mother's grief, yet as deep as that of her husband. All the terrors of a desolate lonely life for Kate uprose before her; yet she conquered all trace of emotion. It was but the prelude to greater suffering, for that night saw her in the shadow of the dark valley. The breaking of a blood-vessel was the consequence of her suppressed emotions, and before morning the weary spirit was released from the suffering body.

"There sat the shadow feared of man."

More rapidly than ever, Mr. Ashcroft was failing. The death of his wife was his own deathblow. From the moment of her departure, he ceased to speak, and lay wrapped in silent grief. It was pitiful, indeed, to see poor Kate. She went from room to room, to look upon her mother's lifeless remains, and back again, to try to speak comfort to the poor mute sufferer. Scarce a day intervened before he, too, was summoned away. "O, for one word—one look of recognition!" sighed the poor girl who hung over him. Alas, it was not granted her. Slowly the pulse ceased beating, and then stopped forever. Kate was indeed doubly orphaned.

Kind neighbors tried to bring comfort to the bereaved girl; but she could not bear the words. She shrank from them as if they touched the very quick; and her well-meaning comforters, at length, left her to herself. When all was over, Kate was told that she must leave the house. It was wanted for a richer tenant. She had not a single dollar. Her furniture was taken away and sold, to pay the rent. All the little ornaments of the rooms, so dear to her because they were the gifts of her parents on successive birthdays, went with the rest; and in the afternoon of the third day from the funeral of both her parents, Kate walked out of the gate and entered a small cottage, poor, mean and old, the only shelter she could afford to rest in.

The next week saw her out in pursuit of employment—something—anything, that would bring her food enough to support life and strength. No foolish pride in Kate's heart held her back from the search after the means of living. Teaching—that resource of almost every girl left to herself—was not included in her catalogue of labor. Kate was intelligent and well-taught; but of the regular routine of school-learning she was ignorant. Of useful information she had a fund. It was imparted to her from childhood, by her father and mother; but neither of her parents was willing to spare her from her home, and therefore, her school knowledge was not extensive. She had learned bookkeeping, however, of her father, who was once a successful merchant, before the hand of disease had touched alike his person and his fortunes. And her first thought was, that she might obtain some situation in which she could make this knowledge count to her for bread.

She entered several stores, modestly offering her services as bookkeeper or cashier; but all those situations were already filled. Next the milliners' shops were tried—then the dress-makers' rooms—shops and rooms which, in better days, her mother had most generously patronized, but which now seemed to have no room for Kate. Her last effort was at a depot for readymade linen. The shopman knew her, and allowed her to carry away some work without the usual deposit of its worth in money. She was glad of even this scanty addition to her means; and half an hour after she left the shop, she was seated in the one

habitable room of her little cottage, sewing diligently upon a garment—the first of her half dozen.

Kate was a rapid and skillful seamstress; and, as her small house required little time to put in order, and her frugal meals still less time to prepare, she was rejoiced to find that she could complete them all in a single week. She was to be paid a half dollar each; and she carried them back, and received her money the next Saturday evening, with a feeling of satisfaction that no one ever experiences unless it is *earned*. Every week she now earned sufficient for her expenses; and, very soon, she was trusted with finer and more expensive work, until, at last, she could command from six to eight dollars readily. She did this until late in the winter; constantly carrying bundles of work, and enjoying the air and exercise it brought her, without a thought of degradation in so doing.

True, she was sometimes passed without recognition by some who had known her under other circumstances; but Kate's cheerful and independent spirit was far above all this. She looked as serene under the neglect, as if the recognition were ever so cordial; and, so, often shamed the proud ones who could not deny that, in her simple mourning garb, there was an elegance and propriety to which they had never yet attained. Even her package of work did not take from her the unmistakable lady-like appearance inseparable from her; for she carried it with an ease and grace so rare, that it seemed almost the badge of superior gentility. The lovely expression which we have called her highest charm, still illuminated her face, and they who looked at Kate once, were apt to linger in their interested gaze as long as politeness permitted.

She was returning from carrying back some work, one slippery day, when, just as she had shut her own little gate, she slipped upon the ice and fell, breaking her ankle and severely wrenching her left arm. She tried to move and rise; but it was impossible. She uttered a little moan of real pain, and then fainted. She might have lain a full half hour thus, when a gentleman discovered her, and alighted from his chaise. He raised her to a sitting posture, and the pain of being removed recalled her senses. She shrank from his touch for an instant, but soon recovered from her momentary

embarrassment, and gratefully expressed her thanks.

"Whither shall I carry you, my dear young lady?" he asked, kindly.

"This is my home, sir," she answered, producing the house-key.

The gentleman unlocked the door, and Kate strove to rise, but again fainted with the pain. The stranger carried her in and deposited her gently upon the wide comfortable couch which had served as a bed, ever since she removed. He readily found some water which he sprinkled upon her face, and she revived.

"I am a surgeon," said he, smiling, "an old gray-haired surgeon. Will you permit me to examine your injuries?"

There was such a fatherly manner about him, that Kate could but submit to holding out her arm and foot for his inspection.

"You have hurt yourself more than I I thought, young lady," he said, in a tone so cheerful that Kate felt as if she had found a friend. "But it will all be right soon, if only you will have a little courage for a short time."

"O, I have plenty of that," answered Kate; "but I lack the fortitude of enduring long-continued pain. Will it be long, sir?" she asked, anxiously.

"Not if you have good nursing."

"Ah, that is out of the question, sir."

"Why so? Have you no mother or sister?"

Kate's eyes filled with tears.

"I have neither," she said, after a pause in which she was weeping bitterly.

"No friend who can be with you now, while I mend this broken limb?" he asked, while looking at the small white arm bared for his inspection.

"I have no friends," she murmured.

It was a short sentence, but it went to Doctor Broderick's heart.

"No friends! Poor young lady!"

But before he could say a word more, Kate had latched her emotions, awakened by his question, and was her own calm collected self again. She bore the setting of her ankle, like a hero, and submitted to have her arm violently pulled, without flinching. Then she sat upright, and looked this new helper in the face. He was a man of, apparently, forty years of age; tall, and not slender; with large benevolent brown eyes, and a few white streaks in his dark abundant hair; a gentleman,

in the broadest sense of the word, a scholar and a good surgeon. Kate's simple straight-forward mind had divined what he was, and her eyes took in the details, as well as the meaning of his face; a face so entirely good that a little child might read it. Her heart instinctively told him that here, at any rate, was a man who would never deceive.

She had heard of him—heard how beloved and trusted he had been, in his native city—a neighboring one where he had always practised—had heard of more than one grand and noble deed he had performed. She had learned, also, that in his younger years he had been sorely smitten with disappointment—had laid all his hopes of a happy domestic life upon a broken shrine, and had beheld them waste away into utter decay.

All these things rushed to her memory, when he told her his name. She remembered, too, that her father had desired to call him in, when her mother was ill, but that she had opposed it. Her mother was always so much afraid of expense which she knew would not avail to save her life, and she wanted so much to leave something for Kate, when she should have passed away! Poor woman! could she have known Kate's present situation, there would have been one pang more in her dying hour.

"I shall ride over to see how you are, to-morrow," he said kindly, as he went out. "You must be quiet as possible, but I will lend you my cane, so if you want to come and lock me out, you can do so."

And Kate did rise and go to the door with him, despite the grotesqueness of hopping upon one foot.

"Now go back to your sofa, and you may read a little, but remember! no work till I see you."

She obeyed him willingly; for she was weary; and was, moreover, much hurt and jarred by her fall. Toward night she fell asleep, and did not awake until morning. She was unable to go about much, even with the doctor's cane; but, fortunately, a little girl came in on an errand, and Kate begged her to get her mother's permission to stay with her until she should be able to walk about.

Through little Jenny's exertions, the room assumed its usual neatness. At noon the doctor made his appearance. Kate was

sitting up; her foot in a cushioned chair. It was doing well, Doctor Broderick said, and she would need no further attendance. "But I shall call occasionally," he added, "so that you shall not be too careless."

The next week he asked her to ride with him. She needed air, he said; and, as it was always his prescription for convalescents, she must not object. Into his amply robed sleigh, therefore, he lifted her, taking Jenny also; and the next hour found them stopping at the doctor's own home.

"My mother will be happy to see you, Miss Ashcroft," he said. "She is greatly interested in my patients, especially when they are as lonely as yourself."

And he carried her in his arms into an apartment, half office, half sitting-room, where a sweet-faced woman welcomed her with kindly warmth, to a seat beside the cheerful wood fire. The windows were full of the rarest plants. The walls were almost covered. Splendid roses and lilies were in bloom—geraniums and fuchsias were abundant, and the purple scented violets were the sweetest Kate had ever seen.

"They are Arthur's favorites, above all flowers," remarked Mrs. Broderick, as Kate eagerly took the cluster she gave her; "and I think they must be your favorites too, by the way you look at them."

They were indeed very dear to Kate, as the last flowers her mother held in her hands; and she told her new friend why she loved them so well.

"She is a little darling, Arthur," exclaimed Mrs. Broderick, when the doctor returned from taking Kate home. "I am going to send for her to stay a month with me. Do you think she will come?"

The doctor laughed.

"Not unless you tell her that you want her to sew for you, mother. She was hardly willing to call here, or even to ride with

me. If 'she is innocent as a dove,' she is also, as 'wise as a serpent,' and will not be beguiled into anything that will compromise her character."

"I like her better for that, Arthur. Very well—tell her I want a seamstress for several weeks, and will give extra prices for work. But don't you go to falling in love with her, Arthur!"

"Why not?"

"Because I shall get no work done, if you are hanging about the room."

"You are a dear, cross, good mother! What do you suppose I want to fall in love for, when I have you? Besides, you are such a proud old lady that I should not dare to fall in love with a sewing girl."

"Don't, Arthur. You make me feel faint. Remember I was a sewing girl; and I married a richer man than you are."

"Come, come, mother! I shall have to correct you, or put a mistress over you. How would you like that, little mother?"

"Hold your tongue, Arty! and, to-morrow, see that you go early after my sewing girl."

Doctor Arthur patted his mother's cheek, and kissed her fondly. "I am going now," he said. And truly he told Kate such a piteous tale of his mother's disappointment in losing her seamstress, that gratitude to him prompted her to go to her.

A month of happiness it was to Kate—so petted and caressed, so carefully tended, and finally, so beloved by mother and son.

"I don't know," said Mrs. Broderick, reflectively. "It is a serious thing to marry a wife only half your age, Arty."

"Nononsense, mother! I have made a bargain with this little girl. I have promised to give her ten years of my forty, and that makes a fair average of thirty years each. It will be a happy match, dear mother. Don't break it up with any of your objections."

And it *was*—and *is* a very happy match for both.



## MADemoiselle SYLPHINA :

—OR,—

## THE FORTUNES OF A CASTAWAY.

BY ELIZABETH BIGELOW.

### CHAPTER XIX.

"**WHO** would think it? Who would believe it?" said Miss Follansbee, in an exultant tone.

"Think, what?—believe what, aunty? You are so full of exclamations to-night that I am afraid you are beside yourself. You had better reserve them until you see your lovely Juliet dying by p'isin!" said Dely, playfully.

They were in the dressing-room at the theatre, and it was the night on which Dely was to make her debut. She had chosen for herself the part of Juliet, in *Romeo and Juliet*.

"Why, believe that you are the child—the worn, starved, skeleton-like little creature, such a pitiful object! who was found on that raft in the middle of the ocean, clinging to the dead body of an old sailor!"

"The poor old man!" said Dely, mournfully. "I always feel as if he had given his life for me. The kindness of your brother and his men would have come too late for me if it had not been for him. A pitiful-looking child I must have been!

And if I am plump and rosy now, it is all owing to you, aunty!" And Dely kissed her affectionately.

"No, my dear, not all owing to me—though, to be sure, I don't think you could have got along so well without me," said Miss Follansbee, complacently. "For a good many people will impose on a little thing, such as you were, who doesn't know how to protect herself, and whom they think they can make money out of. And then there are wicked people in the world, like that man Dennett; though what his object could have been I've never been able to make out. Sometimes I think you were the heiress to a great estate, and he was hired to get you out of the way."

"O, don't talk to me about that man to-night!" said Dely, with a shudder. "I can't think of him, even yet, without fear, even though I know he is dead. He always seems to me like a supernatural being, over whom the elements could have no power. Of course I know that it is a silly fancy, and yet it haunts me still."

"Nonsense, child! Do you think it is

only the good people who get drowned?" said Miss Follansbee, with a laugh. "Don't go to having nerves; you know I have no patience with them! I never brought you up to have them—and to-night of all times!"

"I am not at all nervous," said Dely, "but I think there are such things as 'presentiments' of coming evil; I am quite sure of it. And, do you know, aunty, I was thinking of that man Dennett when you spoke of him!"

"And why not, child? what is more natural than that, on the eve of a happy and brilliant career, you should think of the troubles of your childhood? 'Presentiments'! I never heard you talk such nonsense as that before, and I earnestly hope that I never may again. Now, for pity's sake, don't let presentiments spoil your acting! Just think how much depends upon it, and how disappointed all your friends would be if you should fail! Do throw off such foolish fancies! You have studied too hard, that is all the trouble. It is only nerves."

"I thought you didn't believe there were any such things, aunty!" said Dely, laughingly. "I *will* throw them off, and I will do my best, I promise you. I will be such a Juliet as shall make every young man in the house wish he were Romeo, p'ison and all!"

And Dely ran gayly off at the prompter's tap, while Miss Follansbee hurried to a box, where a party of her friends were, that she might not lose anything of Dely's acting.

And Dely *did* shake off her presentiments; she threw her whole heart and soul into her acting, and by the end of the first scene there was no possible question of her success.

After the green curtain had fallen on the first act, the manager led her forward, in response to the clamorous appeals of the audience.

The applause that greeted her was almost deafening, and a shower of bouquets, many of them containing costly jewels, fell at her feet.

For the first time that evening Dely's gaze wanders over the audience; hitherto she had been too absorbed in her acting to look at anything off the stage.

It was a brilliant, gayly-attired assemblage, and they had nothing but smiles

and applause for her. Why did Dely's face blanch so suddenly, and that terror-stricken hunted look come into her eyes? Miss Follansbee wondered. The next moment she rose from her seat with a cry, for Dely had fallen senseless into the arms of the manager.

There was a flutter of excitement all over the house.

"The excitement was too much for her, and she was probably frightened, too, poor thing! A first appearance must be very trying!" Miss Follansbee heard the people all around her saying.

But she knew very well that Dely, with her perfect health and her self-possession, had not fainted from excitement or stage-fright.

She hurried into the dressing-room, where Dely lay, quite recovered from her fainting fit, but still with a white face, and that scared look that Miss Follansbee had noticed in her eyes.

"O, he has come, aunty! I saw him, with just the same wicked face, leering at me from the audience. It was not a foolish fancy of mine that he could not die! How could he have escaped from that vessel! And yet he is here. And he has come in pursuit of me! There is a fatality about it! I cannot escape him!"

All this was poured forth in an incoherent way that greatly alarmed Miss Follansbee.

"My dear child, what has excited you so? You seem really beside yourself! You must be ill."

And Miss Follansbee took the trembling hands of the excited girl in hers, and pushed her gently back on to the sofa, from which she had sprung.

"No, I am not ill, and I am not beside myself; but I tell you *he* is here—Dennett! I saw him as plainly as I see you now!"

"My dear, my dear!" said Miss Follansbee, with tears in her eyes. "I have been so wrong to urge you on! All this hard work and excitement have unsettled your nerves."

"If you treat me in this way I *shall* go crazy!" said Dely. "I was not crazy, or dreaming, but perfectly sane, when I saw him. He has come here in pursuit of me, and if you do not help me to fly from him he will kill me! Let us go to England, aunty! The vessel that you wanted to go in sails to-morrow."



"Yes, yes, my dear, we will go anywhere you wish!" And with that promise Dely was calmed, and wished to go home at once. Miss Follansbee was anxious for Dely's health, but she was anxious for her reputation, too.

"You don't think you could go on again, and try to get through with your part, do you, dear?" she said, appealingly. But after Dely's pleading "O, don't ask me!" she said no more.

"It is the strangest thing! It is like the old superstition of the Evil Eye!" she murmured to herself, as they drove homeward.

But Dely's calm and dispassionate clinging to the belief that she had seen Dennett, even after a night's rest, which might be expected to relieve her of a purely nervous fancy, had some weight with Miss Follansbee, and she wished to have some effort made to have the man arrested. But Dely persisted that it would be of no use.

Miss Follansbee was willing to sail for London. The press was very enthusiastic in its praise of Dely's beauty, and of her acting, also; yet Miss Follansbee knew that, after she had so disappointed an audience, she would never be greeted with the same enthusiasm again. It would be better that she should go to England.

It was fulfilling Miss Follansbee's long-cherished wish, also. England was her native land, and she was weary of her long exile. For herself, she had paved her way to success more easily in Australia, but honors here were worth only half as much as those won at home; and as for Dely, she possessed genius which could not fail to be recognized at once anywhere. On the whole, Miss Follansbee was scarcely sorry for the strange fancy—or the stranger reality, she hardly knew which it was—that made Dely willing to go. She did not like to be hurried away so soon, with little time for preparation, and none for leave-takings; but Dely would endure no delay.

The night after Dely's debut found them out on the broad ocean, on the way to England.

## CHAPTER XX.

THEY reached London safely, and took rooms at a fashionable hotel; Miss Follansbee had saved a considerable amount

of money, and she was determined that nothing should be wanting which could in the least degree add to Dely's prospect of success.

Dely was happy in her escape from her enemy, and entered into the plans for a brilliant opening of her theatrical career with all the zeal that Miss Follansbee could desire. Sometimes she was half inclined to believe that her seeing Dennett was only the fancy of a disordered mind, as Miss Follansbee tried to persuade her, but then the dark evil face, just as she saw it then, would rise before her so vividly that she could not doubt that she had really seen it.

Miss Follansbee was determined that she should make her first appearance in London nowhere but at a first-class theatre; and to secure an opportunity for her to do this was not a very easy task. Actresses with established reputations were much more in demand than debutantes.

But at last, by dint of persevering effort, she succeeded in persuading the manager of one of the most fashionable theatres to give Dely an audience; and then was happy, for with Dely to be seen and heard was to conquer, she was sure.

And she was right. The manager promised at once that she should make her London debut on his stage. But there must necessarily be a long delay before she could appear. The play which was now "on the boards" was destined to have a long run; after that was over, he had made an engagement with a star actress; then Dely's turn would come.

It was hard for Miss Follansbee to possess her soul in patience, and not easy for Dely, though she had resolved to employ the time of waiting in working hard, to make her success more certain.

Miss Follansbee would have found a permanent engagement for herself easy to obtain, but for the present she preferred to devote herself entirely to her protegee.

Dely's beauty and grace attracted a great deal of attention, and friends and suitors were soon almost as plenty in London as in Melbourne. Among the latter was a gentleman whom Miss Follansbee favored, and whose attentions to Dely caused her the greatest satisfaction and pride—because he was a count. Miss Follansbee had a great admiration for titles, and a great admiration for Italians, and Count



Foscari was an Italian. He appeared at the hotel about two months after their arrival, and immediately set to work to obtain an introduction to Dely, and soon succeeded.

If I should say that Dely was averse to his attentions, I should not be credited with being a faithful historian. She was seventeen, and she was proud of having a count, with such a distinguished name, such a handsome person, and (apparently) such great wealth devoted to her. But still there was something about the count that she did not quite like. There were lines in his face that looked like traces of dissipation, and he had a hard and reckless look sometimes that repelled her.

Miss Follansbee was very impatient of any disparagement of the count. She declared him to be the handsomest and most distinguished-looking man she had ever seen. What if he did look forty-five, while he announced himself to be thirty? Appearances were often deceitful, and if he did prevaricate in regard to his age, was that more than many women did? Dely soon took refuge in silence, it made Miss Follansbee so very angry to hear anything but praise spoken of him. To have Dely a countess would satisfy her ambitious hopes, even better than to have her a famous actress.

But Dely, if she was proud of the count's attentions, was not by any means in love with him. At times, flattered by his devotion, she felt sure that she liked him; but the next moment something in the expression of his face made her shrink from him, almost with loathing.

But one day, when they had been for about five months in London; something occurred which greatly increased the count's chances of success in his suit.

Dely had been taking a walk, with only Miss Follansbee's maid for an attendant, and was hurrying home in the dusk, which had overtaken her unawares, when, turning a corner, she found herself face to face with Dennett! the same wicked face! there was no mistaking it; again her enemy had pursued and found her. He came towards her, with that fiendish light of triumph that she had seen before in his eyes.

She turned to fly, while a cry of terror which she could not repress burst from her lips. Turning, she rushed almost into the arms of Count Foscari!

"What has happened? Who has dared to alarm you?" cried the count (who, by the way, spoke the most perfect English), supporting her trembling form, with an air of reverential tenderness.

Dely looked around for Dennett, but he had disappeared. O, how thankful she was to the Providence which had sent the count to her relief! But for him she might now be again in the power of Dennett; for that he was daring enough to abduct her in the open street, and cunning enough to do it successfully, she had no doubt. She was overwhelmed with gratitude to the count, and in her excitement she poured forth the whole story of the persecution she had suffered from Dennett. And Count Foscari expressed his horror of the villain, and his determination to bring him to justice, in the most forcible manner—and his pity and sympathy for her in the most tender style.

"If she would only give him the right to protect and defend her always! As his wife, as the Countess Foscari, who would dare to molest her?"

This was what he had whispered in her ear before they reached the hotel; and Dely listened, and did not say him nay. She was still half wild with the terror with which the sight of Dennett always inspired her, and to have a protector seemed such safety and rest! She and Miss Follansbee were so alone and helpless! And yet this was very unlike the dreams she had had of the hero who was to appear and win her heart and hand. She knew that she did not love him; she could not quite believe that she ever should.

The "yes" that trembled on her lips would not come forth.

"I can't tell! I am afraid I do not love you! You must give me a little time to think, Count Foscari," she faltered.

And he pleaded in vain for a more favorable answer. Perhaps he might have obtained it but for a slight incident—so much do slight incidents have to do with all our lives! A young man was coming down the stairs as they entered the hotel, whose face awakened a throng of memories in Dely's mind. It might have been only because she had been telling Count Foscari of the first time she had seen Dennett, and her mind had been carried back to Still River Village, and her life there; but he reminded

her of Johnny Willard, and she thought how much stronger, how much more like love, had been her childish feeling for her boy-lover than any tenderness that she could ever have for Count Foscari!

And so the count could obtain no better answer than a plea for "time to think."

Miss Follansbee was very much vexed that Dely should have allowed her foolish fancy to assail her again—that it was anything more than fancy she did not for a moment believe. But it was some consolation to know that the count had come to her relief! To think that she owed him a debt of gratitude might have some influence upon Dely.

Dely kept her own counsel in regard to the proposal that Count Foscari had made to her, but not so the count. He took Miss Follansbee into his confidence at once, knowing that in her he should find a powerful ally; and for a time Dely's life was made almost a burden to her by Miss Follansbee's unceasing entreaties. She declared that Dely must have entirely lost her mind. To think that a girl in her position should think of refusing to become the Countess Foscari! Her entreaties, reproaches and tears troubled Dely very much; it seemed sometimes as if it were her positive duty to do as her friend wished, since she owed so much to her. That feeling and her fear of Dennett were strong motives to induce her to marry Count Foscari; and yet she shrank from it with a dread amounting almost to horror! It was too much of a sacrifice to make.

Yet, with such odds against her, she had not courage to say no. Her constant fear of Dennett had weakened her naturally strong will, and made her nervous and timid. She asked for a month's delay, and promised the count and Miss Follansbee that he should then have a definite answer.

In the meantime she went on the even tenor of her way, practising the part in which she meant to appear at her debut, but careful never to go out alone, and constantly expecting to meet the gaze of Dennett's evil eyes. She did not allow herself to think of Count Foscari; if she must marry him—and she had almost decided that she must—she would not distress herself with the thought in the little interval of freedom that was left her.

And yet she did think of the count, with greater distress still, before three weeks

had passed; a new feeling had come to her that made it seem impossible that she could marry him. Count Foscari had made the acquaintance of the young man who had reminded Dely so forcibly of her childhood's lover, Johnny Willard, and presented him to Miss Follansbee and Dely. He was much younger than the count, apparently not more than twenty-two or three—it was a noticeable fact that almost all the count's friends were men younger than himself—and his name was Johnson. Dely felt a pang of disappointment when she learned that he was registered as "of London." He looked like an American, and it was a great pleasure to meet people from her childhood's home. His resemblance to Johnny, as she remembered him, was very striking; it haunted her even after she was sure that it was not he—as, indeed, she had never had any but the vaguest momentary idea that it might be; for how could Johnny, the little pauper boy, have been transformed into this elegant young man, whose grace and courtliness were equal to the count's own? Dely talked to him of America at once, but he seemed to have very little knowledge of the country. He had travelled all over Europe, but his wanderings seemed to have extended no further. He was very reticent in regard to himself, and the count pronounced him "a stupid fellow;" and yet he cultivated his society very assiduously, Dely noticed.

She had heard once a rumor that the count gambled—a rumor which made Miss Follansbee so indignant that she had never dared to mention it—and she could not help observing that very young men who seemed to have money were always his chosen companions.

Notwithstanding Miss Follansbee's indignant denial of the rumor, it was true that Count Foscari gambled. It was also true that he had formed the acquaintance of Mr. Johnson for the sole purpose of making him a victim. In spite of appearances, his wealth was not so great but that he found occasional additions to it exceedingly convenient.

But in the beginning of their acquaintance Mr. Johnson had steadily declined the count's invitation to play. At length, however, he yielded to the oft-repeated invitation—yielded suddenly, as if influenced by an after-thought.

The two went out together to a saloon, the count familiarly linking his companion's arm in his.

Dely watched them from her window, and noticed the friendly familiarity with a thrill of pain, for which she called herself to account the next moment. Did she really believe Count Foscari to be a bad person, and fear for his power and influence over the young man who was with him? And why had she so much interest in the younger one? Was it not a greater interest than she had felt in the other companions of the count, who might be in just as much danger from him, if he were, indeed, a bad man? Dely asked herself this last question with her face suffused with blushes, and a keen pang of humilia-

tion. Was the interest she felt in this grave and reticent young man, who was always so coldly deferential to her, inspired by his resemblance to her boy-lover? That could not be; it was too much an affair of the past.

Was she beginning to give him her love, unsought?

"There is only one way out of all this distress and humiliation!" she said to herself. "I thought I had trouble before, but this is worse! I will marry the count! Aunty can judge better than I, and she says the stories are false—and there is nothing else for me to do! I will tell him to-morrow that I will be his wife!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

### LITTLE BENNY'S ADVENTURES ON THE ICE.

BY GEORGE JAY VARNEY.

THERE had come a rain, and carried the light snow all away; and now suddenly the weather came on cold, and everything was snapping. The coal and the wood snapped in the grates, and the water-pitchers snapped in the chambers; and the great elm, just outside, rattled and snapped as Benny patted along sleepily to his bed; and he jumped up right in the middle of his little prayer, when a great nail snapped in the wall beside him.

"What is it 'nappin'?" exclaimed he.

"It is only the nails in the walls," said his mother.

"What 'e nails 'nappin' for?"

"O, cold Jack Frost has bitten them."

"Has Jack Frost got teeth, mother?" asked Benny, alarmed.

His mother explained that calling a thing frost-bitten was only another way of saying it was frozen; and that Jack Frost wasn't anybody—only the cold air.

After his mother had gone Benny covered his head, it was so cold, and he was a little afraid; for the great nails and the little nails were going snap! boom! snap! boom! all over the house. But at last he went to sleep, and dreamed he was in a great battle of the Fenians and Canadians, where they fought with popguns and tin swords, and every other man had a sprig of hemlock in his cap.

The next morning his mother came to the bed to wash and dress him; but there was no Benny in sight. She turned down the bedclothes, but Benny was not there! What could have happened? She went to the bathroom, and saw only a bowl of soapy water and a wet towel. She went to the kitchen, but Maggie, the help, was alone.

"Did you wash Benny this morning, Maggie?"

"No m'm, I did not. He stopped by the stove a minnit to dhry his hands, that was all wet from the washin'; and the water it was dhrrapping from his hair, and he would not let me tech him; but ran out door, sayin' he was goin' skatin'," answered Maggie, in her thick Irish talk. "Here he is, the blessed little frozen b'y!" cried she, as Benny came tumbling in at the door.

His nose was red, and the tears stood in the corners of his eyes; and he put his hands first to his ears, then to his nose, and then shook them—his fingers, and not his nose, you know—and began to cry.

"Why, Benny! where have you been? Out on the ice?"

"Yes, mamma."

"Do you not remember that I forbade your going out before you were washed?"

"But, mamma, I be washed. I washed myself!"

His mother looked at him, and saw that he had, sure enough. The soap was dried about his ears, and his hair hung in little icicles, straight and stiff, about his neck. One ear now began to smart very badly.

"I guess my ear's Jack Foss bit," said Benny, beginning to cry again.

After breakfast Benny and his sister Jennie, two years older than he, wished very much to go to the brook to slide; and after their big brother John had skated all over it, and pronounced it safe, the mother consented to their going. Benny meant to try the skates this time; and when John went into the library, he took them in one hand, and with the other assisted Jennie in drawing the sled; and off they went, for a good time on the ice. Benny was rather naughty, as well as roguish, to take his brother's skates without leave; but he got his head bumped for it, though.

They wanted Carlo, brother John's little shaggy terrier, to go with them. Benny clapped his hands, and puckered his mouth to whistle; but 'twasn't much of a whistle, and Carlo didn't come much. So Jennie called, as fast as her tongue would go:

"Carlo, Carlo, Carlo! rats! rats! rats!"

And then Carlo came on a jump, with his ears up, and his bobtail wagging furiously. Carlo was a wonderful dog for rats, and was always on the lookout for one; but he was mistaken this time.

"Now, Benny, you haul me first; then I'll give you a ride," said Jennie; when they were come to the brook.

"No; you haul me first. Then I'll put my skates on, and give you a ride all over the ice."

"Well; give me a little bit of a ride first; then I'll help you put on your skates."

So Benny tried it. First he pulled the sled, then he pushed it—Carlo all the time biting and barking at his heels, as if they were a pair of rats, and not new boots.

"Get out, Carlo!" cried Benny, indignantly.

But Carlo didn't get out. So Benny tried to kick him. He didn't hit him, though; for Carlo dodged between his feet, and down went Benny on the ice. Over and over he rolled, with that aggravating dog capering about him—now biting his boot, then tugging away at his coat, and finally running away with his cap. Then Benny tried to catch him, but the ice was so slippery he could not. And when he slipped

down the roguish Carlo would come and bite his heels, to frisk off again with the cap, as soon as Benny got on his feet. But Jennie now came up with a long stick, and gave Carlo a smart stroke; at which the poor fellow was so astonished that he dropped the cap and scampered off up the stream.

Now Benny sat down on the sled to put on John's skates. It was hard work; but with his sister's help he at last got them on. And when they were on, how funny they did look, they were so large! Why, only think if a man should put on a pair of ox-sleds, and go a skating with them! That is the way he looked. But Benny thought they were all right; and he took a long step, and up his heels went, and down his head went. For a little while he thought the stars had turned to ice, and tumbled down out of the sky; for he was sure he saw them, and he felt as if they had knocked him all to pieces.

Carlo had been quite decent since his switching, for he had staid away up the brook; but now they heard him bark, and saw him hopping round upon the ice, biting at it, and bristling up wildly.

"Benny—Benny! what's the matter with Carlo?" cried Jennie, in alarm.

Benny stopped crying, and looked at the dog.

"Why, I guess 'ere's a rat under 'e ice," answered he, straightening up.

"Rats don't go in the water," said Jennie.

But she was wrong; though I think they do not go in the water in very cold weather.

"'Et's go sec," said Benny.

So Jennie lifted her stick, and took Benny's hand to lead him along. But the great skates wanted to take longer strides, and he couldn't keep up with them; and down he went on his hands and knees. So he staid down and crept along. He was so near the ice that he could see the pebbles and little green grasses at the bottom of the brook. Then he saw several fishes—little red-fins and shiners, and thick brown-backed ones, and a long fellow with fins like fans; and he was thin enough to be a weather-vane, like that on the top of the stable, Benny thought. He now crept close beside an old log that lay half imbedded in the ice, and, looking down among the long pieces that had fallen from the log, and lay crossing in the deep hole

beneath, he could see away down to the bottom a great swarm of fishes. They were hardly moving at all; I think they were napping.

"Do you think Carlo sees the fishes?" asked Jennie, who had also been looking.

"I guess he thinks 'ey is a new kind of rat," said Benny, wisely.

Jennie now went along to the dog, while Benny continued to look at the sleepy fishes down close in their winter bed. Suddenly something jumped on the log, and from the log it ran right under Benny. He sprang up, and off hopped the little thing, with Carlo snapping his sharp eager bark close behind him. The creature was as large as Benny's arm, and not a bit larger round; and he was all over fur, as nice as his mother's muff. He was almost black, and a little furry black tail stuck straight out behind him. His long little body was crooked up like pussy's when she is frightened; and O, how he made his little feet go! Carlo was just about to seize hold of him when they came to a fall in the brook. The water ran so fast here that it slipped through Jack Frost's fingers before he could freeze it a bit; so it was

all open water. In went the long furry fellow, plump; and in went Carlo after him, *swash!* But Carlo clambered out as quick as he could, and ran whining home.

What do you think it was that took Benny for a log, and tried to hide under him; then got away from Carlo by diving under the ice? It was a mink. This little animal lives about the water, running up under the rocks, roots or old logs, at its margin, to hide and sleep. They swim at the top, or walk at the bottom of the water, catching frogs and fish for their dinners. Sometimes, too, they kill birds and small chickens. The fur of the mink is very soft and beautiful; and the hunters catch them in traps for their skins, which are much used to make ladies' furs.

When Benny and Jennie got home there was poor Carlo, wet and shivering with cold, waiting to be let into the house. And should you not think the mink would be cold, too, down there in the brook? He was not; for his coat is thick and warm, and the water runs right off, without wetting the inside. But this time he had gone through the water, up under the bank, and out of sight and reach of poor Carlo.

## THE PRIZE AT SCHOOL.

BY MARY HELEN BOODEY.

SILENCE reigned in the schoolroom, except for the scratching of pencils as they moved rapidly over the slates, or the occasional rustle of a hastily-turned leaf. The stir caused by the return to their seats of the scholars who had joined in the last recitation had entirely subsided, when the teacher rapped authoritatively on his desk, thereby attracting toward himself the gaze of upwards of a hundred attentive eyes. He then proceeded to inform the scholars, that on the afternoon of the next day they would receive a visit from the school committee, comprising three well-known gentlemen, who would hear their recitations, and judge of their progress. The class in reading was to be called upon especially, and to the scholar who should best read a short selection given out by the committee, a prize would be awarded—a neatly-bound copy of Whittier's poems, which the teacher held up for inspection as he spoke. The

interest felt in this announcement was evidently very great, and extended from proud Anna Clayton in the back seat to little Jimmy Jackson away down in the front seat of all, who, though he sat right under the teacher's own eyes, would nevertheless contrive to set the whole school in a roar sometimes, by some mischievous action. It is only fair, however, to say that Jimmy generally paid dear for his amusement, and went home a sadder if not a wiser boy after such performances.

On this occasion, just as the interest of the school was at its height, there came the sound of a suppressed snicker from Jimmy's direction, and he was discovered stuffing his handkerchief into his mouth in a vain attempt to hide his laughter.

"Jimmy Jackson!" said the teacher, sternly, "what do you mean by such conduct? What are you laughing at?"

"I couldn't help it, sir, indeed I

couldn't!" pleaded Jimmy, with a somewhat soberer face. "I was only just thinking how funny it would be if Nannie George should get the prize, and how mad Anna Clayton would be."

The corners of the teacher's mouth twitched, while a very general titter ran over the schoolroom, for haughty Anna Clayton was the most unpopular girl in school, and Jimmy's strong dislike for her was well-known, as well as his equally strong liking for the quiet little Nannie George, who, though considerably younger than Anna, was often her superior in scholarship. But the teacher's dignity must be maintained, and he reproved Jimmy quite severely, while Anna Clayton tossed her head scornfully, and Nannie blushed crimson in her bashful confusion, at being mentioned in such a way.

After this little interruption the classes were called as usual, and nothing more was said until after school had closed for the day. Then the busy tongues were let loose and each one had something to say about to-morrow. Anna Clayton's particular friend, Jenny Newton, declared that she knew Anna would take the prize, for, she said, with a curl of her lip—"Of course she can read better than that little Nan George that has to work out for a living, her folks are so poor, and that hasn't a decent dress to come to school in. Why, her best dress aint so good as Anna's cast-off ones! A pretty sight it would be to see *her* walking up to Mr. Ross with that old faded delaine dress on, to read. I shouldn't think she'd *think* of such a thing as coming to school at all to-morrow, looking as she does. I'd stay away, if I were in *her* place."

The last part of this unkind speech was spoken very loud, as if Jenny wished Nannie to hear it, and if such was her desire she did not speak in vain. Every word was like a dagger to Nannie's sensitive heart, and the quick tears filled her eyes to overflowing in a moment, while she silently put on her plain straw hat and gathered up her books, feeling as if she could never be happy again.

"For shame, Jenny!" cried kind Alice Adams, who was always Nannie's friend in time of trouble. "Nannie has just as good a right to win the prize as any of us, and I'm sure I hope she will. As for her dress, you can't say but that it is always clean, and the rest she isn't to blame for.

I wish that you and I were half as good and pretty as she is, or as good scholars, either;" and with this indignant speech Alice went up to Nannie and put her arm around her protectingly.

"O, very well," said Jenny, as she walked away arm in arm with Anna, "if you choose to associate with beggars, you can—*my* taste is different."

Poor Nannie, who had managed to bear Jenny's cruel speeches in silence, sobbed outright at Alice's kind defence, and yielded to so violent a fit of grief that her friend became alarmed. But at last she grew more quiet, though her face was still very sad.

"Alice," said she, as they walked along together, "I wish I could stay at home from school to-morrow, for I never *can* read before Mr. Ross now. O dear! O dear! why can't I have pretty dresses and a nice home like the other girls? And then, when I try so hard to get my lessons well, to have Jenny and Anna treat me so,—it is so hard—so hard! O dear! I don't believe I have a friend in the world but you!"

"O yes, you have, Nannie," replied Alice. "everybody that knows you likes you except those that are jealous because you can do better than they can. Only the other day Mr. Ross told mother that you were his best scholar, and a very nicely-behaved little girl. What do you think of that? But don't go to thinking of staying away from school to-morrow, for that is just what Anna and Jenny want, I do believe, and it would be a shame to give up to them so. No, you are just as good as any of them, and a good deal better than some, and you mustn't think anything about your dress, for you look well in it, nor their mean speeches, for they don't amount to anything. You know that I'm your friend always, and I want you to promise me that you will go to school to-morrow and read just the best you can when your turn comes."

Nannie hesitated, but at last, promised, and entered the door of the house where she lived with a little more courage in her heart, and a somewhat brighter expression on her tear-stained face.

"O Nannie! are you come?" said Mrs. Carter, as the child entered the large kitchen. "I want you to put your books right away and take the baby, for my head

aches as if it would split, and he's awfully worrisome."

"Yes ma'am," said Nannie, and hastened to obey.

It was no slight task to quiet baby Tommy, who, as his mother had said, was very "worrisome," and Nannie had enough to do without thinking very much of her own sorrows, though she did wish that she could see her own dear mother and tell her all about them. And then she thought how it might trouble her, and concluded that perhaps it was best as it was.

Nannie's mother was a widow, and she had found it very hard indeed to earn bread and shelter for her four little ones. So when Mrs. Carter had offered to take Nannie and give her her board, and allow her to attend the public school for what help she would be about the house, Mrs. George had felt that Nannie must go, though her tears fell fast at the thought of separation. To Nannie it was a bitter blow, but she was a brave little girl, and always tried to do the best she could wherever she was. Mrs. Carter was not unkind, and when she found that the little girl was faithful and true, she allowed her more privileges, and though Nannie had many homesick hours, she consoled herself by striving to do always as she knew her mother would wish her to do if she were present. Her sharpest trials sprang from the heartlessness of a very few of her schoolmates, who envied her for the ease with which she mastered her studies, and grudged her the honors which she so fairly won. They were ungenerous enough, as Alice Adams said, to "twit upon facts," and thus remind poor Nannie of what she would have found it hard to forget under any circumstances, for she was both proud and sensitive. Mr. Ross, Nannie's teacher, saw with pleasure the progress which she made at school, and gave her many encouraging words that were as precious to the child's heart as water is to the thirsty. She had a very soft sweet voice, and read correctly and with a great deal of expression, but she had read very little poetry, while Anna Clayton was very fond of boasting of the compliments she had received as a good reader of verse.

"I know Anna Clayton will get the prize to-morrow," thought Nannie, just before she went to sleep that night, "and I'm sure I shouldn't care if she would only be kind to me—she and Jenny Newton. I

never did them any harm; I don't see why they should hate me so. It is mean in them, and sometimes I almost hate them back again, but I know mother would say 'Don't do wrong, dear, because they do,' and I try to forget it. What a dear girl Alice is!" And so she drifted on into the land of dreams, and dreamed that she went to school and Mr. Ross frowned at her, and told her if she did not behave better he did not want her to come any more. Then she thought Anna Clayton won the book of poems, and threw it at her, so that it struck against her head, and she awoke to find that her head was resting against the hard bedstead, and it was time to get up. She said the little prayer that her mother had taught her, and that somehow always made her feel more cheerful and contented, and then went about her morning duties quite happily, feeling as if she could see Anna Clayton win the prize, without a pang.

The day passed very much as usual until the time arrived for the expected visit of the school committee, when there was a hush of anticipation, soon followed by the entrance of the three gentlemen. The classes were called up, one after another, and at last the reading class took its place. Anna Clayton wore a very stylish showy dress, her hair was crimped and puffed, and she was evidently got up for the occasion. She took her place with an air of pride, and a glance of scornful amusement at Nannie, who wore the faded dress that was her ordinary school-wear, while her dark-brown curls were arranged neatly and simply as usual. Her brown eyes were a little sad, and her face was a little pale, but very sweet, nevertheless.

At first prose selections were given out and read by the scholars, but the real test of their advancement was to be the extract from Whittier. That portion of *Snow-Bound* was selected which commences:

"What matter how the night behaved!"

It need not be said that some of the readers made sad work of it, while others did far better. Anna Clayton read clearly and distinctly, and it was easy to see that she expected no rival. Then little Nannie George took the book, and with kindling eyes she read the beautiful lines as if her soul were in them, bringing out the melody of her soft voice better and better with each line.

There was silence in the schoolroom. Anna Clayton changed color, and tapped the floor nervously with her foot. The teacher arose and said:

"The prize to be bestowed upon the best reader has been allotted by the gentlemen of the committee to Miss Nannie George, and it is with pleasure that I now give it to her, adding to it my commendation for her perfectly good behaviour and rapid progress in her studies since I have been her teacher."

Here he handed the pretty volume to blushing Nannie, who was equally surprised, and pleased at this unexpected honor, but retained her senses enough to say—"Thank you, sir."

Jimmy Jackson, managing to catch the eye of Anna Clayton, who sat with pouting lips, began to heave the most terrible sighs, and to wipe away imaginary tears with the corner of his pocket-handkerchief, varying the performance with grins of sincere delight. As usual, Mr. Ross caught

him at his tricks, and gave him a sharp pinch of the ear, but otherwise let him go unpunished.

As for Alice Adams, she could not have worn a more sunny face if she had received the prize herself, and she kept squeezing Nannie's hand under the seat, to show her joy at the turn affairs had taken.

After school was over Anna and Jenny walked away trying to look indifferent, and Anna was heard to say—"O well! I'm sure I didn't want the book. We've got a great deal nicer copy of Whittier than that at home, and I shouldn't have known what to do with it. I suppose Nannie George never owned such a book before."

To Nannie her prize was indeed a prize in more ways than one, and she has read its pages many times over. Since the day when she won it she has made new and kind friends, and she is now the petted adopted child in a wealthy family. But she and Alice Adams are as fast friends as ever.

### "NO MOTHER."

The other day, when a stern and dignified judge ordered a prisoner to stand up and offer objections, if he had any, to being sentenced to prison for a long term of years, the prisoner rose and said:

"I never had a mother to shed tears over me!"

His words entered every heart in the great court-room. He was a rough bad man, in the middle age of life, and he had been convicted of burglary, but every heart softened toward him as he uttered the words. He felt what he said, and tears rolled down his cheeks as he continued:

"If I had had a mother's love and a mother's tears—some one to plead with me and pray for me—I should not be what I am!"

Ah, that's it! There is a power in a mother's love, and in her tears, and pleadings, and prayers, whose influence is hardly to be realized. God pity the lad who has no home to go to—no mother to whom he can tell his troubles and griefs—no one to put her arms around his neck and whisper to Heaven to keep him in right paths. There is no heart like a mother's heart. Her child may wound it again and again, and pierce it with a sword, and yet it has

only love and affection for him. It is the first to excuse his faults—the last to condemn. There is no love like a mother's love—so enduring, so tender, so far-reaching. It is lavished upon the child in the cradle, and it follows the boy over the ocean. It calls up the wanderer the first thing in the morning, and it stays with him until sleep closes the eyes. When a mother's love for her offspring dies out he may be called too wicked and too wretched to live among men.

There are no tears like a mother's tears. Nothing can so lighten the sorrow of a child; nothing so restrain a mind wandering into evil paths. The man who looks back over his childhood and youth regrets nothing so much as that he brought tears of sorrow and sadness to a fond mother's eyes. Every tear a mother sheds over a wayward child is recorded in the great book, and he shall answer for it.

"I never had a mother to shed tears over me!"

The words of the robber might be the words of many evil doers. "No mother" means aching hearts, burdened minds, deadly woes, and paths which lead down to ruin.



Send all communications for this Department to EDWIN R. BRIGGS, WEST BETHEL, Oxford County, MAINE.

*Answers to August Puzzles.*

16. The Earth. 17. "Many a little makes a mickle."

18. S P A R	19. S
M E N D	A L L
D R A Y	S T A I R
D U M B	E K E

(Peru: Anam.)

20. "Despise not the poor, for you may want their virtues." 21. Pacific Mail.

22. S M A R T	23. B
M A R I E	B A D
A R D O R	B O N U S
R I O T S	B I G G E S T
T E R S E	B A L C O N I E S
	B O M B A R D M E N T

24. Oleander. 25. Banda, band. 26. Bidet, bide. 27. Daniel Webster. 28. Plenipotentiaries. 29. Prestidigitation.

*47.—Charade.*

My *first* is a kind of wine  
Named from a city in Spain;  
It also serves to shelter ships  
In time of wind and rain.

My *second* is a solid foundation,  
Helping to form the world so round;  
It is hailed with delight by sailors,  
And in the broad ocean is found.

My *whole* is very beautiful;  
Upon my *second* it doth stand;  
It is a New England city,  
With churches and buildings grand.

ELIZA H. MORTON.

*Divisions.*

48. Divide a musical instrument, and get a sack and a cask.

49. A tree, and get a fish and a plant.

50. A fish, and get a color and a fish.

51. A flower, and get a tree and a kind of wine.

ITALIAN BOY.

*Diamond Puzzles.*

52. A consonant; a color; an alloy; a defence; committed; opened; salt; a masculine nickname; a consonant.

"BEAU K."

53. A consonant; a trick; white powder; benediction; an officer; a helmet; a musi-

cal composition; express denial; a consonant.

"WILD ROSE."

*54.—Numerical Enigma.*

My whole, composed of 8 letters, is a bird.

My 8, 5, 3, 1, is what we all must suffer.

My 7, 2, 6, 4, have won many a race.

"BEAU K."

*Hidden Rivers.*

55. Do not try to evade explanation.

56. Did you know the lady you saw yesterday?

E. B.

*57.—Problem.*

The sum of three numbers is 58. The greater is three times the least, and the greater exceeds the sum of the other two by 8. What are the numbers?

EMMA M. CHAMPLIN.

*Floral Rebuses.*

58. Solid cream, and a dish for it.

59. A large city, and vanity.

E. B.

*60.—Double Acrostic.*

The initials name a plant, and the finals a tree. (1.) A protuberance; (2.) An open space; (3.) A plain; (4.) To wound.

RUTHVEN.

*61.—Word-Square.*

A bone; an animal; water.

ELIZA H. MORTON.

*Anagrams.*

62. See men crop. 63. Chat limpy.

64. Sip ice for ten. 65. Lame negro cot.

66. Mr. I. eats mail.

LUCRETIA.

*67.—Decapitations.*

Behead sober, and leave to be delirious; again, and get a prayer.

M. P.

*Curtailments.*

68. Curtail a trough, and get a disease.

69. To estimate, and get useful animals.

70. A plant, and get rage.

71. A hard fruit, and get an affectionate title.

"BEAU K."

*Answers in Two Months.*

## CURIOUS MATTERS.

**NEW METHOD OF GILDING ON GLASS.**—Professor Schwarzenbach, of Bern, has recently devised the following new method of gilding on glass. Pure chloride of gold is dissolved in water. The solution is filtered and diluted until in twenty quarts of water but fifteen grains of gold are contained. It is then rendered alkaline by the addition of soda. In order to reduce the gold chloride, alcohol saturated with marsh gas and diluted with its own volume of water is used. The reaction which ensues results in the deposition of metallic gold and the neutralization of the hydrochloric acid by the soda. In practice, to gild a plate of glass the object is first cleaned, and placed above a second plate slightly larger, a space of about one-tenth of an inch separating the two. Into this space the alkaline solution is poured, the reducing agent being added immediately before use. After two or three hours' repose the gilding is solidly fixed, when the plate may be removed and washed.

**ELECTROTYPING.**—The art of copying seals, types, medals, etc., by the galvanic current in metal, more especially copper, is called electrotyping. An impression is first taken in gutta-percha, wax, fusible metal, or other substance which takes, when heated, a sharp impression. While the impression is still soft a wire is inserted into the side of it. It is then covered with plumbago to give it conductivity, a camel-hair brush being used for this purpose. The wire is then attached to the zinc pole of a weakly-charged Daniell's cell, and the copper plate is attached by a wire to the copper pole of the cell. When the impression and the copper plate are dipped into a strong solution of the sulphate of copper they act as the minus and plus electrodes. The copper of the solution begins to deposit itself on the impression, first at the black-lead surface, in the vicinity of the connecting wire; then it gradually creeps over the whole conducting surface. After a day or two the impression is taken out, and the copper deposited on it, which has now formed a tolerable strong plate, can be easily removed by inserting the point of

a knife between the impression and the edge of the plate. On the side of this plate, next the matrix, there is a perfect copy of the original seal.

**A STATUE ONE HUNDRED FEET HIGH.**—The correspondent of the London Times writes, "Speaking of Westphalia, I ought to bestow a few words upon an artist, a native of that province, whose talent and perseverance have just completed a remarkable work. Some thirty or forty years ago, when the Unity movement had barely commenced, Herr Ernst von Bandel, a Westphalian nobleman, devoted to the sculptor's art, conceived the patriotic idea of erecting a gigantic statue to Hermann, the vanquisher of Varus in the Teutoburg forest. A grand national monument—the statue was to reach the enormous proportions of one hundred feet, not to speak of pedestal and base; and, as it was to be placed on the top of a hill, the site of the victory, the difficulty of getting it in position not a little added to the magnitude of the undertaking. In spite of all obstacles, what appeared a chimera thirty years ago has now become a reality. Assisted by wealthy friends and occasional public subscriptions, Herr von Bandel has completed the figure, and in two months will witness the solemn inauguration of his monument by the German emperor. The statue is of embossed copper, and has been wrought by the hand of the man whose brain created it. His whole life has been consumed in this one object. When he had done modelling—no small task in the case of a figure with hands five feet long—he took to the hammer and forge, and literally formed the immense surface of his own unaided strength. A good deal of it was done at the foot of the hill whereon it stands, the sculptor having built himself a forge and hut close to his chosen locality. If the whole is as imposing as the head, which I saw ten years since, Germany will possess not only the largest, but also one of the best statues in Europe. This eighth wonder of the world will tower over the famous oak woods near Detmold, the capital of the principality of Lippe."

## THE HOUSEKEEPER.

**BROILED CHICKEN.**—When you have cleaned your chickens nicely, lay them in skimmed milk for two hours, then dust them with flour and lay them in cold water. Take them out, sprinkle pepper and salt on the inside, and lay them open on the broiling-iron, after it has been nicely greased. Cook them nearly done, then turn them to brown nicely, put them in a dish, and pour drawn butter over them.

**WELSH RABBIT.**—Cut some nice cheese up fine in a saucepan well greased with butter; stir it until it melts; beat up five eggs and stir it in; then put a teaspoonful of made mustard and a gill of wine in it, and stir it a few minutes longer. Toast some bread and spread it over it.

**TROUT.**—Wash them nicely, sift a little meal over them, and fry in hot butter. If you use lard in preference, sprinkle salt over the fish. If you bake it, put it in a pan with slices of meat and parsley, or bread crumbs sprinkled over, seasoned with butter, pepper and salt.

**SAVORY PUDDING.**—Scald a pint basin of fine bread crumbs with milk, add one-half pound beef suet chopped fine, a handful of oatmeal, four onions parboiled and chopped, a little sage, pepper and salt, and four eggs. To be baked like Yorkshire pudding, under pork or a goose.

**MACARONI.**—Boil your macaroni in half milk and water until very tender; take it out and put it in a baking-pan, with a layer of that and one of grated cheese until it is full; put bits of butter over the top, and bake it a pretty brown. Season it with salt and a little pepper.

**BOILED CUSTARD.**—Put one gallon of milk in a porcelain kettle over a hot fire; whilst heating through, beat thirty-two eggs and one and a quarter pound of sugar together; when the milk comes to a full boil stir the egg and sugar slowly in it, stirring all the time; let it cook through

for a few minutes, then turn it and stir until cool. Flavor with lemon, or what you prefer.

**DRIPPING PUDDING.**—The weight of two eggs of flour, raw sugar and clarified dripping. Beat the dripping to a cream, mix all together; add the grated rind and juice of a lemon. Bake in cups half an hour.

**CREAM GRIDDLE-CAKES.**—Mix one pint of cream and one of sweet milk with three eggs and a teaspoonful of salt; make it into a thin batter with flour, and bake it on a griddle in cakes like buckwheat; butter them hot. If the cream or milk is at all sour, use a pinch of soda to correct it.

**APPLE PUDDING.**—Peel and core six large apples, stew them in six tablespoonfuls of water, with lemon rind. When soft beat to a pulp, add six ounces of brown sugar, six well-beaten eggs, a pint of rich cream, teaspoonful lemon juice. Bake in a dish lined with puff paste; when baked stick over the top citron or any other favorite preserve.

**NONESUCH CAKE.**—One cup of butter, three of sugar; mix thoroughly, then add one-half cup of sweet milk (or sour milk—if sour, sweeten with soda), one-half teaspoon of cream tartar, one-half teaspoon of soda, three and a half cups flour, whites of ten eggs, beaten very stiff (so that it will bear a fork upright); flavor with lemon; bake in three sheets. Make an icing of one-half pound of pulverized sugar; add the whites of three eggs; then ice each cake on the top, pile the three, then ice the sides. Flavor icing with vanilla.

**SPANISH CREAM.**—Make a soft custard of one quart of new milk, yolks of six eggs, and six tablespoonfuls of sugar; dissolve three quarters of a pound of Cox's gelatine in one-half pint of water; when dissolved add to the custard when hot; strain, flavor with vanilla, orange or lemon, to suit taste; strain, and pour into molds, and set in a cool place to harden.

## FACTS AND FANCIES.

"No, gentlemen of the jury," thundered an eloquent advocate, the other day in a Denver court, "this matter is for his honor to decide, who sits there sleeping so beautifully." His honor opened both eyes and mouth and said, "All owing to your narcotic speech, sir."

A Vicksburg (Miss.) lady was recently inquiring of a girl from over the river how a certain old acquaintance, who married a widower a few months ago, got along. "Very poorly," replied the girl; "there's five children who ought to be spanked twice a day, and Maria's left-handed and can't begin to do 'em justice. Poor woman, my heart bleeds for her!"

In Detroit, recently, when a crowd had collected around a boy who had been run over and badly hurt, a man rose up and said, "I'm sorry enough to cry, but I haven't time. I want to call your attention to my new patent clothes-wringer, which is warranted to—" At that point he came down on the pavement, several parties stepped on him, and as he was being sponged off in a drug store he inquired, "Is this Texas or Michigan?"

A round-shouldered inquisitive man kicked what he thought was an ornamental dog lying on a step, to see if it was hollow. It wasn't an ornamental dog, and it wasn't hollow, but was there on business, and the inquisitive man is now rustivating with his aunt till his leg gets well.

A hardware merchant, says an exchange, recently observed a boy looking sharply at some garden tools, and he asked: "Bub, if I should present you with a hoe would you go home and make a garden?" "No sir," promptly responded the boy, "I'd sell it to the man living next door and buy some circus tickets."

The following announcement lately appeared in a country paper: "Edward Eden, painter, is requested to communicate with his brother, when he will hear something to his advantage—his wife is dead."

While a man on Saturday was driving a load of lumber down Four-and-a-half Street he saw an acquaintance some distance off, and raising his voice he cried out, "Hello! you old villain!" A grim-looking woman, using an umbrella for a cane, was passing the wagon, and she wheeled around and shrieked out, "If you'll get off that wagon I'll let you know who I am!"

A Detroit mother sent her boy to the store the other day to get her a linen dress, and he returned with fourteen yards of black cambric. "I told you to get linen!" she exclaimed, standing aghast. "I know it, but this is cheaper, and the clerk said if any of us should happen to die you'd have a mourning dress in the house!" was the cool reply.

What is the difference between sperm-ceti and a schoolboy's howl? One is the wax produced by the whale, and the other is the wail produced by the whacks.

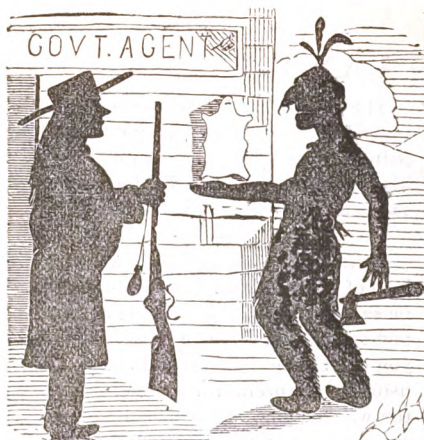
Our readers may not know how English race-horses run. This is the way that a writer on one of the London dailies spoke of Doncaster, the winner of the Ascot cup: "He grasped the sword with his fore feet as if he were about to vault skyward, and he flung his hind legs from him with the force of a catapult." No wonder he sold for \$50,000.

Some ingenious observer has discovered that there is a remarkable resemblance between a baby and wheat, since it is cradled, then thrashed, and finally becomes the flower of the family.

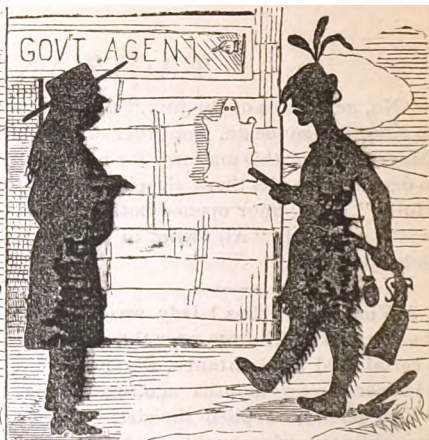
### SPECIAL NOTICE.—REMOVAL.

We have removed the publication office of *BALLOU'S MAGAZINE* and *THE AMERICAN UNION* from 36 Bromfield Street, to 23 Hawley Street, where we have found spacious quarters, and where we hope to see our patrons and friends as often as they are disposed to visit us. Our headquarters are but a few steps from the post-office, and very near Milk Street.

## *The Good Indian and his Gun.*



Howling Squirrel gets a Breech-Loader.



Opens nicely, but wont shut.



Can use it as a club anyway, and proceeds to do so on the person of Shying Mule.



The gun shuts up.



And so does Howling Squirrel.



Result of fooling with firearms.



# BALLOU'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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WHOLE No. 251.

ETON COLLEGE.



ETON COLLEGE CHAPEL, ENGLAND.

Eton College, the most famous of English public schools, is situated in the town of Eton, in Buckinghamshire, on the left bank of the Thames. It is opposite Windsor, and is twenty-two miles west from London by road. It was founded in 1440 by King Henry VI., who bestowed upon it large gifts from his own demesne lands, and those belonging to some priories the revenues of which had been appropriated to religious houses abroad. Originally, provisions were made for one provost, ten priests or fellows, four clerks, six choristers, one master, twenty-five poor scholars, and as many poor men, or beadsmen. The royal founder intended that Eton should be a seminary for a college in one of the universities, and accordingly founded, at the same time, King's College, Cambridge, to which the course of studies at Eton was to be preparatory.

The first stone of the college was laid July 3, 1441, and in 1443 Henry VI. increased the number of scholars to seventy, and limited the number of beadsmen to thirteen. In modern times the officers, etc., have been as follows: a provost appointed by the crown, a vice-provost, 6 fellows, 2 chaplains called conducts, 10 lay clerks, 10 choristers, beside inferior officers and servants, and 70 scholars who have been called "king's scholars" since the reign of George III. Being a Lancastrian school, Eton was not so prosperous under the rule of the House of York, and was deprived of many of its former possessions by Edward IV. But finding more favor with the Tudors, it was specially excepted from the act of parliament, passed during the reign of Henry VIII., for the dissolution of colleges and chantries. At that time its income was estimated to amount to £1100. In 1506 the income was only £652, but at the present day is more than £7000.

The college buildings at Eton are in the form of two quadrangles, the material employed being mostly brick, with some free-stone. That these buildings are of imposing and elegant appearance, may be seen from the fine view given on page 405, of Eton College Chapel. The foundation scholars are lodged and boarded in the college, and to distinguish them from the others, they are called collegers. These collegers may be admitted from the age of eight to sixteen; and if their names are not placed on the roll for admission to King's

College at seventeen, they become superannuated, and are obliged to leave at eighteen. If put upon the roll, they can remain until the age of nineteen. According to the provisions made, the collegers must be born in England, and of parents lawfully married; it is also advised in the statutes that they shall be educated free of expense, and shall wear some kind of coarse uniform, but neither of these two directions is observed. The parents of each foundation scholar are expected to pay, if able, a small sum yearly of about £6 or £7. Each year the twelve head boys are put on the roll of King's College, and remain at Eton until there is a vacancy, or until superannuated. After being admitted to King's College, the Etonians are allowed every privilege free of expense, and in three years they succeed to fellowships. The number of scholars entering King's College from Eton yearly is usually four. Two scholarships are also provided at Merton College, Oxford, for collegers from Eton who have not been elected for King's College; the latter being called *portionists*, or, as corrupted, postmasters. An annual prize of £50 was established by Prince Albert in 1842, for excellence in modern languages.

By far the greater number of Etonians are not foundation scholars, and are called oppidans. These do not board in the college, and the yearly expenses of each oppidan amount to about £150 or £200. The sixth form is the highest in the school, and the number admitted is limited to twenty-two, the ten highest being styled monitors, while the head boy is called "the captain." The classes are divided between an upper and lower school, for which there are a head master and a lower master, twelve assistant masters in the upper school, and four in the lower, beside a mathematical master. There are also teachers of the French, Italian and German languages. The course of instruction at Eton is almost entirely classical, and mathematics and the modern languages are only studied in extra hours.

The annual elections at Eton take place the last of July. The black hat and white neckerchief are the distinguishing marks of an Eton boy's attire. Fagging, that system of English schools by which one set of boys is made subject to the orders of another and higher set, has been in high favor at Eton. A peculiar ceremony, called the

Eton montem, was formerly observed every two years, but after 1759 was enacted only once in three years, and has been discontinued since 1844. On this occasion the boys formed in procession and marched about one mile and a half, to an elevation on the Bath road called Salt Hill, the head boy of the foundation scholars being installed as leader and captain. At this place they passed the day, refreshed themselves with a bountiful breakfast and dinner, enjoyed music and the various ceremonies pertaining to the time, place and occasion, and collected toll from all passers-by and spectators. Large numbers of people came to visit the scene, which was sometimes even graced by the presence of the royal family; and the contributions, called salt, have in some instances exceeded the sum of £1000. The expenses were deducted from the sum received, and the remainder was then paid over to the captain, who was the recipient of a gift from the queen in 1847, to indemnify him for the loss which he sustained by the omission of the ceremony.

Many celebrated men have been educated at Eton; among others, John Hales, the poet Waller, Harley, Earl of Oxford, Sir Robert Walpole, Earl Camden, Lord Bolingbroke, Lord Lyttleton, the Earl of Chatham, the Hon. Robert Boyle, Gray the poet, Stevens the editor of Shakspeare, Horace Walpole, Fox, Canning, the Marquis of Wellesley, Henry Hallam, the Duke of Wellington, and Lord Derby.

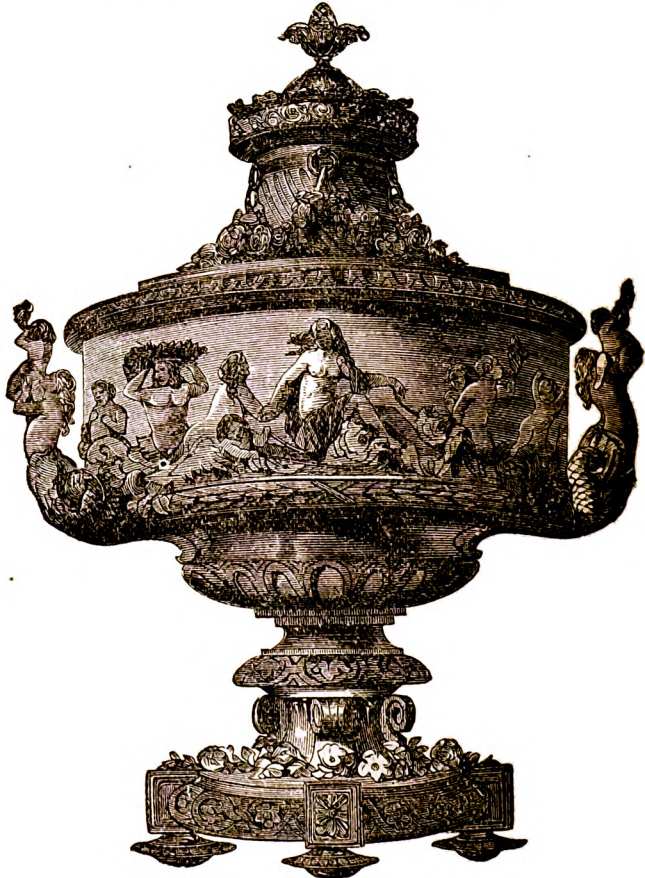
King's College, also founded by Henry VI., which has already been mentioned as the goal looked forward to by the collegers of Eton, is celebrated for its wonderfully beautiful chapel, the erection of which spread over nearly one hundred years. The following description does justice to some of its beauties: "It is impossible for any one to approach the building without reverence. The architectural skill of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries is here displayed in its utmost perfection. It appears, from the will of the founder, Henry VI., that it is not built exactly according to his original plan, but the work was continued, though too parsimoniously, by Edward IV. and Richard III.; the chapel, its roof, exterior decorations, turrets and pinnacles, together with its interior oratories, and the glazing of the windows, were completed by Henry VI.; but the finishing hand was given to it by Henry VIII. As it now ap-

pears, it would not be sufficient to say that, as an architectural work, it is the pride of Cambridge, and surpasses in magnificence any edifice at Oxford; it is allowed to be superior to every gothic building in Europe. Without, the prodigious stones of which it consists—the vast buttresses by which it is supported—the loftiness and extent of the building—the fine proportions of the tower and pinnacles; and, within, the grand extended view—the admirable arched roof, without the support of any pillars, displaying all the richness of its fine fanwork—and the matchless paintings on its windows—all combine to impress the beholder with emotions which can be better felt than described."

Another writer says, in reference to this chapel: "The great cause of our admiration, upon the first entrance into this chapel, is the unity of design; from which it appears to be smaller than in reality, or than on frequent examination it would do; a circumstance invariably happening to those who visit the church of St. Peter at Rome. The grand whole instantly fills the eye, without any abatement or interruption. When we find leisure for the detail, we may admire the infinite parts which compose the roof, and the exquisite finishing of the arms and cognizances of the House of Lancaster; and regret that, being so large, they should be stuck against the finely-wrought pilasters, like monumental tablets in a parish-church. The stained glass heightens the effect of the stonework, and gives it a tint which can never be produced by any wash of lime, with whatever substance it may be combined, when the light passes through diminutive squares of raw white glass. As so much is added to architectural excellence, how great soever it may be, by a sober and uniform tone of color—somewhat, if the expression be allowable, between glare and sombre—the modern improvers of our cathedrals have shown judgment in abandoning the plain white or yellow which pervades the cathedrals of Ely and Wells. King Henry VI., as it is evident from the injunction he makes, in the instance of both his colleges, against superfluous masonry, never intended a roof so splendidly elaborate as that designed and perfected under the auspices of his successors. His objection was not to the difficulty or impracticability of the work, but to the enormous expense it would require."



## HEROES OF THE RACE-COURSE.



AN ENGLISH RACE-CUP.

No member of the whole brute creation can claim a higher place in the estimation of mankind than the horse, and his beauty, his intelligence, and his inherent nobleness of disposition, have been the themes of many writers, who have celebrated the virtues of their favorites in prose and verse. In pleasure and in danger, for use or for pageantry, the horse is a companion and assistant valued highly by the bravest and the proudest; for he is fitted for the one by his courage and obedience, and for the other by his pride, grace and beauty. Strength is his, and he uses it for man's benefit in the most unsparing manner, performing tasks that, without his aid, would be arduous indeed. He appreciates the kindness of his

keeper, and is capable of an affection the most enduring and sincere, which he will show in many unmistakable ways more eloquent than words. In war, he is terrible; in elegant use, beautiful; and on the race-course, fascinating; as the eager strained attention of the assembled crowd attests, while its members watch with bated breath to see the result of the rivalry, each one hopeful for his chosen favorite.

In no country has the race-course become so much a national institution, or horse-racing excited such universal enthusiasm, as in England, famous for its Chester, Derby, Ascot and Goodwood, places where nobles and plain citizens meet and jostle one another, united, for once, by one com-

mon interest. The English thoroughbred, or race-horse, surpasses all other horses in strength, power of endurance and speed, having come off conqueror in all instances where it has been matched against the finest specimens of Barb, Turk and Arabian. The superiority of the thoroughbred has been declared to be the result of the greater solidity and compactness of its bones, in comparison with those of every other variety of horse; the shankbone of a thoroughbred outweighing that of a cart-horse, though the latter is twice the size of the former. A mention of the great race of English horses, celebrated for their exploits upon the turf, cannot fail to suggest the name of Flying Childers, a truly famous horse in his day, and of the English Eclipse, a horse which enjoyed the proud distinction of never finding a superior, and died in 1789, after having won for his owner more than one hundred thousand dollars. Of more modern celebrities, the number is not small, and happy is the owner of the horse that wins for him the purse that goes with such a cup as the one well represented by our engraving, on page 408, which, as our readers will readily see, is an elegant work of art, beautiful alike in design and execution.

America has been more celebrated for its trotting-horses than for any others, and the Trotting-Match has won favor in European circles. Horses well adapted to whirling over the road the light wagons which Americans delight in, hold a place in the popular estimation similar to that given to the race-horse in England. But it does not follow that America has not possessed distinguished candidates for those honors of the turf more properly belonging to the racer. In proof of this, we need only recall the celebrated race which took place in the spring of 1823, on the Union Course, Long Island, between American Eclipse and Sir Henry, for a stake of twenty thousand dollars, to be decided in three heats of four miles each. An immense crowd was attracted to the spot, and the whole American public was interested in the result, American Eclipse being regarded as the representative of the North, and Sir Henry of the South. The following description of the second heat, written by a spectator, is sufficiently vivid and stirring: "The horses, after a lapse of thirty minutes, were called up for a second heat. I attentively viewed Eclipse while saddling, and was surprised to find that, to appear-

ance, he had not only entirely recovered, but seemed full of mettle, lashing and reaching out with his hindfeet, anxious and impatient to renew the contest. Mr. Purdy, having mounted his favorite, was perfectly at home and self-confident. The signal being again given, he went off rapidly from the start; Sir Henry being now entitled to the inside, took the track and kept the lead, followed closely by Eclipse, whom Mr. Purdy at once brought to his work, knowing that game and stoutness was his play, and his only chance of success that of driving his speedy adversary up to the top of his rate without giving him the least respite. Henry went steadily on, nearly to the top of his speed, keeping a gap open between himself and Eclipse of about seven-eighths, or until, toward the conclusion of the third mile, they had arrived nearly opposite the four-mile distance-post. Here Mr. Purdy made his run, and when they had advanced forty yards further, which brought them to the end of the third mile, was close up, say nose and tail. They now entered upon the fourth and last mile, which commences with a turn or sweep the moment you leave the starting-post. Here the crowd was immense. I was at this moment on horseback, stationed down the stretch or straight run, a short distance below the winning-post, in company with a friend, J. Buckley, the jockey, who kept close to me during the whole race. We pushed out into the centre or open space of the ground, in order to obtain a more distinct view of the struggle which we saw making for the lead; everything depended upon this effort of Purdy; well he knew it; his case was a desperate one and required a desperate attempt; it was to risk all for all; he did not hesitate. When the horses had got about one-third of the way round the sweep, they had so far cleared the crowd as to afford us a distinct view of them a little before they reached the centre of the turn; Eclipse had lapped Henry about head and girth, and appeared evidently in the act of passing. Here Buckley vociferated, 'See Eclipse! look at Purdy! By heavens, on the inside!' I was all attention. Purdy was at the left hand or inside of Henry; I felt alarmed for the consequences, satisfied that he had then hazarded all, and feared that Walden would take advantage of his position, and by running in, force him against or inside one of the poles. When they had proceeded a little more than

half way round the sweep, the horses were a dead lap; when about three-fourths round, Eclipse's quarter covered Henry's head and neck, and just as they had finished the bend, and were entering upon the straight run, which extends along the back part of the course, Eclipse, for the first time, was fairly clear and ahead. He now, with the help of the persuaders, which were freely bestowed, kept up his run, and continued gradually, though slowly, to gain during the remaining three-quarters of a mile, and came in about two lengths ahead. As they passed up the stretch, or last quarter of a mile, the shouting, clapping of hands, waving of handkerchiefs, long and loud applause sent forth by the Eclipse party, exceeded all description; it seemed to roll along the track as the horses advanced, resembling the loud and reiterated shout of contending armies."

It is only necessary to add that in the third heat Eclipse was the winner, after a fierce struggle, thus closing the most famous race run in this country. The three heats, or twelve miles, were accomplished in twenty-three minutes, fifty and a half

seconds, and it was estimated that, aside from the given prize of twenty thousand dollars, at least two hundred thousand dollars passed from one side to the other. This race established the fame of Eclipse as the champion of the American course, until his death in 1839. Some of his descendants have been numbered among the most famous of race-horses.

The birthplace of the horse is believed to have been Tartary or Scythia, and the Tartar horse is looked upon as the original type of the noble animal. Scattered by degrees through Persia, Egypt and Arabia, in the course of centuries it became modified into the graceful, beautiful Arabian. Further to the west, in Northern Europe, the horse showed different characteristics, as in the wild wiry rovers of the Don—well adapted to their Cossack riders—the large powerful Flanders charger, the spirited wagon-horse of Normandy, the heavy Belgian beast of burden, and the hardy shaggy ponies of Sweden, Norway or Iceland. The Spaniards gained their beautiful graceful Genet, and in England the height of improvement was reached in the Thoroughbred.

### THE QUARREL.

BY MARY HELEN BOODEY.

There had been quite a lively discussion  
Between Mr. X. and his wife,  
And—alas, that my pen should record it!—  
The argument ended in strife.  
So the once loving pair were divided,  
And each thought the other unkind,  
And proudly the stray thought derided  
That both might, perhaps, have been blind.

Mrs. X. had extolled all the fashions,  
Declared they were "perfectly sweet,"  
The while she examined the prices  
Set forth in her favorite sheet.  
Mr. X.—perhaps fearful his pocket  
Would suffer from feelings like these—  
Responded with ridicule ready,  
And far too much justice to please.

The lady replied with great spirit,  
Defending herself and her sex,  
Declaring they never did merit  
The comments men made just to vex.  
Then she hinted that *some* men were narrow,  
And hated to share with a wife;  
That they thought she might do with a little,  
And cut and contrive all her life.

To which he replied, somewhat nettled,  
That women were never content  
With *sharing*—'twas long ago settled  
That on gaining the *whole* they were bent.  
There was never a bound to their wishes,  
One granted, on came twenty more  
Just as urgent and just as expensive  
As those they had pleaded before.

"O now, Mr. X.," cried the lady,  
"You're proving what I have just said;  
You're always with ridicule ready  
To pour on my innocent head.  
If ever I ask for a bonnet,  
Or hint that I want a new dress,  
You're always so terribly solemn  
'Tis plain the thought gives you distress.



THE QUARREL.

"And I'm *not* an extravagant woman!  
Just look at what other folks wear!  
I declare, you are almost inhuman  
To talk—as you have. I declare,  
If I'd married that rich judge who wooed me,  
And whom I gave up all for *you*,  
I might have had bonnets and dresses,  
And diamonds, too, not a few!"

"Well, madam, since you seem to regret him—  
He was ugly, and old, and morose—  
I am sure that I wish you had had him  
To give you your diamonds and clothes.  
It is plain that you value your husband  
For his money more than his love,  
And esteem the gay baubles of fashion  
A lifelong devotion above."

Too angry to answer, the lady  
Sat silent, pretending to read,  
While her husband picked up the day's paper  
And seemed all its items to heed.

With faces turned away from each other,  
 They sat thus in silence an hour,  
 And then each began to discover  
 That love had not lost all its power.

She thought—"I'm so sorry I said that  
 About rich Judge Blank—the old bore!  
 I'd rather have Frank with a dollar  
 Than him with a million, or more."  
 He thought—"I was cruel to speak so  
 To Jennie, my dear little wife;  
 I'm proud of her grace and her beauty,  
 Her love is the joy of my life."

But pride kept them both from confession  
 A little while longer—and then  
 Mrs. X., with a winning expression,  
 Said—"Frank, most provoking of men,  
 How long are you going to be angry?  
 I was wrong." "No," said he, "it was I,"  
 And the handclasp and kiss that quick followed  
 Cleared the last cloud from love's sunny sky.

#### ODESSA.

The Russian city and seaport of Odessa is situated on the shore of a bay in the north-west part of the Black Sea, between the mouths of the rivers Dniester and Dnieper. It is distant about ninety miles from Cherson, eight hundred miles from Moscow, and three hundred and ninety miles from Constantinople. It is built upon a broad plateau which stretches out at an elevation of about eighty feet above the sea, to which it descends almost perpendicularly, the town communicating with the beach by means of a wide stairway of two hundred steps. The view of Odessa on page 413 is very fine, and will give the reader a better idea of the appearance of the city than any description in words could suggest. Stretching backward from the town, the plateau on which it stands spreads out into vast and dreary steppes which are almost entirely destitute of any signs of vegetation, and from this arid plain the summer winds blow dense clouds of dust over the city.

The streets of Odessa are wide and laid out at right angles, and a number of squares are adorned with flourishing trees whose welcome shade in summer is a delight to the rambler. The place is enclosed within a wall, and is defended by a fort at the south-east extremity, and by a number of batteries along the shore, while a row of barracks

occupies the space extending between the town and harbor. The roadstead is exposed to east winds, but the anchorage is good, and an inner harbor capable of accommodating three hundred vessels at the quays has been formed by two moles. Many handsome buildings line the boulevard which runs along the shore, and it is also further ornamented by a number of monuments, of which the most remarkable is a bronze statue of the Duke of Richelieu, a French emigre who enlisted in the service of the czar, and was governor from 1803 to 1814, materially improving the appearance and commercial prosperity of the town during his administration of its affairs.

Conspicuous among other buildings for their size and elegance are the cathedral and other churches, government house, admiralty, custom house, hospital, exchange, museum, opera house and theatre. The houses are for the most part well built, the material used being a soft calcareous stone. The educational privileges are good, there being many schools, a college, several libraries, both public and circulating, a botanical garden, and a museum for South Russian antiquities which was founded in 1825.

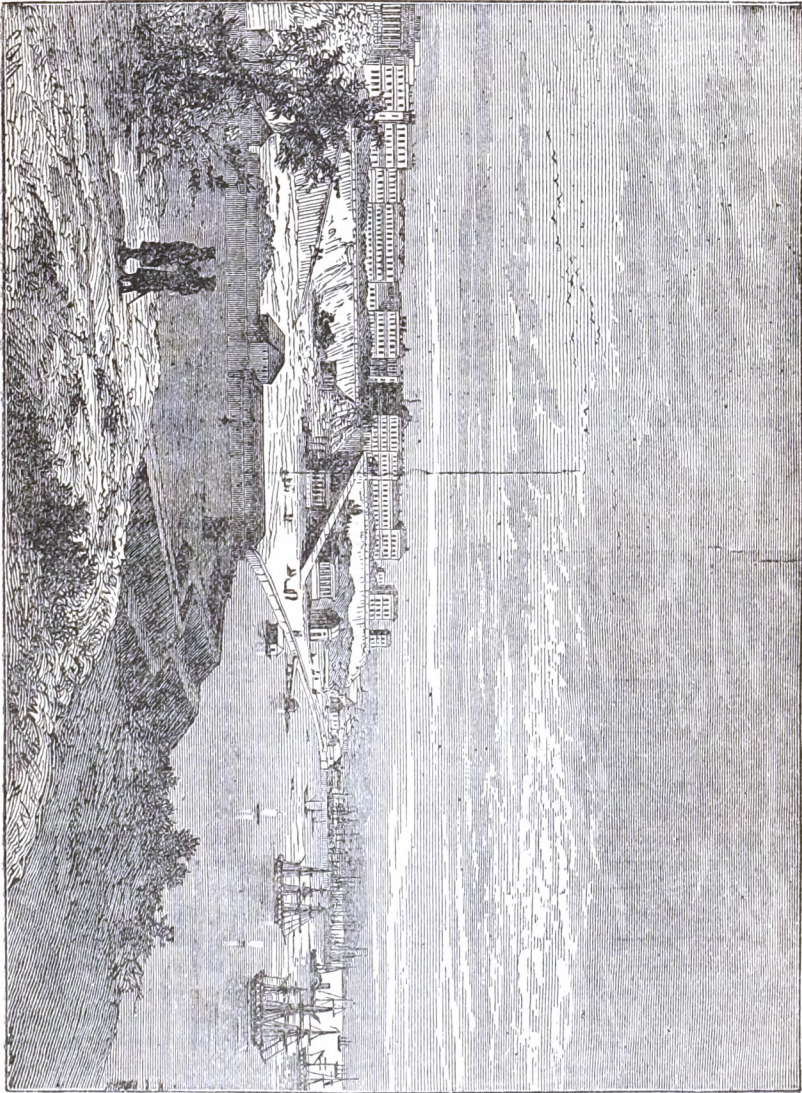
The climate of Odessa is usually considered healthy, but the heat in summer is intense, while in winter the port is common-



ly closed by ice for nearly two months, so that the inhabitants are subjected to the extremes of heat and cold during the year. The people also suffer some inconvenience from the great scarcity of good water, arising from the aridity of the surrounding

as deep as six hundred feet without success.

There is but little manufacturing interest in Odessa, but as it is a free port for most articles of commerce its trade is very extensive. Agriculture is also a profitable pursuit, as the soil of the districts bordering on the



ODESSA.

country, which, with the exception of a narrow strip along the shore, stretches out in the desolate and barren steppes we have already mentioned. The supply of water for the town is conveyed, by means of an aqueduct, about twenty miles, from extensive reservoirs, artesian wells having been sunk

steppes in the interior, especially on the north side, is very productive, and yields fine crops of grain, particularly wheat, the most of which is exported through Odessa to the ports of the Mediterranean and Great Britain. A large number of sailing vessels enter the port annually, flying the Austrian,

British, Sardinian and Greek colors; and steamers ply from Odessa to the ports on the Danube and the Crimea, Cherson, Constantinople and England. The population of this Russian city is composed of a mixture of races, and is principally made up of Russians, Greeks, Jews and Germans; and the commercial interests of the town are mostly in the hands of Italians, English, French and Armenians.

The history of Odessa does not take us back into the dim ages of the past, and tell us of centuries of growth, splendor and action, as does that of many cities. It is of very modern establishment, dating its existence as a place of any note from the year 1792, when the site for the city was chosen by Catherine II., only a few houses then occupying the spot, which was called Khodja-berg. The empress bestowed the name of Odessus upon the embryo town, which has since been Italianized into Odessa. In 1794 the town was founded, and a number of regiments were employed upon the con-

struction of public works, and in the course of a few years considerable progress had been made. The work was continued by Alexander I., who reduced the import and export duties. The port was opened in 1817, and the declaration made that the inhabitants should be free from taxation for thirty years. In consequence of the fort of Odessa having fired upon a British steamer under a flag of truce during the Crimean war, the town was bombarded by a French and English squadron on April 22, 1854; but the fire was principally directed against the batteries and the vessels in the harbor. During the following month the British steam frigate Tiger ran aground in the night during a fog, and was fired on by the Russians, and the entire crew made prisoners. Progress, which yokes the world to its car, whether the powers that be wish it or not, has been busy at work in Russia, where it finds everything to retard its advancement, and the seaport of Odessa, so little time ago a mere hamlet, joins in the onward march.

#### MOTHS.

Moths and butterflies, two varieties of insects belonging to the same order, must be classed among the most graceful and beautiful of the inhabitants of the air. Their fairy-like forms, their brilliant yet delicate colors, often heightened in effect by the contrasts of the shining hues, make them invariably objects of admiration. Says an eminent authority: "Moths and butterflies, in comparison with other orders of insects, are well entitled to the rank of nobility, for among them we find no impudent beggars and spongers, as among the flies; no parasites, as in some of the wingless insects; no working class, as among the hymenopterous insects—bees, wasps and gallflies; no musicians, as among the family of crickets, grasshoppers, katydids and cicades; but all of them are aristocratic idlers, who, dressed in silver, and gold, and purple, and ornamented with ever-varying splendor, have nothing to do but to seek their own pleasure, and burn away their brief existence, flitting from bough to bough, and satiating themselves with the sweet nectar of flowers."

The wings of the moth are four in number, and are generally flat and covered with extremely small scales, sometimes called *feathers*. These scales are really only an-

other form of the hairs with which the wings of most insects are furnished; they are set closely together, and overlap each other like the tiles upon the roof of a house. To these minute scales are due the exquisite hues of the insects, and the metallic tints often observed are produced by the presence of very delicate stripes upon the scales.

We all know that every brilliant butterfly or light-winged moth has once been a creeping voracious caterpillar, and the transformation of so repulsive an insect into one so ethereal and beautiful is one of the many wonders of nature. The one great occupation of the caterpillar is eating, and as it consequently increases in size it changes its skin, from time to time, for another better suited to its increased dimensions. After the allotted length of time devoted to caterpillar life has expired, it passes into another stage of existence, in which it is called a *pupa* or *chrysalis*. While in this latter form life is seemingly suspended, for the dormant insect neither eats nor moves. In some cases it is entirely surrounded by a stiff horny envelop, the ridges and prominences of which indicate the position of the limbs of the future insect. In other varieties the chrysalis is enclosed within a less unyielding

covering, which leaves the limbs more freedom; and the dried larva or caterpillar skin protects from outside injuries the tender embryo within. When the necessary time has elapsed, which varies with each species, the matured insect escapes from its prison-house to rejoice in the sunshine and live out its gay free life with other creatures of its kind.

That the transformation of the crawling destructive caterpillar to the bright beautiful butterfly or the light-winged moth is one of the most wonderful facts in natural history has long been conceded, and man, in his eagerness for consolation in view of the many sorrows of earthly life, has likened his own release from the bonds of flesh to the bursting from its prison of the perfected and rejoicing insect. The butterfly may be more exquisitely colored and dazzling to the eye than its humbler companion, the moth, but they are of the same family, and share with each other the family peculiarities. The lately imprisoned moth, on first emerging from its retirement, has often soft and crumpled wings which are soon strengthened by air and sunshine so as to allow of flight. An eloquent writer on the beauties and wonders of the insect world speaks of butterflies in terms which are in most respects equally appropriate for the moths. "The butterfly which amuses you with its aerial excursions, one while extracting nectar from the tube of the honeysuckle, and then, the very image of fickleness, flying to a rose as if to contrast the hue of its wings with that of the flower on which it reposes, did not come into the world as you now behold it. At its first exclusion from the egg, and for some months of its existence afterward, it was a wormlike caterpillar, crawling upon sixteen short legs, greedily devouring leaves with two jaws, and seeing by means of twelve eyes so minute as to be nearly imperceptible without the aid of a microscope. You now view it with wings capable of rapid and extensive flights; of its sixteen feet, ten have disappeared, and the remaining six are in most respects wholly unlike those to which they have succeeded; its jaws have vanished, and are replaced by a curled-up proboscis, suited only for sipping liquid sweets; the form of its head is entirely changed; two long horns project from its upper surface; and instead of twelve invisible eyes, you behold two, very large, and composed of at least seventeen thousand

convex lenses, each supposed to be a distinct and effective eye!" Nor, says our author, is the insect any more changed in outside appearance than in internal structure.

The first division of the moth family which we will notice, and perhaps the most remarkable one, is the Death's-head Moth, a very large kind, with long narrow wings, well adapted for flight. It is variegated with dark brown and yellow, and owes its name to a deep orange mark on the back of the thorax which curiously resembles the front of a human skull. From its singular and unprepossessing appearance, the insect has been looked upon with superstitious dread and dislike, and its presence has been imagined to predict pestilence, while the plaintive squeaking sound which it is capable of giving forth when annoyed or molested, has only served to add to the fear and distrust it sometimes inspires. It has a very short trunk, and is a sworn foe to bees, often entering a hive to devour the honey. It is commonly supposed that the moth has power to frighten the bees by the noise or squeak of which we have spoken, since it never appears to be attacked by them, notwithstanding its unarmed condition and their own weapons of defence. The Death's-head Moth is a European species.

The Lime-tree Sphinx flies at night, and is found mostly on elms, horse-chestnuts and limes, which trees are the abodes of the caterpillars of the kind. Many moths have transparent wings, and the Humming-bird Moth belongs to this order. It may often be seen in our gardens in the June and July evenings, hovering over the flowers like a humming-bird, and sipping their sweets by means of its long tube.

A celebrated and important member of the moth family is the Silkworm Moth, a native of northern China, from which country a large portion of the silk so much in demand for the markets of Europe and America is supplied. Wonderful indeed is this little creature, which furnishes by its labors the material for those silken robes that are the favorite and highly-prized garments of the rich, the beautiful, and the fashionable. Since their first introduction into Europe in the sixth century, silkworms have been imported into both France and Italy, and in these countries its cultivation has become a thriving business. As soon as the insect attains its full size it ceases to eat, and seeks some suitable place where it can commence



the manufacture of its own shroud. It first spins several threads in different directions and suspends itself in their midst; then, as it continues to spin, it constantly twists itself around until it is completely enveloped in a thick cocoon of silk. The work of the silk-raiser is to carefully unwind the delicate silken thread which has been known to be more than one thousand one hundred feet long. The usual food of the silkworm is the white mulberry, but it will eat lettuce and the leaves of the maple, oak, pear and apple tree; its cultivation is not at all difficult, and was attempted in this country some time since, but was given up by many

yellowish green color, and are extended into a swallow-tail shape. They are beautified by eye-spots near the centre, and measure four inches across. The caterpillar lives upon walnut trees, and silk might be made from the cocoon which it spins. In autumn or spring these cocoons may be picked up from the ground beneath the trees visited by this species.

The Corn Emperor Moth is reddish yellow, and its wings measure three and a half inches across. The Pale Emperor Moth is small but handsomely colored. The Prometheus is of a deep smoky brown, the Polyphemus of a dull ochre color clouded with



MOTHS AND BUTTERFLIES.

as unprofitable, the cheapness of labor in China and Europe enabling those countries to furnish silk at less than it can be afforded in the United States. These little insects, in the exercise of their wonderful ingenuity, produce annually silk to the value of hundreds of millions of dollars.

Beside the variety of silkworm just mentioned there still are others capable of the same work, among the Arrindy silkworm of India, which is reputed to furnish silk of remarkable strength and durability. It feeds upon the castor-oil plant.

Some of the moths rival the butterflies in beauty, and conspicuous among them is the Luna or Green Emperor Moth, a native of the United States. Its wings are of a light

black, and with spotted wings which expand six inches. The Cecropia is of a dusky reddish brown, and the wings, six inches in expanse, are finely variegated. The caterpillar is light green, and lives on fruit trees. A very large splendid moth is the Regal Walnut Moth, olive-colored, with wings extending six and six and a half inches wide.

Some of the moths are celebrated for their destructive propensities while in the caterpillar state, as the Tent Caterpillar, which does so much damage to fruit trees. The American Cankerworm Moth is also noted for its depredations among fruit trees and currant bushes, while the Cloth or Carpet Moth is the terror of housekeepers, and the Corn Moth is the pest of granaries.

## MISS ANDERSON'S RIGHT HAND.

BY AMETHYST WAYNE.

## CHAPTER I.

"MURDER! murder! Help! O help!"

Such was the cry breaking sharply upon a scene of profound peace, rest and security.

The great round moon rode full and high in the clear blue of the sky, flooding the entranced earth with the wondrous light. Like a silver mirror lay the lakelet, scarce a ripple astir. Dark sweep of wood and broad stretch of pasture land, each mapped out in its own distinctness, were silent and peaceful, save now and then the hoarse trill of the frog, or the mournful cry of the whippoorwill. Across the lake rose the dark heights of hills, which were almost mountains, girding the horizon, and in the opening before them shone a golden speck of triple lights from the windows of Lakeville, as it was known in the neighborhood, a fine country-seat belonging to the great lady of the town, Miss Serena Anderson. The trees behind the house hid all signs of the town, which nestled below the rise of ground on which the mansion stood, in a sunny green valley. Only this feeble shimmer from the aristocratic windows gave sign of human vicinity to the lake, for, though on the bank opposite them stood a small rough building, a compound of cabin and hut, no light or sound evinced occupation.

The katydids, startled from a long pause, took up again their shrill eerie chattering, and then droned off into silence. Through the sounds of insect life, and murmuring frog notes, came steadily a faint muffled noise, as of even blows. Two woodmen, in a cart-track down amongst the woods, were taking advantage of the moonlight, and loading up their teams for an early start in the morning. Two honest, hard-working, simple-minded men, who found it perplexing enough to make both ends meet at the close of the year, and keep wife and children in decent comfort, without troubling their brains with any deeper problem.

They worked silently, not by any means because thrilled by the subtle solemn spell of that glorious moonlight, but because they were tired with their long day's fatigue, and

had long ago worked off the effervescence of their morning spirits.

Neatly and deftly, then, they transferred the clean white pine sticks from the great pile to their carts, and only paused, now and then, to wipe off the drops of perspiration, nor disturbed the tender lush of nature by their discordant speech.

But that hush was broken more sharply than by cry of bird or insect. Wild, hoarse, in the shrieking voice of deadly extremity, suddenly rang out that cry:

"Murder! murder! Help! help!"

Nat Wilson dropped the stick he held and faced about.

"My God, John! did you hear that?"

John Briggs had heard. His teeth were chattering as with the ague.

"What shall we do? O Lord, what shall we do?"

Nat Wilson stood with his head bent aside, listening with all his faculties. Nothing more; not another sound until the whippoorwill, startled, perhaps by the same sharp cry, trilled out sleepily his monotonous call again. No sound of crackling bush or dry limb, no rush of hasty steps.

"Let's go home, Nat," said his companion, feebly.

"I'm going to find out where that noise comes from," retorts Nat, sturdily, and hunts up the stoutest club from his woodpile. "Hark!"

What was it? a falling stone in the distance, or the muffled report of firearms? Neither could be sure, and in a moment more, the faint echo died out.

"It's in the old hermit's cabin, John. I reckon there's trouble of some sort there. Come along, if you're a man, and see what fellow-creatur needs our help."

In no wise willing, but desperately afraid to be left alone, Briggs, who was an arrant coward, seized a stick in his turn, and crept along behind his companion.

Nat Wilson dashed ahead, with great powerful strides, but kept to the open spaces, and did not take the shorter path which led through the high bushes and un-

dergrowth. He gained the door of the building, half cabin half hovel, which stood on the bank of the lakelet, opposite the lights twinkling across the water from Miss Anderson's stately mansion. It was open, and a broad rift of moonlight made a silver track across the roughly-boarded floor. Over that glistening path what had come hither, and whither had it passed away?

Even fearless Wilson hesitated on that threshold. The moonlight crossed the floor, and stopped at the foot of a narrow bench, rather than bed; but there was a fall of drapery over it, and a dark stirless length stretched upon it. The light through the open door, and two little squares of window-glass, showed the rest of the room, with its two roughly-fashioned chairs, its narrow table and tiny fireplace, in which one or two red coals still blinked through the gray ashes. The quiet and silence somehow reassured the explorers.

"Halloo, friend! did you call for help just now?" demanded Nat Wilson.

No answer, but the same utter stillness and apparent peaceful quiet.

Wilson strode forward, and laid his hand rather roughly on the speechless form. He drew it back with a great shudder, wet and slimy.

"My God, Briggs! here's foul play! Strike a match, in the name of mercy! If you haven't got one in your pocket, there might be some on the shelf there."

But Briggs had found his pipe and card of matches, for all his terrible fright. He struck it with desperate haste.

"There's a candle on the table. Here, let me have the matches. The Lord have mercy! it is as I thought! My hand is covered with blood—warm blood, too!"

"Then the murderer must be near by," gasped John Briggs, his teeth chattering and his coarse hair standing on end.

Wilson did not answer. He had lifted the wick of the candle, and, as it blazed up steadily, he took it over to the bench.

A ghastly horrible sight met their terrified eyes. There lay the wretched man covered with blood, his face horribly mangled, his mouth wide open, with protruding tongue, one eye lost from sight in a yawning wound, and the other rolled up in his head in a glassy stare.

Even stout-hearted Nat Wilson recoiled, and, hastily setting down the candle, retreated to the door. But it was not for

flight, only to get a breath of fresh air to take away the giddiness produced by that sickening sight.

"Briggs," said he, hoarsely, "we must get the village here as quick as we can. Whoever has done this is not far away. Plenty of hands could soon hunt up the murderer."

"—sh! How do you know but he is here, this very minute?" whispered Briggs, in a perfect panic of terror, his knees shaking, and his eyes rolling around the room.

"We'll soon decide that," answered his companion, clutching his club more savagely; and he walked around the room, opening the closet-door, and peering into every possible hiding-place, without avail.

Then he came back to the rude couch and closely examined the wound.

"He hasn't been dead many minutes, if he is really dead now. Run down to the village to Squire James, and rouse up the folks, Briggs. Don't be saving of your legs, either."

"No, no! I never'd dare to do it. How do I know who is hiding in the bushes?"

"Stay here, then, and I'll go myself. I'd have proposed that first, only I thought you would have liked the other better."

"No, indeed I won't. It isn't safe for either of us to be alone. Do you want another murder?"

"I aint so sure the poor creetur is dead, that's all. Only see how warm his flesh is!"

But Briggs only cast a shuddering glance toward the gory head. All the wealth of the village could not have tempted him to have touched the corpse, if corpse it was.

"Come along, Nat Wilson; the quicker we get away, the quicker there'll be help for him. It's after nine o'clock, and all the folks will be in bed."

Wilson reluctantly yielded. They left the candle burning, closed the door carefully, and went hurrying down to their teams. The patient horses were standing cropping lazily at the grass of the turf beneath them.

"Never mind the carts now," says Wilson, in the short stern tones of command, as he unhooks the traces, and leaps on his horse's back.

And down the cart-road, making a drowsy stir of bird and insect, they go cantering toward the village. An hour afterward the peaceful retirement of the scene is broken

up by trampling feet, and eager voices, and glimmering lanterns; group after group hurrying along, stumbling over stone and stick lying in the rude pathway, until the little room of the cabin is filled to overflowing.

Grave and dignified, the magistrate, Squire James, glances around upon the row of startled horrified faces.

"This is a foul deed, good friends and neighbors," says he; "let us, if possible, bring its dastardly perpetrator to justice. Search all around the cabin thoroughly, in the woods and the pastures adjoining. In the morning all the highways shall be followed up."

"Does any one know of any ill-will borne to the dead man yonder?" asked the coroner.

No one could tell a single instance. One and all had known him as a strange peculiar man; regarding his hermit habits, some with simple curiosity, and others with compassionate sympathy. He had so thoroughly avoided all acquaintance, it was scarcely likely he could make a friend or foe in the town during the ten months that he had occupied the cabin.

There was nothing among the simple relics left behind to throw any light upon the matter. The doctor, who had been carefully and thoroughly examining the corpse, gave his opinion that the man had died instantaneously from a ball through the brain, fired from a pistol in the hands of unknown parties.

The scouting parties, who had been out with lanterns, beating down the path to the nearest highway, and searching the bushes, came back, one by one, with as meagre reports. No trace of the murderer, no slightest clue. Only for the testimony of Wilson and Briggs, and the absence of any weapon, the coroner, and all the neighborhood, had been ready to believe the man had died by his own hand.

One by one the villagers came and stood over the ghastly figure. Few of them had seen the hermit near enough to be able to recognize his features. But they were so disfigured now, that Mat Wing the store-keeper, who had had the most intimate dealings with him, declared that he should never have believed it to be the same man.

It was nearly morning before the cabin was free from its crowd of visitors. Then two men were left to watch the corpse, and

the rest of the village returned home, to wonder and marvel. The Hermit of the Lake, who had been before a vague object of romantic interest, had now become the hero of a mysterious and terrible tragedy.

It was but a feeble link the morning light brought to them. The sharp-eyed coroner found a shred of black silk caught in a splinter of the rude board doorway, and down by the bank of the lake, along the narrow strip of damp earth, was still the plain impression of a foot, slender and narrow, a woman's foot, unquestionably.

There had been plenty of women at the cabin during the excitement of the previous evening, but it was very soon ascertained that there were none in silk. And this was all the evidence obtained to convict the unknown murderer. The body was buried on a knoll, a little further to the right, and a wooden cross, painted white, marked the spot. A simple inscription told that an unknown hermit, whose very name could not be given, the victim of some foul assassin, slept there.

This cross, rising white and bold against a dark background of pines, became a remarkable object in the landscape. You could see it, whichever route you took across the lake, and from either of the lofty hills lying beyond. The servants said, likewise, that it was distinctly visible from the grand mansion at Lakeville, and that, when the mists hung between, it looked like a ghost, and seemed to be waving weird arms in threat or warning. And slowly the days slipped on into weeks, and weeks into months, and the excitement, for want of any material to feed upon, died out from the town. Not that it was forgotten, but no longer dwelt upon as a close and absorbing theme for consultation. The town had offered a moderate reward for the detection of the unknown murderer or murderers, but without the faintest expectation of its ever being called for. Austin Bradley the coroner, however, wrote down in his private journal an elaborate description of the whole affair. This was written the second day after the murder. Something like ten days afterward he took down the same book, and entered beneath it these brief jottings:

"June 28th, 185-. The night of the murder Amy Atherton came home late into the evening, evidently flurried and disturbed, a corner of her black silk apron torn, and a shred missing."

"On the same evening, June 28th, 185-, Charlie Creyton, the young cabinet-maker, was absent those same hours of the murder, and cautious inquiry proves that he was nowhere in the village, at any store, shop or dwelling-house. But one of the apprentices in the shop remembered his look of vexation and confusion, as he discovered a spray of oak caught in the button of his coat on the following morning. From which one would infer that he had been hurrying through tangled underbrush during the previous evening. It is noticeable that he was not among those who visited the hermit's cabin during the night, but manifested no great surprise when told of the tragedy, as he went to his shop the next morning."

"It is also beyond question that a boat crossed the lake that evening. The same slender footmarks were to be seen in the damp mould of the landing-place at River-ville, and the bottom of one of the skiffs was muddied by tracks of similar delicate proportions, made by a small foot which had been walking over some wet marshy ground. I found likewise, on the bush some distance below the cabin by the lake bank, a shred of cambric embroidery, torn from the bottom of a woman's petticoat, I should judge. And two days afterward, half buried in the mud, I discovered a gold piece of five dollars' value, perfectly new and bright, and of this very year's coinage. All of these evidences are carefully secured, and I keep my own counsel."

"(Later.) The hermit drew a large sum in just such gold at Watchester bank. I have indubitable proof."

## CHAPTER II.

MISS ANDERSON was the great lady of Cranstown, but Amy Atherton was the belle. A graceful willowy creature, with clear hazel eyes and glossy brown hair, and lips like the coral branch in vivid red, while the cheeks wore only the delicate pink which flushes the dainty petal of the sweet pea-blossom. She lived in a pretty cottage on the main street of the village, and was the only child of people certainly not in affluent circumstances, but who managed to keep up a genteel appearance and move in good society. Her father was the cashier of the town bank, and had held the office for many years, and settled himself as se-

curely in the position as if he had obtained a life lease of it.

Moreover, Miss Amy had expectations. Squire Edward Livingstone—the late owner of Lakeville, and stepbrother to Miss Anderson—an old bachelor of peculiar temperament and character, had taken a fancy to the sweet-faced, merry-voiced little Amy, and in his will, that will which devised his vast estate to the life use of his stepsister, bequeathed, in case the said stepsister died unmarried, or, having married, left no issue from said union, the whole great fortune to Amy, daughter of Graham Atherton, to have and to hold, herself and her heirs forever. There was another exceptional clause in the will, to be sure. But every one looked upon it as a dead letter. On the very day he died Squire Ned had roused up, and with vehement haste demanded a lawyer and the will, and added a codicil, revoking all he had previously devised, in case of his nephew, his own brother's child, George Livingstone, should he ever present himself, the said Livingstone having been reported and found dead on a California rancho. Should the report prove false, and George Livingstone appear, the whole property was given, as it rightfully belonged, to him and his heirs. Every one believed that Squire Livingstone's dream, which he told with gasping accents to the lawyer, as a vision of revelation showing him George terribly wronged, the victim of some evil plot, was simply the fancy of a feverish excited brain. Had there not come a letter directly from California, describing George Livingstone's person and his manner of death? Had he not always been a wild, roving, good-for-nothing fellow, likely to come only to an evil end? And so the codicil was set aside as a dead letter. Mr. Graham Atherton wished sincerely that the other claim were as easily put aside. But as the years went on—it was now six years since Squire Ned's death—and there was no sign of Miss Anderson's marrying, he drew a long breath of relief, and indulged his fatherly pride in picturing for the golden future of his beautiful daughter.

And so the pretty Amy grew up to maidenhood, a beauty and a prospective heiress. And no one disputed her claims as the belle of the town, almost the county.

But to go back to that memorable moonlight evening. Mrs. Atherton was sitting on the piazza, enjoying the coolness, and

resting the tired limbs which had been fulfilling double duty all day. She had entertained company at tea, and carried out successfully the two characters of mistress and servant. For, what they expended in outside show to keep up the appearances required by the family of a prospective heiress, poor Mrs. Atherton was obliged to save in internal comfort. To admit the truth, all the family economy fell upon her shoulders, or rather was wrested out of her bones. A little girl, whose help could be obtained cheaply answered very well to admit visitors and answer Amy's call, but the hard work and drudgery fell upon the mistress; and the strain was the more severe because she still felt herself obliged to play likewise, at least, an attempt at fine lady. She must be nicely dressed for callers at such an hour in the day, although to accomplish this feat she must rise long before daybreak, and work steadily even after her sleepy eyes protested against the cruelty imposed upon them.

She sat there now, after her visitors had left her, every nerve throbbing with weariness, her mind irritated and nervous, her body thoroughly prostrated. Mr. Atherton, tranquilly reading his paper within the house, called out, presently:

"My dear—Mrs. Atherton, look here!"

With an indignant throb at her heart, remembering his easy indolent life at the bank, where, at least, work comes along orderly and peaceably, she calls out:

"I'm on the piazza. What do you want?"

"Come in here a minute, can't you? Do you expect I'm going to scream all my talk so the neighbors will hear?"

Mrs. Atherton stiffly and wearily rises, and drags herself into the sitting-room, to find him lying full length on the lounge, a cigar between his lips, the paper thrown down on the floor. His boots lying in the centre of the room, his hat on the table, and one glove on the floor, and one on the chair, a gray streak of cigar ashes on the carpet, marking his passage from the table to the lounge.

Sighing, Mrs. Atherton restores the divorced gloves to safe union, picks up the paper, and sets the boots in the closet, and then sinks down into the chair.

"What did you want, Graham?"

"I was going to tell you about seeing Miss Anderson to-day. I asked her over to dinner."

"To dinner—Miss Anderson? O dear!" ejaculated Mrs. Atherton, shuddering, as well she might, knowing what burdens the realization of the project would impose upon her.

"It seems to me you're mighty short tonight. I should think you'd be proud of the honor, Maria."

Poor Mrs. Atherton put her hand to her aching head.

"They cost so much, Graham," ventured she, meekly, "these dinners, such as Miss Anderson is used to."

"We must save it out in something else, that's all. I suppose you'll admit that it behooves us to conciliate Miss Anderson. She was talking about Amy to-day. I tell you, Maria, it's a settled thing; she's as good as promised not to marry."

"Did she?" inquired Mrs. Atherton, brightening up. "O dear! I wish she'd give Amy a little now. It is such hard work to keep her well clothed out of the allowance you give me. She ought to have a new barege now. Her muslins, all but the white, are faded."

"I thought I gave you ten dollars to get a barege last week," demanded the lord and master, blustering a little from his lazy languor.

Mrs. Atherton winced, and her voice faltered as she replied:

"I know you did; but Amy took the money and went off to the store, and came home with a bundle of towelling and a brown muslin dress for me. She said she knew how often I had to wash out towels, because we had so few, and declared she wouldn't see me roasting in that thick merino any longer, nor scrubbing every day at my old gingham. She got some pink ribbons for herself, and said her white dress was good enough."

"Humph! when I give money for a certain object, I want it to go for that object. It's of more importance that she be nicely dressed than that you are. I wonder you can forget it."

Mrs. Atherton thought of the new suit fresh from the tailor's, and of the row upon row of comfortable garments hanging in his closet, and, recalling her own scanty wardrobe, felt her heart swell with indignation.

She knew very well what was Mr. Atherton's idea of economy. Not deprivation of choice cigars, or fresh dailies, or even stint in his regular glass of wine after din-



ner, nor in anything that concerned himself, or touched upon his comfort, O no! but in the kitchen, the help, in short, out of that hapless individual who served him as house-keeper, servant, seamstress, maid-of-all-work, with reward only of reluctantly doled pittance of food and clothing, and the poor honor of sitting at the head of his table and bearing his name.

All this swelled in the poor woman's heart, sending a hot tear to her eye, and a hard soundless sob to her throat. Hapless woman! She only bent her head, and answered this domestic tyrant (how many such does the world hold!) who passed in town for a generous, free, jovial fellow, rather taken in by a still, dumpy, sullen wife, in the meekest tone.

"It was all Amy's doing. I told her you would be angry. I don't know but they might change the dress at the store. I haven't touched it yet."

"Change it! of course they will—and be telling about how poverty-stricken we are getting, that there can't be but one dress bought at a time. That's as much sense as you have got, Maria. Keep your dress, and make the most of it. You'll want it if Miss Anderson comes to dinner. Mind that you have half a dozen courses, and in good shape."

Half a dozen courses, and her one pair of hands to execute! The poor woman could not trust her voice to answer, for fear she should burst into tears and break down entirely.

"And of course you'll make the ice-cream yourself, it is so much cheaper, and, if anything, better than Copeland's."

Mrs. Atherton made a movement toward the door, but was called back.

"I say, Maria, you haven't asked yet what day, nor how many are coming. I never did see such a woman! I want Amy to have her new dress to wear, and I'll buy it myself this time. Ray Dexter will be here, of course; Miss Anderson talked as if it was a settled thing, his marrying Amy, and if he's from some great family, as Lawyer Dexter declares, I don't know as she could do better. Anyway, it won't do to put Miss Anderson out. Hark! what's all that noise?"

The sound was from the street, of hurrying steps and eager voices; such evident excitement, that Mr. Atherton rose and went to the door, and from thence walked down

the avenue to the gate. He came hurrying back.

"Get my boots, Maria, quick, and my coat. Confound this dressing-gown! I'm going down back to the lake. There's been a murder. I shan't be home for a good while. Sit up till I come back."

"Hadn't you better take the key?" suggested, faintly, the weary woman.

"No. I hate to come poking around in the dark, and if you leave a light somebody might come to the door. Amy ought not to be out."

And dashing out of the house, he joined the crowd hurrying towards the hermit's hut.

Mrs. Atherton, shuddering, went out and locked all the doors carefully, and then came back and sat down in the rocking-chair. Her little maid went home at night, and she was all alone in the house. Tired, depressed, thoroughly prostrated, the poor woman presently extinguished the lamp, and sat there in the moonlight at the window, watching for her daughter.

Many painful and bitter thoughts kept her company. She went back over the sorrowful scenes of her married life, and remembered, as if it were some one quite aside from her own identity, the bright, eager-spirited, glad-hearted girl, who left her comfortable independence at school-teaching, to become the wife of the handsome young clerk at the bank.

"What fools girls will be!" murmured she. "O dear! if I thought it would be so with my Amy."

And then fell to weeping, the salt tears slipping down the thin cheeks, and dropping their mimic shower upon the clasped toil-hardened hands. She shook them off, and hastily wiped all trace of them from her face, when a quick light step came dashing up the walk, and a hurried hand shook the doorknob.

She opened the door as speedily as possible, and the graceful figure flitted through.

"In the dark, mother? Has father gone to bed?"

"No, dear. He's away toward the lake. There's something happened, and the men seemed all turning out."

While she spoke Mrs. Atherton relighted the lamp. Its rays showed her Amy's face, very pale; the eyes bright, but somehow with a restless constrained look that was not natural.

"Dear me, Amy! what is the matter? what has happened?" exclaimed she, apprehensively.

"You just told me you didn't know; I'm sure I can't tell you," answered Amy, turning away her face, over which a flush was creeping.

"Where have you been? Your father said you ought not to be out."

"I wish I hadn't gone!" exclaimed the girl, with a sudden fervor in her tone; and then she added, hastily: "It's so warm to-night! How long did the Sinclairs stay? Poor mother! I knew you were half dead with standing over that hot stove. I hope this is the last of my father's absurd invitations. He seems to think it a great honor for you to slave and work for such genteel people."

"O dear, Amy, the worst is to come. He's been and made up a dinner-party for Miss Anderson. Would you have believed it? And I'm to have six courses, and make the ice-cream myself."

The swelling voice said more than the words.

"It is shameful! it is infamous!" exclaimed Amy Atherton, stamping her little foot wrathfully. "He will laugh, and jest, and show off his gallantry, and enjoy every bit of it, and you will be worse than a slave, for a slave could stay in the kitchen, and rest a little, but you will have to smile, and seem at ease, and play the hostess. If that man was not my father—"

She stopped abruptly.

"O Amy," said the mother, reproachfully, through her bitter tears. "At any rate, he is a good father to you."

"I don't know," returned Amy, bitterly; "it is only because of his pride. Because there's a chance of that fortune; and he thinks if he keeps me delicate-looking, it will add to his gentility. I'd take it kinder for him to let me help you at your drudgery. And I *will* help you, mother. I'll tend to the desserts myself; and I'll baste the meats, and stuff the chickens, and all that. I'm done with shamming a fine lady. I'll learn how to take care of a house—a poor man's house. It's all folly to think of anything else. There's Miss Anderson, by no means an elderly woman, and still handsome, and with all that money. She will crash down father's hopes some day, and marry some one of the fine gentlemen who stand ready for such a chance. And I hope she will. I do from my heart!"

And Amy stamped her foot again, and her eyes flashed resolutely through proud tears.

"Why, Amy what has come over you?"

The girl's lip was beginning to tremble, and one white hand slipped into her pocket, but was drawn out as hastily as if it touched a serpent there.

"At least," murmured she, "there's a little comfort out of it, I can spend it quickly."

And with an evident effort she returned her hand to her pocket, and brought it forth a-glitter with gold.

"There, mother darling, that wont come amiss, I'm sure. We'll have Mrs. Hoar over to help at that hateful dinner-party."

And she dropped the shining coin into her mother's hand.

"Why, Amy child, where did you get all that? New coin, too, of this last coinage. Did it come from the bank? Did your father give you all that?"

"My father! no indeed; and if you are wise, you'll keep it out of his sight, or he'll make it stand you for the year's income. It is all to be spent for your comfort."

"But, my darling, I don't understand. Where did you get it?"

"I am not going to tell you, inquisitive little woman," answered Amy, playfully, but there was a nervous excitement in her manner. "I didn't murder nor steal for its miserable sake, and I earned it."

She could not repress a shudder, while she said it, and hurrying to the window, looked out, more to hide her own face, than to learn what was transpiring in the street.

"I'm sure if you earned it, I've nothing more to say. Dear knows it is welcome enough. But your father says you are to have a new dress for the dinner-party. You must save enough for that."

"Not a dime will I use of it. Let my father find the dress. It is right we should get what we can from him. That is all for you, mother, and it's all the comfort I get from it. Dear me, how hot it is to-night!"

Mrs. Atherton stooped down to kiss the troubled face.

"You are my own darling daughter. O Amy, what should I do if it wasn't for you?"

The girl's arms were twined closely around her neck.

"Dear mother, I'm ashamed to think how long I have yielded to father's wishes. I mean to brave them now, and bear my share of your burden. It makes me shudder to think how much there is which I cannot



help at all, and sets my blood all throbbing angrily. If I thought such a fate could come to me, I would cut off my hand before I would give it in marriage to the proudest gentleman in the land!"

The mother could not answer. What was there for her to say? But she folded her darling closer to her heart. Lying there, Amy whispered:

"Mother, I will never marry Ray Dexter, though Miss Anderson, and father, and all the world command it. He is just such another—handsome, showy, pleasing when it is for his interest to be, but at heart he is selfish, exacting, arrogant. I will not walk into the fire with my eyes open."

"O Amy, your father will be terribly angry." And Mrs. Atherton shivered already at the thought.

"I know it," answered Amy, "but I can't help it. However, there's time enough yet. I won't be vexed prematurely. I'll keep the peace while I can, but I've told you, darling mother, and that's a relief. There is father. Hide the gold, and I'll run off."

Mrs. Atherton hurried the money into her pocket, and went to the door. Amy scampered up stairs to her chamber, but it was a long time before she retired. She sat at the window, her hair hanging about her shoulders, her hands clasped, her eyes dilated with some freezing horror. Once she made a movement toward the bed, and then turned back with a shiver, murmuring:

"No, no. I cannot sleep, I dare not sleep. I shall only dream it over, see again that horrible, horrible wound, that protruding rolling eye. O, how I dread the morning! How can I hear them all talking about it, and seem indifferent? And if anything should happen, if any one should find the pistol, and Charlie should not hide it safely. O hateful, hateful gold! How could we be tempted there by it?"

Toward morning she crept into bed, numb and exhausted, and fell into a restless feverish sleep.

### CHAPTER III.

IN a neat but unpretending house a little out of the village, on the highway leading to the metropolis, lived Madam Creyton, as she was called in the neighborhood, more by courtesy, won through her meek retiring ways, her wistful patient submission to a hard fate, than from any recognized claim

of her own. For Creyton was her maiden name, and she had a son who had never known a father. The house had been left her by her own father, who never held up his head again after his only daughter's disgrace had been made public in the town. And she had lived there alone with her son twenty-two years come Christmas.

There were some who could not forget the sweet innocent girl Mary Creyton had been, and who still persisted in declaring that some time the mystery which hung over her would be cleared away, and the shame with it. But these were but few. Alas, we are all prone to censure harshly! The majority of the townspeople looked upon her coldly. If there is any palliation, any excuse, said they, why does she not declare it?

But Mary Creyton never spoke. For the first year after her boy's birth, she was scarcely ever seen outside her home. Then her father's death brought her out before the pitiless eyes and the cold sneers of the world. Her face paled, her lips were firmly set, her eyes downcast, but she held her sobbing breath with stern heroism, and bore the funeral services without a sign of the inward agony. After that it was easier. It is always easier for once desperately facing the evil you dread. The years slipped away; the boy grew into a stout lad. She was obliged to mingle a little in the world, and she found presently that there came a sort of respect for her. People said, carelessly, but not unkindly, "The woman, at least, has led an exemplary life since, and she is modest and humble. What harm if we forget the past, and fling her a crumb of comfort?"

If she wore her cross, branding deeper and deeper into the smarting breast, she gave no sign of it beyond that wistful grieved drooping of the lips, and the white pallor which always rested on her face. And now that Charlie Creyton had grown into strong and handsome manhood, the way of the lonely woman was smoothed beneath her feet. The young man was a model son, a marvel indeed among his sex. I think you might have searched the town through, ay, and the State beside, and not found another man who would have borne this blight resting upon him in the generous manly fashion of Charlie Creyton. Not that it did not bite and sting when flung toward him in sneering look or from taunting tongue. But there was no resentment or anger in his

grief. Never an indignant look, an unfilial word, but always watchful tenderness, grateful affection toward his mother. Long-suffering and patient one! if the slight and coldness of the world laid the cross upon her, here was her crown—this bright, strong, tender youth, who lent his sturdy arm to support her, who gave his warm heart, his unswerving faith and confidence.

Mary Creyton was watching for her son when he came with hurried strides down the path which led across the pasture to the village, through the glorious light of that moonlight evening. She flitted out from under the apple tree against whose trunk she had been leaning, and he started as if he had received a blow.

"Why, mother, what are you doing out here in the dew?" he exclaimed, as soon as he recognized her.

"Watching for you, Charlie. It grew so late, at least so much later than your usual hour, that I was a little nervous. How you pant for breath! What made you run so swiftly?"

"Well, I suppose because I wanted to get home the quicker. I'm sure I should have put on a little more steam if I'd supposed you were waiting out here, foolish little mother!"

He took her hand, kissed it as tenderly and as respectfully as a knight might have saluted his lady's snowy fingers, and then, holding her close beside him, so close that, had the daylight shone upon them instead of that silvery radiance, she could not have seen his face, he asked, with a sudden fervor in his voice:

"Mother, have you been fretting about me, and did you pray, a little while back, for my safety from any harm?"

"I did, Charlie. Somehow a restless foreboding came across me, and I could only be calmed in that way."

"I knew it," returned Charlie Creyton, in a voice that quivered a little through all its solemnity, "I was sure of it. Mother darling, I think there came an answer to your prayer. I was nearly—just on the brink of a great trouble, and an unseen angel stepped between me and the threatening danger."

"Why, Charlie—dear Charlie," began the mother, fluttering on his broad breast like a wounded dove.

"Never mind, dear. I think it is safely over. Don't fret over me, mother. Why, how you are trembling!"

He drew her into the house and put her into the rocking-chair by the window, saying, gently yet firmly:

"There's no need of your fretting, mother, trust me."

"I do. O Charlie, I do! You are my stay, my staff, my precious blessing. Let me never think anything hard while I keep you and your love."

"Sometime, mother, we will both tell all our secrets. Until then we will trust and love each other. Now let us close the house and go to bed. It is late, and you were up early in the morning."

"But, Charlie, you have not had your supper to-night. There is a bit of cold chicken and some of your favorite jelly. I kept them warm a long time."

"I had a bite of luncheon at the shop. I don't think I care for anything to-night. Now let's fasten the door and put out the lights. I shan't need any myself. This glorious moon will light me to my chamber."

"How anxious he is to have the lights extinguished!" thought the mother, but she did not give expression by voice.

In a few moments longer both were safely in their chambers. Then it was Charlie Creyton took from his pocket a small pistol. He carried it to the window and examined it.

"It is a peculiar bullet, and the other one must be in the coroner's hands by morning. I'd best make a safe hiding-place for this fatal pistol. If it were discovered, it might make an awkward and unpleasant predicament."

He withdrew the remaining charge, and stowed the pistol carefully on the upper shelf of his closet. That done, he went again to the window and took out from his pocket a dozen and more pieces of money, gold, evidently, by the clear ring as they clinked together. These also were put away in safety. Then Charlie Creyton sat down by the window, his head leaning on his hand, staring out into the moonlighted field beyond the house.

"They came so near upon us, it startles me to remember it. What if we had been discovered? Poor little Amy! I am sure her fluttering heart will scarcely be still to-night. It was a narrow escape. I dread to meet the news in the morning; so slight a circumstance may awaken suspicion."

There was still another silent watcher that night in Cranston, aside from those who kept guard in the lonely hermit hut be-

side the gory corpse. In her elegant dressing-room, Miss Serena Anderson sat at the oriel window, half buried in the falling draperies of lace and brocade, looking forth across the silvery sweep of water. Now and then, amidst the undulating green of the wooded banks opposite, she caught the glimmer of lanterns, like fireflies, flying hither and thither. The pale moonbeams falling full upon her showed a stern, and haughty, and still handsome face, the black eyes aflash with a singular blending of triumph and terror, the scarlet lips set in a grim resolute defiance, as of some opposing or threatening evil.

She bore her years wonderfully, this Serena Anderson, and was a magnificent woman who had been merely a passably pretty girl. There was a stately poise of the head, a Zenobia air of self-sustained power and dignity which was very imposing and impressive. The complexion was clear and colorless, unmarred by wrinkle or blemish; the features somewhat severe, but regular and symmetrical; the lips of a singularly vivid red, as if to atone for the pallor of the cheeks; the forehead a trifle lowering at the jetty eyebrows, but sweeping back high and full. Her eyes were not fine, though they were large and black as night; an unpleasant icy glitter overspread them, and made you shrink as if freezing beneath some uncanny spell. Although strangers were not apt to perceive this, from a habit she had of keeping the lids downcast, so that the glances came through two veiling fringes of jetty lashes. Her hair was magnificent! great dusky waves of lustrous blackness, coiled again and again in massive braids at the back of the stately head, and fastened there by an arrow of gold-tipped jet. She reached up her hand presently and took these down, as if their weight pained her, and slowly her white jewelled fingers untwined the braids and left the loose locks falling free, sweeping to her waist in burnished waves. Still her eyes never relinquished their watch of the opposite shore, and not till the last gleam had vanished did she leave her seat at the window. Then presently she rose and walked slowly into the centre of the room, to a marble slab supported by a bronze Atlas. She touched the silver bell with a firm untremulous finger, and in a moment or two a sleepy-looking French woman appeared.

"Bring lights, Felice. I think I have

been asleep in the window all this time, I am so numb and stiff. I won't be beguiled into such foolishness again, even by this glorious moonlight."

The girl brought a taper, and in a moment more a heavy gilt candelabra before a costly mirror had all its wax candles ablaze.

The light showed Miss Anderson in her white cashmere dressing-gown, with a crimson velvet mantle over her shoulders, and that long hair streaming about her, crisping, curling, scintillating, as if there were living creatures hiding in its silken meshes. She yawned, and walked across the room once or twice.

"To think I've been sleeping there all this time! Why, it is three hours and more since I dismissed you," exclaimed she, glancing toward a gem of a clock, imported from Paris especially to her order. "I took down my hair, it made my head ache. Twist it loosely under a net, Felice, and then bring me a glass of wine, and you may go for the night."

When the girl had obeyed her orders and courtesied her good-night, Miss Anderson rose and paced lightly to and fro. Those strange eyes burnt with an almost maniac lustre, and though her cheeks were ghastly, waxy white, the lips seemed deepening every moment in their vermilion tint.

Presently she came to a dead pause, and holding up her hand—her right hand, with its long slender fingers and soft white palm—she looked at it long and with feverish impatience.

"Bah!" said she, suddenly, those scarlet lips curling with a scornful smile, "what do I heed of idle superstitions! There is no stain upon it. It is a hand to shrink from no task necessary in self-defence. The law abides for human as well as brute. I will go to bed and sleep—ay, sleep in sweet security!"

But she did not immediately retire. She moved noiselessly to a heavy box, a costly affair, inlaid with ivory and gold, and taking a key from her pocket swung open the lid. The light leaped in, as if exultantly, and woke a rainbow blaze over the dainty velvet beds where nestled many a costly jewel, milky pearl, and burning ruby, emeralds holding the richest tints of fairy rings in their gleaming hearts, and scintillating diamonds. Miss Anderson swept her eye over these impatiently, and tumbled over golden bracelets and quaintly-fashioned

chains, with heedless hands, until she found a small locket. She took it, carried it closer to the light, and pressed the spring. It was the pictured face of a young and handsome man, on which the eyes fastened with a passionate look. She pressed her lips to the inanimate semblance with frantic fervor.

"O Ray, Ray it is for you!—anything, everything for you, Ray!"

A hot tear rolled through the black eyelash, and splashed upon the picture. With a mournful smile she closed the lid, and put the locket carefully away.

At that moment there was a sound of excited voices in the hall below. She turned her head and listened. The servants who had somehow happened to be all away, despatched on various errands, had evidently returned. In a moment there were hurrying steps on the stairs, and a timid knock at her door. Miss Anderson, with a steely glance, threw over her the velvet mantle and opened the door.

"O Miss Anderson!" burst forth Mrs. Ewing the housekeeper, "there's been terrible doings. The town is all up in excitement. That poor innocent hermit has been murdered, and they found him all wet with blood, stone dead."

Miss Anderson flung up her white hands, and gave a little shriek.

"Good heavens! Mrs. Ewing, how you frighten me; a murder in Cranstown?"

"Yes indeed, and right over on the other bank of the lake."

"Don't tell me another word to-night; I shall be so nervous. And there I was sleeping all the evening at my unfastened window, and nobody but Felice and that deaf old Thomas in the house. Positively, Mrs. Ewing, I can't retire without some one keeps guard. Who knows what wretch may be prowling around the grounds? Tell John he and the coachman must take turns in watching."

"Yes, Miss Anderson. I beg your pardon for coming to you. I ought to have waited till morning, but I was so full of terror—all the town is so astir."

"Horrible! Tell John they shall both have an extra week's pay for watching to-night. And take something to calm your own nerves, Mrs. Ewing. Good-night."

"Good-night." "What a kind-hearted mistress she is!" soliloquized Mrs. Ewing, as she clattered down stairs, making as much noise as possible to keep up her own courage.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

**ENVY.**—Envy is one of the most despicable of passions. There is scarcely a crime to which it will not lead its victims. It was envy that robbed poor Naboth of his vineyard, and added murder to the theft. It was envy that led the guilty Absalom to desire the throne of his father David. It destroys all that is best and noblest in character. So subtle is it in its workings that we learn on the highest testimony that "envy is rottenness of the bones;" it eats out all honor and manliness; it gives sleepless nights and restless days. Moreover, envy is utterly useless; it helps nobody, it effects no alteration, it wins no goal. As we read in Job, "It slayeth the silly;" and all sensible people must feel that there is marvellous silliness in envy.

But if the indulgence of envy does us no good, it is calculated to do other people much harm. Every passion tends to incarnation in some way. Evil emotion turns to action, and becomes embodied in ignoble deeds! So deceitful is envy in its operation, and so successful in its harm, that the question is

asked in Scripture, "Who can stand before envy?" It undermines the very ground you are standing upon; it breathes innuendoes against your character and reputation, which, light as air to utter, are strong as iron and sharp as steel to do you damage. Yes, envy will depreciate the character it cannot publicly defame; it will explain virtues to be vices in disguise; it will sneer with the lip and stab with the suggestion of an evil hint in your absence, whilst in your presence it will admire and applaud.

That the envious pay the penalty in their own misery does not mitigate the wrong they do to others. It does help, indeed, to vindicate the ways of God to man, as it shows us the Divine Hand, even in this world, to each man according to his sin! But the misery they feel does not atone for the misery they inflict. Envy is one of the basest of passions; it is the essence of devilism. By it Satan lost his seat in heaven; and by it men and women have, through the long centuries, sinned and suffered in endless ways.

## THE PRISONER OF CORDOVA CASTLE.

BY A. E. COLBY.

As through Cordova's Castle grounds I strayed  
 One autumn eve so sweetly calm and clear,  
 From o'er the rampart's low-set balustrade,  
 These pleading words broke on my listening ear:

"Condemned to die? how sadly low life wanes!  
 O mother! mother! could thy form but rise  
 Beside me here, I could forget these chains  
 That bind me like a slave, whom all despise!

"What life could find behind this frowning gate,  
 Aught, born of cheer, to bid remorse depart?  
 The sunless years which my sad life await,  
 I dare not tell unto my weary heart.

"I oft-times feel thy cheering presence near,  
 Ah, then my heart o'erflows with childish glee;  
 But find, alas! alway, that thou'rt not here,  
 And thralldom's chains to mock sweet liberty.

"And oft I watch far through my prison bars,  
 That brighter world which crowns the azure skies;  
 And wonder if thy home above the stars  
 Knows aught of earth's unending sacrifice?

"Long years I've borne the agonizing chains,  
 And breathed a dungeon's poison, loathsome breath;  
 But, little now of life's dark role remains  
 To taunt my soul with terrors worse than death.

"For my slow-beating pulse-throbs weaken fast;  
 These shrunken limbs, half palsied, rack with pain;  
 And in the mutterings of the night-wind's blast  
 I hear my requiem sounded down the main.

"They say my hands are guilty with the blood  
 Of one—I knew not, nor desired to know;—  
 This sinful heart must sink beneath the flood  
 Which hell has set in dark eternal flow!

"I ask no gold, for gold, it cannot buy  
 That freedom's peace my life most longs to share;  
 I can but look to Him whose help seems nigh,  
 And wait for Heaven to answer my poor prayers."

Again I walked beside the castle wall  
 When eve's sweet mock-bird woke the copse-decked lawn;  
 And gazed into the prison's gloomy stall,  
 But lo! the prisoner, chained and barred, was gone.

What hand, I thought, by living mercy sent  
 Unawed by king, hath set the captive free?  
 What gods to him their secret power have lent,  
 In answer to his prayers for liberty?

The summer sun shot down behind the hill,  
The great white moon climbed up the star-decked heaven,  
But still I lingered for the pulsing thrill  
Of some dark spell, strange mood my heart had given.

"O, doomed and lost!" my soul cried out with woe,  
Then brighter beamed the overhanging stars;  
And a sweet voice above me whispered low,  
"Have faith in God! Heaven has no prison-bars."

*Cleveland, Ohio, July, 1875.*

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### THE PRIDE OF HIS REGIMENT.

BY H. E. ADAMS, M. D.

It was the night of November 20, 1862. The sky was lit up with a lurid glare of thousands of camp-fires. The grand army of the Potomac, under command of Burnside, was encamped on the right bank of the Rappahannock, expecting daily to advance upon the rebel works on the opposite side, at Fredericksburg. A few days before the advance guard, after a sharp artillery duel, had taken possession of the heights around Falmouth. Officers and men were full of enthusiasm, and eagerly awaited the battle order to advance.

The — Massachusetts Volunteers, was there, and among its veterans was Sergeant Hawkins, a veteran in service, but not in years. At sixteen he had, at his country's call, left his home and widowed mother, burdened with the care of two brothers several years younger than himself, and taken his place with boyish pride in the ranks of the Massachusetts volunteers.

"Be good to the boy," said his mother to his captain, as they were about to depart for the seat of war; "he is the only support of his poor mother."

"Never fear, my good lady," said the captain, kindly. "Your son shall find a father in me, and, I doubt not, will come back in a few months, after we have put down the rebellion, a better boy than ever, for the service he has seen."

"God grant your words may prove true!" said the woman, with a sigh. Then turning to her boy, she said, "Be a good boy, Richard. Do your duty nobly for your country, and never forget your poor mother and little brothers at home. Write often." And waving a tearful adieu, she saw the train slowly trundle out of the depot.

At the date of our narrative Richard had been over two years in the service, and had

participated in every engagement of importance which his division had been in, without receiving injury, except at Antietam, where a bullet zipped his ear so close as to leave its mark in the shape of an ugly red scar.

"An inch is as good as a mile," said Richard, with the coolness of one of Cromwell's Roundheads, as he bit off the end of a cartridge. "Fire away, boys, for the honor of the Old Bay State. We will show these cotton-bugs that the spirit of Bunker Hill yet survives."

There was a rush through that memorable cornfield, strewn with the dead and the dying, a hoarse cheer mingled with the thunder of two hundred guns and an incessant rattle of musketry, a glimpse of a gray line of battle rapidly giving away, a boy carrying the glorious old stars and stripes, and the smoke cleared up, and the front of the field was cleared.

"Bring here that flag!" shouted a staff officer, with his right arm waving in the direction of the enemy, and the other lying limp and useless by his side, from a bullet wound in his shoulder. Then looking closer at the slight form of the bearer, he said, "Brave boy! well done! With ten thousand such as you we could carry the whole rebel position."

For gallant and meritorious conduct on the battlefield, Richard Hawkins was promoted to the rank of sergeant, and at the opening of our story was serving in that capacity with his regiment.

During all this time he had not for one moment forgotten the dear ones at home, and each payday found him punctually expressing his wages, with the exception of barely sufficient to keep him in stationery, to his mother; and he now looked fondly

forward to the day when an honorable discharge, by reason of expiration of term of enlistment, would release him from duty.

On the night of November 20, the — Massachusetts 'was on picket duty on the right flank of the army. It was a beautiful moonlight night, and the tall trees threw ghostly shadows across the paths of weary sentinels, as they slowly and wearily paced their beats, thinking, perhaps, of friends at home, and of the coming struggle, and wondering if this cruel war would ever be over, and whose fate it would be to fall in glory's arms on the field of carnage; or if they themselves should be spared to relate the events of a campaigner's perilous life to eager listeners at home.

In the distance the pale moon threw its soft beams upon the white tents of the now slumbering army. The officers in command of the picket ordered a vidette post to be thrown forward on the main road, leading in the direction of Warrenton, and Richard Hawkins, with eight men, was detailed for the duty.

Three hundred yards in advance of a picket line would seem to be rather a perilous position for a squad of infantry in the enemy's country, and one requiring extraordinary vigilance and caution on the part of the officer in command.

Several times roving bands of the enemy's cavalry, on foraging or reconnoitering expeditions, had come unawares upon our pickets at night, and only found out their mistake with the emptying of a few saddles.

The detail was soon ready, and under the direction of the commander of the picket line, was posted on the right side of the road, about fifty yards from it, and behind the shelter of a little knoll, to protect them from the cold wind, as well as from the observation of the enemy's scouts, should any of them be prowling about.

In front, on one side, bordering the road, was a large cleared space, many hundred yards in extent; on the left of the road was a thick wood of Southern pine, through which the wind moaned dismally on this cold, clear moonlight night. On this road a solitary vidette was posted, with orders to watch closely in the opposite direction, and, should any one approach, to give the alarm.

Jim Boyce was the first to stand post, and to him Richard was very explicit in his orders in relation to keeping a sharp lookout,

and, should any one approach, to immediately inform him of it.

An hour passed. Richard and the remainder of his party were huddled around the poor fire permitted them, for orders were very strict in regard to fires at outposts, and the little fire they had was nearly concealed by the knoll in front of them. Another hour passed, in whispered conversation between some of the men, and in nodding and alternately shifting from one side of the fire to the other, in a vain endeavor to escape from the pine smoke which the wind frequently blew towards them.

Suddenly they were aroused by the appearance of the tall form of Jim Boyce among them, who stated in a whisper that he thought a large party was approaching, as he had heard the jingle of spurs and the clank of sabres.

"Put out the fire, boys. Get your arms ready, and watch for me," said Richard; "I am going to the front to reconnoitre." And he was off, like a shadow in the moonlight, making straight for the road, where he listened, and could plainly hear the clatter of horses' hoofs upon the frozen ground, and the clank of sabres and jingle of the spurs of a party of mounted troopers.

A moment's observation satisfied him that the party could not be very large, and that they were moving with extreme caution, evidently aware that they were close to the Federal lines. Determined to see for himself, he crossed the road and went into the wood. He walked rapidly and cautiously for a short distance, parallel with the road, though by a shorter cut, for here the road made somewhat of a bend, and keeping the cover of the wood, without making the slightest noise, suddenly he came close upon them; so close, indeed, as to be able to judge correctly of their numbers and overhear their conversation. They had now halted, and the officers were in council.

"I certainly saw a light," said one.

"I think not," said the other; "for the Yankee pickets must be two miles from here yet, and they don't allow any fires along their picket lines."

"Reckon they want to play possum with old General Lee. Reckon they will find out when they come to get over the river! Think they will find it a hot place for Yanks over thar," said the other.

"I wish," said the other, "we could find a convenient hole in their lines to make a

raid through. The Yankee commissaries are well supplied, and our poor fellows are nearly barefooted."

"Yes; and darn it," said the other, savagely, "the Yankees have plenty of good warm overcoats, and blankets, and shoes; and the officers plenty of whiskey. I would most risk my life for a canteen full out of old Burnside's private barrel, I feel so cursedly chilly and sick of this business."

"Hush!" said the other, who appeared to be senior in command; "don't talk so loud. The Yankees may be nearer than we suppose. Tell the men to make as little noise as possible. No loud talking, mind, and let us forward slowly."

Richard did not wait for any more; but, making his way back as rapidly and noiselessly as he came, he crossed the road unobserved by the enemy, and was soon with his expectant comrades.

Retreat to the picket line he could; in fact, such were his orders. But, with a courage that knew not defeat, he determined to rout, if not capture, the whole party.

An old log, grown over with bushes, and facing the road, was near to them, and behind this chance-provided breastwork Richard ranged his eight men, in perfect silence, and ordered, when he should give the word, to fire a volley into the ranks of the unsuspecting foe.

From what he had heard and seen he calculated that they did not number more than twenty-five, or thirty, at the utmost.

On they came at a slow trot down the road, the moon throwing her rays upon the polished brass of belt-plates and steel of sabres, when suddenly, with startling distinctness, rang out upon the night air the word "Fire!" followed by a volley from Richard and his party.

Three saddles were emptied, one man killed, two placed *hors de combat*. The remainder of the party supposing they had unexpectedly come upon the whole Federal picket line, scampered back the way they had come in the wildest disorder. One of the horses becoming unmanageable in the stampede, its rider was thrown, and made a prisoner of by Richard. It proved to be our loud-talking friend of a few moments before. Richard recognized him by his voice.

Scarcely had the echo of the volley died away when the whole picket line was aroused to arms, and in a few moments the

bugles sounded and the long roll beat, and the whole corps of thirty thousand men stood in battle order just outside of their tents, ready for defence or attack, should either be necessary.

Richard had scarcely disarmed his prisoner when the officer of the picket line, with an escort of cavalry, came galloping to the scene of the encounter.

"What means this?" said he, as he reined in his horse. "Been having a little skirmish of your own? By Jove! it looks like it."

In a few words as possible Richard explained the situation, and how he and his eight men had routed a detachment of the Eighth Virginia Cavalry.

The prisoner, a lieutenant, was very much disconcerted to think that a squad of eight men, under command of a sergeant, should put to rout forty men of the crack regiment of Stewart's division of cavalry.

"If we had only known it," said he, "the joke would have been on the other side."

The officer of the picket, after riding a short distance to the front, to assure himself that all was right, returned; and after a few words of commendation and caution to Richard, retired, with the prisoner and wounded in charge.

The remainder of the night passed without any incident occurring worthy of note; and half an hour before the dawn of day they were recalled, to rejoin their comrades on the reserve picket.

Richard was the lion of the camp for a few days. Officers and men in other regiments pointed him out, as he often marched by, and said, "That is the young fellow who routed forty of old Stewart's cavalry, and captured three of them, with only eight men at his back. He will be a general yet, if the war continues, and he keeps on at that rate." It was talked of at headquarters that, should he conclude to reenlist, he would come out in command of a company.

Richard was not like most young soldiers, elated by those tokens of the high respect in which he was held both by superiors and inferiors in rank. To his comrades he was still the same Dick Hawkins he had been when a private in the ranks, ever ready with sympathy and advice if needed; ever more ready to serve than be served. Few youths had more friends than Sergeant Hawkins, of the — Massachusetts Volunteers.



. What soldier who took part in that baptism of blood, Fredericksburg, can ever forget the morning of December 11th, 1862? Half an hour before daylight the cannonade began, and the very hills shook with the reverberation of our batteries. Brigade after brigade marched out of the encampments to take the positions assigned along the bank of the Rappahannock.

It was plain to be seen that a forced passage of the river was contemplated by Burnside, and that war, horrid murderous war, had decreed the beautiful and peaceful city of Fredericksburg to be the scene of carnage most fearful.

"There will be blood on shirts, and souls going astray before this ends, I'm thinking, boys," said Richard, as he shouted, "Fall in, Company H!"

In the gray of the morning the divisions comprising the second corps marched out of their camps, and took position behind the smoking batteries along the river's bank. A detail was made from the —th to assist the pontoon train in laying down pontoons, so that troops could cross under cover of a furious bombardment, and drive the Rebel sharpshooters from the cover of some buildings of which they had taken possession, near the river's bank, and from which they annoyed our men, engaged in laying pontoons, with a galling fire.

Richard's company was on the detail. Like heroes they worked all day, wading in the cold water of the Rappahannock, sometimes up to their armpits, exposed to the deadly aim of sharpshooters' rifles, and losing many comrades. Towards evening, however, in spite of all opposition, the bridge was completed. A party crossing and dislodging sharpshooters from the immediate vicinity of the bridge, troops soon commenced to pour over the bridge and into the streets of Fredericksburg. Here the enemy made a short and desperate stand. Every house was a garrison; from cellars and windows came the rain of death.

Richard was with the advance, and alone with his company. The only commissioned officer able to do duty had been wounded whilst superintending the placing of a pontoon, and early in the day was compelled to retire to the hospital in the rear. The sole command thus devolved on Richard.

Charging gallantly at the head of his company, his blue military overcoat buttoned tight across his breast, the cap turned

back, exposing a soldier-like form, his face beaming with the grand excitement of battle, his left arm waving defiantly in the direction of the enemy, the right grasping tightly his trusty rifle, his clear musical voice shouting, "Forward, Company H! Forward, Boston boys!" Richard Hawkins fell dead. A minie bullet had pierced his brain. His cap fell off as he fell. A comrade quickly stooped down, raised his head for a moment, saw that death had already supervened, then quickly picked up his cap, yet wet with the lifeblood of his fallen friend, carefully folded it, and placed it in his breast as a last memento; then rushed madly on into the hottest of the fight.

Two hours later the moon threw her soft beams upon the streets of Fredericksburg; those streets, which a few months before had been alive with the busy marts of commerce, and echoed to the tramp of peaceful citizens, were now turned into a slaughter-pen, in which some of the noblest and proudest blood of Virginia mingled in one common stream with that of the Northern youth who had left the farm or workshop at the call of duty. *The Union must and shall be preserved*, the glorious teachings of Revolutionary ancestors should live as long as the world stands. Death, rather than the glorious old flag should be dishonored!

In the streets of Fredericksburg Richard Hawkins lay cold and dead. A traitor bullet had sped to its mark. His country mourned for one of her most promising and daring defenders; his surviving comrades for a generous and trusty friend.

We miss too many of the light of heart  
Who in our perils and our sports took part;  
They died as every man is born to die;  
For them we shed no tear, we breathe no sigh,  
But tell with admiration and with pride  
How well they fought, how gallantly they died.

But still another, far away in that New England home, his mother, all unconscious of this great affliction, watches and waits, with tearful eyes and many forebodings, for news from her darling. In his last letter, written shortly before breaking up camp to march to battle, he said:

"Dear mother, do not fret for me. In a few months, God willing, my time will be out, and I shall then be in Boston as soon as the trains can bring me. I am most a man now, and you will scarcely recognize your Richard in his suit of blue."

Mrs. Hawkins had read in the papers of a terrible battle in which the Army of the Potomac had been engaged, and she often looked at this letter and wondered at his long silence.

"Perhaps," she thought, "in the excitement following a great battle, he has forgotten to write, or has not the opportunity." She did not dare to believe the worst.

A few weeks after the death of our hero a wounded soldier, convalescent from one of the hospitals, and now home on a furlough, supported by a crutch, was slowly making his way along a retired street in the city of Boston. The brass number and letter on his cap, denoting company and regiment, had attracted the attention of a respectable middle-aged lady who was passing on the same side of the street.

She stopped and inquired of the soldier if he did not belong to the —th.

"Yes, madam," replied the soldier. "I had the honor of serving my country in that regiment, and expect to rejoin it again shortly."

"Then you were acquainted with my—Richard Hawkins?" said the woman, in a tremulous voice.

"Yes, madam," replied the soldier, "I knew him well. But why do you ask?"

"He is my son," said the woman. "And can you tell me anything about him?"

The soldier looked at her a moment with an eye of pity, then, with a long-drawn sigh, he slowly unbuttoned his coat, and drew from his breast-pocket a soiled and blood-stained forage-cap; and pointing significantly to a round hole through the band, he said:

"It was his cap. He wore it when he was killed at Fredericksburg."

A low moan—a smothered cry of despair was all she uttered, and then quickly sank to the ground, insensible. The soldier called for assistance, and in a few moments kind friends—for Mrs. Hawkins was well known in this part of the city—assisted her to reach her humble dwelling.

She never recovered from this shock. A brain fever set in, from which she slowly recovered, only to die in a few weeks of a broken heart.

And now, kind reader, my task is done. But as I write the old familiar face of my dead comrade seems to rise before me; and often at the dead of night I seem again to hear his voice shouting, "Fall in, Company H! the rebels are upon us!" and I feel that indeed in death he was, as in life, the darling and pride of his regiment.

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## MY WIFE.

BY AMANDA M. HALE.

I WAS only a poor Bohemian when I first met Miss Castleton. I had been three years in the city, but had won neither fame nor wealth. I had a few pupils, whom I met at their residences. I had an attic, where there was a ridiculous old kettle of a piano, and a great quantity of musical lumber. Here I slept, entertained my friends and worked. Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Moscheles, were my masters, and the piano bore its share in many remarkable performances. I got my meals at a restaurant, or went without them, as it happened. I had rarely a dollar in my pocket that had not been appropriated in my imagination over and over again, before it came into my possession. But I owned a host of friends, genial, gay, gifted, all living the life I lived, all hoping, aspiring, waiting, working with cheerful patience. I might have lived on so many years longer, for it was not so bad

a life, after all, but in a fateful hour I met Miss Castleton.

It was through Carl Bitteringer that it came about. Carl was a fair-haired German, reticent, speculative, and a genius. Separated from his violin, Carl was a waif—all afloat upon the great sea of sights and sounds called the world. The instrument was his other half—the completion of himself. I was the pianist at a certain rehearsal of a famous singer. A few personal friends of the artist were admitted by special favor, and after the performance was ended, these gathered in knots about the hall, or withdrew to the ante-rooms adjoining. I was left upon the stage, and I sat still at the piano, trying one chord after another, in a vagrant delicious mood—just the mood that the artist recognizes as his best and truest—the state out of which grows inspirations that future labor will develop

and endow with form. Vague unrelated melodies went wandering through my brain, seeking expression by my fingers; but I was but a clumsy performer, and I was just uttering an exclamation of disgust at my own incapacity, when a footfall close by startled me.

I looked up. It was my blue-eyed German Carl, and near him a lady. If it had been his violin, Carl would have deported himself with ease and grace. As it was, there was a singular absence and embarrassment in his manner, and he looked over me at the bronze Beethoven, as he said:

"Stoddart, Miss Castleton does you the honor of wishing to make your acquaintance."

Now I knew Miss Castleton was an accomplished amateur, and by way of opening a conversation, I said I should hardly have exposed my deficiencies so readily, if I had known she was within hearing. Miss Castleton smiled, and her handsome gray eyes had a merry light in them, as she returned:

"You have been playing very badly indeed, if you'll pardon me for saying so. What is that thing you have been attempting?"

"It has no existence outside of my own brain," I replied, a good deal piqued and mortified.

Miss Castleton drew off her gloves quietly, and placed herself at the instrument.

"Now if you will give me some idea of it, I think I can please you," she remarked, with the utmost nonchalance.

I repeated a line or two from my written score—it was a half-finished operetta that I had in hand—and her wonderful memory seized, and her facile fingers rendered the passage with an accurateness and expression that delighted me.

"Can you sing?" I cried, eagerly.

"A little," she said.

"Try this."

It was a short passage, and she looked up in my face in a moment. I imagine she saw my surprise and chagrin. She had murdered my pet solo.

"Well?" she said, inquiringly.

"Miss Castleton, you play magnificently, but your voice is harsh and untrained. You will only play to me in future."

A wave of color flashed over her face, and her fine eyes showed scorn and anger. But in a moment she controlled herself, smiled, and said:

"I think we shall get on excellently well now, Mr. Stoddart. Above all things, I adore frankness. Now I will recompense you."

She turned again to the piano, and for half an hour I revelled in what seemed almost fairy music. Miss Castleton had a wonderful delicacy united with a great power of touch, and Chopin's airy fantasias, and Mendelssohn's graceful combinations, were never more exquisitely rendered than by her. She rose at last, and looked up at me with a luminous face.

"You have given me a great treat," I said, with enthusiasm.

"I read as much in your face, Mr. Stoddart," she returned, smilingly, as she wrapped her cloak about her.

"Then you will not suspect me of flattery?" I answered.

"Ah no! Would you think it worth your while to flatter me?" And a weary proud look crossed her face.

"Why not? Are not women fond of praise?" I said, somewhat puzzled.

"I don't know. I care for appreciation. If you will come and see me, and bring your operetta, I should like to look it over with you."

"That would be delightful, and you are most kind," I said, stammeringly; "but—"

Could she know of my garret and my poverty?

"I know. You are poor," she interrupted. "Carl told me—it does not matter. Where is Carl?"

We both looked about for him, and behold he was hid away in an angle made by a turn of the balcony, drawing the bow across the strings of his beloved violin, with a face of peaceful ecstasy.

"Carl!" I went up to him. "Miss Castleton waits for you to take her to the carriage."

"It is a real Stradivarius!" said Carl, coming forward in a somnambulistic fashion.

"Come, Carl, wake up!"

"Yes. And do you know Paganini played it at his London concerts?"

I looked at Miss Castleton, and we both laughed.

"You must allow me to come also." And so I went out and stood on the pavement, while Carl, recalled to a confused sense of sublunary things, put her into the coupe.

"Remember, you are to come and see me," she said, leaning forward, and smiling, as the vehicle drove away.

"Come home with me, Carl!" And we went arm in arm. "Who is Miss Castleton?"

"The finest amateur performer in the country," said Carl, with a flash of enthusiasm.

"I should think I had found out as much as that," I returned, unaccountably vexed.

We had crossed the street, and were climbing the stairs that led to my lodging. Carl went foremost, strode across the room, aiming for a violin in the corner, which I kept for his especial delectation. But I anticipated him, rushed forward, and put it safe under lock and key in the closet.

"You must tell me all about Miss Castleton, before I let you play a note," I said, with severe resolution.

Despair roused Carl.

"Well, well! Where shall I begin? O, her name is Blanche, and she is beautiful and talented, as you can see; and she is rich, and—and my second cousin."

"Are you in love with her?"

Carl thought a moment before he replied.

"Should you think I am?"

"I should think not," I said, with some indignation, "if you are in any doubt about it." Carl was looking longingly at the closet-door. "She must be kind; she asked me—a poor Bohemian, you know—to come and see her—urged it with that graceful hospitality which her position gives her a right to use."

"Yes!" said Carl, slowly. "She has wanted to know you for a good while—asked me to present you a year ago. She has a fancy for young geniuses, always detects prospective lions, and praises them, and they fall in love with her. They say she has a room where she keeps their scalps—"

"Tush! If the girl is a coquette, I won't go near her," I said, almost angrily.

"That would be your safest way," said Carl, with a hateful coolness.

I arose, and slowly unlocked the closet-door.

"Why didn't you present me before?" I asked, as I handed him the violin.

"I forgot it," Carl answered; and the next minute he had forgotten everything except the precious violin.

Do you think I was in a foolish state of exaltation, because a pretty woman had

been kind to me? I was only twenty-six, and knew women only in dreams. I determined I would not go to see Miss Castleton that night—I would not swell her triumphs; I had no mind to rush blindly into danger. Nevertheless, I was singularly anxious for the morning to appear, and went out at eight o'clock, though I knew it would not do to call before eleven. But then I had no intention of calling. I would only just go and see where she lived.

It was in Coningburg Square, and my impatience to get there was so great that I stepped into the horsecars, and thereby depleted my scanty stock of scrip, besides cheating myself of my usual constitutional. Coningburg Square was a little green shaded park, set round by rows of stately brown-stone houses. The park itself, with its parterres of bright flowers, its Faun and its Flora, and its picturesque fountain, was a charming bit of nature interpolated into the heart of the city. So near the great noisy thoroughfares, yet so remote; all around roared the great seething sea of human life, yet stopped on the shores of this quiet Eden; the birds flitted and sung, the fountain made music, the flowers blossomed, the wind rustled in the trees, but no jangling discordances marred this natural harmony. There one could dream and work, and live and die, and the great city never intrude upon the pleasant hours, or take note of one's absence, when the stillness here flowed into the eternal quiet of the hereafter.

These handsome palatial homes were in strange contrast with my garret—in stranger contrast still with certain squalid homes that I knew. Of course it would be absurd for me to call upon Miss Castleton. My visit to Coningburg Square had taught me so much, at least. I had better go back now to my work. I might have known better than to come. So I turned away, a little disheartened, a little bitter at the great inequalities of condition. But, as I did so, a window slid up, and, startled by the slight sound, I looked up involuntarily, and there, framed in by the elegant curtains that fell around her like the drapery in a picture, was Miss Castleton. I saw the red blood leap up to her cheeks, the flash of recognition and pleasure light up her fine eyes. Of course it would not do to go away without calling now; and in a moment I had rung the bell at number twenty-six.

I was scarcely left alone in the drawing-

room, before the rustle of silk in the passage betrayed that Miss Castleton was coming. In a moment a pretty white hand was laid in mine, and I found myself welcomed in very sweet cordial tones.

"You have not brought your operetta with you, Mr. Stoddart. How did you ever dare disobey me? But you shall come up stairs, and I shall make you atone for it."

And so, through long darkened halls, where the soft glow of pictures shone in the semi-darkness, over stairs that led up and up, past niches, where pallid statues leaned towards you with speaking faces, that seemed to animate the gloom, past a linnet, that, high in a gilded cage, against an arched window, sang of love and summer, and so to a large lofty room, where at first I could only distinguish the white glitter of the keys upon a grand piano that stood just within an arched alcove.

"Now, first, I shall play you into good humor. You are a little bit cross, aren't you?" said Miss Castleton, with a piquant expression that became her wonderfully; and then, without waiting for a reply sat down and played a brilliant fantasia. Afterward, we tried one or two duets, and then at Miss Castleton's command—it did not fall far short of that—I played the improvisation in what was, to me, a very poor unsatisfactory fashion. But when I struck the last notes, I looked up to see Miss Castleton standing near me, her face pale and rapt.

"O Mr. Stoddart," she breathed out, in a long satisfied sigh, "you are a genius."

I shook my head laughingly, deprecating such praise.

"Don't contradict me," said Miss Castleton, with charming imperiousness. "You will be a great man, and I shall be proud of having known you. Come, now, and see my pictures for your reward."

We went into another room—a bijou of a gallery, the paintings all remarkable for their soft splendor of tone, some pretty good Tintan-esque effects, Venuses, rich in an opulence of color, Danaes drowned in golden light, everywhere a sensuous beauty that captivated the eye, nowhere the sentiment that interests the heart. And Miss Castleton stood among her pictures, as fair as they—the same perfection of art, the same richness and breadth of color. What was wanting? Was I hypercritical to miss anything, while she stood there talking in those smooth measured tones? Passing back through the

hall, I noticed a small door that seemed to lead outward to the balcony.

"Is that where you keep the scalps?" I said, playfully.

She blushed, and answered, laughing:

"Carl has been telling you stories of me. Don't believe him! Carl is a good boy, but his head is so far up in the clouds that he doesn't see what passes here distinctly. Look!" and flinging wide the door, a waft of perfume came out, and within was a maze of greenery and flowers. "So Carl told you I was a coquette?" she said, dreamily, as we sat down in the perfumed slumberous atmosphere of her parlor. "But what would you? I tire of art, and the people are so amusing!"

I gave her a sharp look. Was she amusing herself with me? She divined my thought instantly.

"You need not be alarmed, Mr. Stoddart. You shall have all the immunities of genius. Ah, you are too much in earnest. I should never dare to be anything but very good with you. But I like you to be in earnest. So few people are."

I glanced down from the window. A haggard laborer staggering under a burden, a thin-faced ragged girl, peering eagerly around the square for a bit of bread to keep her from starving, perhaps—these passed across the space between the vapory lace curtains.

"Yes, Miss Castleton, I am a good deal in earnest. It strikes me that life is rather a serious thing. When people know hunger, and cold, and loneliness, and want in a thousand forms, they are apt to look upon life as not quite a holiday. I am in earnest. I want to rise. I mean to be rich, some day, and then I mean to use my money as rich men ought."

"That is a very pretty dream," said Miss Castleton, softly. "But it vanishes like all dreams. Your proteges are ungrateful, and disgrace you; your pet poor family get drunk, and are sent to the station together. You endow an institution, and the managers quarrel about and absorb all the funds, and you get disgusted with benevolence and philanthropy, and begin to buy fine things for yourself, and indulge your own tastes and whims—which it would have been much better to do in the outset;" and she shrugged her shoulders prettily as she finished.

"Ease and self-indulgence! Is that your theory of life?"

"Precisely!"

"A very selfish one—pardon me for saying so."

"O, I dare say. But why should we not be selfish? Life is short—let us enjoy it!"

"But the future!"

"O spare me! I am afraid of ghosts!" she said, gayly.

"At least, you have the merit of frankness, which is a very rare one, now-a-days," I remarked.

"Not more now-a-days than formerly. Men have been deceitful from the foundation of the world."

"And women?"

She put up her pretty hands.

"There speaks the cynic. We shall agree charmingly. And next time you come, be sure to bring your operetta."

I accepted this as my *conge*, and departed. But afterwards I went regularly to Coningburg Square. It was my first association with wealth and luxury, ordered by exquisite taste. I was dazzled and intoxicated. I began to think that they were essential to my happiness. Economy grew distasteful; my meagre garret became hateful.

The very air of Coningburg Square, its seclusion and elegant repose, the perfumed half-darkened house, the rich soft carpets, the pictures, the statuary, the beautiful woman who fitted into these surroundings so admirably, satisfied my artistic sense. And so my charmed feet tended thither always. Carl was there often; but Carl was her cousin, and neither of us minded him. We played, studied music, talked as unreservedly as if he were not present. Meantime my talent grew; my public attempts were successful, and when my operetta was brought out, it was in a tempest of applause.

I went to Miss Castleton with the good news. It was bleak winter weather, and a slight illness had detained her at home. She was pale, and had an air of pensiveness about her that made her more charming than ever. She listened to me, while I poured out my sanguine hopes and plans.

"That is the way with you," she said. "You men care for nothing but fame. You leave us for it. We can do nothing but weep and wait at home."

A strange tingling fire thrilled me as she spoke.

"We men care for something else," I said, in a tone that was hoarse and strange to my own ears. "We care for love."

The tender eyes met mine. Her hand was half extended.

"If I were not so poor, Blanche—"

"But I am rich enough for us both," she cried, flushing and smiling.

I went home that night to my supper of bread and tea. I wanted to think it over, to understand it all. I, the poor Bohemian artist, the accepted lover of Miss Castleton!

In the course of the evening Carl sauntered in. Was it because I had been so engrossed with my beautiful love, that I had not noticed how haggard he was, from what dark hollows his luminous eyes shone? I spoke of him to Miss Castleton the next day.

"You should do something for him, dear."

"Why, Carl is not poor. He has a pretty fortune of his own."

"Not poor! But he lives like that."

"O, but Carl is not like you, you naughty Sybarite. He does not care for all the nice things that you delight in," she said, playfully.

"It is you who have spoiled me," I said, with some shame.

"And I mean to go on spoiling you."

I was doing a great deal of work just at this time, and to my own satisfaction. But this feeling, I found, to my surprise, was not shared by my artist friends. I arranged a cantata, and they cried out that it was flimsy and meretricious. Want of strength, of power, of earnestness, of everything upon which I had prided myself, was detected. I was angry at my critics, and mortified and discouraged at myself. In this mood, an invitation to conduct a musical convention in the country was a godsend. I bade Miss Castleton good-by, and went.

It was a little mountain town, far in the heart of the country. On ordinary days, the white roads that wound over the hills and through the woods were lonesome and still, but now a long line of vehicles came up and up from the remote towns, and the little quiet village was full of unwonted sounds. The organ in the church squeaked out doleful discordances under the hands of amateur players, and from every neat farmhouse came forth the trills and quavers of early and late practising. There were some artistic deficiencies, but they took hold of the work with an enthusiasm that surprised and delighted me. There was something wholesome and refreshing in these simple country folk; when I met them to practise,

I welcomed at once the round, fresh, unaffected voices, and rejoiced at the absence of ridiculous crescendos and trills.

A sweet pure soprano, that came in like a bird's song, caught my ear at once, and I looked around to see a small shy girl, whose eyes fell timidly under mine.

"Who is it?"

"Margaret Alison!" was the answer, with evident pride; and I soon made out that Margaret Alison was the pet singer of the country, and the pride was surely justifiable.

Afterward, if I missed her voice, the rehearsal became dull. Yet I had never spoken to her—hardly even caught a glance from the shy sweet eyes. And so it went on, until the day before the last public performance. I went early to the church, and there was Margaret, with some companions, at the organ.

The young girls stole away soon—they were shy of the director, and wanted to chat without restraint—but when Margaret would have followed, I detained her, made her sing to me, and afterwards adroitly wooed her to talk, and gave her some instruction that she needed. Sitting there in the twilight of the old church, she looked like one of Domenichino's saints, her white hands dreamily folded, her eyes half-bashfully lifted to mine, eager to learn what I taught. I rose and stepped back, the better to illustrate some technical point. The loft had been floored over to the outside balustrade, and I heedlessly stepped clear to the edge. The next instant a sharp pained cry warned me, but too late. I went down to the floor below, falling heavily, and getting mercilessly bruised. But I retained my consciousness. I heard swift feet flying over the stairs, and in a moment my head was raised, and Margaret's eyes, full of terror and pity, looked down at me.

"O, it is all my fault!" she sobbed out. "Do you think you are much hurt?"

I tried to falter out a reply, but a sickening faintness came over me. Ages upon ages seemed to lapse away, and nothing was clear to my consciousness. Sometimes there was a vision of an open window, where a white curtain fluttered in the wind, and beyond, a range of wooded hills, rolling fields and the clear blue sky above; sometimes I fancied I heard soft voices and light steps about me; a benign matronly lady looked at me with pity in her face, and anon a cloud of golden hair would dazzle

my tired eyes. At last, one day, this confused dream ended, and I woke sane and free from fever. But it was surely Margaret Alison who stood by, her violet eyes dewy and glad, a tremulous smile on her lips.

"What is it? Do tell me!" I said, vaguely wondering.

"You fell in the church, you know, and as our house was the nearest one, you were brought here."

I turned my eyes to the window. The white curtain waved gently, and beyond was the freshening country.

"Those are real trees?" I said, doubtfully.

"To be sure," laughed Margaret. "It is spring, you see—I found violets in blossom to-day. You have been ill three weeks."

"Three weeks! And the singers?"

"Are all gone home. They had to do without their director."

"And without their beloved soprano?" I said.

"Yes. It was my duty to look after you, because it was by my fault that you fell," she said, demurely.

"Well! we will finish that lesson some day. Have no letters come for me?"

"O yes; plenty of them."

I opened one that I knew was from Miss Castleton. "So sorry that I was hurt—supposed it was not serious—hoped I would get away from that barbarous place as soon as practicable. She would come to see me, only she could not possibly leave town just now." And then a long *melange* of personal and art-gossip, in which I was singularly uninterested.

Presently the matronly lady, who proved to be Margaret's mother, came in, and forbade either reading or talking. And so I lay in a pleasant quiescent state, for that and many following days, watching the ever-brightening spring, watching Margaret in her dress of violet, or azure, or gray. I used to try to imagine her among Miss Castleton's luxurious surroundings, but I could never fit her into the picture. A background of green fields and clear sky suited her best. Then, as I slowly grew better, we talked, and Margaret worked and sang, and I brought out my latest works, and laid them upon the old-fashioned piano, in the homely pleasant parlor, and condemned them one by one. How superficial, how affected, how weak they were! My illness

had swept the cobwebs clear from my brain. And all this time Miss Castleton's letters were unanswered. To reply to them, would be to put myself in connection with that old mode of life, which was become hateful to me. I tried to think I was too weak to go; but Margaret said one day, with an abruptness that was not ungraceful in her:

"Mr. Stoddart, have you no work to do in the world?"

"None that is worth doing," I said, surprised.

Her eyes kindled.

"You can say that! If I were an artist like you, I should not find life meagre. Mr. Stoddart, you should be ashamed to be so *blase*."

"But, Margaret, you don't know how unsatisfactory I have found my success. My life has been wasted upon trivialities."

"Take it up anew, then. Make it worth living!"

"I cannot take it up anew," I said, bitterly; and I began to feel that I was bound, and that my bondage was irksome.

She turned, and her clear eyes seemed to search me.

"Margaret, Margaret!" I cried. "Do not blame me. Help me!"

She came round by my chair. The violet dress touched me. The pure atmosphere in which she lived encompassed me.

"How can I help you?" she said, very softly.

"I have made a great mistake, Margaret. What shall I do?"

"Just what is right, no matter at what cost," she said; but her voice went very low, and her cheek grew white with the words.

There was a long silence; then at last I said:

"Yes, Margaret, I will." And then, though I longed for it, I turned away from the divine pity in her eyes.

A step at the door, a rustle in the entry, and Miss Castleton entered, radiant and queenly.

"Blanche!"

"How do you do, Roger?"

And then she looked Margaret over, an inquisition that I attempted to end by presenting her. Margaret went out in a moment, and there was scorn and fire in Miss Castleton's handsome eyes, as she said:

"Do you mean to be a villain, Mr. Stoddart?"

"No, Miss Castleton!"

"I think, then, we had better return to Boston to-morrow."

"Very well!" I said. And so Miss Castleton trailed her rich dress over the ingrain carpets till the morning train left.

Margaret did not come down. Indeed, Miss Castleton's manner towards her was such that she could not have done so with dignity. And so, instead of a farewell, I had only a glimpse of a sunny head, and a pair of sad sweet reproachful eyes, that haunted me long.

I went round to Coningburg Square the day after my arrival in town. I was shown up into Miss Castleton's parlor, and I stood within the alcove, shaded by its curtain, looking over some new music that lay upon the piano. Presently I heard voices, and Miss Castleton came in. I thought at first that the person who attended her was come to take some order, but I was presently undeceived.

"This is most heartless conduct of yours," said Carl. "Why not confess that your liking for Stoddart was already waning, and was only resuscitated by what you heard of the little country girl?"

"Upon my word, Carl," returned Miss Castleton's musical voice, "your penetration is fearful! I am more than ever sure that we understand each other too well ever to get on together."

"And do you mean to break your promise to me, then?" said Carl, angrily.

"*Cela depend!*" And she hummed an air, that was quickly interrupted by a shriek.

She had caught sight of me. I stepped out from the shadow of the curtain, in time to see Miss Castleton grow suddenly white. The scene in the little country parlor flashed across my mind, and I was merciless.

"Miss Castleton, I assure you that I was an involuntary but most interested listener to the conversation that has just taken place. Considering our relation, you will, perhaps, allow me to ask the nature of your promise to Mr. Bittinger?"

She flushed crimson, glancing at Carl imploringly.

"Tell him!" said Carl.

Miss Castleton pulled at the tassel upon her breakfast-shawl, till the bit of bright wool dropped to the floor. Then she looked up, paling to the lips.

"I promised to marry him," she said, in a hard tone.



"How long ago was that?" I asked, amazed.

"Four years!"

"Four years," repeated Carl; "and I really think she cares more for me than for any of her other lovers;" and he looked at her with a curious disapproving tenderness of expression.

Miss Castleton was fingering the engagement ring I had given her. I saw a swift movement, and the next moment the glittering bauble fell at my feet, and Miss Cas-

tleton had left the room. I picked up the ring, and walked over to Carl.

"I wish you all happiness, Carl."

"You are very good. But whether I am happy or no, I cannot help myself. She crept into my heart years ago, when she was a little girl, and she will stay there till I die."

It is not long since that I met Mr. and Mrs. Bittinger at a *fete*, and I was thankful that the little golden-haired woman beside me was my wife, and not the stately lady who swept past us in her velvet robes.

## THE OLD WELL REVISITED.

BY CLAUDIE V. COURTNEY.

The summers have come, and the summers have gone,

And the roses have bloomed and died  
Four times, since I crossed o'er the wide green  
Flat,

And peeped at fair Riverside;  
But the morning sun of this June-bright day  
Smiles down with a welcome warm,  
As my restless feet cross the floor again,  
At the dear old Homestead Farm.

Of the faces I left I find but two;  
All the others are strange, though kind;  
Yet, I miss my Nannie with lightsome tread,  
And an empty chair I find;  
In the old south room where grandfather sat  
Is a baby's crib to-day;  
New lives have budded beneath the roof,  
And the old have passed away.

With the prattling Jim, I turn my steps  
Down the rugged weed-grown track,  
Where the drooping boughs of the orchard trees  
Seem to whisper a welcome back:  
O, the poor old curb with its battered boards,  
Could a mournful story tell,  
And my tears fall fast, as I muse beside  
This wreck of the dear old well.

At the corner there, by the kitchen door,  
Is the new well, deep and clear,  
With its waters cool, in the bucket bright,  
It may one day be as dear  
To those darlings romping on the porch  
As this shadowed one has been,  
In the fair fresh days of its early life,  
To the hearts that knew it then.

*Muscatine, Iowa, Sept., 1875.*

I lean with an apple bough's support,  
To gaze in the darksome deep;

Where like a star, in its loneliness,  
The waters glimmering sleep.

With a timid cry to my shoulder turned  
Is the baby's curl-crowned head,  
As it nestles close, while the hands' firm clasp  
Prove the fear of the rocky bed.

Ah! Jimmie my pet, there naught to fear,  
For my arm is strong and true,  
And the old well's swallowed up sweets enough  
Lang syne, without taking you.  
So we'll turn again up the rude rough path,  
And you laugh while I breathe a sigh;  
You will know, little darling, too soon, mayhap,  
What it is to say "Good-by."

Here the horses come with a friendly neigh;  
Just a moment, baby, wait;  
They are strangers, too, only Sorrel Jack  
Lingering there beside the gate.  
Bonnie Prince, the handsome black, is gone,  
Other hands now guide his rein,  
And the trough where I oft have quenched his  
thirst,  
Will supply him ne'er again.

Well, the old house, too, in the time to come  
Will crumble to earth once more,  
The last bright link in a shattered chain  
That was perfect in days of yore.  
So the moss and flowers of each budding spring  
Clothe the earth with a beauty bright,  
While the last year's blossoms forgotten lie  
'Mong the dead leaves out of sight.

**. FORTY-FIVE PUNCHEONS OF RUM.**

BY W. H. MACY.

"**MANY** years ago," said old Baxter, our sailmaker, who had been called upon either to sing a song or spin a yarn, "I drifted down to Nantucket, and for the first time shipped in a whaler."

"*How many years ago?*" queried one of the saucy boys from that classic island.

"More than you know anything about, for it was long before any of you youngsters were born. You want to catch me tripping, don't you? Can you remember the old brig Norway?"

"No; but I have heard my father tell of her, for he was in her two or three voyages."

"Very likely; and it may be that your father and I were shipmates. Now don't interrupt me too often, or I'll put a stopper on, and leave you to guess at the story. Well, I shipped in the Norway, fitted out for a whaling cruise not to exceed eight months in length. Our outfit was figured mighty close, even for that short time. I should judge that if she got one large sperm whale, as oil was pretty high in price at that time, she would have paid expenses, and left the vessel clear to her owners. Well, we sailed in the fall of the year, just after the breaking up of a tremendous gale, in which many vessels had been wrecked, all along the Atlantic coast. We had taken the right slant in sailing just after the gale was over, and had a fine run across the Gulf Stream. When five days at sea we fell in with the wreck of a large schooner, with both masts gone, water-logged and abandoned. Her counter-board was so deep under water that we could not make out her name or port of register, and there was nothing on board or about her that would help us to make out who she was or where she hailed from. Having very fine weather, we lay by her all the next day, and by cutting away a part of the deck and rigging up some shears, we were so lucky as to get out forty-five puncheons of rum, and transfer it all on board the Norway. Here was a good beginning for a whaling voyage! and, as we were so short a distance from home, the old man declared we might as well return, land the rum, and take a fresh departure. The liquor was of excellent qual-

ity, and the marks on the casks indicated that the schooner was from a West India port. She had also sugar and molasses among her cargo, but this was deeper down in the hold, and, of course, much damaged. The wind freshened in the night, and the next morning it was so rugged that we gave up working any more on the wreck, contenting ourselves with the rum. We hauled sharp on a bowline, heading as nearly as we could for the port we had so lately left.

"In those days rum was in more common use by everybody than it now is—though I have my doubts whether there was any more drunkenness. We had our grog twice a day in the Norway, as, indeed, all seamen did then; but this was always under regulated allowance, and two glasses were not enough to do any harm. But now Captain Bunker was afraid he had an elephant on his hands. There was not room for all the puncheons below, as the vessel had all her stores on board, and was pretty well filled up. So there were about fifteen of them lashed along the rail, some on each side, above deck, which made us pretty well lumbered up. If the crew got a free swing at the rum he would be sure to have trouble, he knew; and to come on the coast of America at that season of the year with all hands'drunk was not just the right thing for any prudent mariner. He could trust his mate—who was also a born Nantucketer—to look out for the casks during his watch on deck, and see that no one tapped them. But his second officer was an Irishman, and a stranger to the old man, who knew little more of him than the fact that he was half drunk when he was shipped, though he had the reputation of being a very good whaleman. So Barzillai Bunker, who was a fair specimen of the Nantucket Quaker sailor of that day, determined to stand a watch himself, and so look after the puncheons of rum and the second mate at the same time. He accordingly took charge of the starboard watch that night, and some of my shipmates, who had counted upon Mr. Farrell's love of 'the crater,' and proposed to have it all their own way, found their calculations all astray. Friend Bunker was so vigilant

and active that he appeared to be on every part of the deck at one and the same time. The gimlet and bucket were kept in readiness waiting for a slant, but no slant seemed to occur; and the port watch was no more fortunate than we were; for Mr. Swain had a young boatsteerer who was quite as vigilant as himself, and quite as determined to see the rum landed intact at Nantucket, though he made enemies of every man before the mast.

"How to circumvent the watchful guardians of the liquor was now the great question; for some of our old salts were determined to have enough of it for one grand blow-out. Two or three days and nights passed, and we were again entering the Gulf Stream on our return passage, and might at any moment expect heavy weather, such as the old Norway was none too well fitted to encounter, even with all hands sober and at their posts. The gimlet, spile and bucket were held constantly in readiness, and the wished-for opportunity arrived at last.

"A sail was in sight just at sundown, headed down across our track, running free, and evidently an outward-bounder. She edged off her course, as if she was desirous of speaking us, but it was not until it was quite dark that she approached within hailing distance. The old man went aft to the taffrail with his trumpet, but did not forget to give a cautionary word to the second mate, who continued walking amidships among the puncheons of rum. It would never do for any of us to attempt the feat of tapping a cask right under his eye; but word was passed to some of the watch below, who were in waiting for it. A little engineering had been managed the day previous; and it was ascertained by measurement that by boring upward through the deck at a certain point, the gimlet, if it were long enough, would pierce the head of a certain puncheon. To have done this in broad daylight would have involved discovery, as there must be a great deal of waste, and the leakage on deck would have been perceived at once. But now, if ever, was the time, and old Bill Lambert, taking a boy with him to hold the lamp and assist, went through into the hold, the two crawling on their knees upon the top tier of casks. There was just room to do this, and that only for a certain distance; while to get at the rum, which was stowed in the

hold away aft, was simply impossible. Even as it was, it was a very cramped-up place where old Bill had to lie on his back and work his gimlet. The boy holding the light was in a still more uncomfortable position, if possible. All this I saw as I ran down into the hold for a minute, and peeped in through the bulkhead. Bill was working away with a will, sweating and grunting; and as I thought of what might be the consequences of his success, I was almost tempted to turn informer. But I could not do this without its being known to my shipmates; and, boy as I then was, my fate would be a hard one if I were caught blowing upon them and spoiling the drunken spree which they intended to enjoy. So I dared not do otherwise than hold my peace, especially as I saw one of the veteran salts of my own watch stood over the fore-scuttle, keeping an eye continually upon me.

"Bill at last succeeded in working a hole through the tough wood, and the rum began to flow down through the deck, though of course much more was lost by running away above. A tin pot was ready to catch the drippings, for there was not room to work the bucket in the cramped space. Everything was now going on swimmingly, and my shipmates were smacking their lips in anticipation of the treat they were soon to enjoy.

"'I say!' called old Tony the shipkeeper, down the scuttle, in a loud impressive whisper. 'Tell Bill to be careful of the light!'

"The caution was well-timed, for this was really the principal risk. The rum was splashing and spilling everywhere, outside the tin pot as well as into it. And you will understand, shipmates, that this was rum; it hadn't been deaconed or doctored, and was no such stuff as is now sold under 'probitory' law, which will answer to put out fire with.

"'Boy, come on deck!' said old Tony to me; and up I went. Captain Bunker had come forward again, the strange ship having passed on out of hail, and nearly out of sight in the darkness. As the deck was wet under and about the puncheons, the leakage of the rum was not apparent to the sense of sight, but the old man's smellers were sensitive enough, and he soon began to sniff and peer about, until he was satisfied that one of the casks was not all right.

"'Here! this way, the watch! Mr. Farrell, let 'em cast off the lashings and heave

down this puncheon, here! It's leaking all over the deck. Down with it, quick!"

"The lashings were cleared away, and several pairs of horny hands seized the chimes. But the spile which was pushed through the deck from below offered some resistance, as it pinned the cask down! Another heave, harder than before, the spile broke, and down came the puncheon suddenly upon its bilge, nearly crushing me before I could back out of the way.

"But at this moment a most piercing scream was heard from under the deck, such as I hope never to hear again. There was a rush up the fore-castle ladder, and that cry, so appalling to the sailor at all times—"Fire!" Dark smoke rolled up the scuttle, and out through its folds poured half-suffocated men, gasping for dear life as they reached the fresh air. Barzillai Bunker understood the whole matter and the imminent danger without waiting for words of explanation.

"Off with those main hatches!" he shouted. "Water! water! Form a rank here, and pass down water! Shut on the fore-scuttle! Hard up your helm, there! Square the afteryards, and swing her right off before it!"

"When men are working for their lives they will work with a will; and every nerve and muscle on board was strained that night to obey the captain's orders. The rum-drinking wretches who had brought us into this peril now felt that all their lives depended upon him as the master-spirit. The flames under the deck had gained some headway, but luckily there were no casks of liquor stowed below forward of the main hatches; otherwise our fate would have been sealed. The fight in the choking air of the hold was a fearful one, but we conquered at last, and saved the vessel. But the dead bodies of old Bill Lambert and the poor lad Jake were dragged out, charred and blackened, striking a chill of terror to the most hardened hearts among us. They had been overwhelmed so suddenly by the flames while in their cramped position, that they had no chance for escape, and had perished miserably, long before any aid could reach them.

"It was a sad hour when the mutilated bodies were launched into the sea, and one might suppose that the warning would have been sufficient to make every man of that crew swear off from drinking liquor for the

remainder of his life; but such was not the fact. Sailors, it seems to me, are much like children; these sad things seem to bear very heavily upon them for the moment, but the impression doesn't wear well.

"That night we caught the Gulf Stream weather, butt-end foremost, and a heavy gale came on that tried the old Norway for her very life. We made all as snug as we could, and hove her to under a couple of 'three-cornered scrapers,' making a dead drift off to the southward; but the sea rose to such a fearful height that she labored and strained frightfully, and there was plenty of exercise for us at the pumps, with lifelines stretched athwart the decks for our safety. In the middle watch a sea boarded us amidships, breaking off four or five stanchions, and a part of the main rail with them; so that the puncheons of rum were all adrift; and then followed as frightful a scene as I ever want to witness as long as I live. The heavy casks were dashing with tremendous fury here, there and everywhere, and completely took charge of the deck amidships, for all we could do was to give them room and get out of their way. But the poor second mate, who was near the mainmast, overseeing the men at the pumps, when the sea broke on board, was not so fortunate as the rest of us. A puncheon of rum 'fetched away' upon him, jamming him against the mast, and his crushed body was swept away over the lee rail by the wash of the sea, after its first shock was spent. I caught a glimpse of it as it surged past the lee main rigging, where I had made my first jump for safety, and the memory of it still haunts me!

"But again old Barzillai Bunker came out strong, as he always did in any emergency. A quiet plodding Quaker he seemed to be so long as all went smooth; but get him in a tight place, and he showed the real stuff that he was made of. He seemed to be everywhere that night, rousing us all from our paralysis of fear, pushing casks overboard to get them out of the way, and with powerful blows of his axe knocking in the heads of others as they drove past him on the heavy rolls of the old brig. By his efforts and his influence upon the rest of us, we were again saved from the immediate danger; and all of us breathed easier when we saw the last heavy puncheon forced clear of the vessel, and nothing to endanger life and limb but a few loose

staves of those which had been stoven to pieces.

"But during all this the water had gained so much in the pump-well that we were now threatened with a new danger. The strain of the heavy sea shipped had increased the old brig's leaks, and in consequence of the broken stanchions, a great volume of water found its way down through the plankshear. There was no hope for us but to keep her on the same tack, and all hands buckle to the pumps. Our strength was much reduced, for, besides the loss of the second mate, old Bill and Jake, we had two others disabled for the time by severe hurts received while fighting to get clear of the terrible rum puncheons. But the only wonder to me is that we were not more than half of us killed in that fearful rally among those infernal casks.

"Clank! clank! the pumps were going all night, for dear life; and no man ventured to think either of sleep or dry clothing, for there was enough to do to keep our heads above water. Rum was served out to us, for the captain, like everybody else in his day, believed in it, though it was not every one that could regulate its use as he could. When daylight broke we were pretty well exhausted and worn out. The gale was moderating a little; but on sounding the hold we found there was rather more water than we noted three hours before. The leaks had gained upon us, in spite of all our efforts!

"But there was a ship to windward of us, lying to on the opposite tack. Up went our ensign, Union down, as a signal of dire distress, and eager eyes were watching its effect; for if the stranger made sail, as it

was probable he would very soon, his course on the other tack would soon carry him out of sight. We dared not go about, for if the rent in the plankshear were buried in the sea a few times by heavy lee-rolls, the brig would have gone down from under us in short order.

"Our spirits found vent in three rousing cheers when at last we saw the ship set her foresail, and fall off gradually, with her head towards us! She came down so as to hold a short parley, and, learning our situation, she came to on the same tack with us, and remained in company until the weather had moderated enough to venture to lower a boat. Until that time we labored steadily, and more hopefully than before, at the pumps. But this is a kind of work that no sailor likes. It is not only hard and exhausting, but there is too much sameness about it—it's too much like sawing cordwood or turning grindstone; and glad enough were we when the moment arrived to abandon the old Norway, and take ourselves, with little more than what we stood in, on board the British ship 'Stromness.'

"Before we had passed out of view of the Norway, she had sunk so that her deck amidships was under water, and she lay wallowing, a helpless wreck in the trough of the sea. Of course the thirty puncheons of rum which were stowed under deck went down with her. Whether anybody else ever 'wrecked' her, or ever picked up any of the rum casks that were swept off her deck, I never knew; but if so, I wish them joy of all the satisfaction they may have got out of any part of those forty-five puncheons of rum; for they brought nothing but death and disaster to that old brig and to all on board."

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**FRIGHTENING CHILDREN.**—Nothing can be worse for a child than to be frightened. The effect of the scare it is slow to recover from; it remains sometimes until maturity, as is shown by many instances of morbid sensitiveness and excessive nervousness. Not unfrequently fear is employed as a means of discipline. Children are controlled by being made to believe that something terrible will happen to them, and are punished by being shut up in dark rooms, or by being put in places they stand in dread of. No one, without vivid memory

of his own childhood, can comprehend how entirely cruel such things are. We have often heard grown persons tell of the suffering they have endured, as children, under like circumstances, and recount the irreparable injury which they are sure they then received. No parent, no nurse, capable of alarming the young, is fitted for her position. Children, as near as possible, should be trained not to know the sense of fear, which, above everything else, is to be feared in their education both early and late.

## WILL SHE MARRY HIM?

BY FLORENCE MARRYAT, AUTHOR OF "AN UNFORTUNATE MATCH," ETC., ETC.

[CONCLUDED.]

## CHAPTER XXXVII.

"IT SHALL CARRY ME THROUGH TO THE  
END."

As Mrs. West reads the fatal document her face undergoes all manner of changes. She is not prepared for this. She is not aware what effect it may have upon her brother-in-law.

"So cruel of Everil," she thinks, "and so foolish! To compromise her reputation unnecessarily, and to give poor Valence a shock that may kill him—that will *certainly* kill him," she continues, mentally. "And yet I ought to tell him of it. He is the principal person concerned, and he would never forgive me if I kept him in ignorance a moment longer than was necessary. In his weak state, too. I shouldn't wonder if he died on the spot. He has borne her coldness, he might have borne her death, but his own dishonor—*never!* The Valences are the proudest of the proud. They would sooner kill their wives with their own hands than see them disgraced. He certainly must hear of it—and that at once—or some one may anticipate me with the news."

She flies to the earl's room as she finishes, and knocks loudly at the door. It is opened by John Bulwer. At the sight of him the widow's face falls.

"What on earth is the matter? Your brother-in-law is asleep."

"Let me in at once! I must see him! I have the most dreadful piece of news for him. Everil has eloped with Captain Staunton!"

"You cannot communicate the intelligence to him in that abrupt manner," cries Bulwer, attempting to restrain her from entering the dressing-room. "Think of what you are about, Mrs. West! you may kill Valence with the shock."

"It is right he should know it at once. He would never forgive me if I kept it from him. Valence! I wish to speak to you."

"What do you want with me?" inquires the earl, feebly, as he rouses from his uneasy slumber.

"A fearful disgrace has fallen on us. It

is shocking—abominable! I hardly know how to break it to you, but your wife has run away with that villain Maurice Staunton."

"*What?*" exclaims Valence, with an oath.

"Everil has left you, Valence. She has eloped with her old lover. I have just found this note upon her toilet-table to inform us of the fact."

"Read it, Bulwer," he says, in an unnaturally calm voice, when contrasted with his first exclamation.

Bulwer takes the paper from the widow's hand.

"*Tell Valence, Agatha, that I have left him. You will not receive this probably till noon, and by that time I shall be in D—. Tell him he is well quit of me. It is unnecessary for me to say more.*"

"EVERIL."

"O my dear brother!" cries Mrs. West, as she prostrates herself before the earl, "don't let this terrible shock have any effect on your precious health. She is not worth grieving after. She has been deceiving you from the beginning. Try and forget her, Valence, and think only of the prospect before you. Hold him up, Mr. Bulwer. Give me that salts bottle. Let me fetch some cold water. He will faint. He will die! O, this is downright murder! A curse will rest on her to her life's end."

But Lord Valence puts the officious hands away from him almost roughly.

"When did they leave the castle?" he demands of Bulwer. His voice is not loud nor trembling, but very quiet, very cold, and very decided.

"Hours and hours ago," replies Agatha.

"That is impossible, Mrs. West; for when the earl came up to his room Lady Valence was standing in the corridor in her balldress."

"The hateful, deceitful, wicked creature!" says Agatha, weeping.

"You have not been here more than two hours, Valence. It is only just four o'clock. If they have been an hour on the road it is more than is probable."

"Go and inquire for me, Bulwer. Find out all the particulars you can, and come back quickly!"

He is sitting now upon the couch on which he has been sleeping, but he makes no attempt to move or throw off his dressing-gown.

"Lie down again, dear Valence," says Mrs. West, coaxingly, as soon as Bulwer has departed. "It is cruel you should be agitated thus, and just at this time, too! You feel faint, I am sure. Let me unloose your cravat."

"Leave me alone!" replies the earl, in the same hard unnatural voice. "I am not faint. I need no assistance. Leave me alone!"

Then he adds more gently:

"This is a sorrow in which no one can intermeddle, Agatha. It is a disgrace that must be averted, at all costs."

"But how can it be?" she exclaims, in surprise.

"Valence!" says Bulwer, reappearing, "they cannot have left the castle more than an hour, at the very outside. I have made the most searching inquiries, and find that a strange travelling-carriage with post-horses, that arrived here about ten o'clock last night, was seen to drive through the lodge gates again at about three this morning, although no one at the castle saw it take up its freight. Lady Valence's absence seems perfectly unknown to all but us three. Let us make a pact to keep it secret for the present."

"To what avail?" says Agatha, who would like to proclaim the fact from the housetop.

"Post-horses!" murmurs the earl. "I'll lay a wager mine would outstrip them. Order the new pair of bays to be put to at once, Bulwer."

"I have ordered them, Valence. They will be ready in ten minutes."

"To what purpose?" again demands Mrs. West.

"Where is Johnson?" cries Lord Valence, leaping from his couch. "Tell him particular business calls me to D—to-night, and he must come at once and dress me."

"O, what is all this for, dear brother?"

"I will follow them and prevent this d—d villany, if I die for it!"

"Follow them! and in your condition! It is impossible! It is madness! You will

perish on the road. Mr. Bulwer, exert your influence, exercise your friendship, and prevent the earl from running so terrible a risk."

"No one shall prevent me," exclaims Lord Valence, to whose pale face a bright scarlet flush has risen. "I have few enough hours left me on earth, and I will spend them as I choose. My darling in the clutches of that villain!—my wife—than whom I believed no woman to be more pure—contaminated by his touch, his love, his villanous companionship! No! I know that I am weak—helpless—dying—but I have strength enough and life enough to follow and rescue Everil before she is lost forever, and so help me God, I will do it!"

He is hurrying on his outdoor apparel now, and moving about the room at such a rate that Bulwer, remembering his late condition, becomes really alarmed.

"Everything shall be arranged as you wish it, Valence, but pray be careful. Your health is very delicate, and by these violent efforts you may frustrate the object you have in view."

"You mean I shall die before I overtake her. No, Bulwer, not unless it takes till noon to reach D—. I may die at her feet! I may find her—still pure and undefiled—and pray her with my dying breath to guard the name she bears a little longer for my sake. But not before—not before! An unnatural strength has risen up within me in the last few minutes, and it shall carry me through to the end."

"This is suicide!" cries Mrs. West. "I shall go in search of Dr. Newall. He may be able to persuade you not to kill yourself."

"Stay where you are, Agatha. It is my command this story goes no further. I forbid you even to call my valet. Bulwer is doing all that is necessary for me, and the fewer tongues there are to wag the better."

"But you will let me go with you, Valence, surely?"

He is about to object, when Bulwer interferes.

"Yes, Valence. Let your sister-in-law come too. She may be of use to us. I have a purpose in making the request," he adds, in a lower key.

"Very good. Then, Agatha, you may accompany us. My darling may—who knows?—consent to return with me, and need the assistance of a woman. And you have always been good to her and me.

Forgive me, Agatha, if I have spoken harshly to you, but I am sorely agitated."

"We are all ready now," observes Bulwer, as Mrs. West—evidently very uneasy in her mind—rejoins them, dressed for travelling.

"Give me my watch," cries Valence. "What is the time?—twenty minutes past four! Who would have thought it was only twenty minutes since Agatha brought me this fatal news?"

In reality it is more like an hour; but Bulwer has quietly put back the hands of the watch, and intends to repeat the operation whenever he has another opportunity.

"There is nothing more to wait for," says Valence. "Let us start at once."

His companions look at him in silent amazement. In his intense excitement all trace of illness has left him. He walks upright and firmly, and his voice has assumed a tone of command. His thin face is flushed and feverish; his eyes shine. He has all the appearance of a man bent on some great enterprise. Only when he finds himself shut up in the carriage, and journeying, notwithstanding the fleetness of the new bays, far less speedily than he desires, does he for a while lose the false strength lent him by excitement.

"That she should have deceived me!" he says; "she whom I worshipped as everything that was purest and best of her kind! O Bulwer, I have borne the misery of the change in her behaviour—I have borne her coldness and indifference—I could have borne even open unkindness and contempt; but *I cannot bear her dishonor!*"

"Hush, Valence! That is just what we are going to prevent. I'll lay you any odds we reach D— long before they do, and that you meet Lady Valence face to face before she has taken off her bonnet."

"But how are we to tell *where* to find them?"

"There are not so many hotels in D—that we need be long at a loss; but, as it happens, I have discovered, through the agency of"—here Bulwer, not being prepared for the contingency, halts for an idea—"of a note, in fact, which her ladyship must have dropped accidentally—I am half afraid, though, I left it behind me—that their destination is the Duke's Head Hotel."

"The d—d scoundrel!" mutters Valence. "He appears to have secured rooms there, of course in his own name. If we

present ourselves boldly, and demand admittance to them, we are sure to be taken for the right party. That is one reason I wished Mrs. West to accompany us. We shall be ready, therefore, to greet the fugitives on their arrival."

"Ready to shoot him down like a dog directly he enters the room," replies Valence, laying his hand upon the case of pistols he had insisted on bringing with him.

"No, Valence, no! You must promise to restrain yourself, or you will force me to throw that case out of the window."

"I shall promise nothing! I feel as if the bare sight of his false face will be sufficient to make me thirst for his blood!"

To all this Mrs. West replies nothing. She, who has ever taken the foremost position in everything connected with her brother-in-law, now offers neither to second nor combat his opinions, but sits silent and shivering by his side, and with a very strong consciousness upon her that her day of triumph is coming to an end.

She seems terribly afraid of, and nervous in the presence of Bulwer, whose keen eyes seek her face whenever she appears likely to make a remark, until she subsides completely into herself, and the conversation, such as it is, is carried on between the men alone.

The town of D—is situated some sixty miles from Castle Valence. At the first stage at which they call for post-horses they find the other carriage (as is but natural) must be some miles ahead of them; the second, it has not left behind it more than twenty minutes, and before they gain the fourth, they have passed it at a hand-gallop—Lord Valence promising the postilions an extra sovereign for every mile they gain.

The race now becomes exciting. At the last stage they take Staunton's preengaged post-horses, and are well on their road to D— before he arrives to swear at the ostlers for not being ready with the change. Altogether, they do the sixty miles in about seven hours, and drive, steaming, up to the door of the Duke's Head Hotel at twelve o'clock; although Lord Valence's watch, by reason of his friend Bulwer's unceasing anxiety to consult the time on the evidence of his own senses, only points to ten.

"Can it have stopped?" says the unsuspecting earl, as he places his watch to his ear. "No, it is going—and yet only ten



o'clock! It seems almost incredible we should have done it in that time."

"Never mind the time," replies Bulwer, who is very much afraid Valence may think of comparing his repeater with the hotel clocks. "The main thing is, we are here before them. And now brace up all your nerves, my dear friend, for the meeting is not far off. They cannot be many miles on the road behind us."

"Supposing they are not coming to this hotel, after all?"

"I will ascertain that at once," says Bulwer, as he walks boldly into the vestibule of the Duke's Head, and demands if rooms have not been ordered there in the name of Captain Staunton.

"Captain Staunton, sir? Yes sir," replies the waiter, with alacrity, as he prepares to precede them up stairs. "This way, if you please, sir."

He ushers them into a handsome sitting-room, in the grate of which a fire is burning, and these preparations are evidently made for some expected arrival.

"And now send the landlord to me," says Bulwer, authoritatively, "at once—do you hear? We must make a confidant of the landlord," he continues, in explanation, to Valence, "or there will be a fuss about the rooms when they arrive."

"But why prevent it? What do I want more than to meet the villain face to face?"

"Valence, I have a notion that your wife is not what you think her to be."

"God bless you for saying so!"

"And I want you to promise me not to disclose your presence to them rashly, but to be patient, and hear first on what terms they appear to be together."

"Do you think I could stand by and listen to my own dishonor?"

"No! When you hear that, our compact is over. But you see this screen: all I ask of you is that, on their entrance, you will conceal yourself and us behind it until you see how the land lies."

"Your request is a very strange one, Bulwer!"

"I know it is; but I love you, Valence, and I make it with a view to your happiness. Will you trust me?"

"I consent so far, that I will do as you wish, if you will promise on your part not to put any constraint upon my actions."

"I promise. And now I will go and speak to the landlord. Without mentioning

names, or compromising any one, I can easily make him understand that it is for the reputation of his hotel he should fall in with your wishes on the subject. But will you not eat anything, Valence?"

"Eat! How could I eat while I am in this state of miserable suspense? O that they would but come!—that I could feel that that hound was settled with forever!"

He strides restlessly up and down the apartment as he speaks, looking as well and as strong as possible.

"I leave the earl with you for a minute, Mrs. West," says Bulwer, significantly. "Be careful of him!"

He regards her steadfastly as he says the words, and Agatha reddens, coughs uneasily, and turns her face away to the window.

## CHAPTER XXXVIII.

### HER PARDON IS COMPLETED.

"THEY are coming up stairs—they have just arrived!" cries John Bulwer, eagerly, as he hurries back into the hotel sitting-room. "Get behind the screen, Valence—be quick, Mrs. West! They must have taken on four horses at the last stage to be here so soon after us. And now—not a word, I beseech you, till you ascertain how it is between them."

They have but just ensconced themselves when the door is flung open, and there is a sound as of several feet entering the apartment.

"Why isn't breakfast ready for us?" exclaims Staunton, loudly.

"We waited to hear what you would wish served, sir. It can be got ready in a moment."

"What will you have, Everil?"

"Nothing."

"Nothing? You must be hungry after so long a drive. Where's the bill of fare, waiter?"

"Here it is, sir."

"Ah!—chops—steaks—salmi—fricassée—fish—omelet. Which shall it be?"

"I have already told you I wish for nothing."

"Hang it all! we must have some breakfast. Well, give us anything, waiter—everything—send up just what you choose."

"Very good, sir. It shall be all ready in half an hour."

"And send the chambermaid to show the lady to her room."

"Do no such thing. I am not going to any room."

"You will want to take off your travelling things."

"I intend to remain here," answers Lady Valence, as she removes her bonnet and throws it on a chair.

"At all events, let the maid go."

"No! I desire she remains with me."

The waiter, seeing all is not right, bows and leaves the room.

"Everil, what is the meaning of this?" says Captain Staunton, as he comes up to her side. "What unaccountable change has come over you?"

"A desire to have my own way."

"But I insist on your maid leaving us. I am not going to sit down to breakfast with a servant."

"I shall not ask you to do so. Alice, oblige me by throwing up your veil."

The supposed lady's-maid does as she is desired, and reveals the features of Miss Mildmay.

"What farce is this?" cries Maurice Staunton, staggering backward with astonishment. "What do you mean by bringing a third person to witness our flight?"

"I brought her as a protection against yourself."

"You are trifling with me, or you do not know the meaning of your words."

"Excuse me—it is you who do not understand; but I will try and make things plain to you. Maurice Staunton, I have had my revenge! In leaving Castle Valence with you I have but carried out a project by which we shall be separated forevermore."

"This, then, is the solution of your cursed coldness all the way to D—! You have been playing for revenge, madam, have you, and not for love?"

"For both; revenge on you, and love for one whom to name in the same breath is to dishonor. How shall I tell you all my motive so that you may understand it? You remember how I married Valence?"

"I remember—without a spark of love for him, and all your heart—such as it was—fixed upon me."

"Ay, *such as it was*—you may well say that. But when I learned to love him, Staunton—my noble generous husband—it was with all my heart, and soul, and mind, and strength."

"To prove which, you bolt from him with me."

"To save him—because there seemed no other way. I married him, apparently a dying man, as you took pains to let me know beforehand; and when I learned to value him, my first question was, if it were possible to save him. It appeared hopeless. He had permitted his study of the supernatural to have so fatal an effect on him that his brain—so the doctors told me—had become diseased, and incapable of exciting itself to reason."

"The fool!" mutters Staunton.

Her fury is sublime in its magnitude.

"Don't you *presume* to speak to me by such a term of him! You, who are not worthy to unloose the latchet of his shoe. When you found your way into the castle, and presumed to address me in your former tones, a design crept into my mind—whether hell or heaven-born time alone can tell. I had just been told that the only chance for my beloved Valence's restoration was to work upon his feelings. I knew that he was jealous of you. I resolved to give him that chance of life, even if I died for it myself."

"In short, you have made me the tool by which your husband is to be restored to health, madam?"

"I hope so—I think so."

"But you forget, at the same time, that you must lose your reputation. Who will be revenged now?"

"Not you, Captain Staunton—not you. You have never had a kiss to boast of, nor a line which you can produce against me; and as for this hurried journey, have I not had my friend Alice Mildmay to bear me company as well? Not that I expect ever to be restored to my former position. If all the world believed me innocent, and he thought I had been guilty of one look against his honor, I know that Valence would never receive me as his wife again."

Here Everil stops, and holds her hand against her beating heart; and Alice Mildmay creeps up to her side and whispers comfort to her, whilst Staunton sneers to himself apart.

"But if he lives, I can bear even that. If the dread of losing me by so terrible a means has had the effect which I have hoped and prayed for, and serves to rouse him to the consciousness that his physical weakness is a delusion of his own senses, I shall have repaid him in some measure for the love and patience he has displayed to—

wards me, and be willing to bear my just share of the punishment which accompanies even the appearance of evil."

All this time Bulwer has had the greatest difficulty in restraining Valence from rushing out upon Maurice Staunton and engaging in a hand-to-hand combat with him, which must have resulted in the most disastrous effects to himself. But his friend constrains him by look and touch to listen for a little longer, although his eyes are starting from his head with excitement.

"And pray how do you expect this potent spell to work?" demands Staunton, sarcastically.

"I do not know—I cannot tell; but Mr. Bulwer is working with me, and I have trusted all to him. Valence will follow me—I am sure he will—and very soon he ought to be here. O, how shall I meet him! How shall I tell him why I have acted as I have done?"

"You should have thought of that before, madam."

"I am here, dear Everil," whispers Alice. "I will speak to the earl for you."

"No; he shall hear it from no lips but mine; and then, if he can forgive—if he can forgive—" she repeats in a broken voice, as she throws herself sobbing upon Alice's breast.

"This is a pleasant surprise you have prepared for me, I must say; and not a particularly honorable one," remarks Staunton.

"Honor! What question of *honor* can there be between you and me?" she interrupts, scornfully.

"Call it by what name you will, madam, it is conduct I am not disposed to put up with. I did not take the trouble to come to D— this morning to be confronted by your husband and a fire-eater like Mr. Bulwer; therefore, as you will so soon be in their good hands, I shall take the liberty of wishing you good-morning."

"Not so fast!" cries Lord Valence, as he rushes from behind the screen and seizes Maurice Staunton by the throat—"not till you have given me a reckoning of this day's work, you d—d dishonorable villain!"

His eyes are flaming fury, his hand grasps a pistol. His adversary feels that, notwithstanding his weakness, with right on his side, he is not a man to be trifled with.

"You would not kill me where I stand?" he utters in alarm.

"I would shoot you like a dog, were not

death at the hands of an honorable man too good for such a cur as you! Speak! what answer have you to make me for your villany towards my wife?"

"You must have heard Lady—"

"Don't presume to mention her name with your dastardly lips, or I will cram this pistol down your throat. Yes, I have heard all! I have heard the motive *she* had for this imprudent step. But what was yours?"

"Mr. Bulwer," pleads Maurice Staunton, "are you going to stand by and see me murdered?"

"I wish I might! But I'm afraid there's no chance of it. Horsewhip the scoundrel, Valence, and let him go. You defile your hands by holding him."

"Out of my sight, then!" exclaims the earl, as, opening the door, he strikes Staunton across the mouth and throws him into the passage. "Out of my presence, and never dare enter it again, or you may rouse me to give you a worse punishment than this."

He slams the door in the face of the crest-fallen Staunton, and, throwing himself upon a chair, wipes the perspiration from his face.

"I believe it has done me good," he remarks, with one of his quaint rare smiles, as he looks up with glowing eyes into the face of Bulwer. He glances towards his wife, and she comes gliding to his feet.

"Not there, my love," he says, tenderly, "not there. Your place has never been—shall never be, one hair's breadth lower than my heart."

"O Valence! is it possible that you forgive me?"

"Can I afford to say No?" he answers, with his head bowed down on hers, "when I have so few more words to utter. Bulwer! what time is it?"

"It is *one o'clock*, my lord."

The earl leaps from his chair.

"*One o'clock!* Impossible! It was only ten when we arrived here!"

"It was past eleven, Valence. Your watch must have gone wrong."

"*One o'clock!* It cannot be! *One o'clock!* What day is this, then, Bulwer?"

"The third of February."

"The third of February, and *one o'clock!* Why am I here? What extraordinary mystery is this?"

"A mystery which I can explain, Valence. No, Mrs. West, I will listen to no pleadings on your part. To expose you is a duty which I owe to my friends."

"What is it you have been doing, Agatha?"

"Let me relieve Mrs. West of the pain of being her own accuser, Valence. You are astonished to find that the prophecy on which you built such faith has proved fallible. You will cease to be surprised when I tell you that it was invented and foretold by mortal lips."

"Isola a mortal! Impossible!"

"It is not impossible! *for here is Isola*," says Bulwer, as he leads forward the trembling Agatha, who throws herself at the earl's feet. "I was concealed in your library last night, Valence, when the so-called apparition appeared to you. I followed and came up with it, and found beneath a golden wig and cloudy draperies, and most artfully-disguised features, your sister-in-law, Mrs. Arthur West."

"And *you* have done this, Agatha!" says the earl, reproachfully. "You, who have shared my studies and my house for so many years past, have made me a fool and a laughing-stock to my own household! And to what end?"

"The end is not difficult to define," says Everil, scornfully. "No, Agatha, don't touch me, for Heaven's sake! You and I can never cross hands in friendship again. Whilst I have been trying to save my husband's life you have been doing your utmost to destroy it. Leave me alone! Do not appeal to me! I look on you as my worst enemy."

"It was all for Arthur's sake!" wails the cat, betraying herself at last.

"For Arthur's sake! And that you might give your child a title, you would have robbed me of my life! Go, Agatha! there is no more despicable creature in this world to me than you. We can never live under the same roof again."

"And am I and my poor child to leave Castle Valence?"

"Do you think I would let you remain there?" commences Everil, indignantly, but the earl places his hand upon her mouth and finishes the sentence himself.

"Certainly, and forever. You have your own portion. It must suffice you."

"I never thought to receive such treatment at your hands," she says weeping, as she prepares to leave him.

"Perhaps not! Nor I from yours."

"Mr. Bulwer! I shall never forgive you!"

"That will not affect my appetite, Mrs. West."

"And as for Everil—I only wish—I wish

—I wish—" but the widow's wishes are lost in the closing of the door.

"Follow her, Bulwer," says the earl. "Tell her I give her one week to clear out of Castle Valence. By that time I shall require my home again."

"Where shall you remain meanwhile—here?"

"I do not know. I do not care, so long as it is with *her*," says Valence, as he looks fondly down upon the golden head that is pillowed on his breast. Bulwer glances towards Alice. She takes the hint, and slipping her hand in his, they leave the room to speak to Mrs. West together.

Then Valence's lips bend down to meet Everil's, and the wife knows her pardon is completed.

"I feel as though I had just awakened from a dream," he murmurs, presently. "To find myself *here—to-day—at this hour!*—and with you, my beloved one, in my arms! To know that *you* are true, that '*Isola*' is false! Am I awake, dear Everil, or am I dreaming?"

"You have awakened, Valence, thank God! from the saddest dream your life has ever known. And now that you are convinced that our senses *may* mislead us where we permit them to be taken captive, and see the mischief which may accrue from unauthorized curiosity, may I hope, love—as I pray—that you have done with spirits forevermore?"

"With study of the science, and personal communication with them, Everil—*yes*. I swear it by my love for yourself, and all the devotion you have shown to me. But whilst you and I exist, dear wife—which is forever—we can never 'have done' with spiritual companionship. It is beneath us, over us, and round about us; appointed by the wisdom of the Almighty to be our protection and our guide; and we should fare but badly were these ministering spirits to forsake us. That by his fatherly goodness—can never happen; but for the future you and I will be content to feel and know his care without striving to penetrate the mysteries he has hidden from us. He has given me an angel in yourself, Everil—an angel to lead me on to all good and happiness; and whilst I am clothed upon with mortal flesh, your spirit is the only one with whom I shall hold intercourse."

And the vow he registers upon her upturned lips, he will keep to their life's end.

## MY THANKSGIVING.

BY MRS. R. B. EDSON.

I HAD just finished a charming rose-colored thibet morning-dress. It was faced with white watered silk, and was embroidered in applique, with white velvet and white silk cord. A light wreath of convolvulus ran round the skirt, and up the front. I stood holding it up and admiring it. Somehow, I felt almost sorry it was done, as much as I needed the pay for making it. But it was so beautiful, and I so loved to make beautiful things! I doubt if the delicate bride, for whom it was intended ever felt one tithe of the exquisite joy in its possession, that I did, as the beautiful design developed itself under my patient fingers. I have an intense passion for beautiful things I cannot remember the time when I did not go into ecstasies over the simple and beautiful blossoms that open their fragrant leaves in the spring sunshine. They are to me royal apostles, with the odor of sanctity on their beautiful garments. I love to make friends of them—and they are the most companionable of friends. I love to read his care in the lilies of the field, and, were I a Catholic, I would string them for a rosary.

I very early developed a tact for adaptation and combination of color, and this natural aptitude in after years stood between me and despair. In the dark days of my early orphanage, it came and ministered unto me. I had nothing else upon which to lean, but it stood me bravely in my need. And so I became in a measure independent even in my poverty. People praised my "taste," and through it I came at once into successful competition with old and well-established dressmakers. But it was in embroidery and in fancy work that my forte lay, and I had, therefore, been selected by Miss Everleigh to superintend the making of her bridal trousseau.

Grace Everleigh was the only daughter of Ross Everleigh, one of the wealthiest, if not the wealthiest man in the country. There was no end to the "houses and lands" which this man possessed, to say nothing of mining shares, bank stock, etc. Of course the trousseau was magnificent, and the envy of the entire feminine portion of the community.

It was the week before Thanksgiving, and the wedding was to come off in great style in church. I thought, as I finished this, the last, and to my fancy the most beautiful dress in the bridal wardrobe, how many poor homes it would have made glad, if its cost had been expended in such homely articles as meat, meal and potatoes. I thought of it all the way home, and, once, I paused under a lamp-post and counted the contents of my portemonnaie; by the way, a very careless proceeding on my part, although no harm came of it in this particular instance, yet, I would not advise others to go and do likewise.

There were twenty-two dollars in bills, and a small trifle in change. I owed six dollars of this for the rent of my chamber. I had always kept a home, it being so much pleasanter, and, perhaps, quite as economical. It had a south and west window. From the south I enjoyed a bird's-eye view of a confused mass of roofs, chimneys and awnings, with here and there glimpses of the bustling crowded streets. The west window commanded a magnificent rear view of a tannery; and the horns and hoofs daily displayed there brought forcibly to my remembrance the very *impressive* nursery tales, in which a certain pair of "hoofs and horns" were made to play an important part. Nevertheless, I loved this same west window. From it I caught beautiful glimpses of wood and sky, glimpses that transported me far away from the dust and turmoil of the city, to the cool green aisles of nature's vast cathedral. I caught the scent of ferns and violets in April, and heard the solemn dropping of the autumn rain on the dead leaves in November. Perhaps, it was much of it fancy, perhaps all; but I have paused more than once, with the sudden drumming of the partridge in my ears, and the shrill whistle of the quail coming through the brake. In addition to this, I saw from it all the gorgeous panoply of sunset clouds. I revelled in their beauty, and grew entranced by the exquisite delicacy of their faint outlines, as they faded into the dusky gray of evening. I never grudged the six dollars a month I paid for my little attic

home, though, sometimes, I hardly knew where the money was coming from to pay for it; but the way, however dark, had always opened before me, and my faith in the future was strong and cheerful.

But, as I said, I owed six of that twenty-two dollars for rent, and five to Dr. Lavator for attendance several months before, and which I had not been able to quite pay up yet. A long nervous fever had fastened itself upon me, in the spring, and I had hardly recovered from its effects, pecuniarily, yet. I had but eleven dollars left, and I needed thrice that amount in clothing for the winter, to say nothing of fire, light and food. I had no more work engaged, just then, and it would not do to let all go. I turned over that eleven dollars in my mind, more than a hundred times before I reached the head of B—Street, where I lived. A three story wooden tenement house stood just on the corner. I glanced up at the windows of a room in the second story; a little wan childish face was pressed against the pane, and a pair of great solemn-looking black eyes peered out into the dimly-lighted street. My heart smote me for my selfishness, for I had been hoping I should not see him, with his pitiful pleading face.

I walked nearly the length of the block, looking resolutely away from *that* window. "One must be charitable to one's self," I said, thinking of my wet feet, and the thin waterproof which was no sort of proof against the cold wind that whirled and shrieked through the streets, the avant-courier of the pitiless winter. But those wistful eyes haunted me still. I could not escapethem, look which way I would. Suddenly I turned, and retracing my steps I pushed open the door and ran quickly up a long flight of dark narrow stairs. But I did not stumble, I had been there too many times. "I can better go without a new cloak than he without his supper," I said, as I paused a moment on the landing to take breath. But he had heard me, and opened the door, exclaiming, a soft flush mantling the white transparent face:

"O auntie! I thought you never *would* come. I've watched, O so long! I thought once I saw you go by—only I knew *you* wouldn't go by."

I stooped and gathered him in my arms—dear little fellow—how light he was! asking God to forgive me for my unworthiness of so perfect a faith.

"How did you know it was I, Bertie?" I said, carrying him across the room in my arms, to the little cot whereon his mother lay.

"We haven't so many friends, have we, darling?" she said, as she reached out her thin hand in greeting, "as to be in danger of making mistakes."

"No," he said, shaking his head, gravely; "nobody but you—only," correcting himself, "only God."

"Do you feel any better, Mrs. Prescott?" I asked, of the pale little figure, propped up against the pillows.

"Yes, I think so; at least, I suppose I am better, for I am hungry," she said, smiling, O such a wan pitiful smile!

I knew so well of what she was thinking, and my heart ached for her, but I answered, quickly:

"I am so glad, for now you will get well enough to eat my Thanksgiving dinner with me."

"I don't know about that," she said, smiling more brightly. "Let me see, when is it?"

"In just one week from to-day."

"Only a week! I fear I—"

"I don't fear anything about it. A great deal may happen in a week," I said, little thinking how prophetic my words were.

Then I made an excuse to go down to close the door, and slipped across the street into a grocery, and bought tea, sugar, crackers and butter. Then I went into a restaurant, and got some oysters, milk and two brick loaves of bread. My hands were quite full, and the restaurant man said, as he opened the door for me:

"Have you far to go, miss?"

"Only across the street," I replied, nodding toward the house. "A woman and child are starving there—that is all."

"Who are they, Miss Malvern?"

The man knew me from seeing me pass daily.

"A Mrs. Prescott, sir."

"But *who* are they—I mean are they *anybody*?"

"Only God's poor, sir; that is all."

"Stop!" he called after me.

I turned, and he came toward me with half-a-dozen oranges, and a sheet of nice golden sponge cake.

"I am not quite a brute, Miss Malvern," he said, kindly, as he piled them in my arms.

"There are so many you know, yourself,

Miss Malvern, that are unworthy of help or sympathy from honest people, that one is apt to get suspicious."

"Yes, I know," I said. And thanking him, in Mrs. Prescott's name, for the cake and oranges, I hurried away.

"O mamma!" exclaimed Bertie, as I unfolded my packages upon the table, "isn't this just like a fairy tale, with Aunt Aggie for the good geni?"

"Your good geni is a fat bald-headed saloon-keeper, Bertie—alas for the romance!" I said, laughing.

"You did not *ask* him for these, Miss Malvern," a quick flush staining the pallid cheek.

"No, my dear, he sent them voluntarily, because you were ill."

"I am glad. I cannot quite bring myself to *that*, yet."

Then laying aside my water-proof, which, by the way, had grown so really thick and warm, that I had no doubt but it would do nicely all winter, I proceeded to get supper. I set out the little deal table, and put on one of Mrs. Prescott's pretty snowdrop table covers, the remnant of better days, and then I made tea, toast, and a little tureen of oyster soup, and cut up some of the sponge cake and bread; and then I found a glass dish into which I put the oranges, and set them in the centre of the table to make it look nice. Then Bertie took hold, and we set it up before the bed, and we sat on the other side. I have sat at some royally-spread boards since then, for that was a year ago, but I have never eaten so happy a meal, or seen one that looked so beautiful to me as that.

After the supper was over, Bertie crept into my arms, and fixing his great black eyes on my face, asked, gravely, "if I was very rich?"

I laughed; but Mrs. Prescott said:

"Dear Agatha, I know just what this cost you, the struggle and self-denial; I know, also, that God will reward you fourfold. I will not thank you, I will pray for you—pray that every penny you have denied your own necessities to relieve ours, may be returned to you a thousand fold in kind, besides the unspeakable riches of his grace without measure."

The next day I paid my landlord and my physician, and had seven dollars left. I had a number of errands to do about town that day, and it was late in the afternoon before

I got home. I was weary, and it was not often that I got leisure to rest in the day time, so I locked my door and laid down, not thinking of sleeping. I did, however, and did not awake until it was quite dark. I arose quickly and looked out; it was raining, and the wind was blowing hard. I was intending to go over and see how Mrs. Prescott was, but the night was so wild, I concluded to defer it till morning. I sat thinking over the misfortunes that had crowded her life so full of sorrow.

It was a little over three months since I had first known her. I first went there to get a dress finished for a lady who "couldn't wait," there are a great many such. I had heard that she was a widow, and poor, and wanted work, so I sought her out; and, as I liked not only the work, but the worker, I gave her all I had to spare. Her history was that of hundreds of others. They had been in comfortable circumstances at the commencement of the war. They had a nice little home, and were happy in a quiet way. But the terrible demon of war walked into their beautiful Eden, and sorrow and desolation followed. After nearly three years of marching and fighting, on his part, and the agony of watching and waiting on hers, it all ended in one short telegraph, "Morally wounded, private Harry Prescott."

A long illness had followed this terrible blow, and her little savings had vanished like dew. She was among strangers; indeed, her husband was an Englishman by birth, and had no relations in this country. She had one brother, Cecil Burnham, but she had not seen or heard from him since the breaking out of the war. He had sailed for the East Indies, the autumn before the never-to-be-forgotten spring of '61. She had come to believe him dead, as the years went by and brought no tidings of him. She had left the country, where she had lived in the days of her happiness—the familiar scenes she had enjoyed with him grew so painful to her—and come into the city for the double purpose of getting better employment, and forgetting self in the great press, and bustle, and struggle of other lives. But ill health prevented her doing much, and a long illness had reduced her to absolute want. It is true, she had the small pittance allowed her by government, but what was that to relieve the necessities of illness, and provide food and shelter both for herself and her child!

She was a delicately-nurtured, fragile sort of a woman, one of the sort to be petted and cared for, and illy calculated to battle with life in its dusty arena. I felt a sort of protecting fondness for the little dependent creature, from the first, and our acquaintance ripened into a warm and earnest friendship. Bertie and I were also fast friends. He was a dear wise little fellow, and I saw with pain that he pined daily in the ungenial city air, and the continual pressure of want and care. It did not need the gift of second sight to foretell his fate, if things went on in this way long. The thin white face and great solemn eyes made my heart ache to behold.

I sat a long while in the dark thinking of them, and trying to devise plans to assist them, and I fell asleep thinking of them, and dreamed that they had been abducted by the bald-headed saloon-keeper, and concealed in a cave, in the mountains of the moon, toward which I was perpetually trying to climb by rainbow-ladders, whose prismatic rounds continually eluded my grasp. The dream was very vivid, and I awoke with a feeling of disappointment and loss. As soon as convenient after breakfast, I prepared to go out. As I came in sight of Mrs. Prescott's windows, I was startled to see them both open. A sudden fear overcame me—what if she were dead! It was a raw gusty morning, but it was not *its* chilliness that struck so to my heart.

I went hurriedly in; the door of one of the lower rooms stood open a little, and four or five ragged children, with little blue pinched faces, peered curiously out. I ran swiftly up the stairs, a feeling of desolation coming over me, as the chill wind from the open windows blew in my face. The room was empty and deserted. I cried out in sudden surprise, but only the hollow sepulchral echo of my own voice replied. It was so strange! and instinctively I thought of my dream, half believing in my amazement that it was true. I turned to go down, when a woman at the foot of the stairs said, interrogatively:

"Miss Agatha Malvern?"

"Yes," I said, eagerly; for I had caught sight of a slip of paper in her hand.

"Mrs. Prescott was moved away yesterday, and she left this note to be given you when you called, as she was sure you would," the woman said, handing me the paper with one hand, and holding the hands

of two children with the other, while two more were hiding their blue pinched faces in the folds of her skirts.

I took the note in a dazed bewildered sort of a way, looking, probably, very much as I felt, for she drew back the children, and said, as she stepped backward into the room:

"Sit down a moment, miss." And she placed a chair before the stove, after carefully dusting it with her apron.

The children were huddled in a corner rolling their little red hands in their aprons, and looking at me askance.

I tore open the note and read:

"MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,—A sudden and unexpected event takes me away from here immediately; but I cannot go without thanking you for all you have done for me, and once more invoking God's blessing upon all your future life. I shall see you again ere long. Your affectionate friend,

ALICE PRESCOTT."

It was vague and unsatisfactory, leaving me in a maze of perplexity and doubt. Suddenly it occurred to me to question the woman before me; she could tell me *how* she went, at least.

"Mrs. Prescott went very suddenly," I said. "I thought she was too ill to be moved."

"O miss, you should have seen how she picked up after *he* come. She actually walked down stairs, and got into the coach, herself, though he insisted upon carrying her."

"*He?*" I interrupted. "Then a gentleman came for her?"

"You may well say that, miss; for, if ever I saw a gentleman, he was one. I didn't ask any questions, but it's my opinion that it's her husband come back alive, after all. I heard her shriek out that night, and then cry, and then laugh, and—"

"*What* night?" I asked, in thorough bewilderment.

"Why, that night after you were here—Thursday night, wasn't it?"

"Did he come *that* night?"

"Yes; not five minutes after I heard you come down stairs. I remember, because I thought you had returned for something."

"It is very strange," I said, rising to go. "Did you mind what sort of a looking man this was—was he large, or slight; dark, or fair?"



"O yes indeed, miss; one couldn't help noticing him, he was such a grand imperial-looking man. He was rather dark, with heavy black hair, and magnificent beard. But his eyes were the most wonderful. You know Bertie had rare strange eyes, that bewildered one to look at—well, this man's eyes were like his, only more beautiful. I should have thought, miss," she said, hesitatingly, "she would have told you in the letter, if it was her husband, seeing you were her friend."

I thought so, too, but I only thanked her, and bade her good-morning, and went back to my rooms, feeling, I must confess, somewhat injured at the lack of confidence. Fortunately, I found a package of work awaiting me, which served in a degree to divert my mind.

A friend of Miss Everleigh's had been so much pleased with her morning-dress that she had ordered one like it at once. It must be done before Thanksgiving morning, as she was going out of town. I went quickly to work, for it would be close work to finish it, even by sitting up late at night. I experienced a thrill of delight as I gathered the material in my hands, letting it fall through them in soft rich folds. A sudden yearning came over me for just such rich and beautiful things. Why should I, who loved beauty so intensely, be shut out from its enjoyment, my life hedged about with the coarseness and loneliness of poverty? And this Thanksgiving festival, so full of joyful promise, and bright anticipation to others, what was it to me? What had I to be thankful for? No dear home-circle awaited my coming, no loving lips whispered my name with tender longing. I was so *alone*. I could have borne the want, and care, and toil, so much easier, with some one to love me. I did not often give way to such feelings. I was naturally of a brave and hopeful spirit, and with a mighty effort I drove back these rebellious feelings, and became myself once more. I found very much to be thankful for, after all, and a great many sweet and beautiful things to enjoy. And so I went about my work with a glad and grateful heart.

Very early Tuesday morning the penny post brought me a letter. It was quite an event to me. I did not often have letters. It bore the postmark of the town where Mrs. Prescott had lived previous to her removal to the city. It was directed in a bold hand, unmistakably a gentleman's, but, upon open-

ing it, I found it to be as I had at first supposed, from Mrs. Prescott. It was very brief, and as follows:

"DEAR AGATHA,—Do not forget that we are to dine together on Thanksgiving Day. I am still rather too much of an invalid to come to you, therefore, *you* will have to come to *me*. The morning train for this place leaves your city at eight o'clock. You will not disappoint us—you *must* not. Bertie will meet you at the depot; he is wild to see you, and is by no means alone in his impatience. Good-by until Thursday.

A. P."

I shouldn't be willing to say, positively, but I have an impression that I acted very foolish over that letter. But I *do* know that I kissed it over and over again, and put it in my bosom, where it set my heart to beating—O, such a happy, happy tune! How my fingers flew! it seemed as if they were winged. The world blossomed into sudden beauty; I looked out, thinking what a lovely day it was, and was dreadfully disgusted to hear a man down in the tannery say to another, in a gruff voice:

"What a gray dismal day it is!"

To which the other replied:

"Wretched! It's enough to give a saint the blues."

The "blues!" Why, the man must be a perfect hypochondriac, to *think* of the blues in a day like this. Why, it was perfectly enchanting! Suppose the wind did blow a trifle, and there were a few clouds in the sky, it was a delightful day for a' that.

Now, I do not believe any woman—a *real* woman—ever received an invitation to go anywhere, but her first thought was what she should "wear." I have no reason to believe I am exempt from the common weakness. I confess a violet cashmere, a pearl-gray hat, and a new black cloak danced in delightful confusion through my brain. Yes, thanks to Miss Everleigh's friend, I *could* have a new cloak.

I do not imagine that I slept very much that night. I wouldn't have believed I slept at all, only I dreamt of flying through space on the back of a magnificent comet, whose long streaming nebula was made up of violet cashmere, pink thibet and white velvet, superbly spotted with soft, liquid, bewildering black eyes, very much after the style of peacocks' tails.

Thanksgiving morning came at last; it snowed a little, perhaps you remember; but I always had a weakness for snowstorms, they cover up the still dead face of nature with such a tender hand; and this one, especially, came down so soft and still, I fancied it an angelic benediction falling upon the graves of the dead flowers. What a cheerful crowd there was that morning at the depot and in the cars! What groups of happy children, and no less happy elders, were "going home to Thanksgiving!"

It was fifteen miles to W—, my destination; and all along the route we were constantly leaving or taking up little parties of eager happy people. The first thing I saw when we came puffing and panting up to the W— station was the great expectant eyes of Bertie, fixed intently on the cars. He was sitting in a handsome carriage, and a tall dark-bearded man held the fiery horse by the bit. I stepped to the platform and walked back a few steps. A glad cry greeted me, and Bertie, springing from the carriage, with, "O Aunt Aggie!" was in my arms, and clinging to me in a paroxysm of joy. Presently, with grave thoughtfulness, he said, slipping to his feet, and taking my hand:

"This is Miss Malvern, my dear mamma's friend."

My hand was held a moment in a firm warm clasp, and a pair of dark eloquent eyes looked down in my face.

"I am very glad to meet you, Miss Malvern," he said, lifting me into the carriage.

It was certainly very awkward, Bertie's introduction had been altogether such a one-sided affair. I was in perfect ignorance as to who the gentleman was, but I expected, of course, it must be Harry Prescott. Bertie resembled him enough to enable me to guess that; besides, it explained something of the mystery. Mrs. Prescott had evidently been planning a nice little surprise for me. I determined to forestall her, so I said, with easy assurance:

"Your coming must have been a great surprise to your family."

"Yes," he said, quietly. "Alice had about given up ever seeing me again, I believe."

"She certainly had the best of evidence for believing you dead; one of your comrades told her the story himself. How did your wife bear it?"

An amused smile flashed over his face as he replied:

"I have never had the happiness of seeing that lady yet. I hope she will bear it with becoming fortitude when I do."

"O auntie!" exclaimed Bertie, the perplexity in his face suddenly lighting up, "this isn't papa; he was killed at Fair Oaks, you know. *This* is Uncle Cecil."

I looked at him in sudden surprise. I had not even thought of this. The impression had been so strong upon me that it was Harry Prescott, that I had not thought of the possibility of its being her brother.

"You look disappointed, Miss Malvern," he said, looking smilingly at my blank face.

"But I never thought of *you*."

"Plenty of time to repair that fault."

"By thinking of you *now*, I suppose you mean? Well, I don't see as I can help it."

"Don't try to, Miss Malvern; I will promise not to complain."

"I—I don't mean—" I stammered, in confusion.

"Of course you don't. Ah! here we are home, Bertie."

I looked out. A charming cottage, with broad smooth lawns, and evident traces of flowers in the bare brown shrubbery, met my surprised vision. Alice Prescott was standing in the door to welcome me, a soft flush on her cheek, and the light of returning health and happiness in her eyes. She folded me silently in her arms, and I was conscious of some very blissful emotions in that moment we stood there.

"Come here, Cecil."

He came and stood beside her.

"Cecil, this is my best and dearest friend. I have told you what she has been to me, how she has denied herself food and clothing to help me, and—"

"Please don't!" I said, feeling terribly embarrassed. "You were weak and ill, and you imagined a great deal."

"But not all," he said, looking at me out of those wonderful eyes. "Shall I tell you what I imagined one night, Miss Malvern?"

I murmured some sort of an indistinct answer.

"I imagined I saw an angel in a small dimly-lighted chamber in a certain city. She nursed the sick, comforted the fatherless, fed them out of her own scanty earnings, and looked so radiantly happy at her task, that I was positive that it *was* really

an angel; but my little sister here insists that she knows who it was. Do you believe she does?"

"O Agatha," interrupted Mrs. Prescott, "don't you think! Cecil was over in that restaurant all the while. He had come to the city to look for me—indeed, he had looked two whole days. By chance he was in the saloon when you came in. He was immediately interested, he says," glancing archly at him. A slight flush crept into the bronzed face.

"Don't, Alice! I want the happiness of telling Miss Malvern *that* myself."

"Don't interrupt me; where was I? O! he was interested, and followed the saloon-keeper to the door. Then he heard you tell my name. His first impulse was to follow you, but he restrained himself, and came out upon the sidewalk and watched us at our meal. He said he could not destroy the beautiful picture, and so waited until you had gone."

"But why were you so secret in your movements?" I was so shocked by the suddenness and mysteriousness of your departure that I have hardly recovered from it yet," I said, smilingly.

"Ah! that was Cecil's work. After I had told him all about you he planned this surprise. Is it a pleasant one, dear?"

I suppose I was very foolish, but I could not keep back the tears when Bertie climbed in my lap and whispered:

"Auntie, I cried myself to sleep that first night here, because I could never watch for you to go by any more."

Then, as I went over the prettily-furnished rooms with her, Mrs. Prescott told me how he had done everything, planned everything, and had it all ready for her reception before he came to search for her. He had been very fortunate, and had brought home enough to make them all independent.

"I hope you will like Cecil, he is so good and thoughtful for our comfort," she said, with fond gentleness.

That night, as we sat in the dusky gloaming, Mrs. Prescott said, softly:

"I never expected to be so happy again; this has been a golden day."

"I shall live on it all winter," I said. "I shall shut my eyes and fancy we are sitting together, as we do now."

"Uncle Cecil," suddenly interrupted Bertie, lifting his head from my lap, where he

had been lying as if asleep, "why need Aunt Aggie go back at all?"

"She isn't going," he said, very decidedly.

"O, if you only would stay here this winter, Agatha!" Mrs. Prescott exclaimed, joyfully.

"I cannot, my dear friend. But we will not talk of that now. I will stay until Saturday, and then I must go back to my engagements."

"I wish you would stay, Agatha," Mrs. Prescott said.

"Please do, Aunt Aggie," Bertie pleaded, as he bade me good-night, and went out with his mother, who was waiting to put him to bed.

"I like *that*, Miss Malvern," Cecil said, coming and standing at the back of my chair, and leaning over so as to look in my face.

"Like what?"

"What Bertie calls you."

"Ah? then, perhaps, you would consider it an especial favor if I allowed *you* to call me so."

"No, thank you; I mean I like it for *him*! There is another title that I prefer calling you by." And, stooping suddenly, he whispered a word in my ear that sent the blood surging to my face, but I tried to speak indifferently.

"I think you are mistaken. You forget you never saw me until this morning."

"No; it is you who are mistaken. I have seen you, all my life, my ideal only became real to-day. Why, darling," lifting my face so that he could look into my eyes, "I have seen your face continually in the delicious Indian gloaming and midday siestas for the last five years. It is fate, you see; you might as well submissively yield."

"But I am not a fatalist."

"Then I shall make it the first business of my life to convert you."

A bearded lip suddenly brushed my cheek. Alice's hand was on the knob.

"You use novel arguments to make proselytes," I said, feeling as if I ought to be angry, and half vexed with myself that I was not.

"Perhaps, but I like them, nevertheless," sauntering toward the window.

"Like what, Cecil?" queried Alice, coming just in time to hear this last sentence.

"Twilight," he answered, nonchalantly.

"By the way, have I ever told you about,

those wonderful East Indian twilights?"

"No; tell us about them."

And so we sat in the dusk and listened to descriptions that sounded strange to our New England ears.

When I left to go back to the city, Saturday morning, Bertie whispered very privately in my ear:

"Uncle Cecil says he is going to bring you back to-night—is he?"

Cecil came in at that moment, and I was so vexed at my confusion that I fear I must have appeared dreadfully awkward. He had business in the city, he said; an assertion you will not be inclined to doubt when I tell you that he did bring me back to W—that night! and that I came very gladly and willingly, though I *did* think

it was altogether too quick; but Cecil said "we could repent at leisure!"

But we never have; we have only been growing happier and happier all through this sweet swift year.

Bertie has grown plump and rosy, and the grave solemn look has left his eyes—those glorious eyes, the most beautiful, with *one* exception, that I ever saw. He is in great trouble just now, because he is to leave me; for just the queerest thing has happened! or, rather, is going to happen *this* Thanksgiving Eve. It is a great secret, though, and, as it has been maliciously asserted that a woman cannot keep a secret, therefore I shall not tell you—though I'm dying to—that Alice is going to be married to that bald-headed restaurant man!

## THE WALK.

BY A. SHIRLEY.

We passed the long and winding lane  
Hedged in by sloe, and thorny vine,  
And pale pink roses, sweet and rare,  
And sweeter-breathing eglantine.  
We crossed the bridge, the brook sang on,  
The willows trailed their robes of green;  
The rushes bent to kiss the wave,  
The lilies flamed like fire between.

We lingered longest by the mill,  
The waters flashed, the great wheel turned;  
Along the millstream's sedgy edge  
The cardinal's red flowers burned;  
The trees o'erhung its oozy bank,  
Full-pictured in the wave below,  
And to the shallows' sandy bars  
The sunlight lent a yellow glow.

Old orchards sloped down to the brink  
Of grassy meadows, where the shade  
Of hazel copses garlanded  
Round every nook and quiet glade.  
The green corn rustled in the wind,  
The wheat fields rippled likethe sea,  
And insects blent their shrilly notes  
From reedy haunt and sunny lea.  
*Park Ridge, N. J., July, 1875.*

Along our path the daisies smiled,  
The bees hummed in the golden air—  
The loveliness of earth was ours;  
We took no thought of work or care.  
A bird sat on a swinging branch,  
It sang a song of love and cheer;  
So loud it sang, so clear it sang,  
Our hearts they could not choose but hear.

Our voices rang out with the bird's,  
Our spirits were as wild and free;  
We loitered in each shady path,  
We lingered neath each spreading tree;  
And then we fell in low sad talk,  
And her dear eyes grew dim with tears,  
The while I told of lonely walks  
And wanderings in darker years.

But when I told her that my heart  
Had ever one fair shrine in view,  
Her sweet lips trembled, though she smiled  
And blushed, my lady leal and true.  
We watched the sunset liand in hand;  
I knew then what I'd dreamed before—  
Our walk would end not with the life  
Which leads beyond the sunset's door.

## WHAT THE FRESHET BROUGHT TO DAISY SOULE.

BY M. T. CALDOR.

"DON'T stand there in the open door, child. You will take cold. How raw the air is!" And the old lady shivered a little, and edged her rocking-chair a little closer to the kitchen stove, where the teakettle was singing blithely.

"I forgot I was keeping the door open, grandmother," returned a low sweet voice. "I was listening to the river. How loud it roars!"

"Ay!" muttered the old woman, "the snows way back on the hills are melting, and the long rain has helped to swell the stream. I remember it was so at the time of the great freshet, when Uncle Joe's house was carried off, forty years ago this spring. Forty years ago!"

The girl also shivered now, and closing the door, came to the stove, and stood there restlessly for a moment, then said, resolutely:

"I am going out to look at the river, grandmother. I will protect myself carefully, and the rain has nearly ceased. I think I ought to go, for it will be dark presently, and too late then to help ourselves, if there is any danger."

"Danger of what, Daisy? What are you thinking of, child?"

The sweet young lips quivered just an instant, as Daisy returned, quietly:

"I was thinking if any danger came, grandma, we have no one to depend upon to help us out of it; and I have had an uneasy fear of another freshet hanging about me all day. I never remember hearing the river roar in that way."

The old woman put away her knitting promptly, and rising, seized an old cloak and began wrapping it around her with tremulous hands.

"Grandma," began the frightened Daisy, but paused when she saw the firm determined expression on the withered face, "you have been sick; you must not go out—"

"Hush, child! It is my duty to go with you. I oughtn't to have left it for a young thing like you to suggest. Besides, I shall know best about the danger. I remember what landmarks Uncle Joe used to warn

father must never be covered. Bring my overshoes, dear, and the cane, too; and be sure and wrap yourself well, and we will go out and see for ourselves; for you are right, there are none to look after us. Poor lone lamb! poor lone lamb! you have only your poor old granny. The Lord help you and love you, Daisy!"

The girl brushed hastily away a twinkling drop that clung to her long curving eyelash, while she brought the needed wraps; and then she gave her arm to steady the feeble form of the aged woman when together they passed out from the humble cottage door into the chilly air, under the dull gray sky across which the clearing clouds were swiftly skurrying. The snow had nearly all melted away, except that on the protected side of wall and bank. A rift of dingy white still protruded above the glassy pool of black water that surrounded it.

The river was indeed raging like a mad creature. Grandma Soule pushed away the thin locks of gray hair, and shook her head as she listened. Her granddaughter shivered again, and in her secret heart repeated dismally the old woman's words, "Poor lone lamb!" Poor and lonely indeed. She glanced across from the tall walls of the factory, on the other side of the river, to the clustering roofs of the village. Who of all the multitude there would give a thought to the poor little cot or its inmates, even if the dreaded freshet came? Through the gloom and mist she had a glimpse of the fine cupola of the grand house of the neighborhood, and she thought of Rose Gilbraith sitting there in the luxurious parlor, smiling and happy, for all the storm and the threatening evil; smiling and happy, beloved and idolized, and she, little Daisy Soule, was out there alone with her feeble old grandmother, shivering under the storm, and trembling lest even the humble forlorn shelter that had hitherto protected them should be snatched away by the greedy white teeth of the freshet.

"Grandma," said she, abruptly, "do you know I think this is a very cruel world?"

Grandma Soule brushed away again at the gray locks fluttered over her eyes by the

wind, and looked wistfully into the pale, weary, half-defiant face.

"Bless my heart, child! what are you thinking about? The world is well enough," she returned, hastily; "it is the miserable sinful people that make the cruelty."

"You and I are a part of the people, grandma. What have we done that we are left here poor, neglected, despised, forlorn?"

There was a smothered passion in the voice.

"Bless my heart!" exclaimed Grandma Soule again; "whatever has the child been thinking of?"

"I have been thinking all day how feeble you are growing, and how helpless I am, grandma. Will they take us to the workhouse if I cannot earn enough to keep us here?"

"Do I hear a child of mine asking that question?" returned the old woman, fiercely. "To the workhouse! never! Why, Daisy, child! I have got enough in the bank to keep the wolf from our door. Have you been worrying over that, with all the rest? I have been too close-mouthed with you."

"You have—O, indeed you have, grandma!" And this time there was a sob in the girl's sweet voice. "O grandma, if you would tell me all to-night—everything about my mother—I think it would help me, even if it is a bitter story."

"It is bitter, God knows that; but, Daisy, he has tempered the wind to the shorn lamb," answered the old woman, solemnly.

"It is very bleak and cold now," murmured Daisy. "But O grandma, look! look!" cried she, in quite another voice, as they struggled on to the bank of the rushing, foaming, surging river. "The bridge is gone from the upper bank! See the timbers tearing along in the water! And what are all those people doing over on the other bank, beside the mill?"

The old woman steadied herself against the girl's shoulder, and holding up her withered hands, peered through them long and earnestly.

"They are afraid of a wild night, it is plain to see. They are strengthening the dam and the mill walls. And well they may be; the gray rock, the old boulder, is under water, and that was Uncle Joe's fatal sign. Come back to the house, my child."

"But, grandmother, will it be safe? You said Uncle Joe's was swept away—and we are helpless, all alone. Let us go over to

the village and find shelter. Somebody will take us in."

"You have not looked behind you, Daisy. Don't you see that the water has backed in from the old ditch, and that the pasture is a deep lake, and the meadow almost as wild a torrent as the river? We cannot escape from our little knoll that way, and on the river the bridge is gone."

Daisy gave a little cry of consternation.

"But I can run along the bank and shout for somebody to come with a boat. Go back, grandma, and pack a bundle, and I will find help for you."

But Grandma Soule shook her gray head.

"Who would risk their life in that boiling river to save ours? No, my child; we will return to the humble house where the Lord has set our habitation, and we will trust the God of the widow and orphan to care for us. Come, my child; though this is a south wind, its fury chills me to the bone, and I am a little faint. We must—go—back."

Daisy saw that a deadly paleness had overspread the speaker's face, and that the last words faltered from her lips. She forgot everything else, and tenderly assisted the old woman's tottering steps till they gained the cottage again; and once there, she brought her warm drink, and chafed the purple hands, and wrapped a warm blanket about her, and kneeling down upon the floor beside her, she laid her head against the aged breast, and said, quietly:

"I am not afraid now, grandma; do not think I am. I see that it is best to wait here."

"To wait for what comes—what the Lord sends, in chastening or in comforting—either way in love. Always believe that, child. I have been hard and bitter in my day, but I have sorely repented—sorely, sorely! And now I know that love is the lighthouse that shines, shines always over the wild waters. How they roar! My ears are full of their roar."

There was a look on the wan pinched face that startled the girl.

"Grandma," she said, earnestly, "you shall not talk any more to-night. I will not ask you to say a single word. Come, lie down, and I will sit beside you." And Grandma Soule, smiling, in childlike obedience complied.

"Make up a cheery fire. Never mind if the woodbox is low, Daisy. Be sure you

have a good fire and lights shining; they may light some poor straggler," she commanded, as she rested her weary head upon the pillow. "We might have a visitor, who knows? Let us do our poor best in welcome. Fill the teapot full, Daisy."

"Yes, grandma," answered Daisy, a strange awe creeping into her heart as she glanced over to the wan face with that unwonted smile upon it.

The glittering eyes followed every movement, as the slender figure and light touch glided throughout the room setting everything in order, still full of that new glad content.

"I've been hard and bitter in my day, but I'm going to change now. I trust the Lord that all is done in love," she murmured again. "Is there a good fire, Daisy? It seems still a little chilly."

"Your hands are like ice. O grandma, you should not have gone out into the rain! How could I let you?" murmured Daisy, chafing again at the numb hands, and vaguely alarmed, without really understanding why, to see the purple rings settling around the finger nails.

"Throw on another blanket, and I shall be very comfortable. Now sit down, my darling. What was it I promised to tell you?"

"About my mother. But not to-night, grandma. Go to sleep now."

"Yes, I shall have a sweet sleep presently, but I must fulfil all my duties first. I think this was one. I have been very hard upon your mother's memory. I told you I was always hard and stern. I accused her in my heart of bringing shame upon her father's honest name. I would not allow you to know anything about it, but to-night my heart is very soft to poor Anna. I may have been mistaken; it was all very strange. She brought me her baby to keep, but she gave me no explanation, though she promised to write it. I never knew of her marriage. No one ever hinted that she was married, and I have never seen her since."

"O how cruel! how unnatural!" burst piteously from Daisy's tremulous lips; "to desert her child, even if she had brought it to a heritage of shame. To take no thought—"

"Hush! you mustn't blame her. It was all a mystery, I tell you. My Anna was once everything noble and pure. What could have changed her so? But she had

some thought. Every year a sum of money has come from an unknown source. I have used as little as possible, and the rest is in the bank—for you. Let us think kindly of her if we can, Daisy."

But Daisy's head drooped low.

"I knew it," murmured she. "I knew the quiet avoidance of all the village people meant something more than scorn for our poverty. Even Kenneth Dare was kind from pity, when Rose Gilbraith refused to sit by me at the school festival. Every one knows the story, and I was thinking of calling them to come to our rescue! O grandma, I am glad we did not try to escape the freshet!"

But Grandma Soule's mind was wandering again.

"The freshet!" muttered she. "Yes, yes; poor Uncle Joe! that was a hard time. There is Joe, and Albert, and my Gilbert—my strong brave Gilbert! How long I have borne the loneliness! I think I shall see Gilbert to-night. Have you made fresh tea and set the light in the window, Daisy? Go and look."

"Yes, yes, dear grandmother," sobbed the girl, brought back again from the contemplation of her own forlornness. "Do not look around so strangely, I am sitting by you."

"But where is the guest—the guest we are waiting for? Go and look if he is in the path."

Humoring the thought, the girl went to the window and looked out into the blackness. Her light flared out upon a pool of water, and the hoarser roar of the river came mingled with the sound of crashing timbers and whirling trees. She shuddered under the knowledge that the ground around was all submerged, but came back with a brave face.

"I see no one yet, grandma. Let me put a warm stone to your feet, they are so cold. If you would only go to sleep—"

But when the fluttering eyelids dropped at length, overcome by drowsiness, the silence was more intolerable than the anxiety had been. She stole once more to the door, and found the sill hardly holding back a dull swash of surging water.

"The expected guest!" murmured she, with a strange numbness of heart; "is it death? And will any one grieve to learn that we were carried away?"

And she went back and replenished the

fire, and trimmed the lights to burn more brightly; then sat down again by the bedside, and went over the brief hints of the miserable story, and drooped her head, and wondered if her young heart could ever echo the old woman's trust that love ruled everywhere and everywhere.

And then she thought again of Rose Gilbraith, beautiful, merry, beloved Rose Gilbraith, in the happy security of her loving home. Would Kenneth Dare sometime respond to the coquettish lures she herself had seen the brilliant heiress spread forth in the path of the handsome artist? She pictured a grand bridal, and lingered over every slightest item. How lovely Rose would look in flowing white, with orange flowers in her hair, and a bridal veil's fairy mist about her! How proudly would Kenneth smile down upon her from his regal height! And little Daisy, who had scarcely a right to the honest name of the poor old grandmother, would be floating, floating far off on the tumultuous waters.

It was not she who shivered, but Grandma Soule, who sprang up in the end of the bed, and cried out loudly:

"Who is calling me? Are you coming, Gilbert? But what a terrible uproar of waters! Daisy, child, are you there? Go to the door."

"There is no one there, dear grandma, only the waters of the freshet. If the foundations stand we are safer here than anywhere we can reach."

"I tell you some one is calling; go and see." And simply to soothe the fevered excitement of the wandering brain, Daisy took the lamp and went, the chilly water splashing over her feet as she walked.

She stared like one in a maze, when a shout of glad relief sounded in her ears, and a dark figure came staggering against the doorway.

"Daisy! Daisy! thank Heaven I have reached you at last! You are unharmed as yet!"

"Kenneth Dare!" faltered Daisy.

"Yes, of course. I started to help you long before dark, but a timber crushed my boat, and I had to swim ashore and find a second, and that was swamped in the current; and but for your lighted windows I think I must have perished. Everything is wild and strange outside, and you would think yourself afloat on a strange ocean. Have you been frightened, my darling?"

And the tall broad-shouldered man was shaking off the wet, and then seizing upon her passive hands.

"You came to save me! You thought of us!" repeated Daisy, in that same tone of wild amaze.

"Of course I did. One could see the danger to which this cottage is exposed, and the horror of the thought showed me what I had hardly realized before—that it held my pearl of price. Daisy, my darling, my precious, have you not seen how I loved you?"

All the girl's sweet face was aglow with a kindling rapture, that for a moment flushed its pallor into a rosy hue.

"A royal guest indeed!" she murmured. "O, it was well that I lighted all our lamps! Come in, Kenneth, and hear my grandmother's story, before you ask for any answer."

But Grandma Soule was talking swiftly and incoherently about Uncle Joe and going to meet Gilbert, and did not heed Daisy's announcement of the kind friend who had appeared to succor them.

She bowed, and smiled, and said:

"A wedding guest? Give him welcome, Daisy; but I must attend to Gilbert."

The young man turned impulsively to the trembling girl.

"O Daisy! Daisy! how thankful I am I have reached you! Do you know, do you see that she is wandering in mind?—dying also, I fear."

"Before the waters come that shall swallow us all," murmured Daisy. "But I am not frightened or grieved. Nothing, I think, can frighten me now, even though we are all swept away."

"None of us shall be swept away. I shall prepare a raft in readiness for emergency; but I have strong faith in these foundations, and believe the house will stand, since it has survived the first shock. Have you no quieting medicine to give her?"

Daisy's thoughts were swift and clear now. How could she have forgotten the powder she had brought from the doctor's herself a month or so ago! She found it, mixed it, and coaxed her patient to swallow the draught; and was rewarded by seeing the wild eyes veiled by the fallen lids.

She was sitting down by the bedside with a calm sweet face, when Kenneth Dare returned from his exploring expedition, lantern in hand, dripping like a young sea-god,



and in Daisy's eyes far more handsome and noble-looking.

He smiled bravely and reassuringly.

"Have no fear, Daisy. I have turned the water from sweeping with full strength against these walls. Besides, something has changed the current, and dammed it up above there. I should not be surprised if the crash I heard a little time since was Gilbraith's mills; and in that case, the larger stream would pass on the other side. I have prepared a raft, and set a mark to see if the waters rise any higher. How is the dear old grandmother?"

"Asleep. Ah, how kind you are to me! Will you take a cup of hot tea? You must surely need it, cold and wet as you are."

"Thanks. It will be all the more refreshing from your hands. Daisy, tell me first that you guessed something of my love for you." And he detained the little brown hand reaching for the teacup.

She hung her graceful head as she faltered:

"How could I, knowing my own obscurity and humiliating surroundings? Did you ever hear the story, Kenneth?"

"I would never listen to the evil gossip of the town. It was enough for me to know your grandmother and you, my sweet Daisy blossom," he answered, fearlessly.

How her eyes shone!

"A glorious guest, truly!" murmured she again. "My grandmother was right; love watches over us, even in the storm."

"And the storm is abating," declared he, cheerily, when he had taken his tea and gone again upon an investigating tour. "The course of the torrent is certainly turned, and the water is sinking here, instead of rising higher. Please Heaven, I think I can say confidently that this house is safe!"

They sat down beside the bedside of the peacefully-sleeping grandmother, and the hours of the night, that Daisy had believed would prove so terrible and dreary, glided calmly away, and morning broke over a wild waste of ruin all about them, but in safety and peace for them. Ay, in safety and peace also for the dear old grandmother; for almost as soon as daylight rendered any attempt at passage possible, a boat, manned by strong men, found its way in among the floating debris, and out across the wide wastes of eddying waters until the cottage was reached, when a strange gentleman,

carrying a pale beautiful woman in his arms, leaped across the threshold, crying, eagerly:

"My daughter—Daisy, my child, are you safe?" And the beautiful woman flung her arms about the startled girl, sobbing:

"O my deserted darling! my firstborn! my treasure! for whom this aching heart has sighed so long! You are safe! Heaven be praised! All night long I have prayed upon my knees for your safety, and the prayer was heard. And my dear, dear mother, lead me to her, Daisy. All our trials are ended at last. There is to be no more secrecy, no hiding of our precious child."

"It is Anna's voice!" cried feeble tones from the bedside. "She has come to explain everything." And there was Grandmother Soule, rational, smiling, happy, although pallid as a marble statue.

The lady fell down beside the bed, covering the cold white hands with tears and kisses.

"All is to be explained. O my mother, you have been cruelly wronged, and we never knew it until a few weeks since. I sent you a letter explaining the whole story of my secret marriage, and the discovery that its revelation would lose my husband the fortune he depended upon. I asked you to take my child, and conceal the truth for a little time. It was my husband's mother who withheld the letter, fearing to trust you with the momentous secret. It was she who deceived me all the time into the belief that you acquiesced cheerfully. It was she who compelled us to bear this cruel separation from our child for all these years, lest my husband's uncle should discover that we had disobeyed and deceived him, and so withhold his fortune. Bitterly enough have we repented, but the wretched trial is ended. The uncle is dead. We have only just returned from a foreign land and its ten years' exile. We have come to reward you, to claim our child."

An angelic smile passed over the withered features. A glad rapture lighted the glazing eyes.

"It is all in love—all in love. I told you so, Daisy," were Grandma Soule's last words. And she sank softly back upon the pillows, gave a low gurgling sigh, and was carried out upon the eternal river to endless peace.

Who could weep bitterly over such a

death? Daisy, leaning upon Kenneth Dare's arm, following behind the loving parents who had come to carry her to a home of wealth and refinement, entered the disordered village that noon just in season to see a weeping cortege bearing away a dark-robed graceful figure stretched stiffly upon a rudely-improvised bier.

"Have you heard the sad news?" asked a stander-by. "Miss Gilbraith rode down to the river to watch the swollen stream, and was caught by the sudden rush and whirlpool made when her father's mills went down. Horse and rider went down with the debris, and they have just found the body, and are taking it home. It is so melancholy—that lovely graceful Rose!

And yet perhaps it is well for her, for her father is ruined, and he seems like one distracted."

Daisy's cheek could not grow paler than it was after her night of anguish and relief, her morning of tender sorrow and holy thankfulness; but the swift tears rose to her eyes, and she bent her head in penitential remorse for the envious thoughts that had poisoned her mind so brief a time before.

"Let me keep fast to dear grandmother's lesson," was her thought, "that in cloud or sunshine, joy or woe, safety or peril, a loving care is ever around, underneath and about us. Behold what even the freshest has brought to me!"

## A CONDUCTOR'S STORY.

BY PATENT COUPLER.

At the time of this story I was passenger conductor on the Burlington and Missouri River Railroad, running from Burlington on the Mississippi to Council Bluffs and Missouri River. I had regular days for taking out the mail, and regular nights for taking out the express. In other words, I would take out the mail and bring in the express, and *vice versa*.

I had brought out the mail from Burlington, and was now going back on the express. I had a big train. Five coaches, beside two baggage and one express car, a dining-car and two sleepers. Eleven cars in all. Passengers were hurrying to check their baggage; through mail was being transferred; bullion was being stowed away in the express car. All was apparently in confusion to any one but a railroader. We were late some twenty minutes. The Northwestern and Rock Island trains had been gone some time. Our road carried more passengers and express than both the others, and we were nearly always a little late, but made it up in the first hundred miles.

I was standing near the engine, conversing with Dan the engineer, and impatiently waiting for the bullion to be stowed away, when a man with a wooden leg stopped near us, and watched the "silver bricks" as they were transferred from the trucks to the car. With common assent we followed his gaze. He was a short thick-set man, poorly dressed. He had a cane in his right

hand, and shaded his eyes from the setting sun with his left.

"He's wishing those bricks were his," said Dan, laughing.

"Yes, you're right!" said the man, turning around.

"One of those little bricks would make a man pretty well off," I remarked.

"How much is one of those worth?" asked the man.

"Give a guess," said Dan. He was always propounding conundrums.

"O, maybe a hundred dollars," he answered.

"Ha! ha!" laughed Dan. "Why, man, one of those bricks is worth \$5000!"

"Are they, sir?" asked he, turning towards me.

"Not that much, but the largest one in that pile," pointing to an exceedingly large one on the truck that had just been wheeled up, "would make a poor man rich."

I here walked down by the baggage car, and pointing to the man, who was still eyeing the bullion with a greedy look, addressed one of my brakemen with:

"Duncan, who is that man? Do you know him?"

"Yes, that's John the dumper," he said.

"John the dumper! Who's he?"

"How long have you run on this road?" asked Duncan.

"Four years. But what's that to do with the matter?"

"You have run here four years, and don't know John the dumper! Well, that beats me! Why, he is the fellow that was suspected of breaking into the Red Oak Bank. You remember about a year ago what excitement was occasioned about that old man being murdered in Glenwood? Well, he was suspected of having a hand in that, too."

"Why don't they take care of him?" I asked.

"You know how tardy justice is in this part of the country as well as I do," he answered.

"Baggage all in, sir," reported the checkman.

"All aboard! Forty minutes late, Dan. Let her have it!" I shouted; and we were off with a jerk.

There was such a heavy train, that when we reached Pacific Junction, the first station, I had not been through one-half of it; and as the next place was but three miles further on, I hardly had time to go back from where I left off taking tickets, when we again stopped. However, I got all through, and had only to look after passengers who might get on along the road. As I have before stated, my train was the night express, and did not stop at every place, as did the mail train.

After leaving Red Oak we did not stop until we reached Corning. At the latter place the dining-car was, in our language, "cut off." Accordingly I went back to get my supper. At one of the tables in the car, and eating voraciously, sat the man with the wooden leg. I was surprised, for at Council Bluffs I had left him standing eyeing the bullion. I was positive I had overlooked him when collecting tickets, still I did not see how I had, either. I determined to ascertain, and arose from where I had seated myself, and said:

"Ticket, please."

"You took it once," said he.

"I think not," I answered. "If I did you have a check."

He fumbled a moment beneath his coat, and produced one of my checks.

"All right," said I, and turned my attention to the supper the waiter had just placed on the table.

After we left Corning we made no stop until we reached Creston, some thirty miles further on. I went into the baggage car and assorted my tickets. There were just

two hundred and eighteen tickets, through and local.

I finished my work, locked the tickets up in my box, and lighted a cigar. My thoughts returned to the wooden-legged man, John the dumper. I tried to recollect whether or not I had taken his ticket. I had it! I could count my passengers, and if the number corresponded to the number of the tickets, all right; if they did not, I would see where the mistake was.

Entering each coach, I counted the passengers, and set the number down in my book, that I might not forget. When I had counted them all I added the figures up. The sum total was just two hundred and nineteen! I went over them again, with the same result. Going back to the baggage car, I requested my brakeman to go through and count the passengers aboard. He came back and reported two hundred and nineteen. This left no doubt in my mind I had passed some one, and that some one was John the dumper, I believed. But how had he obtained my check? was a question I asked myself, and one I could not answer.

Going back into the fourth car, I saw a lady who was evidently hunting for something.

"What is the matter, madam?" I asked.

"O! are you the conductor? I have lost the check you gave me."

"Where did you put it?" I asked.

"In this little brass" (indicating the small arrangement near the window of a car for holding a ticket). "I placed it here, and I don't see how it could have fallen out."

"Never mind; you needn't look for it," I said, and passed on.

Returning, I asked her who occupied the seat behind her when she first missed the check. At this instant the door of the car opened, and the man with the wooden leg came in.

"The gentleman coming in the door," she answered.

This was sufficient for me to know. John the dumper had stolen the check, and was riding free. I remembered now, when I came through the car to collect tickets, the door of the closet was fastened; and just then arriving at a station, I had gotten out, and when I came back I passed the door without trying it. The man was in there, and as soon as I passed out of the

car, had taken a seat behind the lady, and stolen her check.

I was trying to think what measure to pursue. To put him off, and have trouble, or let him ride at the company's expense? I did not like his looks. It seemed to me, whether on account of the stories I had heard or not, that he could "knife a man" without winking, and I decided to let him ride, a while, at least.

At Creston I received a despatch from the dining-car conductor which read:

"Collect seventy-five cents from a wooden-legged man known as John the dumper. He did not pay me."

If I had ever doubted that the man was a dead beat, I was convinced now.

On leaving Creston I went through the train searching for him, with the determination of collecting my fare. I looked in vain. He was nowhere to be found.

It was now nearly nine o'clock, and I looked in the woodboxes, and poked under the berths in the sleeping-cars, thinking perhaps he might have concealed himself, but without avail. I sent a despatch back at the next station, saying he had gotten off.

We had been delayed at Creston, waiting for the St. Jo. branch, which was thirty minutes late, and we were now speeding over the rails at a fearful rate. I was in the smoking-car, with my feet fixed comfortably on the back of another seat, and had just lighted a cigar, when word was brought us that Billy—the express messenger—had dropped "a chunk of dough," that is, a silver brick, on his foot, and was "howling" terribly. I went through the two baggage cars and came to the express car. It was built exclusively for express, and only had doors on the side. To enter the car it was necessary to walk around upon the iron railing which led to the doors, and to cling to the railing overhead, which was, when we were running fast, a dangerous feat for one not accustomed to it to perform.

I was soon in the car, and had cut Billy's boot off, and made him as comfortable as possible with an old blanket spread on two or three trunks, a bed I improvised for him. I remained in the car until arriving at the next station, when I had Duncan go ahead and do the messenger's work. About twelve o'clock I went to see how he was getting along. He was unable to sleep any;

his foot pained him badly, but he was in good spirits.

"I guess there's a rod loose underneath," said he; "it's been scraping the bottom of the car for the last fifteen minutes."

"I'll have it fixed at the next stop," I answered.

In about thirty minutes we halted at Chariton, and I asked the watchman to examine the rods on the car. He did so, and said there was no rod loose, and if there was it could not be heard in the car when we were running. That was so. Strange I hadn't thought of it. Beneath the car there was a square box, about eight feet long. This box was two feet deep. There were sliding doors on each side of it, which were always kept locked. The box contained "journals," "brasses," "jack-screws," etc., for use in case of accidents. It would be impossible to hear the scraping of a rod *beneath the car*, on account of this box. Had I looked in the box I would have seen what caused the noise.

After leaving Chariton I told Billy that he must have been mistaken. There was a trapdoor in the car, about two feet square that opened into the box beneath, for the convenience of the agent, enabling him to get at the things when the train was in motion. This door was generally covered with a box, or some other express matter, but this night the load consisted chiefly of bullion, and there was nothing in the centre of the car.

I remained conversing with the agent for a long time. About half past two the engine was puffing up Ottumwa Hill. Slower and slower moved the train, until at last it stopped.

"There! I thought we would get stalled," remarked Duncan.

I got off and walked up to the head of the train, and gave orders for one-half of it to be run up to a station three miles beyond; and then for the engine to come back after the balance. The express, baggage and two passenger cars comprised the first, and the remainder of the train the last section.

At — the entire train was connected again. After a time I went ahead to the express car. For some reason I could not define I felt wrong in leaving Billy alone the half hour we had been getting up the hill; and it was this feeling that induced me to go and see if everything was right. I was surprised at finding the car door open,

and I was alarmed, and almost speechless, at finding Billy's arms tied to the handles of the trunk on which he was lying, a piece of strap and cloth in his mouth, and a string tied around his head, keeping it in place. The trapdoor in the car was thrown clear back. As soon as my nervous fingers could remove the gag, he gasped:

"John the dumper?"

"When?" said I, looking around.

"Gone! Jumped from the train! Has robbed the car!"

In a few words the situation was made plain. When the first section of the train was being taken up the hill, Billy, who knew we were stalled, tried to get up and fasten the outside doors, which were closed but not locked. He had partially succeeded in getting upon his feet when the trapdoor suddenly opened, and the head and shoulders of a man appeared. It was evident, by the surprise he manifested, that he thought no one was in the car.

"John the dumper!" gasped Billy.

"Yes, John the dumper!" he exclaimed, jumping out of the box and rushing upon him.

Billy was unarmed, although two feet away, in a rack for the purpose, were two navy revolvers. With his crushed foot he was unable to do much, and was overpowered and tied to the trunk. For fear of his voice, the ruffian had gagged him. He had then proceeded to rob the car. Taking the key from the messenger's pocket, he opened the safe. Fortunately, there was but little money, which he did not consider it worth his while to take. He then picked up several of the bricks, one at a time (and it was all he could do to lift one), and threw them out the car door. As soon as he had

completed his work, he opened the door wide, and, clinging to the railing, commenced to walk around the car. He had been gone about twenty minutes.

I reached up and pulled the bell cord. In a few seconds the train stopped, and at my order commenced to back up. I hurriedly informed the men connected with the train of the robbery.

About three miles back I discovered what appeared to be a man lying in the bushes down the embankment, and, stopping the train, Duncan and I went down to see. I cast the light of my lantern upon him, and recognized in the battered, bruised, and almost shapeless object the man with the wooden leg.

We carried him into the baggage car and examined him. His head was fractured in a most horrible manner, the brains oozing out from an indenture. His chest was crushed in as though hit with a heavy boulder. It is needless to say he was dead.

The man was found, and the silver could not be far away. A little searching found one of the bricks imbedded in the ground several inches, and the others, amounting to six, were all recovered.

And here my story ends. John the dumper, murderer and robber, was dead. Killed by jumping from the train.

An investigation showed that he had pried off the staple and lock from the door of the box, and had crawled in to conceal himself for the purpose of robbery. He was doubtless familiar with the trapdoor in the car. Not finding sufficient room, he had pushed the "jacks" and other things out of the box, and this it was that caused the scraping on the bottom of the car. He must have entered the box at Creston.

### THE KITTEN.

BY A. B. WEYMOUTH, M. D.

Infant kitten, ten days old,  
Fear me not. Thy form I hold  
In my hand with loving care.  
Spare thy faint-voiced mewling—*spare!*  
Heart pulsations now I hear,  
Ticking, watchlike, fast and clear;  
While thy pulmonary chime  
Music beats, in slower time.  
Warm and downy-coated elf,  
Soon I'll leave thy trembling self  
With thy watchful mother dear.  
See! she rubs against me here.

*Medford, Mass., July, 1875.*

Tabby, take thy pigmy kit.  
Coax no more; thy fawns remit.  
Gently lick the filmy eye:  
Purr thy soothing lullaby;  
Neatly cleanse the pink-hued paws,  
Furnished well with tiny claws;  
Cherish each loose-jointed limb,  
Spindling tail and earlets prim,  
Silky whiskers, drowsy head,  
Snuggly cuddled on thy bed.  
Awkward, wearied kitting, rest;  
Safety hovers o'er thy nest.

## A MONTH IN A JAPANESE FARMHOUSE.

BY CAPT. CHARLES STEADMAN.

SOME years ago, soon after having risen from a bed of sickness, I found myself, together with a friend, in a Japanese farmhouse. Fever had held me in its burning grasp for many weeks, and, when it had at last let go its hold, had left me weak in mind and body. The doctors recommended an immediate return home, but there were cogent reasons for my staying abroad a year or two longer if I could possibly manage it. With painful decision I wavered between the two courses: on the one hand I longed for the old country, and felt that it alone could restore me; on the other, if I left Japan just then, years of exile and toil would have been spent in vain. I had borne the heat and burden of the day, and when the fruit of my labors was nearly ripe, it was hard to leave it to be plucked by other hands; and so the struggle went on. At last a middle course opened before me, and along it I steered to a happy solution of my perplexities. An old schoolfellow happened to be in the regiment quartered at Yokohama, and, on his suggestion and promise of bearing me company, I determined to try a month at Meyangashi, and then, if that did no good, to throw overboard every other consideration, and steer for home.

Burton—I shall call him Burton—was just the companion for a broken-down invalid. He was cheery without being noisy, and there was a manly heartiness about him that made you feel you had something strong and stout to lean on, though, at the same time, he could be as gentle as a woman. He was also full of vitality, though not oppressively so to one who had nearly lost all his. To Burton, then, I trusted myself, feeling every confidence in his nature to cope with and overcome the difficulties of a Japanese journey in the shape of lazy coolies, idle truant *bettoes*, and refractory, shoe-casting, knee-breaking ponies. After determining on this step, I left all the arrangements entirely to him, as I was too despondent and weak to attend to anything myself. Thus empowered, he with his usual energy fixed the period for our departure at three days' distance, and at once set off himself to Meyangashi to engage rooms in advance. In a

couple of days he returned with the intelligence that there was no tea-house where we could put up, but that he had engaged part of a farmhouse. It was all the same to me, and the next morning we started on our ponies, Burton having previously despatched at daybreak the baggage by half a dozen coolies, who, together with our *bettoes*, were to await us at a place called Atchungi, where we were to break the journey and sleep on my account.

To my surprise Burton had ridden up to my bungalow at the appointed hour with a cavalcade of brother officers who, he explained, happened to be starting for some temples on the road towards Yeddo, and, as our way for miles lay in the same direction, all rode on together. The morning was fine, the companionship was pleasant, the temples they were bound for one of the lions of Japan I had not seen, and so Burton and myself determined to accompany them to their destination, as it would not be many miles out of our way, and he said he knew where he could strike into a by-path leading into the direct road to Atchungi.

Our way, to within two or three miles of the temples, lay along the Tokaido—the main road of Japan, or rather it may be called a street, for, with few intervals, there are houses on either side along its entire length of about six hundred miles. It was along this Tokaido, about a year before, that Mr. Richardson, a British merchant, was brutally murdered by the retainers of a *Daimio* (a native prince or nobleman) who was travelling in state along the route. The unfortunate gentleman was at the time accompanied by a lady and two gentlemen on horseback, and, unhappily for them, they met this procession. They rode on, however, keeping well to one side of the road, and encountering nothing worse than the scowls and muttered curses of the armed retainers, until the great man himself was borne past reclining in his *norimon*, scornfully surveying the adventurous *Tojins*, when, either upon some signal given by him, or from some sudden outburst of fanatical feeling, out flashed the two keen-handed swords, and Richardson was cut down.

"Gallop back for dear life!" was now the cry, and getting the lady between them, they plied whip and spur in the direction of Yokohama, which they eventually reached safe, but not sound; the two gentlemen's horses were horribly gashed and cut; they themselves were frightfully wounded. Mr. C—— had his arm disabled for life, and Mr. M—— will carry to his grave the marks of those deadly two-handed swords. His horse was hacked in all directions, but, like a faithful servant, he carried his master in safety into the settlement, and then almost immediately dropped down dead.

It was always with rather an uncomfortable feeling that, in our rides abroad, we met any of these powerful *Daimios* processions, knowing that merely the whim of a capricious tyrant, or the fanaticism of bigoted unreasoning men, might bring on us the fate of Richardson.

So conscious was the government of its inability to keep these *Daimios* and their retainers in check, and so afraid was it of finding itself embroiled in serious complications in consequence of some similar outrage, that whenever one of these processions was to pass in the vicinity of Yokohama, a notice was invariably sent to all the legations and consulates, that on such and such a day a certain *Daimio* would travel in state along a certain route, and that it would be expedient for all foreigners to keep out of the way. This warning was generally promulgated by means of the local press, and any one riding along the proscribed route did so at his own risk.

Whether on the occasion I am about to speak of the usual warning had not been given; or whether none of us had happened to see it; or whether, which is still more likely, we disregarded it with true national foolhardiness, I forget; but at all events we fell foul of one of these processions, though luckily without any serious consequences.

I must explain that all along the Tokaido, at certain intervals, commodious and well-fitted-up tea-houses are set apart exclusively for the accommodation of *Daimios* and officials of high rank who may be travelling to or from Yeddo with their retinues. We had proceeded about ten miles along this great highroad, and had nearly reached our destination, when, just as we were passing one of these large official tea-houses, a few *yaconins* came out, and, with somewhat swaggering gesture, barred our further pro-

gress. They told us that one of the Mikado's *Daimios* and his suite were resting inside the tea-house, and that foreigners would not be allowed to ride past; "but," added they, "if you dismount and lead your horses by in all humility, you may pass on." To this we objected, and as we were all armed with revolvers, were thirteen in number, and felt ourselves for the time representatives of our nation and exponents of its characteristic determination and pluck, were about to force our passage, when, as if by magic, scores of these two-sworded *yaconins*, looking fierce and determined, poured out of the tea-house, apparently eager for a fray and an opportunity of trying the sharpness of their blades on our bodies; while the shopkeepers and people, acting apparently under the *yaconins'* directions, formed in a few moments, for about fifty yards down the street, a series of barricades, by piling up shutters, tables, benches and anything else they could lay their hands on.

On this we held a short council of war and while we were so engaged, the *yaconins*, who must have numbered by this time quite a hundred, as if aware of the purport of our conversation, threw back their voluminous sleeves ready to draw, and stood defiantly awaiting our decision the while they eyed us, as much as to say, "Choose—advance and be made mince-meat of, though you may shoot down one or two of us, or retire in safety!" The former alternative, which a glance at the overwhelming numbers of armed men before us was sufficient to convince us would be our fate, was unpleasant to contemplate; and so, coming to the conclusion that discretion was the better part of valor, we rode back, with indignation in our hearts, but—what we have found of more practical use to us since—whole skins on our bodies.

We may all thank our lucky stars that this magnate happened to be taking his ease at the inn, and that we did not meet him in procession, for, from what we afterwards heard, he turned out to be one of the most powerful and overbearing of the Mikado's nobles, half priest, half statesman, in fact a sort of Cardinal Wolsey; and even to have looked at him would probably have drawn upon us the wrath of his armed attendants.

Soon after this Burton and myself parted from the rest, and striking off to our right in a short time got into the silk district, which commences three or four miles out of

Yokohama, and extends for about twelve miles to Atchungi. It is a perfectly level plain covered with regularly-planted dwarfed mulberry trees, and traversed by one broad path running towards Atchungi, with smaller ones branching off from it at regular intervals and at right angles; so that it may be easily imagined this part of our journey was most decidedly monotonous; and it was to our intense gratification that the aspect of the country abruptly changed from everything that was flat and tame to everything that was picturesque and pretty, and we found ourselves, in a few moments after leaving the plain, at the little village of Atchungi.

The tea-house where we were to dine and put up for the night, was charmingly situated in the midst of a belt of tall trees, and, with its neatly-thatched roof and cleanly-swept yard, formed a picture the very sight of which brought a sense of rest and ease to the weary wayfarer. I know it did to me. I was completely fagged out and saddle-weary with the unusual exertion, and for the last few miles had drooped almost into a state of utter collapse; but as the sight of the pleasant little inn suddenly burst upon my aching eyes, a feeling of relief at once stole over me.

Our *bettoes* were on the lookout for us, and led our ponies away to be fed and watered, while we entered the tea-house, receiving a cheery welcome in Japanese style from our host. I felt inclined to do nothing but throw myself down, just as I was, on the clean matting of our little room, and rest my aching limbs, but Burton, in whose hands I entirely was, willed otherwise.

"No, my dear fellow," he said, "I tell you what you'll do. You're dead beat, and no mistake. You'll first have a tepid bath, and get into some comfortable clothes, then you can have a *siesta* for about an hour, and then, after a short stroll, even if it's only fifty yards down the village street and back again, we'll have our dinner."

I consented, as I would have consented to anything Burton told me, and was led away to my bath without more ado. In Japan, even in the lowliest inns, the traveller's request for a bath is never met with that stare of blank astonishment which often attends the demand in our own and every other European country. I know in Ireland once, I asked for a bath, and they brought me a bread pan; and, on another occasion, in

France, I could get no nearer the article than a horse-trough; while in England and Germany the request has more than once led to a serious breach of the peace between myself and the landlord.

In Japan, on the contrary, there would be much more surprise felt if the traveller did not ask for one. There were no preparations required, no rushing about of chamber-maids, no turning on this and off that—everything was quite ready, and I was at once conducted to a huge wooden bath with a small earthen furnace let in at the foot, and a lid enclosing the whole of the top with the exception of a space just big enough for the head of the bather to emerge through. In one of these contrivances, with a small furnace burning gayly, a Japanese, after his day's work is over, will sit calmly boiling himself with the lid on, and the water bubbling about him at boiling heat. He seems, however, to like it uncommonly, to judge from the pleased expression on his face fast deepening under the process into beetroot-like tints; and when he has, at last, had enough—about an hour of it—he takes off the lid and emerges as much like a boiled lobster as a human being can become.

My bath was quite ready; the small furnace glowed with live pieces of charcoal; the water bubbled merrily, and my companion of the bath, taking off the lid, invited me to enter. Not being, however, either a Japanese, a blue lobster, or a potato, I did not see any particular object in being boiled, and so had the fuel raked out of the furnace and a few buckets of cold water added before I got in. When I did get in, though, after these alterations in the arrangements, I found it most grateful, and as I lay reposing my aching limbs, I heard Burton in the backyard going through the more invigorating process of having buckets full of cold water, just drawn from the well, dashed over him by his *betto*.

After my bath and a change of clothes, Burton administered a little weak brandy and water; and, with a delicious sense of repose, I lay on a soft bed of Japanese quilts, made up by my kind nurse. In a few minutes I sunk off into a slumber, and when I awoke, about an hour later, Burton was at my side, urging me to come out for a short stroll before dinner, just to shake off the lassitude following a *siesta*. Leaning on his arm, we sauntered down the village street, saluted with cheery nods and "*ohio'si*"



(good-day) from the villagers, as they sat at their evening meal, or in their evening tubs at the doors of their dwellings. We then walked back to our dinner, which we discussed in Japanese fashion, and with the paper screens of our apartment drawn back, much to the delight of a crowd of chubby little urchins, who gathered outside, watching with intense interest our performances with the knives and forks—to them, implements of strange shape and use.

There is a good deal of homely tradition about a village inn. It is always looked upon as a snug little hotbed of comfort, gossip and good fellowship; and, from the merry group we saw later in the evening gathered in the public part of the establishment, this particular one at Atchungi seemed to fully bear out the tradition, and to possess all these attributes, though in a Japanese garb. There were no sanded floors, no glowing fires and snug chimney-corners, no long churchwarden pipes, no pots of ale; but there was a scrupulously clean matted floor (heaven help the unfortunate wight who omitted to slip off his wooden shoes before stepping on it!) and a great wooden box holding their charcoal brazier, called *she-bashi*, around which they all sat cross-legged, sipping their *saki* or tea out of diminutive little cups, and smoking their small pipes—men and women alike. They are a laughter-loving race, and many a joke was cracked to shouts of loud merriment; but the fun reached its climax when Burton took his seat amongst them, and, in his broken Japanese, engaged them in friendly “chaff” all round.

Later on in the evening, when the gloom of night had shut out the fair sylvan scene from our view, and as, with the paper screens still drawn back, we sat (or rather, as I lay, and Burton sat) talking, the glimmer of a swinging lantern in the distance, and the regular shouting chorus of coolies carrying a load, heralded the approach of travellers. In a few more minutes we could see, by the light of the lantern, a *yaconin* alight from his *norimon*, and, after taking out his two swords from the rests made expressly for them in front of his chair, enter the tea-house. This new arrival was later on, followed by two more *yaconins*: and in their honor I suppose, and for their entertainment, the greater part of the night was made hideous by the twanging of guitars and the screeching of women's voices.

I passed a feverish night, and the next morning I felt so weak and unstrung, that we were nearly giving up all idea of the trip to Meyangashi, and returning to Yokohama instead. Even Burton seemed to lose his decision of character, and to be thoroughly at a loss to know which course to recommend. As long as my health was merely a question of convalescence, fresh air, change and time were all the doctors I required; but a relapse, at the best of times to be dreaded, was to be doubly so when far away from medical aid and home comforts. This latter contingency, I saw, was at the bottom of Burton's indecision, but as I could not bear to see the dear good fellow looking so worried and disappointed at the failure of his scheme, at the very outset, too, I plucked up my courage and announced my fixed determination to go on. Riding was out of the question. I could not have sat in a saddle for a mile; and so a *kango* and a couple of coolies were engaged to carry me for the remainder of the journey. I have spoken of a *norimon* and a *kango*, both in the sense of something in which to be carried. They are both species of *palanquins*, but one is of a more comfortable and superior description than the other. The *kango*, in fact, may be said to bear the same relation to a *norimon*, that a hack cab does to a brougham. A *kango*, with its attendant coolies, can be hired for a small sum, but a *norimon* is generally private property.

While making a few final preparations before our start, the three *yaconins*, to whom we owed our musical entertainment of the night before, made their appearance on the scene, also about to take their departure. He of the *norimon* had travelled in this way a hundred and fifty miles from an inland district, principally to behold the wondrous *Tojins* in Yokohama and Yeddo, the fame of whom had, doubtless, spread all over the country. He was a particularly dignified and good-looking man, but seemed deeply imbued with the conservative ideas of the interior, if we might judge from the glance of scorn and defiance he threw at us, as he stepped into his *norimon*. We were the first foreigners he had seen, and the sight of us, coolly standing on the sacred soil of his forefathers, seemed to make his blood boil. The other two, who travelled on horseback, and with whom we entered into a short conversation, were more liberal in their opinions, and had had their minds expanded by a so-

journal in Yeddo, and occasional visits to Yokohama; indeed, one of them was so far a convert to civilization as to have discarded the national dress, and donned a suit of black broadcloth and butcher boots. The other still retained the flowing robes and sandals of his country, thus affording us the opportunity of comparing the two styles of dress, the old and the new; and I am bound to admit that our verdict was entirely in favor of the former. The one in his native garments looked dignified, easy and graceful; while he in the broadcloth suit looked monkeyish, awkward and constrained, and was also as much embarrassed by his swords, stuck into a new-fangled shoulder-belt, as a stage captain. He had had great difficulty in getting into his boots, and as he walked very gingerly in them to his pony, with his face screwed up into an expression of pain, was freely "chaffed" by his companion. There is no doubt the European dress does not become the Japanese style of beauty. Had these two men exchanged clothes, the remarks already applied to each might have been, with equal truth reversed. Besides this, the fashion has brought to light a trait that might, otherwise, have remained forever hidden in their loose flowing garments, and that is, *bandiness*. There is no doubt of it—as a race they are bandy. I don't wish to be personal, but any one can see this for himself in the streets of London now, any day of the week. But it is a prosperous nation, and so I suppose we may say of it, as Mrs. Gamp said of Mrs. Harris's sixth infant, that "thrive it does, though bandy."

After a few moments' conversation, the two *yacouns* bade us "*Syonara!*" (good-by—to our ears the prettiest, softest sounding farewell word in any language), and, and as we watched them riding away, we noticed that the European saddle in which he of the broadcloth suit rode, seemed to be as new and uncomfortable to him as his boots; for he rolled about in it in a way which elicited much laughter from his companion, who himself sat as upright and steady, in his high peaked one, as a Life Guardsman on parade.

I have been so long in getting to Meyan-gashi, that the remainder of the journey must be got over as quickly as possible. It was accomplished by me in my *kanyo*, and by Burton on foot; and in point of picturesque beauty made up for the monotony of the previous day's ride through that dull

waste of mulberry trees which nothing, I should think, but a silkworm could have appreciated. I cannot say I thoroughly enjoyed the scenery, for to enjoy anything one must be comfortable, and I most decidedly was *not*. My conveyance was simply nothing but a bamboo cage slung on a single pole—essentially an uncomfortable contrivance, but now rendered doubly so by one bearer being a species of Chang and the other a sort of Tom Thumb. In vain I tried to accommodate myself to circumstances. First I sat cross-legged like a Japanese, but this speedily led to such a seizure of cramp that I had to be shaken up by Burton like one of the aged Smallweeds. Then I tried my legs dangling out on either side, but they were long, and got entangled with roadside objects. Then I thrust them through the roof, but this soon resulted in a serious determination of blood to the head, which, although unpleasant, still afforded me the gloomy satisfaction of feeling that there was *some* blood left in my body, and that the fever had not drunk it all up, which any one, to have looked at me, would have supposed. Then I tried them both hanging out on the same side; but this destroyed the balance, and resulted in a capsize into a moist rice-field; and then after this, coming to the conclusion, that it was useless for any one not a Japanese born to try and ride in a *kango*, unless he had the power of previously leaving his backbone and legs at home, I took Burton's arm, and toiled along for some miles, until I got into a sufficiently limp state even for a *kango*, and was accordingly folded up and packed away in it for the remainder of the journey.

The way, for many miles, lay along a path cut in the side of a mountain, from which we looked down upon winding streams and numerous villages and hamlets. I have often heard that in the eyes of a thoroughbred cockney there is no view so lovely as that of his beloved London chimney-tops. I have never, however, been able to enter into his feelings, but were a Nippon to say this of his native village, I could at once understand him, as nothing can be more picturesque than the view of a Japanese village seen from a height, when nothing but its housetops are visible; for on the summit of the beautifully thatched roofs the iris plant grows and flowers in luxurious profusion. Why this particular plant, of all others, should be alone exalted to this

elevated position, I know not, for then, when I could have found out, I never had the curiosity, which I have now when I cannot, to ask the question; but there they are, proclaiming from the very housetops that taste for the beautiful which imbues the whole of Japan, and penetrates even to its cottages and hovels.

It was late in the afternoon when we arrived at Meyangashi, and, to our chagrin, instead of finding our rooms in the farmhouse swept and garnished for our reception, we were considerably disconcerted by the sight of our coolies and *bettoes* sitting on our luggage, piled up at the entrance of the village, while our ponies browsed on an adjacent bank.

On seeing us, the coolies and *bettoes* hastened towards us, gesticulating excitedly, and jabbering all at the same time. There was evidently some important intelligence to be communicated, but as each one, with that truly human feeling, strove hard at the top of his voice, to be himself the bearer of the news, we were unable to make anything out of the confused jargon. At last, Burton having silenced the coolies and reduced the general chorus to a simple duet by our two *bettoes*, we learned that some *yaconins* had arrived in the village on the previous day, and had taken up their quarters in the very farmhouse we had engaged, the people of which, now in fear and trembling, denied all knowledge of the *Tojins*.

"Confound these two-sworded fellows! they're the *betes-noirs* of the country. This is the second time, in the same day, we've fallen foul of them," said Burton with hearty emphasis, as he strode away to see what he could do.

I extricated my cramped limbs from my cage, and sat down on the luggage, to await the result of Burton's search for lodgings; and, while thus employed, I paid the two *kango* coolies, Chang and Tom Thumb. To the latter I presented an extra *itichiboo* (about eighteen-pence), as a salve for sundry hard words I had hurled at him when in the agonies of cramp, the recollection of which now smote me reproachfully as I observed his bare shoulders, seared and scarred by the *kango* pole. This *amende honorable* evoked such a spirit of gratitude and confidence, that I was at once treated to a relation of his professional cares and troubles. He announced his positive determination of dissolving, at the earliest opportunity, part-

nership with Chang. He could stand it no longer, he said. It nearly always ended in their passengers becoming so enraged by the constant slipping forward, if he were in front, or the incessant sliding back if he were behind, as to at last jump out, in ungovernable fury, and vent their wrath on his shoulders; for being the little one, he was always pitched upon, while Chang always calmly embraced the opportunity for a rest and a few whiffs of his pipe.

This tale of woe had only just come to a conclusion—for the little man waxed eloquent and diffuse over his wrongs—when Burton returned with the intelligence that he had succeeded in getting rooms in another farmhouse close by; and thither we at once adjourned, bag and baggage.

He had had great difficulty, it appeared, in getting anything; for the presence of these *yaconins* in the village had made the people unusually punctilious about the "treaty limits," and timid of harboring foreigners. One kind-hearted cheery old Japanese, however, on Burton representing to him how ill I was, and that I should probably die if left out for the night, had allowed his humanity to get the better of his fears, and had consented to take us in.

Our domicile was in the regular style of Japanese farmhouses—a one-storied building of wood and clay, with a high thatched roof projecting over a broad veranda, which went all round the house. The windows and doors were the usual sliding panels of wooden framework, covered with paper, while outside these again, for night use, was a rather more substantial protection against the cold and robbers, in the shape of stout wooden shutters.

Our apartment—our host had a numerous family and could only let us have one room—was a small though scrupulously clean one, and its sole furniture, beside the straw mattresses on the floor, consisted of a *shebashi* or charcoal box, and a Japanese paper lamp. However, Burton, in the most wonderful manner, soon managed, out of a few odds and ends we had brought with us, to impart an air of tolerable comfort to the place.

I was stiff and fatigued with my journey in the *kango*, and, as on the previous day, I had a warm bath, which here again there was not the slightest difficulty in obtaining at a moment's notice. It was exactly the same contrivance as the one at Atchungi—in fact, the pattern is universal—and the

only preparation required was its removal indoors, its usual place being in the front yard, where the family performed their ablutions *al fresco*.

After my bath and a short rest, Burton took me out for a stroll, to be introduced to the beauties of the place. It certainly was a charming little spot. We were down in a rich valley, with thickly wooded hills all round, their different shades of green lighted up with gaudy patches of azalea which grew and clustered about the large trees in the wildest profusion. Part of the village nestled down in the valley, but another portion clung about the sides of a small but steep hill, as if crowding towards its temple for protection, for on the extreme summit of the eminence, in a commanding position and in the midst of a rich wood, stood the sacred edifice, mounting guard, as it were, over the peaceful spot. So thought I as I looked up at the dark sombre groves surrounding it and adding so much to its sacred character; and, as if further to color this fancy, just at the moment, the deep-toned sounds of its huge bronze bell floated tremulously on the evening air, as if to assure the villagers, before the going down of the sun, that it was in its accustomed place to guard them through the evils of the night.

As I gazed at the scene, the sun was pouring over the green and crimson clad hills a few farewell rays, and bathing in a warm glow of light the foliage, the wild flowers, and the mossy thatched roofs covered with the blue iris. It was all very beautiful, but in our eyes Meyangashi's loveliest feature was its river. It was wonderful how many different aspects it was able to assume in its short course through the little Meyangashi valley. In some places it split itself up into numerous little streams, and brawled and babbled over shallow little beds of stones, in numberless little miniature cascades and rapids. Then it suddenly was united again, and a bend brought us to a deep clear pool with a sandy bottom on which the pebbles lay, eighteen feet under water, as clearly and distinctly as if nothing but space intervened between us. Nature seemed to have designed the spot expressly for a bathing-place. There was every convenience, as well as inducement, for a dip. A stone slab, overgrown about its base and sides by moss and lichens, but with a perfectly clear and level surface, projected over the cool depths, and offered every facility

for a "header," and a dressing-place; or the bather, had he preferred it, might have made his toilet on the grassy bank, amongst camellias and other wild flowers which grew right down to the water's edge, and were reflected in the still clear depths. Then, as if to show that it was not always obliged to look so inviting and pleasant, the river gradually narrowed, until it rushed madly, in a cruel-looking torrent, through a mountain gorge; then, as if changing its mood again, it opened out broader by degrees, until it became so mild and docile, as to submit to being crossed by a string of stepping-stones, over which a little Japanese damsel was tripping daintily, without even wetting her straw sandals; and lower down again, it widened out still more, and, in a broad gleaming sheet of water only a few inches in depth, swept over a golden-sanded bed.

In this shallow noisy groups of naked little children, their bodies tanned to a rich brown by the sun, were paddling about and making the welkin ring with their merry shouts and laughter, as they chased the small fish about, and caught them entangled amongst the weeds and stones at the sides. Then, after thus good-naturedly allowing the little urchins to play on its broad bosom, it collected itself within such bounds as to admit of being spanned by a rustic bridge—such a rustic bridge as I never saw out of a picture or a transformation scene. It was very arched, and consisted merely of upright stakes, on which rested a rude framework of untrimmed boughs, across which, again, smaller boughs and twigs were interlaced, and strewn over with a covering of straw and earth. Over this very primitive contrivance a pony, in straw shoes, laden with a couple of sacks of charcoal, was picking his way carefully—as he needed to, if he wished to get over without a fall, for the straw and earth often merely hid a treacherous interstice, through which the foot of man or beast occasionally disappeared. In addition to these little disagreeables, it had, as we afterwards found out, a playful way of oscillating violently, just as you got to the highest point of the arch and hung over the deepest part of the river. However, it was very pretty to look at, and was certainly not the *least* of Meyangashi's many picturesque points.

As we passed the head of this bridge, on our way home, my attention was attracted by a cheery but respectful "*ohio donesan!*"

and on looking about, I found that the sound proceeded from a grinning and bobbing head of a bright beetroot hue, which only just protruded from a steaming tub. I could not at first fix the identity of the owner, as the head of a boiled Japanese looking out of a cloud of steam is uncommonly like the head of any other boiled Japanese similarly situated; but at last, after the rubicund countenance had broken into a few more grins, I became aware that it was that of my *kango*-bearer, Tom Thumb, beaming with caloric and delight; while, *vis-a-vis*, and in another equally steaming tub, sat the lengthly and stolid Chang with a sedate but slightly sour cast of expression. Tom Thumb laughed very much, as if to intimate that he rather thought he had got the best of Chang this time; for while *he*, the little one, sat with the water bubbling snugly up to his very chin, his long partner was obliged to content himself with only a partial boiling, and sat with his bare back and shoulders protruding altogether from the tub, and exposed to the evening air.

I returned Tom Thumb's salutation, and passed on, with a mental comparison between him and his English prototype. Fancy an English *cabby* in—any but metaphorical—hot water!

My frequent allusion to this national predilection for the bath may mislead the reader into the belief that the Japanese are the cleanest nation under the sun. This is far from being the case. They are the most *tubbing* people, but while, amongst the petty trading and lower classes, they pay every attention to the cleanliness of their bodies, they pay none whatever to that of their clothes. The thickly-padded winter garments will be worn without being washed—not for days, nor weeks, nor years, but for generations. The patched and wadded garment, covering the body of a small urchin in the street, probably has descended to him from his grandfather, through a succession of uncles and bigger brothers; and next winter, if he grows out of it by then, it will pass on to a smaller member of the family. As long as they will hold together are these clothes kept. From constant patching, there may be, at last, but little of the original outer fabric left; but the thick cotton wadding is the same that for day after day through a winter, winter after winter through generations, has been worn without *once* being cleaned. But this is not

the worst. While the clothes are being worn, they are, at all events, exposed to the purifying influence of the fresh air, but as the cold season passes away, the entire winter wardrobe of a family is packed away altogether in some room, and there, all through the heat of the summer, it lies in a foul heap of frowstiness and impurity. Smallpox is the scourge of Japan, and there is no doubt that to this practice it owes in a great measure its yearly appearance and its virulence.

About fifty yards below the rustic bridge, and close to the river's edge, was our farmhouse, to which we returned after our saunter, and, on some potted soup and cold meat we had brought with us, together with some boiled trout caught that afternoon in the river, made a capital dinner.

In the evening we joined the family circle sitting round the *shebashi*, much to its delight. It was numerous, and consisted of the owner of the house, his wife, his wife's mother, his son-in-law and his three daughters, the eldest of whom was married to the last-mentioned and had two children; the second daughter was a buxom, and, apparently, not very disconsolate young widow, and the third was a blushing little maiden of about thirteen—in all eleven souls, and, just to strengthen my statement that smallpox is the scourge of the country, I may add that, out of this eleven, two—the son-in-law and one of the children—were deeply pitted with the marks of this terrible disease; while to its malignancy the young widow owed her present unmated condition; and not during one epidemic running through the family had these three fallen victims, but to three different visitations of the pestilence.

They formed as bright and happy a family circle as ever I saw. Even the mothers and sons-in-law—for that tie of relationship existed in duplicate here—agreeing harmoniously together. Our old host was a genial bright old fellow, with a polished baldness of head, which, though it may have saved him some trouble in shaving, must have given him quite as much in coaxing forward the few back hairs over the top of the head in the form of that peculiar little tail demanded by the fashion of the country. He was fonder of a joke than any one I ever came across; but the one which he admired and enjoyed more than anything else was a facetious affectation on Burton's part of a

tender passion for his old mother-in-law. This joke, I may add, lasted for the whole month we were there, and never palled on its admirer for a single instant.

The kindnesses I received from the entire family—more particularly at the first, when I was weak and ill—I shall never forget. The old man scoured the country day after day in search of curiosities, in the shape of old lacquer and quaint carvings in ivory; the son-in-law was often up at daybreak, whipping the stream for trout for my breakfast, and when successful, was always particular in impressing upon me, as he smilingly appeared with his gleaming offerings, that they were *sinjo* (presents). The old *okamisan's* attentions were entirely gastronomic, and the recollection of the gross violence to my palate that my gratitude and politeness led me into makes me shudder even now. All her little delicacies were made of fish. They were dressed in every shape and form that fish, raw, boiled, fried, mashed and battered, could be made to assume; but there was one taste common to all shapes—cod-liver oil. The younger *okamisan's* offerings to the sickly invalid were more acceptable. They were lighter specimens of the culinary art, and consisted of sponge cake, preserved young bamboo shoots, hard-boiled eggs and sliced pears. Nor was the blushing little *moosmie*, with her hair combed over and cut in a straight line across her forehead, and rejoicing in the name of *Oshinosan*, backward in performing many kind little offices for the sick *donesan*; and last, but not least, the buxom young widow kept me well supplied in bouquets of wild flowers; and as, day after day, she arranged them tastefully in a cup, and placed them with a bewitching smile on a little table close to my chair, I began to feel that widows ought to be marked "dangerous" in Japan as well as elsewhere; and I also instinctively thought of the advice of Mr. Weller, senior, on the subject. The only signs of widowhood about her was the absence of eyebrows, which rather gave her a look of perpetual surprise. She still plucked them out, in the usual token of mourning for the departed, but her teeth, which during her married life had of course been stained black, had now been allowed to resume their natural whiteness, and, on the least provocation, flashed brilliantly from between her full cherry lips. Many widows still retain the blackened teeth as

well as the plucked-out eyebrows, but this implies that all hopes and joys are buried in the tomb; while, on the contrary, a discontinuance of the unbecoming practice is regarded as a delicate intimation of the widow's readiness to enter a second time into the holy bonds of matrimony. If my widowed friend's flashing signals have not been responded to ere this, it cannot have been on account of their not being seen, for never have I beheld such dazzling white teeth as hers. I asked her one day what she did to them, upon which she became, as to her teeth, more dazzling than ever, and produced her toothbrush, a simple contrivance indeed. It consisted—Avaunt sad repinings for the many shillings and half-crowns wasted on brushes and odonto!—simply of a small stick of bitter wood with one end beaten and hammered into a rough fibrous brush, and this, with a cup of cold water, was the only implement she used!

On the afternoon of about the fourth day of our stay some of Burton's brother officers paid us a visit from Yokohama. They had not made two days' journey of it, as I, poor sickly invalid, had been compelled to, but had accomplished the thirty-five miles, with just a short rest at Atchungi, in a few hours. They brought no particular news, except that the stoppage of the party on the Tokaido had been represented by their colonel to the minister, who, ever mindful of the honor and dignity of the British subject, had demanded from the Japanese government a personal apology to all concerned, at the very spot where the indignity had been offered. This apology, they added, was to be made the following day at noon, under the above circumstances; and they also brought a letter from the colonel to Burton, directing him, as one of the party on the occasion, to attend. I, obscure sober-coated merchant, had slipped out of the affair altogether. The officers dined with us and slept at the farmhouse that night, our old host and all his family exerting themselves to their utmost to accommodate the "*Tojin yaconins*," as they called our red-coated visitors; and on the following morning, at an early hour, they started for the rendezvous, taking with them Burton, who promised to return for dinner.

During my kind nurse's absence for the day, the different members of the family seemed to think it incumbent upon them to neglect their respective avocations wholly,

in order to devote themselves entirely to my comfort and amusement; so that the time passed quickly enough until late in the afternoon, when, from the top of an adjacent hill, whence I could be espied reclining in the veranda surrounded by my kind attendants, a cheery shout announced Burton's return. In a few more minutes he was sitting by my side, booted and spurred, giving me an account of the day's proceedings. An apology, as ample and complete as the Tycoon's government could render, had been made. A commissioner of high rank from Yeddo, with a numerous retinue, had met the aggrieved officers at the identical official tea-house where they had been stopped, and there, in their presence, had administered a sound rating to the *yaconins* of the road (species of municipal councilmen) for that particular portion of the Tokaido; after which, he, together with his retinue and the recently-reprimanded *yaconins*, had escorted the officers with every sign of civility and deference to the very temples they had been debarred from visiting on the former occasion. This latter part of the proceeding had been performed amidst a mighty concourse of people, who crowded round them on all sides—this time, however, not with derisive shouts and piling up of barricades, but with bowed heads and on bended knees.

"It was all very well," remarked Burton, at the conclusion of his description. "Those poor devils of *yaconins* were kept on their marrow-bones *kow-towing* before us for about half an hour, and the tagrag and bobtail were shown that we were not to be insulted with impunity; but the real offenders, that *Daimio* and his swaggering two-sworded lot, what do they care? They are about sixty miles down the Tokaido by this time, and will probably never hear anything at all about it; or if they do, they'll just laugh in their sleeve at it all."

I agreed with Burton, not only because I thought with him, but also because it is impolitic to disagree with a person who is tired and hungry; and we sat down to our evening meal, which was graced as usual by some abominable fish delicacy from the old *okamisan*.

For the first week of my stay at the farmhouse I did little more than saunter about with Burton on the banks of the river, gathering strength with every breath of the balmy air; or sit in my chair on the veranda,

lulled to a peaceful and health-restoring calmness of mind by the tranquillity and beauty of the scene before me. But after that it was wonderful how rapidly, under these invigorating influences, strength returned; and I was soon able to join Burton in long walks and rides in the neighborhood, and in, what was still more instrumental in bracing my nerves and restoring a healthy tone to mind and body, a morning dip in the cold clear pool higher up the river. Day after day we now devoted to some little excursion or outdoor pursuit. Sometimes we walked along the winding bank of the ever-varying river as far as we could go. Sometimes we sketched, sometimes we fished, and sometimes we mounted our ponies and rode off ten or a dozen miles to some picturesque spot our host had told us of—either a temple, a ruin, or a waterfall. About these latter expeditions, our worthy old friend was always very nervous concerning us, and invariably cautioned us on our departure to be on our guard against the dreaded *ronins*.

Now these *ronins* are military *yaconins*, generally of subordinate rank, who have been in the service of *Daimios*, but who, either from dismissal for misconduct, or from the disgrace, failure or demise of their *Daimios*, have found themselves thrown on the world without any means of existence. Brought up to the profession of arms, as well as born to it—for the military calling is there hereditary—they are unable, with their military education and instincts, to turn their hands to anything else; so that, unless they can enter the service of some other *Daimios*, nothing is left to them but to continue to live as they were brought up—by the sword. In other words, they take to the road as a means of subsistence, and by their depredations and recklessness are a terror to the peaceable inhabitants.

Luckily a meeting with any of these outlawed gentry never marred the harmony of our quiet rides; and not the least enjoyable part of the day's jaunt used to be the hearty welcome we received from the whole family at its close, as we returned home in the evening safe and sound. As we always on these occasions carried our loaded revolvers with us, I make no doubt that, had we ever met any of these swaggering, roystering swashbucklers, we could easily have kept them at bay, as they seldom go about more numerous than in twos and threes.

Returning one evening from one of these trips, we were rather mystified, as we crested the top of the hill overlooking the peaceful little village, by the spectacle of an enormous paper dragon floating from a pole over the roof of our country quarters, and, on descending, were met by the entire family, who, in addition to their customary smiles of welcome, wore an appearance of the highest festivity, as did also everything about the establishment. All the faces were bright and smiling, the clothes had a festive gloss about them, the women's heads shone with pomatum and ornaments, and the men's with recent shaving; and a glance into the interior of the farmhouse afforded a view of several little lacquer-stands and trays, set out with an imposing array of small saucers containing fish done in every conceivable way, preserved pears, slices of hard-boiled eggs, pickled bamboo shoots, and many other such delicacies of a Japanese nature; while numerous little china cups and stone bottles containing *saki*—a spirit distilled from rice—showed that the feast was not to be confined to the discussion of solids.

An explanation of all this was soon forthcoming from the old man. It was his wife's birthday, an event which they always kept up with the greatest spirit and delight.

"And why not have told us this before?" I asked, thinking that I might have sent into Yokohama and obtained some little present as a trifling acknowledgment of all the *okamisan's* kindness.

"Because," replied the old man, as he waved his hand toward the fish, the pickled bamboo and the *saki*, "I thought it would be such a surprise for you when you came home."

He was the most simple-minded old creature I ever met, and, as he spoke, it was with the hearty zest of a child that he watched our faces for those expressions of delight and astonishment which so tempting a display was expected to call up into them. Several neighbors had been bidden to the feast, and the nervous time for the arrival of the guests was close at hand, so we departed to our own dinner, though not before we had each been made to drink a small cup of hot *saki* in honor of the event, and given our promises to join them later in the evening.

While at our dinner Burton suggested that we should send in to the merry-makers

a few bottles of different sorts of wine, not only as a piece of attention to our friends, but also as a means of affording us an insight into the native taste on the subject. I entered into both the feelings, and in a spirit, partly of compliment, partly of experiment, we sent in a bottle of brandy, a bottle of whiskey, a bottle of curacao, a bottle of sherry, a bottle of pale ale and a bottle of champagne. These contributions to the feast we allowed to precede our own appearance by only a few moments, as it would never have done to have allowed the party to partake of the different liquids in blind ignorance of their respective properties. The result of the experiment was as follows: The brandy met with a warm reception. That accorded to the whiskey was doubtful. Public opinion on its merits was divided, but at last, by the casting vote of the toothless old *okamisan* it obtained a majority of one in its favor. Of the rest, the sherry was unanimously condemned; but the champagne received a favorable verdict on all sides; while the pale ale occasioned a general exodus of the whole party into the backyard, whence the sounds of much spitting and rinsing out of mouths proceeded for some moments. After these decided demonstrations of disapproval, which, at all events, were acceptable, as showing that they were candid in the avowal of their opinions, they tasted the curacao, which created such a furor of enthusiasm as to lead to the production of a second bottle. There was such a smacking of lips, such a screwing up of eyes, and altogether such an evident relish for this beverage, that I inwardly rejoiced at its non-existence in the country.

The guests consisted of three or four men with their wives and daughters, and after they had got the curacao off their minds (for it was some time before they could moderate their transports), Burton and myself told them stories of our own country, which were listened to with eager curiosity, the questions they put to us showing not only a desire for information, but also a most intelligent appreciation and conception of what we told them. Then the girls thrummed their guitars, and screeched at the top of their voices. Then our worthy old host made night (and himself) hideous with a song, which he rendered in the true Japanese style, consisting of a series of sudden and rapid transitions from very low



growl; to very high falsetto notes, and he labored away with such a will at his bass rumblings and his treble squeaks, that he became quite purple in the face, and inspired me with a dread that apoplexy would put a ghastly end to my poor old friend, his song, and the festivities in general. However, I am thankful to say he accomplished his task to the uttermost squeak in safety, and from the way in which he was applauded and complimented, he was evidently regarded as being "in voice" that night. From this time mirth and jollity was the order of the evening; stories were told, jokes made, laughter rang out, and even the paper dragon over the roof flapped about wildly, as if even his paper nature had been unable to withstand the contagion of good-fellowship, and he were struggling frantically to get away from his pole, and come and join in the festivities inside. However, although the mirth while it lasted was fast and furious, it never degenerated into the least coarseness or undue familiarity, and consisted of nothing but hearty, good, honest laughter at little jokes of the most harmless nature; nor was the entertainment kept up at any very great expense of "nature's sweet restorer," for, punctually at nine o'clock the guests lighted their paper lanterns, and, after a little hot *saki* all round, and a great deal of that bowing and scraping about which even the lowest Japanese coolie is most punctilious, they slipped on their high wooden clogs, and clattered

off to their homes. The only thing that made a night of it was the dragon, and he kept up an unceasing flapping and whistling until an early hour the next morning, when he was taken down and packed away until the next family festivity. There was no symbolical meaning attached to it in connection with the *okamisan's* birthday, but was simply a sign of rejoicing, just as we might hoist a flag or a banner. I may add that it measured twenty-three feet in length, and was composed of that peculiarly tough Japanese paper and strips of bamboo.

Space will not allow me to linger any longer over this pleasant peaceful time. The days passed quickly in a regular round of such pursuits as I have mentioned, and it seemed little short of a miracle when, at the end of the month, I found myself transformed from a weak pale invalid, trembling between life and death, into a robust hale man, fit once more to take his place in the ranks, and renew the fight with the cares and trials of this toiling struggling world.

With mutual regret we parted from our kind unsophisticated old host and his family; and, as I have said before at the commencement of this sketch, I never feel weary of the perpetual fight, that my spirit does not "wing its flight" to the peaceful thatched farmhouse in the little Japanese village of Meyangashi, where I passed so pleasantly from the very shadow of death to all the natural strength and vigor of life and manhood.

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THE FOURTH OF JULY ORATOR.

BY ANNA MASON.

"So, Birdie, it seems that young Brevoort is back from Europe," remarked Captain Howard, looking up from his newspaper and addressing a pretty girl of nineteen, his only child and the comfort of his old age.

"So it seems, papa," responded Bertha's sweet voice, while the coarse sewing which she held trembled in her grasp.

"He's to give us our Fourth of July oration at the old Town Hall. I'll be bound he speaks well. Promising young fellow, eh, Birdie?"

"Yes, papa, I dare say."

"His family are proud as Lucifer—*ridiculous* proud, seeing this world is not their abiding-place. But the youngster is well enough; as modest, well-meaning, pleasant-spoken a young fellow as you'll often meet. He was sweet on you, Birdie, a year ago. Don't whistle him back, for I don't want him to rob my nest, even if he can put my bird in a gold cage."

"No danger, papa dear," replied Bertha, with a painful blush.

"At all events, Birdie, we'll go and listen to the precious oration with the best of them."

The captain resumed his pipe and paper, and soon Bertha stole softly out to the cool veranda with her sewing.

Her home was a small house in the old part of the town. It stood back from the road, and was almost hidden from view by trees of magnificent growth; otherwise the location would have been unpleasant, for trade had grown up all around it, and there were no pleasant residences near. Wealth and fashion had long since taken their flight to other quarters.

Opposite was the old Town Hall, a really venerable building, rarely used now save on the occasion of some patriotic celebration.

The house had been bought years ago when Bertha was a baby; the only one of all her mother's babies who lived and thrived.

Captain Howard had passed most of his time at sea, always looking forward to settling down at home as soon as he should have amassed enough wealth for comfort.

He was unfortunate. Shipwrecks, disastrous speculations, treachery from those in whom he had confided, followed each other like shadows; and so he kept following on the heels of Prosperity, but never succeeded in laying the detaining grasp on her. So year after year rolled by, and he was still at sea, coming home occasionally.

Bertha, under the care of her superior well-educated mother, developed into a beautiful girl. Her school life threw her with the best young people of the place. Her intellectual superiority and culture commanded respect; her lovely character and extreme sweetness of disposition won love. She was prime favorite both with teachers and schoolmates.

At sixteen poor Bertha lost her mother, and Captain Howard returned to his saddened home. Three years father and daughter had passed together in modest competency.

August Brevoort had been her lover always. She had been his little favorite during schooldays, and when these ceased no one disputed with him his claim to escort her from church and evening meetings, or to parties and little entertainments. Many of their young companions regarded them "as good as engaged." But the Brevoort family were intensely proud; especially August's elder sister. Her marriage to the scion of a distinguished English family had increased her hauteur, and made her more ambitious than ever for the advancement of her only brother. It was owing to her influence that August accompanied her and her husband to Europe.

Prior to the departure Bertha had expected August to come and say good-by, and to exchange the promises of love that had been given a thousand times in all but words. She waited in vain; he did not come, and she received no word of farewell. She was forced to the agonizing conclusion that he had yielded to the wishes of his ambitious friends and given her up.

For a year she had struggled to hide her hurt, and to make home cheerful and happy for her aged father. It had been heavy work.

As she sat on the veranda on the warm summer day in which our story opens, a great tear fell on her work, followed by another and another till her eyes were dimmed. Her needle went aslant and pierced her finger, and her work dropped from her hands. She gazed through the trees over at the old Town Hall wistfully.

"I shall see and hear him *there*," thought she, "and crowds of others will see and hear him also. He is rich, happy, courted and content. How could I have believed his youthful love for me would have endured? I wish I need not go, after all; but every one would notice and comment on my absence, and so I must."

"The glorious Fourth" proved to be a very warm day. Listlessly Bertha stood by her little mirror to complete her simple toilet. Her dress was an organdie—a delicate lilac-hued spray on a white ground—with ruffles of lace at wrists and throat. In place of a brooch she wore a cluster of fragrant violets. A straw hat with white ribbons and lilac wreath, a pair of straw-tinted kid gloves and a white crepe shawl, completed her modest but elegant costume.

She took up her handkerchief, fan and parasol, and ran down to her father, who, as usual on such occasions, was in a great flurry lest they should be a moment late.

"Eh! but you look cool and fresh as a flower, Birdie!" cried he, rubbing his rubicund visage with a gay silk bandana.

"Brevoort will lose his heart over again!"

Bertha laughed—poor girl!—and together they crossed the street and entered the building, which was rapidly filling. An usher—*comme il faut* in white kids, white tie and button-hole bouquet—who knew Bertha, motioned them to conspicuous seats. All about them were familiar faces. Bertha bowed to a host of acquaintances, while the jolly old captain eyed her with triumphant pride.

Mr. and Mrs. Brevoort, with their son-in-law and daughter—Lord and Lady Murray—sat in front of them.

The audience was a large and fashionable one. The platform was occupied by gentlemen of some distinction. In their midst sat the young orator of the day. Bertha gazed on the noble and beloved features with mingled joy and pain. She scarcely caught a word of several brief addresses, nor gave the attention she ought to the Rev. Dr. Clarke's prayer; nor followed the read-

ing of the glorious Declaration of Independence, as interpreted in a husky voice by a pompous individual, General Tremaine, so intent was she upon her own thoughts.

When August Brevoort arose there was a murmur of flattering applause. Every tone of his exquisite voice fell on Bertha's ear like softest music; every sentence of his eloquent address rang its echo in her heart. His eye singled her out from the crowd of beauties. She looked so modest, innocent and sweet, that a looker-on would not have wondered at his preference. Their eyes met, and she fancied she read in his a look of reproach that puzzled and bewildered her. Flattering applause greeted the close of the address.

The day was very warm, and but a faint breeze stole in at the open windows. There was a cessation of fanning and a rustle of uneasiness as the Rev. Mr. Smith began a long prayer. A sigh of relief greeted its conclusion. Then all arose to sing "The Star Spangled Banner." Suddenly, ere the singing had commenced, there was heard a low rumbling sound, growing every moment louder, that blanched every cheek and sent horror to every heart. Amidst shrieks of dismay and apprehension the end of the great gallery nearest the platform fell with a terrific crash.

The heap of debris coming with such fearful momentum, tore through the frail flooring of the platform, and rushed thundering into the cellar below, where it fell with a sickening thud. Alas for those who had stood on that fatal spot!

Suddenly all was panic and dismay. People rushed wildly for the door, and were trampled and crushed in their frantic efforts to escape from the building.

"Mrs. Brevoort is trying to make her way to the platform!" cried Captain Howard. "What madness to press against the crowd! She'll be crushed to death. Now see that man! Heavens! what brutes terror makes of humanity! Stay still in your place, Bertha, until I return for you."

Captain Howard sprang out into the struggling crowd to rescue Mrs. Brevoort, and none too soon, for she was already borne down, and in another moment would have been beneath the feet of the crowd. It took all the Herculean strength of the gallant old captain to lift her up, and she moaned painfully, and murmured with white lips:

"My shoulder was stepped on. I feel faint."

Bertha stood gazing like one dazed at the awful scene on the platform. Back of the yawning chasm, from out the blinding, choking dust, she could see those who had been spared alive. He was not of them. Already men were at work clearing the debris and digging out the wounded, and, alas! Bertha thought with a shudder, the dead also.

She longed to rush forward, but her trembling knees gave way, and she sank into a seat. So her father found her and led her home. He had left Mrs. Brevoort not seriously injured, but wild with anxiety as to the fate of her son.

The brave old captain returned to the scenes where he could be of service, and Bertha flung herself on the lounge, and prayed with passionate tears and pleadings. She heard the tramping of feet, and men entered carrying a stretcher.

"Your father sent us here, Miss Bertha," explains the surgeon, Dr. Ambrose. "It is General Tremaine, fatally injured, I greatly fear."

Bertha led the way to her father's room, and moved about to do what the surgeon required. Again was she doomed to hear the ghastly tread of measured steps, and again men entered her presence carrying a shutter. As in a dream she heard:

"Young Brevoort, Miss Bertha."

"O my God!" she moaned, with livid lips.

"I am not dead, Bertha," came from the shutter. "Do not be alarmed."

"He has fainted," said the doctor.

"There must be no talking and no excitement."

Bertha motioned them to her own snowy little room. In the course of the afternoon the little house became like a hospital. Bertha was kept busy, only once or twice finding opportunity to steal into her own room, carefully shaded, where lay her lover, his wounds dressed, a ghastly bandage across his brow, moaning in a sleep produced by opiates. Then poor Bertha sighed heavily, and rushed out to where she was needed.

Towards evening a carriage drove up, and Mrs. Brevoort was assisted to alight. She was still suffering from her injuries, and moved like one in pain.

"I thank you for your care of my son,"

she said to Bertha. "There is a bed prepared in the carriage, and the doctor thinks it safe to move him, so I will trouble you no longer; indeed, Miss Howard, your hearts and your hands must be full here to-day."

In truth the little house, being so near the fatal building, was filled to its utmost capacity with the wounded and their friends.

To old Captain Howard Mrs. Brevoort extended her hand:

"I owe my life to you. I shall not forget the debt, nor prove ungrateful."

The following week was one of gloom in the village.

Several of the wounded had died, and others were slowly recovering; funeral shad been of almost daily occurrence and the bells had tolled mournfully.

There had been investigating committees, indignation meetings and the usual post-mortem proceedings.

Captain Howard's little house had resumed its usual appearance of quiet restfulness. We find Bertha, as she was a week ago, on the cool veranda sewing.

The expression of sadness has deepened on her face, and her large thoughtful eyes have a look of weariness, as if sleep had not wooed them kindly.

A carriage drove up and stopped at the gate, and to Bertha's surprise Mrs. Brevoort alighted.

Our little heroine, in her simple muslin dress, arose and greeted the great lady of the place with a modest dignity of her own. Mrs. Brevoort seemed much agitated, and grasped Bertha's hand almost painfully.

"I have come to confess a great wrong," she began, to Bertha's amazement, as she followed her into the shady fragrant parlor. She lifted her hand as if to forbid interruption and continued:

"For a week I have watched by what I feared would prove my son's deathbed. In that week I have prayed much, I have registered many a vow as to my future conduct should that dear son's life be spared. Those vows, Miss Howard, included reparation to yourself. You look at me in surprise—you cannot conceive in what I have injured you!

"A year ago I was aware that my son wished to marry you. I objected to the match; it was distasteful to me; but that does not justify my conduct. My son wrote to you before he sailed for Europe: I found the letter in his room, opened and read it. It was a proposal of marriage. He stated

that he believed you loved him, and that he hoped to receive an answer to that effect; but that if you sent no reply he should know he had mistaken the nature of your regard. A proposal so put would have been singular from almost any one else, but from oversensitive August it was but characteristic.

Our coachman, who I knew would be selected by August as his messenger, was an old family servant and trusted my judgment implicitly. To him I said:

"Bring the letter addressed to Miss Howard to me, and tell your master you delivered it to the lady, saw it read, and she told you there was no reply. I wish to save my son from the consequences of kindness to a designing girl."

The man believed I could only act for my son's good, and obeyed me. Lady Murray requested August to go to New York in advance of the others to attend to important business, and so there was no risk of a chance meeting.

I tried to convince myself that you were not a proper person for August. I shut my ears and my heart to the reports I heard of your virtues, accomplishments and nobility of character. I convinced myself that August felt for you but a youthful fancy, and I trusted to the year which has gone by to work miracles. I thought you would tire of waiting and marry, or that Lady Murray would dazzle August with a European connection. This past week has taught me many things. I have listened to my son's unconscious ravings, and I have come, Bertha Howard, to beg you to return with me to August, to be his wife if he lives, and the dear daughter of my love whether he lives or not."

Mrs. Brevoort fell on her knees before Bertha, who sat with her head bowed in her hands.

"O, I beg of you don't!" cried Bertha, shocked and startled, for a noble mind is never gratified by humiliation of another.

"Pray arise—I forgive you. I am sorry for your suffering, and I am sure God has forgiven you. Let me go with you now to August."

"Yes, my child; but you must not excite him. He knows all, he has forgiven me, and he is anxiously looking for you."

In five minutes Bertha was beside Mrs. Brevoort in her carriage, and in half an hour the news was all over the village.

As they entered his room August looked up eagerly and exclaimed, "Mother—Bertha—this is as it should be. I shall soon be well."

A smile of ineffable joy shone in his eyes; but Bertha shuddered as she noticed his changed appearance, giving such touching proof of his sufferings.

There was a quiet bedside wedding, followed by three weeks of watching and care, shared by mother and wife.

With what loving wiles Bertha beguiled the weary hours of convalescence. With what joy she watched August's restoration to health and spirits!

No queen was ever more proud of her distinguished consort than was Bertha of the poor weak man with feeble steps and bandaged brow, who leaned on her arm as he walked for the first time in the garden.

Mrs. Brevoort asked the old captain to make her house his home, but he refused, and kept his little house with a servant to keep it tidy.

The evening of his life was blessed with the love and care of his children. Many a day they passed at the little cottage, and sometimes the old man, leaning on his cane, came up to the Brevoort mansion to romp with a rosy little grandchild.

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**WISELY SAID.**—In domestic rule, esteem is more potent than indulgence, or even forbearance. When boys or girls go wrong, a frequent cause is that they are not esteemed at home, or fancy they are not. This esteem must be genuine; it cannot be pretended or counterfeited. Hence, in governing, few qualities are so valuable as readiness to appreciate merits, or ingenuity in discovering them, especially the latter. In every large family or large circle of friends, there is generally some difficult person to understand.

This person is exceedingly troublesome, and, to use a common expression, very "trying." His or her merits (for he or she is sure to have some) have not been found out. Find them out and appreciate them. Much of the trouble of dealing with that person will be removed. The value of imagination in domestic government is very great. If we could have statistics on the subject we should find, I incline to think, that children of unimaginative people are particularly prone to go wrong.



**MADemoiselle SYLPHINA :**  
—OR,—  
**THE FORTUNES OF A CASTAWAY.**

BY ELIZABETH BIGELOW.

CHAPTER XXI.

COUNT FOSCARI was in a very jovial mood when he ushered his companion into the gambling-saloon. He had entertained him on the way there with stories of his familiarity with the English nobility, what "jolly good fellows" his companions among them were, and expressed his intention to make young Johnson thoroughly "one of us."

Mr. Johnson preserved his usual gravity and reserve, but the count was confident, nevertheless, that he was making a profound impression upon him. What young man could be insensible to the honor of walking arm in arm with a count, of being talked to by him as if they had been friends for years, and promised an immediate fellowship with the young noblemen of the land?

They played, and at first Mr. Johnson won, steadily. But suddenly his "luck turned," and the count began to win. They had played for small sums at first, but when the count began to win he proposed to double the stakes, Mr. Johnson consented, still with imperturbable gravity. Still the count won. What a simpleton was this with

whom he had to deal! he thought, exultantly. He drank deeply, and grew hilarious. Still he won. If his companion's face wore a shade of anxiety, it was too slight a one to be easily discovered; but he watched the count narrowly, quite unobserved by the latter, whose persistent drinking had made him wild and reckless. Ordinarily the count was considered "a cool hand," he refrained from drinking when he played, in order to keep his brain clear; but he said to himself that this fellow was such a simpleton, it was not worth the while; it did not need a clear head to fool him.

He grew openly exultant over his gains, as he noted them down carefully on the back of a letter which he took from his pocket. Glancing at the letter, young Johnson caught sight of a word that made him start and turn pale. But he recovered himself immediately, anxious not to show his agitation to the count. How to get that letter into his possession was his sole thought. To achieve that object he would gladly have trebled the sums which the count had won from him.

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But no effort was necessary. When he arose from the table, saying he could afford to lose no more that night, the count triumphantly tossed the letter over to him, that he might see how large his debt was.

Mr. Johnson looked at it quietly, gave him a check for the amount, and walked away, with the letter still in his hand, leaving the count drinking in honor of his success, and chuckling over the check, for it was not often that his victims paid so promptly and without remonstrance.

Under the gaslight, in the hall of the saloon, Mr. Johnson unfolded the letter and read:

"It seems to me, Jones, that you've been about this job long enough. It's high time that the girl was out of the way! I am in more danger from having her in London than anywhere else, for now the old lady Livingstone and her son are both in the city, and going round to all the theatres; and my wife says that Mr. Hugh still clings to the notion that the child isn't dead. So you see he is likely enough to find her; the little devil is Livingstone all over, and looks like nobody else in the world. It wouldn't take more than one look at her, now she is grown up, to tell the old lady and Mr. Hugh both who she is, and then I should be done for—and you, too, for you know the agreement is I don't pay you unless I get the money I expect to myself. The old lady is getting sick and nervous, and all the time expecting to get found out, and she is so keen that she won't believe the young one was put out of the way, but is always expecting that her father will find her; and I can't get the money that I want to out of her till I can prove to her that there is no danger. If I once get the girl into my hands, I will take care that there is no more danger, I'll warrant! I'm afraid she'll escape me yet, for I believe she's a witch—she won't drown, anyway! How she got away alive, when that vessel went down in the middle of the ocean, is more than I can tell! It was a miracle that Jack Neil and I escaped. I was sure that ours was the only one of the boats that lived, and that went over bottom upwards half a dozen times! It makes me mad to think what I've been through chasing that young imp half over the world! But now, Jones, if you'll only get her to marry and go off with you, and you deliver her into my hands, I shall be

rich for life, and I'll pay you handsomely, as I agreed—though you've had nothing but fun out of it; it's no great hardship to play count, and have all the women running after you! But it's a fact, Jones, that you ought to have succeeded before now. And I can't have any more shilly-shallying. The girl must be in my power within a month. If she isn't I'll take the job out of your hands, and go into it again myself. I believe I should have done better if I had carried her off in that little theatrical scene that you arranged, when you appeared to rescue her from me to excite her gratitude towards you. I wish I had! I've run greater risks than that without getting caught. By the way, I hear that Pennant's circus is coming to London, so she'll have more friends than she's got now. Remember, I'll wait a month longer, and no more. Then, if the job isn't done, I'll take it into my own hands. Yours,

"DENNETT."

As he read the last word—the name which had startled him as he caught sight of it, when the count took the letter out—he heard a hasty uneven step behind him. Turning, he saw the count, with his face livid with rage. He snatched the letter from Johnson's hand, and his eyes glared upon it like those of a wild animal.

"Miserable scoundrel—spy!" he shouted, and dealt the young man a blow, full in the face, with his clenched fist. The next moment he found himself reclining upon the marble floor of the hall. But the blow that prostrated him had not been a heavy one, and he arose the next moment, drew a pistol from his pocket and aimed it at the young man's head. But in his drunken rage he could not take a steady aim. The ball entered the young man's shoulder. He fell to the floor insensible.

The count looked at him with an expression of exultation, but the shock had sobered him, and aroused his wits to discover the best way of escape for himself; for he thought it quite likely that the young man was dead.

He listened to the noise of hurrying footsteps. The shot had been heard, of course. He lighted a cigar, and was coolly puffing at it when some men, startled by the shot, reached the hall.

"Shot himself, I suppose, poor devil!" he said, carelessly. "He lost heavily to

night, and I fancy he had nothing to pay his debts with. He had better be taken to the hospital at once. I don't think he has any friends in London. He seemed to be a stranger."

Such things were not uncommon there. Nobody asked any further questions. The young man, still unconscious, was removed to a hospital, and Count Foscari went on his way triumphant and rejoicing.

He had been in great danger, but he was safe now, he thought. The letter which in his drunken carelessness he had allowed to fall into young Johnson's hands was now safely back in his own, and the young man, if he recovered and remembered its contents, could prove nothing against him; even if he should take the trouble to attempt to do so, which, unless he had suspected him of cheating at play, he was not likely to do. For what should he, a stranger, care whether he made people believe that he was the Count Foscari or not? And he had laid his plans warily—he and Dennett. It would not be easy for anybody to prove that he was simply Dick Jones, adventurer, and perpetrator of almost every species of villainy.

"But Dennett isn't to blame; it's time he had the girl. But it is she that shilly-shallys, not I. I shall give her to understand to-morrow that I've waited as long as I shall, and I'm inclined to think that will bring her to time! I don't imagine she has any particular regard for me, but she don't like to lose the chance of becoming Countess Foscari! It's a very fine sounding title, ha! ha! but all the young ladies say they would know at a glance that I was of noble birth if they did not know my title. O Mary Jane, my beloved spouse, taking in washing for a living, in Slab City, Pennsylvania, United States of America, what would you say to know that your devoted husband, with a grand handle to his name, was going to be married to a young lady whose beauty has set half London wild! And going to make a pretty penny out of it, too, by the old fool Follansbee, as well as by Dennett!—she's willing to pay well for getting a count for her pet, and she shall!"

While Count Foscari was indulging in this soliloquy on his homeward way, the young man whom he had shot was raving in the delirium which had succeeded to his insensibility.

"O let me go! Let me go! I must save

her!" he cried, struggling with those who held him. "O Dely, my little Dely, I will save you! I tell you I will go! She is in their power, and I must save her from them!"

The doctors tried to quiet him with opiates, while they examined his wound.

"Poor fellow! It is a pretty bad wound! I am afraid it will be a long time before he will get out if he ever does!" said one of them, compassionately.

And for days, while he tossed in a fever of delirium, that pitiful cry was kept up:

"O Dely, my little Dely, you are in their power, and I cannot save you!"

## CHAPTER XXII.

THE next day Dely promised to become the wife of Count Foscari, on condition that he should allow her, first, to appear once upon the stage, as she had anticipated. Having had that in view from her childhood, a strong ambition had been awakened within her, and she did not like to abandon all thought of the stage, without giving her powers one trial. She thought that her debut could not be interrupted, now, as it had been in Melbourne, for if Dennett were to appear, among the audience, she should be prepared for it, and could not be frightened, as she had been when he seemed to her like one just risen from the dead. Besides, she had Count Foscari to protect her from him, now!

But the count strongly objected to her appearing on the stage. He gently suggested that it would be much pleasanter for him not to have his future wife known as an actress. Dely resented this so proudly that he saw at once that he was on dangerous ground. He was not sufficiently sure of her to dare to insist. Better run the risk of one appearance than to lose her altogether, he thought; he did not believe there was as much danger in it as Dennett pretended. She must have changed so much since she was a child of four or five years, that there was very little danger that her father or her grandmother would recognize her, in a strange land, and when one of them, at least, supposed her to be dead. And then the probability of their going to the very theatre at which her debut was to take place, on that particular night, was very slight. So the count reasoned, and yielded to Dely's condition.



Miss Follansbee was in a state bordering on ecstasy. In her opinion it was a very grand thing to be a fine actress—even if it were a much happier destiny to be the Countess Foscari—and she was enraptured with the prospect of Dely's creating a theatrical sensation, and afterwards a still greater sensation, in society, as a countess.

The count pleaded very strongly for an immediate marriage, promising not to object to her making her appearance on the stage afterwards. Dely thought this a little strange, since he had at first expressed so much unwillingness to have her appear then, even if she was only his betrothed; but no suspicion that he could have any unworthy motive for wishing to marry her ever crossed her mind. Before a month had passed the "star's" engagement—after which Dely's was to come, began, but on the day after her second appearance she was taken suddenly ill. The manager sent, at once, for Dely. He wished to have her see the "star," whose stage name was Madame Albani, and obtain her opinion as to her ability to take her (Madame Albani's) place, for one night.

The play was *Romeo and Juliet*, in which he knew she had appeared, at Melbourne.

The manager escorted her to Madame Albani's rooms, and then left her to make her own impression on the celebrated actress. She found Madame Albani reclining on a fauteuil—for she was not seriously ill, but had taken a severe cold which made speaking difficult. Her face was turned away from the light, and Dely saw only some braids of light yellow hair—as yellow as her own, she thought—slightly streaked with silver; but when, at Dely's entrance, she turned her face towards her, she was surprised at its loveliness.

She had, apparently, reached middle age, and her face bore traces of care and sorrow; its prevailing expression was sadness; but the complexion was still as fresh and lovely as an infant's, the features were all beautifully regular, and the large dark eyes were soft and sweet, as well as brilliant. In all her life, Dely thought, she had never seen so beautiful a face.

"Mr. — says that you can play *Juliet*," Madame Albani began; and then she rose, suddenly, with a startled cry, and her face grew white.

"My child, who are you? What is your name?" she stammered.

Dely was startled, and her first thought

was of Dennett. Could this beautiful woman be one of his accomplices? It did not seem possible, but Dely's nervous terror, and her constant sense of danger, had made her suspicious.

"My name is Follansbee," she answered. (She was always called, now, by Miss Follansbee's name, and was supposed, by everybody, to be Miss Follansbee's niece.)

"And Miss Follansbee, the actress, is your aunt?"

Dely answered "yes." She felt an impulse to tell her whole history to this beautiful woman, who manifested so strange an interest in her, but the fear that she might be, in some way, connected with her enemies checked the impulse.

Madame Albani sank back on her fauteuil, as if exhausted by her agitation.

"Pardon me," she said; "my excitement must seem very strange to you! But you look so much so very much like—like some one—a child she was, that I used to know! She died, long ago, but it seemed to me when I first saw you as if she must have come to life again! I have often tried to fancy how she would have looked, if she had lived to grow up, and you have just the face and form that my imagination pictured!"

A strange thrill stirred Dely's heart. Might she not have been the child who was thought to have died, and had really been stolen away? Might not this be the "beautiful lady," whose memory had haunted her from her childhood? This face was not unlike the face that she vaguely remembered, though marked with traces of time and sorrow, as that had not been.

She opened her lips to speak—to pour out the half-forgotten memories of her childhood; but Madame Albani's voice broke in, quiet, and sad, and cold.

"It was an idle fancy. I am not used to illness, and this must have disordered my nerves a little, I think. Let us attend to business, at once! You can look *Juliet*, at all events; let me see how well you can act."

And Dely threw herself, at once, into her part, thankful after the first moment, that her confession had been checked; for what could this famous actress, who had lived, she knew for many years, if not all her life, in France, have known of her childhood?

Madame Albani watched and listened to her, intently, frequently interrupting her with suggestions, and expressions of approval.

When she had finished she expressed herself as being perfectly confident of Dely's ability to fill her place.

"And you will make much more of a sensation in it than I, my dear, for you are younger and more beautiful!" she added, kindly.

"O, nobody could be more beautiful than you!" said Dely, enthusiastically.

She could not repress that burst of admiration, though after she had spoken she was afraid it sounded rather rude. Madame Albani was so saintlike and awe-inspiring as well as beautiful.

She smiled a little sadly at Dely's enthusiasm.

"I hope your beauty may bring you more happiness than mine has brought me, my child!" she said.

How the tone in which she said "my child" thrilled Dely's heart, it was so mournful and so sweet! Was it *her* child that had died "long ago?" she wondered.

"I want to see you again! I *must* see you

again!" said Madame Albani. "I hope I may be well enough to go and see you act, to-night. Now you must go to the rehearsal. I am afraid I have kept you too long."

And Dely went with Madame Albani's face haunting her, and the sad sweet tones of her voice lingering in her ears. Even the thought that troubled her most now was banished—the sudden disappearance of Mr. Johnson, which Count Foscari had declared he could not account for! It was very hard to throw herself into the part of Juliet, at the rehearsal, and though she succeeded at last, she went home to think of Madame Albani, until it was time to dress for her debut;—her second appearance on the stage, about which she could not feel for some reason the ardor and enthusiasm which she had felt in Melbourne.

She longed for, and yet she dreaded the night. Was she oppressed by one of those "presentiments" which made Miss Follansbee so angry?

[CONCLUDED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

## THE LITTLE BIRDS'-NEST STEALER.

BY EARL MARBLE.

LITTLE ALLIE LOVEJOY lived in a pretty village, a few miles from the great city. She was almost four years old, and lived as happily with her father and mother as the days were long. She had no brother nor sister; but the neighbors' children came in quite often to see her, and they played together under the pretty trees, and in the tall grass, and she almost thought they were all brothers and sisters.

Besides these playfellows, she had a variety of pets that she thought a great deal of; and they were very fond of her, also, for she was very kind to them, and did not plague them, nor be cruel to them in any way. There was a great shaggy dog, whose back was almost as high as her head when he trotted along by her side. Blucher was a very dignified dog, and seemed quite proud of his little mistress, and guarded her from all danger when he was out with her, as he had a perfect right to do; for, when he first came to live with her father and mother, there had been no little girl in the house. So, after little flaxen-haired Allie came, he probably thought he was her older brother, and it was his duty to protect her.

Then there was the white cat, with those great yellow eyes that looked like two but-tercups growing in the fence-corner. She was a very good cat to Allie, and never bit nor scratched her. But probably she might if Allie had pulled her tail, or pinched her ears, as some naughty little girls do.

And Allie had a pretty little brown puppy, with long ears that hung down just like pieces of velvet. How she used to laugh at his capers! He would trot along by the side of the old dog Blucher, and bite his legs, and bark at him, and try to pick a play with him. Sometimes, the old dog would humor him, and show his teeth just as though he were laughing, or lick him all over with his tongue, or knock him over with one sweep of his great paw; but generally the old dog would trot off out of the other's reach, and lie down in the shade of some great tree.

But the greatest fun was to see the little puppy plague the old cat. He was just learning to bark, and he seemed to think that the bark was made for nothing else but the cat. But the cat always sat very still, and never seemed to know that there was any plague of a puppy around. However,

I'll warrant one corner of his eye was open, so he could see if his tormentor came within reach, and, if he did, so he could give him a little tap with one of his paws.

But though little Allie loved all these pets very much, she did not think them half so pretty, nor half so cunning, nor half so dear, as something else that was just beyond her reach. They were a couple of the prettiest daintiest swallows one could wish to see. Early in the spring they came and selected a place underneath the porch to build their nest. Then they had come many times through the days that followed, and brought in their mouths bits of mud and pieces of sticks, and made them a nice little nest; and then they lined it with bits of moss, and feathers, and locks of hair. I half suspect they got one of Allie's little curls, too; for one day her mother came into the room when she was very still, and said:

"What are you doing, Allie?"

"Looking at birdie, mamma," said Allie, suddenly gazing intently at the nearly-finished nest, and laying the scissors down very softly behind a book on the table.

But her mother's quick ears heard the noise, and she mistrusted that Allie had been doing something more than look at the birds, and was trying to deceive her mother just a little bit; so she asked her again:

"But haven't you been doing anything else, Allie?"

Allie made no reply, but hung her head.

"Is not my daughter going to answer me?" her mother continued, looking at her sorrowfully.

But Allie did not speak. She only looked at her mother, and then pointed out upon the porch. Her mother, looking in the direction indicated by her daughter's finger, saw a dainty lock of flaxen hair, and suspected the truth at once.

"Did Allie cut that from her head?" she asked.

Allie did not speak, but only nodded her head.

"What for?" inquired the mother, again.

"To give birdies to make soft nest."

"But mother don't want to lose those curls, when the birds can get all they want without."

"But it's such hard work, mamma, for them to look all day for two or three little hairs, when there's a nice bunch all ready. And, mamma," she continued, earnestly, "it hasn't hurt Allie's head one bit. I

cut it off 'way under the other curls."

The mother examined the place, and saw that that was the case, when she said:

"But how do you know the birds will take it?"

"Why, wont they, mamma?" she asked, looking as though nearly ready to cry.

"They may not see it," said the mother.

"O, but they did," said Allie, her eyes brightening. "One of the birds was on the nest, and kept his eye on me all the time; and when I threw the lock out, he stuck his little head out and watched it so comical!"

So the little flaxen tress was left upon the porch; and a little while after it was gone, and Allie saw the end sticking out of the nest.

Allie was very happy after that, because she had helped make a soft nest for the little birds. Day after day she watched them, and longed for the time when she should see the little birds, and see the old ones feed them. One day she found a piece of speckled shell under the nest, and asked her mother what it was.

"It came from the nest, I suppose," said the mother. "They have been house-cleaning, probably."

"I don't know what you mean, mamma," said Allie, her great blue eyes looking up earnestly.

"Why, that is what the little birds come out of," explained her mother.

"And have they come out?" she asked, eagerly. "Are there birds there now?"

"I suppose so. You will see them soon."

And sure enough she did. One day she heard a greater chirping than usual, and, running to the window, she saw a little mouth raised up above the side of the nest, and saw the mother-bird drop something into it, when the head disappeared, and the bird flew away again.

Then Allie's happiness seemed complete, and her joy was without bounds. She would go softly to the window, lest she might frighten the birds, and stand there with her eyes eagerly strained to watch their every movement.

Two or three weeks passed this way, when one day, upon looking up for the nest, she saw that it was gone. It had been very warm, and the front of the house had been closed all the forenoon, little Allie staying with her mother in the back part of the house. She gave one look, and then ran screaming to her mother.

The nest was surely gone. Not a remnant of it was left, only the stains on the pillar where it had stood. On the porch was a long crooked stick that had been used to knock it down with. That was all that was left to tell the tale of desecration and robbery.

"O mamma, the wicked, wicked boys! what will they do with the dear little birds?"

But her mother made no immediate answer. Poor woman! She herself was so astounded that she came near fainting, and staggered to a seat near.

"I don't know what they will do with them, I am sure," she said, presently. "I know what they can do with them. It is shameful that birds'-nests are not protected by law against such wicked boys. It won't do for your father to get hold of the boy. He would give him such a whipping as he would remember forever."

It made little Allie's heart bleed when the mother-bird and father-bird came to the nest, presently, and cried so pitifully when they found it gone. They flew around the house frantically, darting at strolling cats, as though they had been the thieves. The cats were none too good to do such a thing, we all know; but they were not guilty this time. It was a bad, naughty, wicked boy, who should have known better. The cats don't know any better, so we don't wonder at their stealing little birds.

Several days went by, during which Allie heard nothing about her birds, only that all the good children in the neighborhood were very sorry, and felt very badly for the poor old birds who had had their little babies taken away from them, leaving them all alone in the world.

But one day, a little boy about eight years old, who lived at the further end of the street on which Allie's father did, and which was occupied by a low class of people, came along, and said to Allie, who stood at the open window:

"I say, little girl, 'd you like to know who robbed your birds'-nest?"

"Yes," Allie hesitatingly said; for her mother had often told her she must not play with bad children, and she did not know whether she should even speak to them.

"Well, I'll tell yer, if you'll buy me a stick of candy some time when you're out by the store."

Allie did not answer the rude boy, but stood by the window, looking first at the

place where the nest had stood, and then at the ragged boy in the street.

"I'll tell you who it was," said the boy. "It was Jim What's-his-name, that lives in the yaller house opposite ours, down on the corner of Turtle Street. Now don't forget the candy. I'll lick him for you, if you'll give me three sticks of candy."

Then away the boy scampered, leaving Allie standing at the window. Allie turned, and saw her mother standing in the middle of the room.

"Mother," said she, "that rude boy that stopped in front of the house said I promised him a stick of candy; and I did not."

"I heard it all, and know that you did not. But you should come away from the window if they stop to talk with you."

"Yes, mother; I will remember. But do you know Mr. What's-his-name's folks? The little boy said that James What's-his-name stole the birds'-nest."

Darling little girl! her mother had kept her so choice, that she did not know the boy's meaning in using such a phrase.

"Why, my dear," said the mother, "he did not mean that as the boy's name. Vulgar ill-bred people frequently say 'Mr. What's-his-name,' and 'Mrs. What-do-you-call-her,' when they do not think of the name they really wish to use."

Several days afterward Allie was out with her mother, and got separated from her, and was quite alone, when the little boy who had spoken to her at the window came running up to her, and said:

"O little girl! stop a minute. I want three sticks of candy you promised me; 'cause me an' Joe Perkins give Jim What's-his-name the darnedest wallop in he ever had. You know I said I would for three sticks of candy. But I couldn't do it alone, for he was the biggest; and so I give Joe one of the sticks to help me. But what d'ye think he did with the birds? Well, he played with 'em as long as he wanted to, and then took 'em down to the run, and drowned every one of 'em. Golly! but I'd like to have been there to see the fun! So now come, git my candy. Here's a store close by. And I want good big sticks, too."

Little Allie had stood by, quite amazed at this long speech, stepping back a step now and then, as the boy came too close. She could not speak while the boy was talking; but now she found tongue to say:

"I did not promise you any candy, and I did not want you to whip the naughty boy."

"Yes you did, too. You said you'd buy me one stick of candy if I'd tell who robbed the bird's-nest, and three if I'd whale him."

"Mother says it is not pretty to contradict," said the good little Allie; "but I did not say so. I must go now, for mother says I must not talk with naughty boys."

"Well, go 'long, old stingy," said the rude boy. "You think you're mighty nice, 'cause your father's got more money than we folks down the street, and lives in a nice house! But I'll be even with you. I'll scratch your father's nice doorplate all up, I will."

Little Allie began to cry; but her mother, who had missed her, came along just then, and took her away from the naughty rude boy.

Little Allie was afraid of the boy after this. But one day an officer went by the house, taking him off; and she never saw him again. He had been stealing something, and they sent him away off to prison.

The next spring other birds came and built their nest in the same place, and Allie watched them joyously, though she was afraid the naughty boy, or some of his friends, would steal the nest. But it was not touched, and late in the summer the little birds flew away; and she was so glad. Every summer, as long as she lived there, the birds came; and she took great pleasure in watching them.

But in two or three years her father moved away from the little village to the great city; and she never saw any birds there, except the little yellow canaries her mother bought to console her, and she took great pleasure in, and cared for them very kindly.

Time passed on, and little Allie grew up to be a young woman. When she was eighteen years old she had a lover; not exactly a lover, either, but one who wished to be. James Morrison came to see her several times. He had black eyes and black hair, and was what some people call handsome; but there was something about him that Allie did not like, and she did not wish to see him. But she treated him with civility, and he grew bolder.

One day he asked her to be his wife; and she refused, and told him she did not wish to see him again.

"But I'm going off," he said, "if you will

not marry me; and will you not give me something to remember you by?"

"What do you wish?" she asked.

"O, almost anything," he said. "A lock of your hair, maybe."

"No sir," she answered, very indignant that he should ask such a thing.

"But you needn't get so huffy," he said.

"I have one already."

"What do you mean, sir?" she exclaimed.

"How did you get it?"

"O, quite naturally," he said, provokingly. "You cut it off yourself."

"Will you please explain yourself, Mr. Morrison?" she said, growing pale.

"Certainly," he replied, taking out his portemonnaie, and, opening it, taking therefrom a little silky flaxen tress of hair, and holding it up before her.

"What do you mean by telling me that is mine, and that I cut it off?" she asked, puzzled very much.

"Well," he replied, "don't you recollect when you were little, and lived in a country village, that one day you cut off a lock of your hair with the scissors, and threw it upon the porch, for some birds who were building a nest there, to line it with?"

"And didn't the birds get it?" she asked, eagerly.

"Yes," was the reply.

"And how came you by it?"

"You recollect the nest was taken one day; 'robbed,' I believe they call it?"

"Yes. Did you know the boy who did it?"

"Yes."

"And did he give you the lock of hair?"

"I took it from the nest myself."

"And you—"

"I took the nest. And from that day I have loved—"

"You robbed my birds'-nest!" interrupted Allie Lovejoy. "And you tortured the poor little birds! Ah! I knew that I did not shrink from you for nothing. A child who will rob birds'-nests, and torture the little fledgelings, will grow up to be a heartless man; and as such, I despise you. Though you did leave the squalidness of your boyhood, and get yourself an education, and amass wealth, there is still that spice of cruelty in your heart that would make a sensitive and refined woman miserable, should she be so unfortunate as to marry you."

Mr. Morrison was very angry when he arose to go, and flung the lock of hair across

the room, which Allie stooped eagerly to secure. Then she shut the door, as the birds'-nest stealer went out, and went back into the parlor to weep over the little memento, and the scenes it brought up—the little birds working so busily at the nest, this little bit of silky floss she had thrown out for a lining, the day when the nest had been missed, and the poor old birds crying so around the desecrated place where all their treasure had been.

Would my little readers like to know what became of James Morrison? He sold off all his property, and went to the West; to Tennessee, that you have heard so much talk of lately, children. He bought a plantation there, children, and a lot of slaves. That was a good many years ago, children, before we had any war, and before slavery had been abolished by the wise and good men of to-day. He treated his slaves very cruelly, and everybody disliked him very much. You know boys who rob birds'-nests, and torture the little birds, are apt to grow up very bad, and wicked, and cruel men. Well, he had several children, and they were not very good children. They were a great deal as he had been when he was a boy. They not only robbed birds'-nests when they could find them, but they beat and cuffed the little boys and girls who were slaves, and told lies about them, that the overseer should whip them with his great ten-foot whip. It was a hard life the poor little slaves led, abused by their master and mistress, and the children.

Then the war commenced, that you have heard so much about; and Mr. Morrison went into the rebel army, and fought against

our brave soldiers, and was one of the men who helped hang them to trees, and only laughed when they were being starved and murdered in Libby, Andersonville, and the many other horrid places you have heard about.

And you have heard of guerrillas, too, children, who butchered negro slaves, and persecuted Union men and women in the South, and burnt their houses and drove them forth homeless, and did a great many other cruel and barbarous things. Well, one night when Mr. Morrison was off in the rebel army, and after his slaves had all left the plantation, the men enlisting as soldiers, and the women and children doing what they could to help our soldiers, a band of guerrillas came through the section of country where Mr. Morrison's family lived, and, mistaking his house for one of his Union neighbors', they set fire to it, and burnt it down, without awaking the inmates, and all of them perished in the flames.

The next day Mr. Morrison got a furlough, and came home on a visit. But he found no home to go to; only a blackened mass of ruins, which were still smoking and smouldering from the conflagration.

Then Mr. Morrison stood as one alone in the world. Bones lay here and there, and masses of half-roasted flesh, the remains of his wife and children; and who shall say that some memory of a devastated birds'-nest, and tortured little birds, and the anguished mother and father birds, did not intrude upon his desolate life and stricken soul, as he stood there, and contemplated the desolation that one of his own partisan bands had created?

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**PARENTAL LOVE.**—No love is so true and tender as the love our parents give us, and for none are we so ungrateful. We take it as a matter of course—as something we deserve. Especially may our mothers toil and deny themselves, think all night and labor all day, without receiving any thanks whatever. From the day when she walks all night with us while we cry, to the day when she helps to make our wedding-dress and gives us those cherished pearls which she wore in her girlhood, we do not half recognize her love for us. Never until we are

parents ourselves do we quite comprehend. Yet is there anything like it? The lover may desert us for some brighter beauty; the husband grow indifferent when we have been his a little while; the friend be only a summer friend, and fly when riches vanish, or when we are too sad to amuse; but our parents love us best in our sorrow, and hold us dearer for any change or disfigurement. There isn't much of heaven here on earth, but what there is of it is chiefly given in a parent's love.

## THE LOST KNIFE.

"O mamma," cried Freddy, as he sprang into the room where his mother was sitting, his face all glowing with pleasure, "just look here!" And he held up a pocket-knife with a pretty ivory handle.

"A knife! and a beauty, too. Where did you get it, Freddy?"

"I found it," replied the boy.

"Indeed! Where?"

"In the road, down by the spring, as I was coming home. O, isn't it elegant!" And Freddy danced about the room, looking very happy.

"I wonder who could have lost it?" said mamma.

"I don't know; but I found it, and finding is keeping," answered Freddy.

"Is that so?" asked mamma, soberly.

"Why yes. It's what all the boys say—finding's keeping."

"If you had lost a pretty knife, and Henry Becket had found it, would you say that finding was keeping?"

The happy look went out of Freddy's face.

"But I don't know who lost this knife," he answered. "And it's mine if I can't find the owner."

"Yes; but you must do all you can to find the owner. Think, if you had lost a knife, how sorry you would feel. And maybe there's a little boy just as sorry about this one. I wonder who he is, and where he lives? I wonder if he isn't crying about it now?"

This was an entirely new way to look at the affair.

"Somebody's very sorry about losing this knife, I am sure; and I don't think my little boy can feel very glad because somebody else is sorry," mamma went on saying. "If the knife had grown in the road, or dropped down from the sky, then you might feel happy in finding it; but as somebody has lost it, somebody is sorry, and I am sure my Freddy would rather find that somebody and make him happy again, than keep a knife that doesn't really belong to him."

Just then a sound of crying was heard in the road. Freddy ran to the window to see what it meant.

"Why, mamma," he said, "it's Henry Becket, and he's crying as hard as he can. I wonder what's the matter?"

"Henry! Henry!" called little Freddy's mother.

The boy stopped.

"What's the matter? What are you crying about?"

"O dear! I've lost my knife that Uncle Paul gave me. O dear!" answered poor Henry, bursting out afresh.

"Had it a white handle?" asked Freddy.

"Yes, yes."

"Here it is! I've got it! I found it down by the spring," cried the boy, feeling happier at finding the owner than he had felt on finding the knife. And he was happier still when he saw the gladness in Henry's face as he took the knife from his hand.

We can never find true pleasure, dear children, in anything that comes to us through another's loss.

**BESTING PAPA.**—A man of considerable property, and a great lover of field sports, living in the county of Westmeath, had a daughter who found the country very dull, and asked her father to take a house and live in Dublin. This he declined to do, and went on with his field sports as usual. He was beloved by his neighbors, but one fine morning he received a threatening letter. He thought no more of it, but in a few days he received another, and soon afterwards another, and at last one came bearing the drawing of a coffin. The gentleman then became alarmed, and sent for the stipendiary magistrate. The magistrate inspected the letters, and put himself in communication with Dublin Castle. A number of detectives were sent down, and domiciliary

visits were made at the homes of all the poor people in the neighborhood. Nothing, however, could be discovered, but still the threatening letters poured in, until at last the gentleman became alarmed, and moved to Dublin. His daughter—a very beautiful girl—was shortly afterwards married to the man of her choice. When the wedding-breakfast was over, and the young people were about to leave, the daughter threw her arms round her father's neck, and said, "Go back to the country, father; no one will touch a hair of your head; everybody loves you. I am the person who wrote the threatening letters and delineated your coffin. I wanted to come to town, and, as you would not come, I thought I would adopt the Rib-and-scheme, and it succeeded."

Send all communications for this Department to EDWIN R. BRIGGS, WEST BETHEL, Oxford County, MAINE.

*Answers to September Puzzles.*

30. Bow. (*Beau.*) 31. Plan-t. 32. Double-t. 33. Volume. 34. Indent, intend. 35. Flower, fowler.

36. C	37. D
RAT	DEN
RAPID	DEBIT
CAPITAL	DISTANT
TITAN	DIALOGIST
DAN	DISPARAGERS
L	

38. B-urn. 39. C-loth.

40. SCRUB	41. FIRED
PEAR	INULA
ABO	RULER
INDIA	ELEMI
NOD	DARIC

42. Eternal Life. 43. "Never too late to mend." 44. Repel, Leper. 45. Deliver, Reviled. 46. Thomas Moore.

72.—*Charade.*

My first has wrought much ruin  
Upon this once fair earth,  
Has caused great pain and trouble,  
And to sorrow given birth.

My second is, by the government,  
Made only for the good  
Of the entire population,  
And universal brotherhood.

My whole treats of words,  
And how to express thought;  
It may be found in the grammar  
If it be only sought.

ELIZA H. MORTON.

73.—*Diamond Puzzle.*

A consonant; a cover for the head; a boy's name; a kind of cloth; a river of Europe; besides; a consonant.

T. H. DOWNING.

74.—*Word-Square.*

A plant and its fruit; an eloquent speaker; a bird; a celebrated Asiatic king; a dressing-table; decorated.

"BEAU K."

*Hidden Trees.*

75. Is the slab as short as the board?  
76. The bark is thick, or you could cut it.  
77. What makes this ice dark colored?  
78. Is Jason as homely as Sam?  
79. Did the Herald erroneously state the matter?  
WILSON.

*Prize Anagrams.—(Reptiles.)*

80. Rich Rose used rats.  
81. Glazier, add a rivet.  
82. Mean as lard.  
83. Pale colored cab.

A copy of "Elia's Essays" for the first set of correct answers. "BEAU K."

84.—*Geographical Double Acrostic.*

The finals name a city, and the primals the country in which it is.

(1.) An oasis; (2.) A country of Europe; (3.) A South American river; (4.) A town in Massachusetts; (5.) A city of Prussia; (6.) An Austrian river.

"ITALIAN BOY."

85.—*Word-Square.*

A kind of fruit; simple; to color; one who measures land; a passage.

T. H. DOWNING.

*Decapitations.*

86. Behead to stretch, and leave a useful conveyance; again, and leave water.

87. A small vessel, and leave a grain; again, and leave a preposition.

DELLA.

*Curtailments.*

88. Curtail an animal, and leave a city of India; again, and leave to move.

89. A small island off the coast of Africa, and leave an English novelist.

90. An American naturalist, and leave the name of a river. "WILD ROSE."

91.—*Cross-Word Enigma.*

The 1st is in house, but not in barn;  
The 2d is in cloth, but not in yarn;  
The 3d is in rose, but not in pink;  
The 4th is in eat, but not in drink;  
The 5th is in wealth, but not in fame;  
The whole an animal will name.

RUTHVEN.

92.—*Numerical Enigma.*

My whole, composed of 12 letters, is a bird.

My 8, 7, 5, 12, 1, is a river.

My 3, 9, 10, 4, 11, 2, 6, are phantoms.

"BEAU K."

*Answers in Two Months.*



## CURIOUS MATTERS.

**A STRATEGIC WASP.**—Not long since, while reading beneath the shade of a fig tree, says a New Orleans correspondent, our attention was attracted by a peculiar loud and shrill buzzing sound, as of some one of the bee family in distress. Looking in the direction of the noise, we observed quite close to us a dirt-dauber, or builder, one of the species of wasps so well known for the cylindrical cases of mud it builds under eaves and on sheltered walls, which it stuffs full of certain worms and spiders for its young. This wasp had half of its body and head down the hole of the equally well-known doodlebug, a worm which children pull out of their holes by teasing them with a straw until they grasp it with their strong nippers, and hold on until they are thrown out. It was evident at a glance that the wasp had gone down the hole of the doodlebug, and that the doodlebug soon had him in strong grip at great disadvantage, and where the wings of the wasp were of no advantage to him except to make a noise which might alarm his adversary. The contest lasted full two minutes, when finally the dirt-dauber came out with a jerk. He flew but a few inches from the hole, lit upon the ground, rubbed his head, and fairly danced with pain.

In a few moments he recovered from the effects of his wounds and began making short circles over the hole, evidently reconnoitering and laying his plans. Presently, lighting at the mouth of the hole, he tried the earth all about the entrance with the skill of an engineer, and selecting that which was driest he began to scratch like a dog with his forefeet, throwing the dust rapidly backward into the hole. We watched with intense interest, and could not but admire his pluck and determination, for we imagine this throwing of dust on his adversary's head was only to provoke him to a fresh fight. Every now and then he would stop and take a cautious peep down the hole to observe the effect of his operations. We expected every moment to see him descend and make another attack, but it soon became manifest that such was not his intention, and it gradually dawned upon us that he had a strategic mode of attack based upon

the soundest principles of philosophy, reason and a thorough knowledge of his adversary, and of the means he was using to render his resistance futile and make him an easy captive.

By throwing fine dust into the hole the doodlebug would soon be smothered, as it was necessary that he should have free air, unless he climbed upward, as he would do. Whenever the worm worked upward to get his head above, the fine dust fell behind and below him, and thus slowly closed up his hole, until, blinded with dust, he poked his head out at the top. This was the point aimed at, and the moment he showed his head above, the wasp pounced upon him, seized him by the neck, drew him up, gathered him in his arms and flew off in triumph, though the worm was much the larger of the two. Struck with amazement at the sagacity, science, skill and engineering ability of the dirt-dauber, we carefully sounded the hole, and found that in course of five minutes this reasoning insect had filled in five inches of dust, and put his formidable adversary completely at his mercy.

The most skillful engineers, Todleben or Beauregard, could not have thrown up earthworks with a profounder calculation than this natural engineer.

**A BEAUTIFUL NATURAL OBJECT.**—Among the strange features of the mountainous regions of Oregon, "Crater Lake" stands preeminent. A sheet of water of some thirty miles in extent is held cuplike by the mountain walls on all sides. It is remarkable for its great elevation, 6800 feet, and for the high vertical sides of its walls, which average about 2000 feet, except at a single point where they are but a 1000 feet high. Its waters are cold, deep and clear, and, owing to the altitude, much less dense than those of the sea. The view from some of the peaks surrounding the lake, of which Mt. Scott is the principal one, 10,000 feet high, is very fine, and affords a sight of the billowy succession of mountain ridges westward as far as the Pacific Ocean, and eastward of the isolated cones or "buttes," and the Blue Mountains of eastern Oregon.

## THE HOUSEKEEPER.

**FRICASSEED CHICKENS.**—Cut up the chickens neatly; lay them in a large panful of cold water half an hour to extract the blood. Then drain and put into just enough boiling water to cover them; season with pepper and salt; parboil for twenty minutes. Fry crisp and brown some thin slices of salt pork. When the chicken is sufficiently parboiled, drain it from the water and lay each piece into the hot pork-fat. Dust over some flour, and fry the chicken a clear brown. When done on both sides, lay each piece on the platter, neatly, and set where it will keep hot, but not dry. Now shake from the dredge-box into the hot fat, enough flour to absorb the fat. Do not stir it till all the flour is saturated; then with a spoon stir smooth and pour in, little by little, as much of the water in which the chicken was parboiled—which should be kept boiling—to make what gravy you need, stirring it all the time. When thickened and free from lumps, pour on the chicken and serve hot.

**ORANGE PUDDING.**—Grate three sponge biscuits in enough milk to make a paste; beat three eggs and stir them in with the juice of a lemon and half the peel grated. Put a teaspoonful of orange juice and one of sugar, with half a cup of melted butter in the mixture; stir it well, put it in a dish with puff paste around it, and bake slow one hour.

**SPONGE CAKE.**—Four eggs, two cups sugar, two of flour, one teaspoonful soda, one heaping teaspoonful cream of tartar, four tablespoonfuls water, flavor with rose-water.

**CREAM PUDDING.**—Beat six eggs well and stir them into a pint of flour with a pint of milk, a little salt, the grated peel of a lemon, and three tablespoonfuls of sugar; when ready to bake stir in the cream and wine in a buttered dish. Eat with thin wine sauce.

**PLAIN TEA CAKES.**—Six eggs with coffee cup of sugar beat together, tablespoonful of lard or butter; work well; roll out and cut small with tin shapes.

**CUP CAKE.**—Eight cups of flour, with one teaspoonful of soda sifted in it; work in it two cups of butter or lard; beat six eggs with two cups of sugar, two of molasses, and one cup of sour milk, with spice to taste; beat all together, and bake in a tin pan well greased. If you use lard, put in a little salt.

**CORNSTARCH CAKE.**—One pound sugar, one half pound cornstarch, one half pound flour mixed, one half pound butter, six eggs, one cup sweet milk, one teaspoonful of soda, two teaspoonfuls cream of tartar. Bake.

**GEN. GRANT CAKE.**—Five cups flour, one of butter, two of molasses, one of sweet milk, with a teaspoonful of saleratus dissolved in it; five eggs, one pound of raisins, one of currants, one teaspoonful of various kinds of spice and the whole of one nutmeg.

**CAKE WITHOUT EGGS.**—One cup of sugar, half cup butter, one cup buttermilk, one teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of cream tartar, three cups of flour. Bake in a moderate oven.

**TO EMPTY FEATHERS.**—When you desire to remove feathers from one tick to another, rip a place in each tick, then sew the edges of one to those of the other, and shake the feathers into the empty tick.

**CHARLOTTE RUSSE.**—Take one ounce of gelatine, two tablespoonfuls of water, and put it on the fire to melt. Beat one pint of pure cream in a bowl till it is thick or frothy. Put in two tablespoonfuls of sugar and stir. If the cream is not very thick add the melted gelatine. Flour or not as suits you.

**PICKLED BEANS.**—Boil young pods in water slightly salt, till tender; throw them into a colander, with dish over, to drain; when done dripping, lay them out on a dry cloth and wipe. Pour boiling vinegar over them, and you have an excellent pickle. These are delicate for use.

**BEE STINGS.**—A few drops of coal oil applied to parts stung by bees, wasps or hornets will give instant relief, it is said.

## FACTS AND FANCIES.

A distinguished professor was in Edinburgh on a wet Sunday not long ago, and desiring to go to church he took a cab, a desecration of the Sabbath for which we trust his conscience has often since accused him. On reaching the church door he tendered a shilling—the legal fare—to cabby, but was a little taken aback when the cabman, with stern solemnity, said:

“Twa shillun, sir.”

The professor, if he has not the Sabbatarianism, has, at any rate, the “canniness” of the Scot—he is a prudent and thrifty man; so, fixing his “eagle eye.” (I say the singular advisedly, for the learned man squints) upon the extortioner, he demanded sharply why he charged two shillings. The cabman answered drily, with “pawky” humor twinkling in his eye:

“We wish to discourage travellin’ on the Sawbath, sir.”

The argument was irresistible, and the professor paid.

“Well, Mr. Miller,” said a Yankee, proudly, to a travelling Scot, as they stood by the Falls of Niagara, “is it not wonderful?” In your country you never saw anything like that.” “Like that!” said the Scot; “there’s a far mair wonderfu’ concern no twa miles fra whar I was born.” “Indeed!” exclaimed Jonathan, with an air of supercilious skepticism; and pray what kind of concern may it be?” “Weel, man,” replied Sawney, “it’s a peacock wi’ a wooden leg.”

A youthful clergyman who recently went to enlighten the ignorant, while dealing with the parable of the Prodigal Son, was anxious to show how dearly the parent loved his child. Drawing himself together, and putting on his most sober looks, he dilated at length upon the killing of the fatted calf. The climax was as follows: “I shouldn’t wonder if the father had kept that calf *for years*, awaiting the return of his son.”

Jones (who has walked the length of his lawn to expostulate with his milkman on cruelty to animals); “Do you know what happened to Balaam?” Milkman; “Yes.” Jones; “Well, what was it?” Milkman;

“The same thing that happened to me just now; a donkey spoke to him. Gollang!”

George Washington couldn’t tell a lie, and that’s what all the average Vicksburg boy. The other day when one of them accidentally broke a pane of glass in a store window, it was touching to see him walk bravely into the store and up to the merchant and say: “Mr. Blank, I broke a pane of glass in the window there, and you can charge it to the old man’s account! Put it down as a pound of saleratus, and he’ll never know the difference!”

A reverend gentleman, during a sojourn among the hills of New Hampshire, stopping at a cottage, inquired of the occupant if there were any Episcopalians in the neighborhood. “I don’t exactly know,” replied the dame, “but I believe John shot one in the garden last week, but he thought it was a chipmunk.”

An inquiring Frenchman landing from the boat at Dover, deciphered, with the aid of his pocket dictionary, an inscription to this effect:—“By order of the Corporation. Only ten flies allowed to stand here.” He immediately entered in his note-book a remark, which may be translated as follows: “The municipal police are deucedly rigid in England. The assembling of flies (*mouches*) even is forbidden.”

A wife, who had been lecturing her husband for coming home intoxicated, became incensed at his indifference, and exclaimed, “O, that I could wring tears of anguish from your eyes!” To which the hardened wretch hiccoughed, “Tal’taint no use, old woman, to bo-bore for water here.”

He was a mean man who, when asked for his money or his life, requested the burglar to take the life of his wife, as she could not possibly live if he died, but he could worry along without her.

“I’m particularly uneasy on this point,” said the fly to the young gentleman who stuck him on the point of a needle.

# Our Announcement for 1876.

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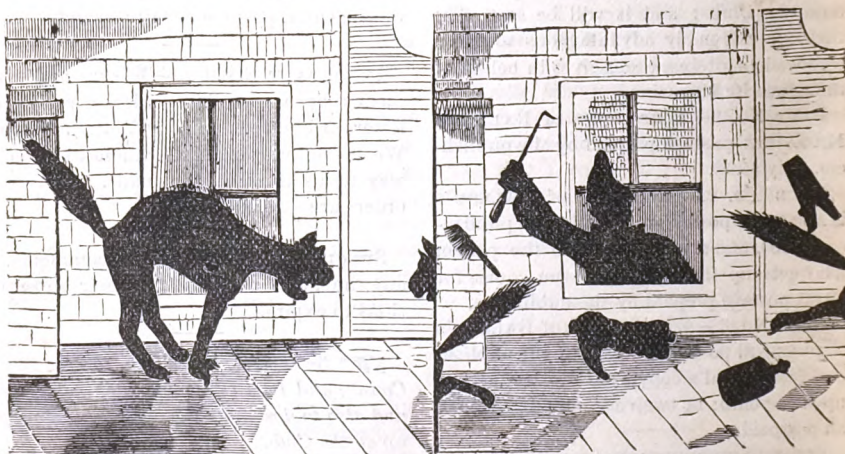
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## SUNSHINE AND SHADOW.



A Sacrifice—Testing the Liquors of a Licensed Innholder.



"Off in the stilly night."



# BALLOU'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XLII.—No. 6.

DECEMBER, 1875.

WHOLE No. 252.

FIRST IN THE RACE.

BY MARY HELEN BOODEY.



First in the race, and first in grace,  
And first in merry beauty;  
Who would not be a slave to thee  
When homage is a duty?

O winsome girl! each shining curl  
Floats lightly to Love's measure,  
And were I free I'd sail with thee  
The sunlit sea of pleasure.

Or rather, say, as cold holds sway,  
And ice rules 'stead of water,  
With thee I'd skate and meet my fate,  
O fair Eve's fairest daughter!

But I'm too old and far too cold  
To win so bright a lassie;  
So I'll resign each hope of mine  
To Ralph of Abercassay.

For what am I that I should sigh  
For youth, and wit, and beauty?  
That I should try to win thine eye,  
And make thy love thy duty?

Methodinks in vain would be the chain  
That I might wreath around thee,

For hearts are free, and I, to thee,  
Should be the first that bound thee.

Wouldst thou not hate—alas! too late—  
The tie that bound me to thee?  
Would not regret thy sweet soul fret?  
A tyrant wouldst thou view me?

For youth is fled, although my head  
No silver threads hath numbered,  
And in my heart strong feelings start  
That for long years have slumbered.

O, can it be that I to thee  
Might prove as dear a lover  
As Ralph the fair, the debonair,  
Or those that round thee hover?

Thine eyes say "Yes!" may Heaven bless  
Their sweet and kindly glances!  
The glowing rose thy cheeks disclose  
Burns deep at my advances.

First in the race, and first in grace  
My gay and winsome lassie!  
I'll not resign these hopes of mine  
To Ralph of Abercassay!

#### SKETCHES OF ANIMAL LIFE.

In delineating our illustrations in natural history, we commence with the Badger. There are four species of the badger tribe, called respectively the common badger of Europe, the American badger, the Indian badger, and the Anakuma badger, which is found in Japan; and in this classification we have followed the most eminent naturalists, though some authors have been of the opinion that each of these species should be considered an entirely distinct division in the animal world. The first of these, the Common European Badger, resembles the bear in some of its peculiarities; its shape reminds us of that animal, and, like the bear, it is capable of subsisting on either flesh or vegetables, as occasion may demand, though the formation of its teeth indicates that it would be easier for it to chew vegetable substances than to tear and cut flesh. The peculiar feet of the badger have five toes both before and behind, which are strong, short, and deeply imbedded in the flesh; and these are furnished with very powerful claws, which are of the greatest assistance to the creature in burrowing or digging in the earth for roots. Imagine an animal with short stout legs, a broad, flat and compact body, measuring nearly two feet four inches in length, a long head, pointed snout, small

ears and short tail, and you have a very correct idea of the formation of the European badger. This animal has the peculiarity of offensive secretion in common with the rest of the genus; and it is a curious fact that the same natural phenomenon in the civets and genets is so far from being offensive that it is ranked among perfumes, while in the skunks it has fixed upon the whole race the dread and aversion of man.

The badger's skin is exceedingly thick and strong, and its long coarse hair covers the body and touches the earth on either side as it walks. Its colors are arranged contrary to the usual order among animals, which generally have the darker shades upon the upper portion of the body, and the lighter ones beneath; whereas the badger is lightest above and darkest below. Its head is white, but underneath the chin it is black, and two black stripes start from near the corners of the mouth, and sweep backward as far as the neck. Examined singly, the hair of the badger is seen to be of three colors, a yellowish white near the root, black in the centre, and of an ashen gray shade at the tip. Only the gray tint, however, is observable on the surface of the fur, causing the whole upper part of the body to appear of one shade of gray, while the under parts are



of a deep black. The badger is by no means frequently seen or encountered. It exists in all the northern portions of Europe and Asia, but not in great numbers. It lives upon insects, fruits, roots and frogs, and also shows a fondness for the eggs and nestlings of such birds as the partridges, which form their nests on the ground. Another favorite morsel is the honey so laboriously accumulated by the wild bees, and which the badger can easily possess himself of, since his tough hide and long hair render him perfectly indifferent to the vengeful stings of the poor bees that strive in vain to drive away this lawless devourer of their

let loose upon it, sometimes to be worsted by the poor creature thus forced to an unequal and unnatural combat, equally unmerciful to the badger and to the dogs. The custom of tormenting the badger, in order to render his resistance still more fierce, has been the origin of the expressive word "badgering."

When the moonlit nights are fair and bright, a badger-hunt is sometimes instituted in Europe, as the habits of the animal would render a day-chase unprofitable; and the skin, rightly prepared, is highly valued for various uses. The hair furnishes material for brushes of a value well known to



THE BADGER.

sweets. The home of the badger throughout the day is a deep burrow, excavated by its own strong claws, where it remains quietly till night, when it rouses itself and goes out to procure its food. The deep recesses of the densest woods are the favorite haunts of this animal, and it is far from being fierce-tempered or quarrelsome. If attacked, however, it defends itself with all its powers, and is very hard to overcome. The peculiar construction of its mouth enables it to hold on very tenaciously with its teeth, and it bites furiously when alarmed. It is rarely found in England and Scotland, but, to the disgrace of all who join in it, the brutal diversion called "baiting the badger" is not unknown. In this cruel pastime, which only the rudest spirits and hardest hearts could enjoy, the animal is imprisoned in a cask or kennel, and dogs are

artists, and it is said that the flesh is very eatable, resembling bear-meat in flavor.

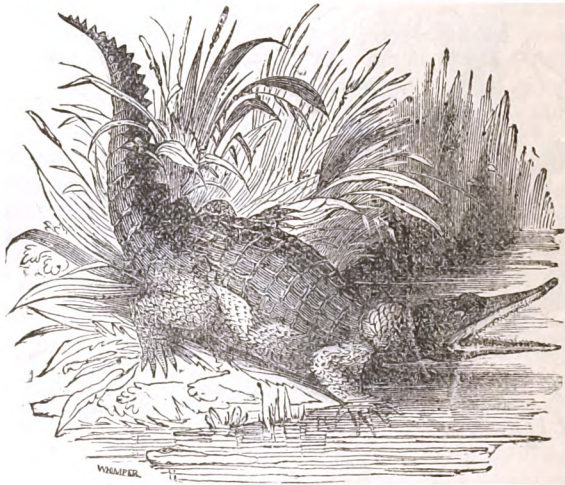
The American badger resembles its European relative in size; its snout is not so slim, though the length of the head is the same; it has short round ears, very long claws on its forefeet, a short tail, and entirely different fur and colors. It is more given to eating flesh. Short coarse hair grows on the head and extremities, but the rest of the body is covered with a coat of fine silken fur, more than four inches long, which is not quite so abundant on the lower portions of the animal as on the upper surface. The following description defines its character and habits:

"The *Meles Labradorica* frequents the sandy plains or prairies which skirt the Rocky Mountains, as far north as the banks of the Peace River, and sources of the River



of the Mountains, in latitude 58°. It abounds on the plains watered by the Missouri, but its exact southern range has not, as far as I know, been defined by any traveller. The sandy prairies in the neighborhood of Carlton House, on the banks of the Saskatchewan, and also on the Red River that flows into Lake Winnipeg, are perforated by innumerable badger holes, which are a great annoyance to horsemen, particularly when the ground is covered with snow. These holes are partly dug by the badgers for habitations, but the greater amount of them are merely enlargements of the burrows of the *Acetomys Hoodii* and *Richard-*

strength of its forefeet and claws is so great that one which had insinuated only its head and shoulders into a hole, resisted the utmost efforts of two stout young men, who endeavored to draw it out by the hindlegs and tail, until one of them fired the contents of his fowling-piece into his body. Early in the spring, however, when they first begin to stir abroad, they may be easily caught by pouring water into their holes; for the ground being frozen at that period, the water does not escape through the sand, but soon fills the hole, and its tenant is obliged to come out. The American badger appears to be a more carnivorous animal



THE CROCODILE.

*sonii*, which the badgers dig up and prey upon. While the ground is covered with snow, the badger rarely or never comes from its hole; and I suppose that in that climate it passes the winter, from the beginning of November till April, in a torpid state. Indeed, as it obtains the small animals upon which it feeds by surprising them in their burrows, it has little chance of digging them out at a time when the ground is frozen into a solid rock. Like the bears, the badgers do not lose much flesh during their long hibernation, for on coming abroad in the spring they are observed to be very fat. As they pair, however, at that season, they soon become lean. The badger is a slow and timid animal, taking to the first earth it meets with when pursued; and as it makes its way through the sandy soil with the rapidity of a mole, it soon places itself out of the reach of danger. The

than the European one. A female which I killed had a small marmot, nearly entire, together with some field-mice in its stomach. It had also been eating some vegetable matters."

The Indian badger, or Sand Bear, differs somewhat from the American and European species. It resembles them in size, but has longer legs, and its tapering head ends in a snout like that of the common hog; its tail is also different, being small and almost destitute of hair. A writer on the field-sports of India says of these animals, "Badgers in India are marked exactly like those in England, but they are larger and taller, and exceeding fierce, and will attack a number of dogs. I have seen dogs that would attack a hyena or wolf, afraid to encounter them. They are scarce, but occasionally to be met with among the hills. In their nature they resemble the bear."

The Anakuma badger of Japan resembles the European species, except that the stripes on the head, black in the latter, are of a reddish color in the Japanese variety, the lower parts of the body being also of the same reddish tint. Its habits are very much the same.

Very different in nature and appearance from the comparatively harmless badger is the repulsive and monstrous reptile represented in our illustration on page 508. Indeed, the crocodile would seem to be one of the few relics left us of those far-distant times in the earth's history when monsters of every description inhabited the earth and made it hideous by their presence. The vivid pictures of those pre-Adamite days, drawn by eloquent geologists, are enough, truly, to give one the nightmare; and amid such company we might imagine the crocodile making himself "entirely at home," and extending to an even greater length and breadth than in these later and (for him) degenerate days. We are quite satisfied, however, with his present dimensions; unless, indeed, he might diminish and disappear from all sight and knowledge.

The Latin term *Loricata*, designating the crocodilean order of reptiles, is a very significant one, referring as it does to creatures enclosed in a *coat of mail*. The external upper surface of the crocodile presents a true coat of mail to all antagonists, being composed of a multitude of square bony plates set in the almost impenetrable leathery hide, while the less-exposed under parts are clad in a wrinkled skin. We are all familiar with the shape and size of a crocodile's head and mouth, both being long and large, the great mouth lined with its rows of terrible teeth, capable of such a merciless hold, a hold never relinquished by the fierce and voracious creature, when once it is gained.

Species of the crocodile order are found in Asia, Africa and America, but they do not exist in either Europe or Australia. Of these varieties the Egyptian or common crocodile is the most famous, and grows to a great size, often attaining a length of twenty or thirty feet. The enormous mouth of this animal is furnished with a large number of formidable teeth arranged in a row on either jaw; it has a flattened body covered with the bony plates we have already mentioned; its tail is long, and flattened at the sides, and there are five claws on each

forefoot, four on the others. If we except the elephant, rhinoceros and hippopotamus, the crocodile has no rival in size among the animals that walk the earth; and very few species of salt water inhabitants exceed it. The length of thirty feet is attained by the largest specimens, and a corresponding bulk, since one only fifteen feet long would measure five feet in circumference. Furnished with such short legs that it almost seems to crawl upon the land, the huge creature always has a dull and sluggish air, as if valuing every exertion. But these indications cannot be depended upon, for when it perceives its prey the sight causes a surprising change in its movements, though it turns from one direction to another with difficulty; and, once in the water, it displays much greater activity, being then in its natural element, wherein it passes the greater part of its time. It delights to linger near the river's edge, partially concealed by thick reeds. When it takes to the land it is rarely seen standing, but usually lies like some lifeless log, enjoying complete repose. If in search of a victim to satisfy its hunger, it swims quietly on till it draws near its intended prey; then, with a well-directed blow of its powerful tail, it stuns the animal, and seizes it in its mighty jaws. If the victim be as large as a horse or an ox, the crocodile grasps it by the nostrils and drags it under water to be drowned; if it be a tortoise, its shell is crushed to atoms by the same terrible weapons. But the crocodile loves higher prey, and will devour men, especially negroes, if possible; it is also very fond of dog-flesh. After it has secured its food it conveys the same to some place under water, where it is left to putrefy, after which it is eaten on the land, as the monster cannot devour it in the water.

The fate of whatever the crocodile can bring within the reach of its teeth is sealed. Nothing can force it to give up its prey, and all efforts are vain that seek to open those dreadful jaws, which are gifted with an inconceivable strength. Woe to the poor victim, man or animal, for once seized it can never escape! Happily for those who encounter it, the crocodile's motions, even when roused, are not so swift as to make escape by flight impossible, especially if the person pursued makes frequent turns; so that, if the quick powerful blow of the tail is avoided, there is comparatively little danger. The eggs of the crocodile are small



compared to its size, being less than those of a goose. They are placed in circles by the female, each circle being covered with a layer of earth, on which another series of eggs is placed, and so on, the whole occupying a cavity made by her for the purpose. All are finally covered up and left to be hatched by the warmth of the sun, though the female crocodile often visits the place, and shows much agitation as the time for hatching draws near, testifying her anxiety by frequent growling. Presently, it is said, the newly-hatched crocodiles respond to the

been supposed by some writers to be the Leviathan of the Bible. Large numbers of these creatures were tamed and kept by the ancient Egyptians, who decked their hideous pets with golden rings and jewels placed in their ears, while bracelets ornamented their feet. In this guise they were exhibited for the worship of the common people. The reptiles were given cake and roasted meat, and mulled wine was forced upon them as a beverage. This species is now rare in the Lower Nile, but is frequently seen in that river in the southern part of Middle Egypt;



THE SALAMANDER.

maternal voice by a kind of puppy-like yelp; at which the watcher murmurs in reply as she hastens to scratch away the earth from her horrible brood, sometimes killing several of the young by the weight of her body.

When once the young crocodiles have left the nest they are conducted to the river; but they are in the greatest danger of being eaten by the male crocodile, for several months, and all the art and care of the female are needed to preserve them from his clutches. It is generally believed that the growth of the crocodile continues while it lives, and that, as it attains a great age, the limits of its size cannot be fixed.

The Nile crocodile was held sacred by a portion of the Egyptians—those inhabiting the shores of the Lower Nile—and it has

it abounds in the great rivers of Africa. Of the other crocodiles of Africa and Asia, very closely resembling the species we have described, we may mention the St. Domingo crocodile, found in the marshes and rivers of Hayti and the other larger West Indian Islands, and the *Aque, Palin*, found in Cuba.

The race of Salamanders has been a famous one in the past, though its supposed wonderful powers have been proved by modern scientists to be quite fabulous. Our illustration on this page gives a very good idea of the creature's peculiarities. The Spotted Salamander, found in Central Europe and in Asia, has been regarded with superstitious fear and awe, and many wonderful stories have been told of it that have very little foundation in truth. It is six or

seven inches long, and lives upon snails, worms, flies and beetles. Its entire body is covered with "warty glands," which contain a milky secretion, glutinous and acrid in its nature, and similar to that secreted by the toad. This fluid appears to be poisonous to some creatures, as has been proved by experiments. Two lizards were provoked into biting a salamander, which, finding that it could not escape them, ejected a quantity of the fluid into the lizards' mouths, in consequence of which, one of them died immediately, and the other soon after. A second experiment brought about the same results. Upon this slender basis was erected the popular idea, that the salamander was a most deadly animal, a notion that was once so prevalent as to lead the Romans to view it with dread and horror; and it was considered one of the most powerful ingredients in the compounds of the poisoner. A proverb of those days declares that whoever has been bitten by a salamander should have as many doctors as the creature had spots, while another dolefully admonishes—"If a salamander bites you, put on your shroud."

But if the bite of the salamander was considered deadly, it was also believed that its saliva rendered the object it touched poisonous; and if the animal was seen on a fruit tree all the fruit was supposed to be poisoned with its saliva. So universal was this belief that it was recorded as a noticeable fact that a man survived eating a salamander which his wife had placed in his food to poison him. Yet the most miraculous quality attributed to the salamander was that of being fire-proof; an idea based solely on the fact that the milky secretion we have mentioned might serve to somewhat dampen the fire. It was also believed that the salamander's heart, worn as a charm, was powerful to ward off evil, and taken as a medicine, would cure leprosy, or, more wonderful still, could change quicksilver into gold.

There are many varieties of the salamander in the United States, among them the Violet Salamander, five to seven inches long, of a bluish-black color with bright yellow spots, which lies quiet during the day under rocks, stones, or decaying trees, coming out at night to seek its food. The Scarlet Salamander, two to six inches long, is bright scarlet, and is found in Western New York. Many other varieties of this truly curious little creature, some of which dwell in the

water, exist in the different States. During the winter they seek some retreat like a hollow tree, or a cavity in some old wall, or in the ground, and there remain coiled up in a torpid state until the approach of spring.

The peculiarities of the *Lizard* family are so well known as to scarcely need any description here. The Panama Lizard in our engraving on page 512 is a good representative of its species, a species very repulsive in aspect, though generally not venomous. The largest variety of lizards known, are those called the Broad-backed Lizards, which resemble others of their kind in shape, but have the head and under part of the body covered with scales like those on the rest of the body, in place of the shield-like plates of some species. In these creatures the head is long, and the tongue resembles that of a snake: it is received at the base in a sheath. The tail is long, and the large feet are furnished with long toes armed with very strong claws. They can run very fast, with a serpentine motion, and subsist on crickets, locusts and beetles; some of the larger ones devouring the eggs of birds or crocodiles, chameleons, tortoises and fish. One of these monstrous lizards, called the Egyptian Monitor, grows to be five or six feet long, and is regarded by the people as a dwarfed crocodile. Its figure is traced on many of the ancient monuments of that country. The only member of this particular species found in America is the Caltetopon, which is found in Mexico, where it is erroneously believed to be venomous. It has furrowed fangs, and is fond of the water in which it moves freely.

A very large and singular species is the Variegated Lizard of Brazil and Guiana, which is sometimes six feet long, and is exceedingly voracious, devouring mice, frogs, and similar small animals. It is even accused of seeking poultry yards for the purpose of feeding on chickens and eggs. It is not captured without difficulty, as it can run with great swiftness and deals such powerful blows at the dogs with its tail that they fear to set upon it. When forced to defend itself it fights fiercely, and bites savagely. Its flesh is white, and is said to taste like that of a fowl.

The *Alligators*, illustrated on page 513 strongly resemble the true crocodiles, but vary from them in some respects. Cuvier says:—"The Alligators have the head less oblong than the crocodiles; its length is to



its breadth, measured at the articulation of the jaws, as three to two; the teeth are unequal in length and size; there are at least nineteen, sometimes even as many as twenty-two on each side in the lower jaw, and nineteen or twenty in the upper. The front teeth of the under jaw pierce through the upper at a certain age, and the fourth from the front, which are the longest of all, enter into corresponding holes of the upper jaw, in which they are concealed when the mouth is closed. The hind legs and feet are round, and neither fringed nor pectinated on the sides; the toes are not completely webbed, the connecting membrane only extending

The Mississippi alligator, as is well known, makes its home in the rivers and lagoons of the Gulf States, and grows to be fourteen or fifteen feet long. Its head is one-seventh of the whole length, and is half as broad at its widest, as it is long. It is a very fierce voracious species, and does not scruple to attack men or beasts while bathing or crossing rivers, and is extremely fond of the flesh of negroes. In the hottest part of the day the alligators remain quiet, and seemingly almost lifeless, but at the approach of evening they rouse themselves for action, ready to attack any unfortunate man or beast that chances to come within their reach. The



THE PANAMA LIZARD.

to their middle; and finally, the post-orbital holes of the cranium, so conspicuous in the crocodiles, are very minute in the alligators, or even entirely wanting." On the other hand, the true crocodiles have a head certainly twice as long as it is broad, with fifteen teeth on each side of the lower jaw and nineteen on each side above. The front teeth pierce through the upper jaw at a certain age, but the fourth and largest of the lower ones fits into a notch on each side of the upper jaw instead of passing into a hole in the jaw as with the alligators. The formation of the feet is also different; but nevertheless, the two varieties belong to the same order, and are very similar in their habits and appearance, the crocodiles, however, growing to larger dimensions than those attained by the alligators.

roaring of these animals at this time of day is described as terrific in the extreme, being a mixture of the roaring of the bull and the booming of the bittern. This horrible noise is also said to be the love-song of the alligators which in pairing time engage in deadly combats with each other; the result of these conflicts is sometimes the death of one, sometimes of both, for the creature cannot give a second bite. When once its dreadful jaws have closed on any object they can scarcely be forced apart, even with the use of quite long levers.

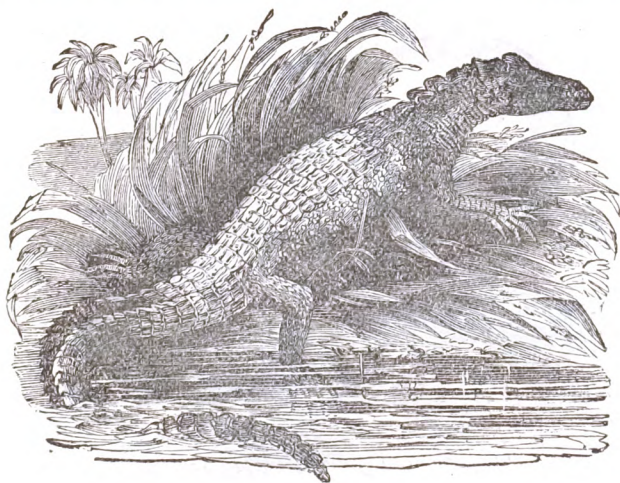
Sometimes the alligators succeed in driving a shoal of fish into a small creek, at the mouth of which they assemble, bellowing so loudly in their satisfaction that they may be heard a mile away. In order to seize the fish they dive under the water, snatch one,



rise to the surface with it, toss it in the air, at the same time ejecting the water taken into the mouth with it, catch it as it descends, and devour it. If they capture an animal too large to be swallowed at one mouthful the body is hidden away in some place under the river bank and left to putrefy before it is eaten, as their teeth are of a structure ill-adapted for tearing or cutting tough flesh.

The female alligator pursues very much the same routine with her eggs as that adopted by the true crocodile, and the male displays the same disposition to devour the young as has been noticed in the male croc-

on the south side of Lake Monroe. Our little steamer, the *Hattie*, puffed vigorously across the lake, but, entering the river, 'slowed,' and quit her wheezing. All assembled on deck, and with rifles plenty, we had not long to watch for the amphibious monsters. They are soon seen swimming across our bows, or lying lazily on the shores, as is their habit; when crack, bang and pop go the rifles, and an alligator flounders down from the shore into the water. Sometimes half a dozen bullets would strike the monster at about the same time; and the huge beast would writhe in agony, lashing the reed grass with his powerful tail, and lurch



THE ALLIGATOR.

codile. In winter the alligators bury themselves under the mud and there remain sleeping, apparently lifeless, till spring. In the most severe weather the body of an alligator has been cut in pieces without any sign of feeling on his part; but they are never really frozen, as a little warm sunshine will always revive them. Though common in the Mississippi, and found beyond the Red River, the alligator attains its greatest size in the rivers, swamps and lagoons of Florida, Georgia and Louisiana. The following description of alligator-shooting in Florida is at least lifelike.

"Alligator-shooting is among the finest of sports, and besides is strange and pleasing to most visitors, who, fresh from northern snows and ice, take to the fun with rare relish. A bright day is necessary; such was the one chosen, when, with a small company, we set sail for the mouth of the river

into the dark waters with a despairing and desperate plunge. Again a lucky or scientific shot back of the forearm would bring the scarlet tide, when with a sudden whirl upon his back, and with uplifted quivering limbs, he was off to the land of shades without further ado. These cases were valued, as they afforded an opportunity to draw up to the shore, land, and decapitate the giant, bringing his head away, not only for a trophy, but for the purpose of practising at our leisure a little dentistry on his teeth; and in time these became, in the hands of some expert, a beautiful whistle, or, carved in various forms, were prized as charms.

"At first our shots were wild, owing to the excitement; soon all became practised and could aim the deadly missiles with rare exactness; yet comparatively few were killed outright, though numbers were wounded. This was attributable to our finding the



majority of them in the water; for, hearing us, they would slip off the bank and float on the surface, when nothing could be seen but their heads above the water. It takes a keen and practised eye to detect an alligator, they so closely resemble a rotten log half submerged and motionless.

"If a ball enters their eye squarely, they are finished; but to achieve this is difficult. A good loud rap on their heads can be given them, however; and the way the water flies when they are thus hit and hurt is both wonderful and amusing. It is beaten into a perfect foam ere they plunge from sight. One was a mighty fellow. He was seen at

is found throughout tropical America, and is of a greenish tint spotted with more vivid green, the tail having bands of brown upon it. A comblike crest extends along the back, and the throat has a curious membranous pouch which has a notched edge in front. It is considered a great delicacy for the table in its native countries, though not regarded as very healthful food. The most of its time is passed among the branches of the trees, and it is captured when quietly reposing, by means of a noose which is slipped over its head, its attention being diverted by the musical whistling of its captor, who uses this means of fascination purposely. The



THE COMMON IGUANA.

a distance, lying on the marshy banks at the bend of the river, and appeared the great-grandfather of all the alligators. Experience had taught him it wasn't safe to wait for excursion parties, and he began to move 'early,' but our crack marksmen drew a bead on him, and at the vital spot. Halting to take a final observation before making a plunge, the sharp crack of a rifle, and the dull thud of the echo, told the story. His delay had proved fatal, and he went down to his grave with a gorgeous display of gymnastics. Suddenly throwing up his forearm, he rang down the curtain and his own life at the same time."

The *Iguanidae*, a group in the lizard order of creation, exist in great numbers. The *Common Iguana* of our illustration on this page, may be looked on as a type of the entire family, and represents a large lizard which grows to be four or five feet long. It

Iguana feeds chiefly upon fruits and seeds, and is reputed to be as much at home in the water as upon the land, swimming easily and rapidly.

At Aspinwall and Panama the Indians bring in large numbers of Iguana for sale to those who are acquainted with their eatable qualities. Strangers look at the animals with every expression of disgust, and vow that nothing could induce them to partake of such repulsive-looking monsters. At this the old residents smile and remember the day when they gave vent to just such sentiments. But time has taught them that it is unwise to condemn without a fair trial, so they buy the fatted Iguana in the lot offered for sale, and then invite the scoffer to dinner to test the flesh as cooked in a dozen different ways, and very good it is said to be by those who have eaten it.

## MISS ANDERSON'S RIGHT HAND.

BY AMETHYST WAYNE.

## CHAPTER IV.

MR. ATHERTON enjoyed the great glory of his dinner party, and went to and fro along the streets in high jubilation thereafter. Miss Anderson, in her superb coach with its three snowy horses, swept up to his door, and he had the supreme felicity of rushing out, in the sight of all the envious neighbors, and assisting her to alight.

Miss Anderson, stately but gracious in black satin, point lace and ruby ornaments, sat at his right hand at the table, and beside her, with Amy between him and Mrs. Worth, the minister's wife, sat Ray Dexter. The minister, the lawyer, and the president of the bank, and one or two other magnates of the town were present. Everything passed off smoothly, and the ambitious and nervous host was thrilled to his very finger tips with triumphant satisfaction. Ray Dexter, the lion of the youthful portion of the community, a smart-feeling, good-looking fellow, by no means oblivious of his own merits, divided his attentions pretty equally between the great lady and the pretty daughter of the host. Amy Atherton was unusually lovely in the new barege, whose pale pink set off charmingly her delicate wild-rose complexion and soft dark eyes. There was a timid deprecating air about her, too, which was new and very charming in the eyes of Ray Dexter. He noticed it especially when his adopted father, Lawyer Dexter, while he cracked a walnut, leaned across to the bank president and remarked:

"I say, Mansfield, that hermit murder is a great mystery. I am afraid it isn't to be cleared up."

"It doesn't look likely now, I admit. Still evidence may turn up unexpectedly."

"It was a horrible thing. No efforts should be spared to bring the wicked murderer to light," chimed in the minister, indignantly.

"The mystery of the whole affair is remarkable," concluded Lawyer Dexter. "To think we know nothing about the man's antecedents. I hoped our advertisement might

bring some one forward who could tell us about him."

"How long has he been in the town? I don't remember when I first heard of him," broke in the clear even tones of Miss Anderson.

"It must be nearly a year. I always felt sure there was some stirring history connected with him. He had refined gentlemanly ways despite his rude life. But he was very shy of any intercourse with strangers. Poor fellow! it would have been better for him to have taken lodgings at the hotel."

"There was a woman at the bottom of it, as at the root of all mischief," says the lawyer.

"So Bradley thinks. That piece of black silk holds a terrible secret."

Amy Atherton lifted her coffee-cup, and drank slowly and lingeringly, but there was a nervous flutter perceptible at the white throat. She saw Ray Dexter's eye upon her, and flushed, then paled.

"It troubles me so," faltered she, in a very low tone. "I wish people would not talk so much about it, but would let me forget it. I hardly dare venture out of doors even in broad daylight. I shall make a hermit of myself if this continues."

The drooping eyes seemed almost ready to drop their pearly tears, the sweet lips quivered like those of a grieved child. The young man was thoroughly charmed.

"Sweet trembler," whispered he, "let me come and take you out and scatter all your terrors. Who could harm an angel like you?"

Amy rallied her self-possession, and flashed a brightened glance in his face. But here her attention was drawn again to the general conversation.

"I've been waiting for some of you ladies to take up the gage flung down to us by our worthy legal friend," began Miss Anderson's clear ringing voice. "A woman at the bottom of all mischief, indeed! We get such credit, I admit, but how rarely stands the case? Look through your criminal lists,



most acute lawyer, and tell me how many men you find convicted, for one woman proved guilty? Then consider how women are put down, wronged, robbed, outraged, trampled upon, how few and feeble are their means of self-support, of redress for injury, and marvel at their forbearance and virtue, as I do."

There was passion in the voice, though the face was cool and calm. Lawyer Dexter looked a trifle discomposed, but the gallant host hastened to the rescue.

"Ah, Miss Anderson, you have us there! It were idle to attempt to argue the point. Angelic womanhood deserves only admiration, tenderness and knightly devotion."

He bowed, as he spoke, to the right and left, and flattered himself that he had made a very telling speech. Amy bit her lip, glanced over to the worn faded face of her mother, and inwardly commented:

"You'd better practise a little more before you preach."

"By the way, I received a letter to-day," said the president of the bank, "from a stranger who, it seems, saw my name on the bank notes. He is a taxidermist, and is preparing a set of birds for some museum, and wanted to know if there was any sort of a cottage, or hovel, even, which he could obtain near our lake, as he is told a certain class of birds are familiar there. I wrote back at once about the hermit's hut, and told him frankly its melancholy story. I wait the result with curiosity."

"He should be possessed of strong nerves," observed Miss Anderson, with a shrug of her shoulders.

"What would tempt you to try it, Miss Amy?" asked Ray Dexter, mischievously.

Amy turned pale at the very thought, and looked so distressed that even Miss Anderson wondered, and said, quietly:

"And now I think we might select a more enlivening subject. Amy dear, you are quite a stranger at Lakeville; do you mean to forsake me entirely?"

"I hope not," interposed Ray Dexter, with that air of ready assurance which in any one else would have seemed impertinence and conceit. "I am going to escort her thither the first fine afternoon after your new plant is in blossom. She doesn't like to walk alone."

Amy flushed, and her downcast lids veiled the defiant light in her eyes.

"Of course she will be very much grati-

fied," answered Mr. Atherton for her; and so Amy only bit her lip, and made an impatient movement which her mother took for a signal to rise from the table, and hastily set the example.

Miss Anderson was the first to leave, and Ray Dexter readily accepted her invitation to take the seat beside her in the luxurious open barouche. He took very impressive leave of Amy, however, and went away in high spirits. The other guests soon followed the example of the leader of the Cranstown aristocracy, and the Athertons were left alone.

The master, however, was in a state of exhilaration and superb self-satisfaction which would not allow him to settle down quietly, and presently he put on his hat and sauntered down the street.

Mrs. Atherton ran up stairs to remove her new dress, and descended into the disordered dining-room in full trim for occupation till midnight. Amy was gathering up the silver, and setting the glasses by themselves. There was a wistful weary look on her face that touched her mother.

"You're tired all out, Amy. Go right to bed. Nancy and I can tend to all these. You helped me so much in getting ready. I don't want you to help me at all."

"I couldn't sleep if I went to bed," answered Amy, sighing. "I'd rather help than not."

"But your dress, dear child; put on an apron, do. Where's your black silk? I couldn't find it yesterday. I wanted to put it on over my old gingham to make me look a little respectable when I saw Mrs. Jackson coming up the walk. You hadn't it on, I know, but I searched every place I could think of."

"No matter," said Amy, hurriedly; "one of your calico ones will answer."

"But you know where the silk apron is, don't you?"

"I suppose so. What shall I do with this jelly?"

"Why, Mrs. Atherton," exclaimed Nancy, who had been listening with gaping eyes and mouth, "I found a piece of black silk binding in the stove when I made the fire one morning. It had a button on it just like Amy's black silk apron, I do declare."

"Dear me! what if it's burnt up? I shouldn't think it could be, if it hadn't puzzled me so. But how could it get there?" said Mrs. Atherton, in a perplexed voice.

Amy had made precipitate retreat into the closet with the jelly. She set the dish down, and clasped both hands over her burning face.

"O dear! O dear! why didn't I stay and make sure every bit of it was burnt up? What if Nancy should tell of that anywhere? And if I say a word about it they'll be sure to suspect me. O, if I had known how hard it was going to be, not even that great temptation could have moved me. O, if I could only see Charlie Creyton to-night!"

The wish grew into an intense desire, then a morbid necessity.

"He works evenings in the shop very often. There's no harm in going down to see if there's a light there; I could make an excuse about mother's bookshelf if any of the workmen were there."

She slipped on her shawl and hat, and glided out noiselessly, speeding along as if pursued by an invisible foe. Her heart gave a great bound of relief as she came in sight of the shop and beheld the warm glow lighting up the windows. She examined cautiously from the outside before she ventured in. There was Charlie Creyton, all unconscious of scrutiny, bending over his workbench filing off the corners of a hinge. She heard his clear mellow whistle ringing out merrily, and a soft dew crept into the eyes that watched the frank manly face bent so intently over his work.

"It isn't troubling him so much," thought Amy, and took courage herself.

In another moment she was in the shop standing beside him. He heard the light step, and looked up carelessly, but a glad tender glow broke over his face as he recognized his visitor.

"Why, Amy Atherton, you came in like a fairy!"

"Let's go into the other room; I don't want to be seen from these windows," faltered Amy, keeping her back to the street.

Charlie took up the lamp and led the way into a small room, a sort of office, in which he kept his desk and order-book. He closed the door, and set down the lamp, and then looked anxiously and lovingly into the sweet agitated face.

"O Charlie!" gasped Amy, a flood of tears overrunning her cheek, and relieving the dry hard throbbing in her throat, "I find it so hard!"

Charlie Creyton did something which would have drawn upon him the bitter an-

ger of three very important personages in Cranstown—Miss Anderson, Ray Dexter, and last, but by no means least, Mr. Graham Atherton. He just stepped forward and took the slender trembling girl into his strong young arms and kissed her fondly, not once, or twice, and for all the world with the air of a man who has the indisputable right.

"Why, Amy, my darling little Amy! you look as if you had suffered tortures. What can I say to comfort you?"

Amy brightened, as if she had somehow received a little consolation already.

"O Charlie, I got so nervous and excited I couldn't help coming! It seemed to me as if I was never to get a chance to see you again."

"Dear little Amy! I've had two or three glimpses of you fitting to and fro, and they have brightened me up amazingly."

"You seem so cheerful and contented, Charlie. I don't understand it."

"Why not, dear Amy?"

"Because—because—" and her eyes deepened to blackness and cheeks paled—"I would give all the world to take back that night. I can't forget it—it was so horrible!"

"Yes, Amy, it was horrible," he answered, gently. "I would not dwell upon the thought if I were you."

"But I am afraid—O, so dreadfully afraid, Charlie, that we shall be found out, and then what will become of us?"

"There is no danger, dear one; none at all."

"But I haven't told you all. You have heard, haven't you, about the piece of black silk Mr. Bradley is keeping for a clue by which to detect the murderer?"

"Yes, I have, and I have puzzled about it."

"Charlie Creyton, it came from my apron."

His face was grave in a moment.

"You kept it out of sight, Amy? I hope no one has seen it."

"I burnt it up, but Nancy found a little piece of it and told mother, and she don't know what to make of it. And O dear! I don't know how to act. I never thought before, Charlie, what a terrible, terrible thing it is to be compelled to act a lie."

"My sensitive darling!" says Charlie Creyton, tenderly, smoothing the brown hair, and fondling the trembling fingers, "it is hard on you. But I don't think you

need to be so much alarmed. There is no real absolute danger."

"I try to think so, but then I think what if they find out about the apron, and discover the pistol with you, and if somebody saw us go together to the lake, and if he shouldn't come to help us—O Charlie, couldn't they prove it against us?"

"Have you been tormenting yourself with all these horrible fancies, Amy? I do not wonder that you are so unnerved to-night. Trust me, my darling, when I tell you there is no danger."

"Have you spent any of that gold, Charlie? I never thought what I was doing, but gave mine to mother, and she has passed one or two pieces at the store already. It has frightened me so, but I dare not tell her to keep the rest. Don't you see, Charlie, what a terrible web of evidence it might be made?"

She looked up into his face with wistful eagerness. There was a grave look on his face, but still he smiled bravely.

"Yes, Amy, it might be made to wear an ugly look. But people do not know what we can tell. There is not the slightest suspicion afloat."

"And don't you repent?" asked she, shivering; "don't you wish we had done differently—that we had not been tempted by that golden hope, which seems only a miserable tangle now?"

"No, Amy, I do not; my faith is in no ways shaken. Try to be courageous and cheerful, and not yield to your fears. I am very sorry that you were in it. I wish I could be near you to keep up your spirits."

"O, I wish you could!" sighed Amy.

"And now tell me about the gay doings at your house. I saw Miss Anderson's carriage roll by, and perceived that Ray Dexter was the lion of the day. Little Amy! how proud I was to remember, while he flung his contemptuous glances, that the priceless treasure he coveted belonged to me—my Amy's love."

"It is not the love he cares for," replied Amy, "it is the prospective fortune. I think myself he had better marry Miss Anderson. She is gracious enough to him to warrant the hope. Why, she watches every movement and look. I shouldn't wonder if she were in love with him. O dear! I wish she would marry him, and that would be the end of it. O Charlie, I am a terrible coward when I think of my father's anger."

"And so am I, Amy, but only because I have so little to offer you. And then, I think, it is not little, after all, such a true devoted love, such a tender shielding arm as I shall give you. And as for the fortune, I have no prospects, to be sure, but I shall never see you a worn weary toiler. I am earning a comfortable income now, and my business is increasing. After all, Amy, I honestly believe I shall do better for you, and make you a happier woman than Ray Dexter is able. If I did not feel so sure of it, I would cut off my right hand before I would step between you and him. I only wish, as you say, Miss Anderson would marry. I don't care whom she selects; anything to take away the prospect of that fortune for you, so your father cannot accuse me of fortune-hunting, as I know he will."

"No matter for his accusations," answered Amy, with renewed spirit. "If only this haunting horror is cleared away, I shall have courage for all the rest. O it was torture to be obliged to sit at the table to-day and hear them talk about it. And they kept up the theme till even Miss Anderson was tired of it. And when they spoke about that shred of silk, it seemed to me I must scream out in very agony of terror."

"Don't talk any more about it, dear Amy. Try to steady your nerves and put all thought of it away. I tell you, my darling, there shall no harm come to you."

"Dear Charlie, I am so glad I came; I am so much happier already."

"And I am very thankful too, Amy. O, this makes me impatient for the time when I can stand up before all the world to save and shield you. If I might only speak to your father now—"

"Not yet," cried Amy, shrinking at the thought. "I mean to be the one to tell him myself."

"Perhaps that is better. At all events, I will wait to test the mysterious hope held out to me."

"And now I must go back. If they should suspect I came here—"

"Promise not to be frightened or anxious, and I will let you go."

"I will try my best; indeed I will, Charlie."

"Good-night, then, my darling."

"Good-night, Charlie."

## CHAPTER V.

At the same time that the dim, dusty lumbered cabinet-shop witnessed the earnest conference of the young lovers, Miss Anderson's pet parlor made a rich framework for a tableau of a different sort. It was an octagon room, and furnished with a richness of taste which might have served Cleopatra. Dark purple hangings, looped from alabaster pillars, twined by a vine in dead gold. The carpet, on which the foot left no sound, one rich dark web of purple velvet, with a border of gold in the Greek pattern. The divans—there were but two chairs in the room—were of sumptuous yellow satin, with gold and purple trimmings. A chandelier, aglitter with amber and amethystine drops, shed a soft radiance over the few costly gems of art; a superb landscape, an Italian scene, with all the gold and crimson glories of their wondrous sunsets blazing down on a vineyard in the distance, and a dimpling glimpse of the blue Mediterranean, with a white sail flitting through the purple mists. A statue of Zenobia, and one or two groups from mythological subjects. These were all, except the flowers which hung their odorous breath over costly vases, blossomed richly from gilded baskets, and trailed their bright petals along the windows.

Seated on the central divan was the mistress of the house. She had left him a moment admiring a new picture, and had laid aside her dinner dress. She knew it would not harmonize with the parlor into which she admitted but a privileged few. The stately drawing-room was for the outside world. Only those upon whom she desired to make a profound impression were admitted into this her charmed circle. There she was now, her fine form set off by a gold-colored silk, with waves of frothy lace rippling here and there. The rubies were gone, and amethysts and diamonds were in their place. A gold arrow, gem-studded, glistened in her hair, bracelets on her wrists. She meant to dawn upon him royally, and she succeeded. The young man passed his hand across his eyes, as if to shield them from being dazzled. Miss Anderson smiled, a soft glow overspread her cheeks, her eyes shone with an unwonted tender light. She looked at least ten years younger than at the dinner-party. She motioned Ray Dexter to the seat beside her.

"And now," said she, "for a little rest, after that tiresome dinner-party. Poor Mr.

Atherton was in such a flutter of delight it was almost ludicrous. What a contrast is dear little Amy to them both."

"She is indeed; a sweet flower among brambles," answered Ray, sinking upon the luxurious divan, and glancing about him with a delicious dreamy consciousness of his fitness for and enjoyment of such rich surroundings. "My dear Miss Anderson, what superb taste you have shown in getting up this room. I fancy I am in an eastern palace, and that you are Zenobia or Cleopatra."

Miss Anderson smiled upon him. There was a passionate tenderness, a hungry longing in the half-veiled eye, which startled the youth, already vain and arrogant.

"By George!" exclaimed he, inwardly, "what's the use in waiting for Amy? I verily believe, I might win Miss Anderson herself. She looks superbly to-night!"

"You are silent and dreamy, Ray. Tell me your thoughts. I hope you need no assurance of my interest and friendship."

"Thank you, I am very much honored by it. You have indeed been always a kind friend. I scarcely can analyze my thoughts; your beautiful room and you yourself have made me half suspect I am in a fairy dream. I never saw you look so magnificent, Miss Anderson."

She smiled proudly, and then sighed.

"You must save your compliments for sweet little Amy. The girl is shy with me, as she must not be who is some day to be your wife, Ray."

"Nay," said Ray, stealing a covert glance into her face, "perhaps it will never be. Stranger things have happened."

"Ah, but this must be. Surely, Ray, you have not quarrelled?"

"O no, not at all, but—but—"

"There is no other?" exclaimed Miss Anderson, with a swift look of alarm sweeping across her face. "Ray, Ray, you have not been so rash!"

Ray looked a trifle discomposed. With lowered eyelids he answered, slowly:

"I will be advised by you, Miss Anderson. Next to yourself there is no one I care so much for as for Amy."

She was lost in deep thought, and scarcely heeded the import of his speech.

"I am glad to have this opportunity for a long talk; I have been wishing for it for some time, Ray. You know how keenly I am interested in you; how much I have

always cared for you. I wish you would speak freely and tell me your plans."

"My plans?" echoed Ray, in some surprise.

"For a settlement in the world, you know. Your studies are all ended, as far as teachers can help you. What have you decided upon, a profession?"

"To tell the truth," replied Ray, a little nettled at the cool business tone, "I have not yet considered the matter."

"But you surely have some wish. Which way lies your taste?" she said, eagerly, "to what profession?"

The indolent coxcomb shrugged his graceful shoulders.

"I haven't much fancy for either, or any. It's a great mistake I wasn't born rich."

There went a flash across her eyes, and she spoke quickly:

"But you will be rich sometime, Ray."

"Thank you for the prophecy. If it comes I shall enjoy it—say for instance a parlor like this, and a mistress of the house as beautiful and royally attired as you. I think I was born with a keener enjoyment of such things than most people. My parents must have been fastidious and luxurious people."

She caught her breath a little nervously.

"But I wish you would try and think. It is a man's place to select some work and aim. Women must wait and meekly accept what comes to hand, but a man can choose and carve his own destiny. I want to help you in the matter. How do you fancy following in Mr. Dexter's steps? He spoke of it the other day, that there was room for you in his office."

"That dry, musty intolerable law!" ejaculated Ray.

"Medicine, then? there are many great and honored physicians," urged she, in a wonderfully meek and patient voice.

"To be running around at the beck and call of every snuffy old woman and dirty youngster! Horrible!"

"But you will not like the pulpit?"

Ray's laugh rang out musical and clear.

"Just fancy it, Miss Anderson. Can you transform me into a meek-faced, solemn-visaged minister in a white neckcloth and black surplice?"

Miss Anderson's sigh floated off in his laugh, while she said, coaxingly:

"But what *will* it be, Ray?"

"Sure enough," said the young man, lugubriously,

"what will become of me, loving my ease and all dear luxuries so well, if that annuity fails, as it may any day, I suppose. If you would only marry me yourself, Miss Anderson," he said, with sudden audacity, fixing his bright dark eyes on her face.

She tried to bear it unfalteringly, but there was a little gasp in the breath, a stern clenching of the lip, a quiver of the eyelid, ere she returned, calmly:

"You are insane, Ray. Do you know how old I am?"

"I know that you are superb to-night—that you always exert a subtle fascination over me—that you are incomparably beyond the young ladies I meet."

Miss Anderson's two white shapely hands were locked across her heart. She scarcely lifted her eyelids at all, while she replied:

"You shall have my fortune, Ray and marry Amy Atherton, and I will always remain your true and faithful friend."

"You are too generous," exclaimed Ray, even his selfish heart touched by a white pallor on her face, suggestive of stifled anguish.

"Have you spoken to Amy plainly?" asked the lady, presently.

"I don't think I have. But it is well understood. I think there is no question about her sentiments."

And Ray smiled complacently.

"No, I suppose not," answered Miss Anderson, with another sigh, though her glance was full of proud admiration as it wandered across his graceful figure and handsome face. "But you ought to speak to her. There should be no uncertainty whatever."

"Then you won't take pity on me yourself?" said Ray, looking into her face with a curious enjoyment of its evident agitation; "it would be hopeless for me to try to win your love?"

What a white fire flamed under the pallid cheeks! How the lips crimsoned till they were almost of as vivid a glow as flowing blood. And neath the lowered inky lashes the eyes glimmered fiercely with passionate tenderness. Ray saw the purple lines under the delicate nails of the clenched hands clasped across her breast, and marked well the strained, agonized chord in the voice which answered:

"Be quiet, Ray! Do you think I am a woman to make myself a laughing-stock in the sight of all the world? Do you think, though there were no other slightest imped-

iment, I would give people a chance to say, 'There is a poor silly fool who has cheated herself into believing it is herself, and not her gold, which has won a husband young enough to be her son?'"

"Who need care what the world says?" said Ray.

She turned upon him, almost choked by contending passions.

"Ray, Ray, don't you love Amy Ather-ton? Don't you care for her at all?"

"Faith, I don't know. To-night, here in this room, I am half dazed. I am only thinking how magnificent you are, Miss Anderson."

She rose hastily from her seat, and began pacing to and fro, the rich golden satin folds trailing behind her on the carpet. When she came back to him, her face was calm again.

"Ray," said she, "I do like you very much. You know it, or you would not have dared to speak to me in that way. I think I am the best friend you have had in the world, ever since you were a boy. You were a pretty winning child, and Mrs. Dexter brought you here very often. I learned to love you then, and have never changed since. I have, as you know, no family ties of my own. I have no wish or desire to marry, and somehow all my aspirations and hopes have been given to you. I wish you to have this fortune of mine, and there is but one way for you to win it. I am glad she is a good and pretty girl, this little Amy. I want you to marry her and be happy. And yet I shall be inexpressibly thankful if you do not let her drive me from your affections. I grasp greedily at the faintest straw which shows that you have any admiration or affection for me. I am wild, hungry, famishing for your love, Ray. O, never, never be cold and careless toward me! It is so little, so very little that you can give, at the best. But you are to marry Amy. Yes, I see by your eyes that you think this is an extraordinary speech. And it is. But I am an extraordinary woman, and you must make allowance for that. Ray, Ray, I would die here at your feet before I would lose your affection or your respect."

"As if that were possible!" said the young man, even his selfish nature touched by the smothered passion of her voice.

And he took the white jewelled hand and kissed it twice. She gave a little nervous shudder (it was the right hand), and drew it from him.

"And now, Ray, I think we understand each other and are content."

"I suppose I ought to be," answered Ray.

"You know I give you my solemn promise to remain unmarried. Then the fortune must go to Amy, and you will marry her. I will take her here as mistress the very moment she is your wife, and you are both to live with me—with me always," she continued, eagerly.

"I'll speak to Amy to-morrow," returned Ray, promptly; "that consoles me, if I am to see you here always. You will wear that dress for me, wont you, when we come to this room?"

Miss Anderson smiled graciously, and presently brought in a tray heaped with delicacies, and served him with her own hands. And presently, congratulating himself upon his importance and golden prospects, Ray Dexter took his leave.

Miss Anderson stood just as he had left her, in her royally-furnished room, full half an hour, bolt upright, with set teeth and motionless eyes, and limp down-falling arms. Then suddenly she flung herself passionately upon the floor, the golden satin crushed heedlessly, the arms stretched forward as if to grasp some help and support, and the white anguished face pressed to the carpet in a wild abandonment of grief.

"O I cannot bear it, I cannot bear it!" cried she. "It is killing me to crush down this wild yearning for him—this terrible secret is killing me. I long so to fling myself at his feet, to rain my wild tears, my passionate kisses upon him. O Ray, Ray! if you could only understand! But I will not tell you! No, I will never tell you. You look up to me now. I can see it. I soar before you as some grand, powerful, superior nature. Let me hold the place while I can. You must marry the girl, but if she wins your thoughts away from me, I know I shall hate her!"

She lay there grovelling in anguish, then sprang suddenly to her feet with a short bitter laugh.

"This is a new *role* for Serena Anderson! Pshaw! I am nervous and foolish. Shall I shrink now? Shall I yield to weakness at this late hour?"

She went to the salver, poured out a glass of wine and drank it hastily. It was growing upon Miss Anderson, to steady her nerves in that way.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## CHRISTMAS.

BY LOUISE DUPEE.

The blithest time of any  
 In all the blithe new year  
 Is merry, merry Christmas,  
 Whose tinkling bells we hear.  
 Then a little maid's eyes should be brightest,  
 Then a little lad's heart should be lightest,  
 When Christmas-time is near!

The gay days hurry toward it  
 With a right merry bound,  
 The snow begins to glisten,  
 The bells begin to sound.  
 Cheery candlelight flickers and sparkles,  
 Cheery firelight flashes and darkles,  
 And fairy tales go round.  
*Cambridge, Mass., Nov., 1875.*

Jack Frost is out a roving,  
 But warm hearts make it spring,  
 And Christmas roses blossom  
 Though winter's wild winds ring.  
 Sly sleep keeps the children from peeping,  
 While down the chimneys comes creeping  
 Santa Claus, gifts to bring.

The old folk and the young folk  
 In cottage and in hall,  
 The rich and poor together  
 Their Christmas greetings call,  
 And the saddest of hearts aye lighten,  
 The weariest eyes aye brighten,  
 For Christmas is for all!

## UNCLE ROBERT'S CHRISTMAS GIFT.

BY ANNA MORRIS.

"WHAT a strange letter!" exclaimed Kate Dudley, raising her eyes from the epistle she had been absorbed in for the last fifteen minutes. "Just listen to it, mamma!" And she read as follows:

"MY DEAR NIECE,—Unless your mother is greatly changed since I knew her, it will not be necessary for me to introduce myself as your Uncle Robert. Her heart was always too loving to allow her to forget any one belonging to her—even her wandering brother.

"I hope you are like her; I have a fancy that you are—perhaps because you bear her name. If I am right, I know that my request is granted before I make it—for I am going to ask a great favor of you.

"I am tired of leading a lonely bachelor's life—boarding among strangers, with no one to care for me. I have bought a house, furnished it well, and want you to come and be my housekeeper, and my adopted daughter. You shall have everything that my love or my wealth can give to make you happy; and if you are not contented, you shall return home next summer.

"Tell your father that the day you enter my house I will give you a check for twenty thousand dollars.

"Tell your mother—no, tell her nothing

except that I bid God bless her. I will not buy her child from her, but if she can give her to me, I will prove by my care of her how much I appreciate the gift.

"Telegraph one word when you receive this, and let that word be 'yes' or 'no.' Your father will find on inquiry that I have made every arrangement for your trip, on the train that will arrive here on the twenty-fourth of December.

"I have issued invitations for a regular old-fashioned house-warming on Christmas Eve, and want you to do the honors of my establishment. I would have asked you to come sooner, but am called away on business that will keep me until that day.

"I enclose a check, that you may make any arrangements you please for your journey. It is not necessary for you to bring any great amount of money with you, and I would advise you not to trouble yourself with much luggage. It will be just as well for you to make any additions you may choose to your wardrobe after your arrival here; but one thing I want you provided with, and that is an evening dress for the house-warming. Please let it be rich and elegant in every respect, and especially let it be all white. A young girl always looks best in white.

"If you know of any one who would live

with us as a sort of upper servant, or house-keeper, to take care off your hands, and who will also be a suitable travelling-companion for you, please engage her at once. I leave the terms entirely to you. If you do not engage any one, your father can doubtless obtain an introduction to some passenger coming at the same time, under whose escort he can place you.

"With much love to your mother, I remain your affectionate uncle,

"ROBERT PRESTON."

"Go to California!" cried Mrs. Dudley, in amazement. "Robert must have gone crazy."

"Indeed, my dear, I think he has just come to his senses," remarked Mr. Dudley, coolly. "Your brother is a millionaire, and it is high time he did something for his family. Twenty thousand will be quite a good beginning for Kate; and if she plays her cards well, no doubt she will be her uncle's heiress."

"Pray, mamma," questioned Kate, trying, for her mother's sake, not to show how much she disliked her father's avaricious view of the subject, "how old is my Uncle Robert?—and did I never see him?"

"He is not over forty-five, my dear. He went to California about fifteen years ago, but I saw very little of him for some years before that; and I do not think he ever visited me after your birth. We have heard from him very seldom, as you know, but that letter sounds just like the Robert of old times. He cannot have changed much. Poor fellow! how lonely he must be!"

These words, and the sigh that accompanied them, told Kate that her mother's consent would not be hard to gain; but she only said, "I think I should like to go. It will be a good chance for me to see a little of the world."

"Certainly, you had better go," responded her father, rising as he spoke. "I will find what arrangements your uncle has made for you, and let you know at dinner; and we can then settle what to do about a suitable escort."

"Papa finds it very easy to give me away," said Kate, with a faint laugh, as Mr. Dudley closed the door behind him. "But then, twenty thousand dollars is somewhat of an inducement."

"Hush, hush, my darling! Your father means to do what is best for your happi-

ness," began her mother; but Kate interrupted, passionately:

"Why then did he send away Ralph Sinclair, when he said himself that his only objection to him was his want of money; and that if he could show him he was worth twenty thousand dollars, he should have his consent at once? He knew I loved Ralph, and would gladly have married him if he had not a cent in the world. We could have worked together. It is rather singular," she continued, sarcastically, "that Uncle Robert should ever offer the precise sum for which Ralph was discarded."

"Hush, Kate!" said her mother, again. "Do not let us talk of that. You really think you would like to accept your uncle's invitation?"

She said it so wistfully, that Kate sprang up and was by her side in a moment.

"Forgive me, dear mamma!" she cried. "I do not want to leave you, but you have so many others to take my place, and—and I *should* like to go away from home for a while."

"I see—I understand, dear; and it is best you should," replied Mrs. Dudley. "So now let us think of what preparations must be made, for there is but little time. It is already December. For how much was your uncle's check?"

"I have not looked," said Kate. "Where is it? O, here," she continued, picking it up from the carpet and opening it.

"One thousand dollars!" she exclaimed, in astonishment. "What could he imagine I should want of that amount, when he particularly says I shall not need it on my journey, and not to bring much luggage?"

"Robert was always generous," observed his sister, lovingly.

"Ah!" thought Kate, "I know why he sent it. Dear mamma shall be comfortable for once."

"I shall just buy me a travelling-suit, mamma," she went on, in a business-like manner, "and that wonderful evening dress, in which, I presume, Uncle Robert expects me to astonish the natives. I'll go now and consult Miss Stevens about it, and engage her to do my sewing at home, so that we need not have the fuss of a dress-maker. She has such excellent taste I can leave it all to her. By the way, mamma, I have a most brilliant idea!"

"Indeed! and what is it?" asked Mrs. Dudley, smiling, for she was glad to see



Kate more like her old animated self than she had been since Ralph Sinclair's dismissal.

"Why, you know uncle says I am to engage a travelling-companion and house-keeper. Now, who could be better than Miss Stevens? She is so good and kind, and so lonely, that there is no one to prevent her going. I'll go and ask her this minute." And Kate was nearly out of the door when her mother's voice stopped her.

"Wait a moment, darling! I esteem Miss Stevens very highly, and should be well pleased to have her your companion; but do not forget that she is a lady in reduced circumstances, and be careful how you word your request. Your Uncle Robert would never say 'upper servant' to Miss Stevens."

"Nor will I, mother dear. Trust me to manage the matter delicately." And Kate was soon on her way.

She was as good as her word, and made her request in the prettiest manner imaginable; but was surprised at the eagerness with which Miss Stevens accepted the proposition.

"I have always wanted to visit California," she remarked, apologetically, as she saw that Kate noticed something peculiar in her manner; and then, to avoid further remarks on the subject, she plunged at once into the all-absorbing topic of the evening dress.

To Kate's delight, she consented to go shopping with her, and the two sallied forth together.

Kate had certainly never spent so much money in any morning as she parted with during the next three hours, yet comparatively little was for herself. Some wondrous white fabric—marvellous alike for its richness and lightness—was chosen for the evening dress, and a dark elegant travelling-suit selected, and then she set herself to fulfil what she believed to be her uncle's wishes—in providing her mother and sisters comfortably for the winter.

Mr. Dudley was by no means a poor man, but he was very miserly in his provision for his family, and Kate resolved that "for once," as she expressed it to herself, "mamma and the girls should be well dressed, and that without her being worried to death with sewing and planning."

With Miss Stevens's assistance, suitable purchases were soon made.

"I think you have everything you need

now, Miss Dudley," said her companion.

"Almost everything," responded Kate. "I need one more silk dress, however." And she led the way again to the silk counter.

"Another silk! I thought you had already bought—"

"Yes, I have," laughed Kate, "bought several, but I have a fancy for that French gray we admired so much." And the desired article was soon added to her other purchases.

"Now, Miss Stevens," continued the young girl, "with your permission, I will have all these packages sent immediately to your room, and we can go back there and talk them over."

This was accordingly done, and they were soon seated in Miss Stevens's cheerful apartment, holding earnest debate over the respective merits of redingotes and basques, overskirts and demi-trains.

"Now I think we understand it all," said Kate, rising to depart. "You have all the necessary measurements, and will engage the seamstresses you spoke of, and have everything finished as speedily as possible. Do not do anything yourself, Miss Stevens, but superintend, or you will be too tired to enjoy our journey."

"But here is one package unopened," said Miss Stevens, unrolling it as she spoke. It proved to be the gray silk.

"O yes," said Kate, with momentary embarrassment. Then she said, frankly, "Will you please have it made with the rest, for you to wear at the Christmas party?"

Miss Stevens colored, and for an instant Kate feared that she had not sufficiently heeded her mother's warning; but was reassured by the smile with which her companion looked up, saying, "I thank you; you are very thoughtful, and I accept it with much pleasure."

"Well, Kate," was her father's salutation, as they met at dinner, "have you commenced preparations for your journey?"

"Yes sir," answered Kate; "I have done the most of my shopping, and engaged a travelling-companion, and I would like to have you telegraph 'yes' to Uncle Robert this afternoon."

"All right," was the evidently satisfied reply. "I made inquiries, and found that a whole section of a car was engaged for you and your attendant, and every possible

provision made for your comfort. Your uncle seems to be well known, and much respected, if I may judge by all I hear, and I am glad you are going to him."

The next few days seemed actually to fly away, so quickly did they bring the one fixed for Kate's departure, but much had been accomplished during that short time.

Great was the surprise and delight of the family when the new winter suits came home all completed, and many were the little household comforts which Kate arranged for her mother.

"You need not thank me," she said, as they tried to express their gratitude. "I have only done that which Uncle Robert wished."

"But we should at least be thankful that our Kate had it in her heart to carry out what she believed his wishes," said Mrs. Dudley, going on so very quietly with her task of packing her daughter's trunk that Kate, who felt a suspicious choking in her own throat, dared not steal a glance at her, having "made up her mind not to spoil everything by crying."

The tears would come at the parting, however, though each spoke of "next summer" as cheerfully as might be; and amid smiles and sobs, Mr. Dudley hurried Kate into the carriage where Miss Stevens awaited them, and bade the driver proceed at once to the station.

"These scenes are worse than useless," he said, gruffly. Kate raised her head to reply, but caught a look in her father's face which told her that his hurry and gruffness were assumed to save him from becoming a participant in said "scenes."

Thanks to Miss Stevens's kindness, Kate regained her cheerfulness soon after their journey commenced—a journey which was performed without accident or delay.

The travellers enthusiastically watched the ever-varying scenery, and when weary of this, they were bountifully supplied with books, and thus the time passed pleasantly away.

They had grown well acquainted and very fond of each other. The more that Kate saw of Miss Stevens the more she admired her sweet lady-like manners and constant cheerfulness, even while it was evident that her life had been a sad one. Kate knew nothing of her history more than that some years before she had been recommended to her mother as a dressmaker who had

lately come to the city, and was much in need of employment. Since that they had always employed her, and their interest had done much towards procuring her a large and steadily-increasing custom.

The twenty-fourth of December dawned. "Our last day, Miss Stevens!" cried Kate. "We must make ourselves as presentable as possible, as I suppose Uncle Robert will meet us at the depot."

She was, however, doomed to disappointment. At the termination of their journey they were met by a grave elderly man, who, introducing himself as Mr. Norton, said to Kate, "I am your uncle's bookkeeper, Miss Dudley, and received a telegram from him yesterday stating that his business would detain him until this evening, and directing me to meet and escort you to his house. This letter," extending one as he spoke, "has just arrived for you."

This was not the welcome which she had expected, but Kate made the best of it, and with a polite reply to Mr. Norton, she and Miss Stevens prepared to accompany him to her uncle's residence.

A most elegant mansion it proved, and Kate noted with gratitude the many arrangements evidently made for her gratification.

A bright-looking French girl answered Mr. Norton's call for "Adele," and he presented her to Kate as her maid.

"Shall I show you to your own apartments, mademoiselle?" she asked, with the ready politeness of her nation. "You must be *tres fatigued*, and monsieur charged me that you should so rest as to be *parfaitement* restored by evening."

Kate gladly assented, and Mr. Norton taking leave, she and Miss Stevens followed Adele to the luxurious rooms prepared for her accommodation.

"Now," said Kate, after removing her hat, "the first thing is to read my uncle's letter;" and she sank into an easy-chair. "I feel as dizzy as possible since I left the cars, auntie," for so she had playfully dubbed Miss Stevens.

"*Pardonnez moi, mademoiselle.* I shall at once order you some refreshment if you will ring graciously if you need anything during my absence." And Adele left the room.

"How does one ring 'graciously?'" laughed Kate, as she opened her uncle's letter.

"DEAR KATE,"—it commenced—"I cannot tell you how disappointed I am not to meet you on your arrival. It seems so cold and careless, after your kindness in coming to me, but it is really unavoidable.

"Make yourself entirely at home, remembering that you are mistress of the whole establishment.

"I cannot be at home before half-past seven P.M. on the twenty-fourth, at which hour will you please be dressed for the evening, and meet me in the library before the guests begin to arrive?

"Adele will give you a box. May I request that you will adorn yourself for the evening with its contents?

"Hoping to find you rested and contented, I remain your affectionate

"UNCLE ROBERT."

"What can be the contents of the mysterious box?" said Kate, after reading the letter aloud. "I am filled with curiosity to know. Something that will harmonize with the rest of my dress, I hope. Positively, I must ring 'graciously,' and inquire—or no, here comes Adele," she added, as her attendant entered, followed by a waiter bearing a large tray on which was served a dainty lunch.

"I thought mademoiselle would prefer lunch in her private parlor to-day," explained the girl, "as the house is being arranged for the *fete*."

"Yes, thank you," answered Kate. "Did my uncle leave a box for me, Adele?" she inquired.

"*Certainment, mademoiselle*. It is in your bedroom. I will at once bring it." And, vanishing into the next apartment, Adele speedily brought forth a large flat box, which she deposited on a table beside her young mistress.

"That will do, thank you, Adele. We shall not need anything more at present," said Kate, who preferred inspecting its contents with only Miss Stevens.

Adele obediently withdrew, and Kate eagerly lifted the cover, and drew forth a rich white lace veil, fastened with a lovely spray of pearls, while in a jewel-case beneath lay a complete set of the same pure ornaments.

"How lovely!" was the mutual exclamation of both ladies.

"But what can it mean?" cried Kate, in consternation. "That is only suitable for a bride. How can I wear it?"

"Perhaps they have strange customs here," suggested Miss Stevens. "At all events, as you are to see your uncle before the company come, you can put it on to please him; and if he is willing, take it off afterwards."

"That will be best," said Kate, with a sigh of relief; and both were now glad to partake of their lunch, and then to rest for some hours.

Half-past seven o'clock found them fully attired for the evening, and in the library, somewhat nervously awaiting the arrival of Mr. Preston.

Miss Stevens was dressed in Kate's gift, the gray silk, which exactly suited her delicate loveliness, for she was very lovely even at thirty-five.

Kate's bridal-like attire was exceedingly becoming, and the flush of expectation was beautifully softened by the rich lace, which fell in soft folds about her.

"What can Uncle Robert have been thinking of?" she soliloquized, as she paused in her restless walk before a long mirror.

"That he is very glad to see his little daughter," said a kindly voice; and Kate turned to find a tall handsome man standing near her.

"Uncle Robert!" she exclaimed, in astonishment, as he affectionately kissed her.

"Yes, my dear, your Uncle Robert, who is more delighted than he can express to see you here."

Miss Stevens had been sitting in the shadow, and not wishing to disturb the newly-met relatives, had risen quietly to leave the room, when Kate, recollecting her, turned, saying, "Uncle Robert, I must introduce you to my dear friend and traveling-companion Miss Stevens."

Mr. Preston stepped quickly forward, with kindly welcome on his lips, but with one glance at the slight figure before him, he exclaimed, "Mahala! my Mahala! Are you still alive?" And he clasped her, half fainting, in his arms.

Kate stood in silent amazement at these words, but her surprise deepened when Miss Stevens, partially recovering herself, sobbed out, "O Robert! Robert! they told me you were dead, and I came to California to search for your grave."

"Did you?" thought Kate. "I fancied you came as my companion and house-

keeper. I see now why you were so eager for the trip."

In the meantime, the lovers thus wonderfully restored to each other, were pouring forth their mutual stories, from which Kate gathered that before her uncle's departure for California they had met and loved, but Miss Stevens's father refused consent until Robert's business prospects were brighter. He accordingly went to California, as thousands have done, to seek his fortune, and from the first was very successful. He had been absent about two years, and was thinking of returning to claim his bride, when he received a letter from a young man who had been quite intimate with him, and who now announced, with many expressions of sympathy and regret, the death of Mahala Stevens.

Robert Preston wrote repeatedly to various acquaintances for particulars, but obtained no answer. With this change in all his plans, he no longer wished to return home, and had almost entirely ceased from any communication with his Eastern friends.

Mahala, in the meanwhile, had wondered at not hearing from her lover, but for a time was too much occupied by the sudden illness and death of her parents to feel seriously alarmed. At last, the same young man who had announced her death to Robert (quieting his conscience, perhaps, by the reflection that her mother's name was Mahala Stevens), brought her a letter purporting to be from an acquaintance of Mr. Preston, telling of his death, and giving such full details that the poor girl could not doubt the truth of the statement.

Of course the letter was a base fabrication, and equally, of course, the young man being assistant postmaster, had suppressed all letters on either side.

"But what could have been Clark's motive?" demanded Mr. Preston. "We had always been friendly."

"He persecuted me so much with his attentions, after telling me of your death, that I finally moved to the city to avoid him," answered Miss Stevens. "So I presume he intended to separate us, and marry me himself."

"And did you not wonder at the similarity of the name when you heard of me as Kate's uncle?"

"It so happens that I have only heard of you as 'uncle,' or 'Uncle Robert,' and did not know any other name for you."

"I am exceedingly sorry to interrupt you, my dear uncle and auntie," Kate now interposed, with a saucy emphasis on the last word; "but it is growing very late, and you do not look quite in company trim."

"I beg your pardon, Kate!" exclaimed Mr. Preston. "I did not intend to neglect you, but you see—"

"Yes, I see it all," laughed Kate, "and am most thankful, even if I do lose my position as head of this establishment," with an arch glance at Miss Stevens.

"I'll find you a position quite as much to your mind, if I am not mistaken," rejoined her uncle. "Come now, and see my Christmas-tree before I escape to my room for five minutes."

"But first, uncle," said Kate, laying a detaining hand upon him as he moved towards the door, "please tell me why you wish me to wear this veil? At home it would only be considered suitable for a bride."

"I assure you that here it will be considered very suitable and very becoming to you," replied her uncle. "I saw a lady wear a similar one at the last party I attended. By the by, I ordered flowers for your use, and imagine they are in your room by this time."

"Orange blossoms, doubtless," said Kate, gayly.

"Yes, orange blossoms," coolly replied her uncle. "But hurry now; we will dispute about the veil and flowers to-morrow."

So saying, he led the way through the long suite of brilliantly-lighted parlors, at the extreme end of which was a recess formed by a deep bay-window. In this stood an immense Christmas-tree laden with costly gifts.

"I believe there is something for each of our expected guests," said Mr. Preston, as Kate expressed her wonder at the profusion of articles; "and your gift I will present now," he added, detaching a folded paper from the tree. "This is the check which I promised on the day of your arrival; but you must take it with an encumbrance—not an unwelcome one, I trust." And as he spoke he drew aside the heavy curtains of the bay-window, and disclosed to Kate's astonished gaze the form of Ralph Sinclair!

"That is my Christmas gift," said Uncle Robert, after he had allowed a judicious time for lovers' raptures. "This poor fellow came to me when he first reached Sam

Francisco, seeking employment. We gradually became acquainted, and when I found he knew your father's family, I soon learned his whole story. I would not have another life wrecked as mine had been, so I formed a little plot to get you here, and settle things in my own way. Now, Miss Kate," he concluded, "if you have any objections to bridal veils and orange blossoms, state them at once, for the clergyman will be here in half an hour."

"Clergyman!" cried Kate, as if about to remonstrate against such hurried proceedings; but her lover's pleading look silenced her for a moment. Presently, however, she exclaimed, "I will never consent to such a plan unless we may have a double wedding! Then I shall feel that I am not the only one

who has received valuable Christmas gifts."

"I am entirely convinced of that fact already," answered Uncle Robert. Then, taking Miss Stevens's hand, he continued, "We have waited long, Mahala. May it not be as Kate proposes?"

"The guests are coming!" cried Kate, as a loud peal was heard at the doorbell. "She consents, uncle; I can see it in her eyes. But you must not stop to look at them." And she drew Miss Stevens away to her own rooms, whence, half an hour later, issued two of the loveliest brides that San Francisco had ever seen; and we have yet to learn that Mrs. Sinclair, though still a member of his family, has ever felt the slightest jealousy of her uncle's house-keeper.

## THE CROSS OF THE LEGION.

BY JAMES D. M'CABE, JR.

It was a holiday in one of the loveliest towns in all the south of France, and the townspeople were busy with their merry-making. A group of them had, however, drawn off from the crowd in the marketplace, and were listening to an old sergeant who was relating the story of one of the battles through which he had passed. It was a time when brave deeds met with a ready admiration, and a high reward, and when no one was so greatly honored as a soldier.

"And so you were with the First Consul at Lodi, sergeant?" said one of the group, a plain honest old farmer.

"Ah, *mon ami*," replied the soldier, "that I was. I was just behind him as he went over the bridge. That was a sight worth seeing. Twice we had failed to carry the bridge, for the Austrian batteries swept it with an infernal hail. A third time we advanced. Bonaparte's eye was on us, and we had promised him to succeed. We advanced steadily until we reached the *tête du pont*. Then, zounds, how the grape whistled among us. Down went many a brave fellow. We wavered, we were falling back, when we saw two men pushing forward on the bridge right into the enemy. They were the general in command, and Bonaparte himself. "Forward," I shouted, "Bonaparte is in danger." We sprang forward again, and the battery was ours. It

was a brave deed, and we made our little hero a corporal for it."

"I would have liked to have been there," said a young man who had listened quietly.

"You, Ange?" said the farmer, laughing; "what would you have done?"

"I would have done my duty," said the young man, calmly.

"Bah! you'd have been frightened out of your wits."

"We are keeping the sergeant from relating the adventure," said one of the group.

"Go on, sergeant."

"That's all of that adventure," said the sergeant, who had been looking fixedly at the young man whom the farmer had called Ange. "I'll tell you of an adventure I had with the Little Corporal near about the same time. I was then a private, and was posted one night near an old tower, with orders to let no one pass with or without the countersign. About midnight some one came opposite my post. I halted him. He told me he had the countersign. "Retire, comrade," I said, "My orders are not to receive any countersign." "But I am an officer," exclaimed the stranger, sternly, "a general officer, and I must pass." "If you were the Little Corporal himself, you should not pass," I replied, "so retire, friend, or I fire." With that I levelled my piece, and the stranger retired. The next morning the Little Corporal sent for me.

"So you threatened to fire on me last night," he said, sternly. "Yes, general," I replied. "Did you know who it was?" "I did, general." "If I had advanced, would you have fired?" "No, general, I should have disabled you with my bayonet, and have called the guard."

"Were you not afraid to talk so to him?" asked the farmer.

"I knew I had done nought but my duty," said the sergeant. "But tell me, young man," he added, turning to Ange, "what do you think he said?"

"He praised you, and said you had done your duty," replied Ange, with heightened color.

"Right," exclaimed the sergeant, approvingly. "He laid his hand on my shoulder, and said, looking me in the face, 'Pierre Dubois, you have proved yourself worthy of being something better than a private. I make you a sergeant for threatening to shoot me last night.' With that he sent me back to my company."

As the sergeant finished speaking, the young man called Ange left the group in compliance with a summons from a young girl across the street.

"Who is that young man?" asked the old soldier.

"He is Ange Pitois," replied the farmer. "We call him 'Ange the dreamer.' He is an artist, but does nothing but paint the picture of that young girl with whom you see him now. He seems incapable of doing anything but thinking of her. He was always a quiet sleepy sort of a fellow, and but for the handsome property left him by his father, I suppose he would starve. Madeleine Tremonille, however, does not seem to care much for him. She leads him 'a dance,' and rarely misses an opportunity to ridicule him."

"Where does he live?" asked the sergeant.

"In yonder house. Maybe he'll paint your portrait if you'll ask him, sergeant; but don't be surprised if he paints your form and regimentals, and then puts in Madeleine's face."

A laugh greeted this sally. The soldier joined in it, but soon left the crowd.

Late in the afternoon, Ange Pitois was sitting in his doorway smoking. The young man was just twenty-two. His parents, who had been wealthy, were both dead, and had left him a handsome fortune. He was

a natural artist, and as the farmer had said, a dreamer, but was not deserving of the ridicule that was cast upon him. The townspeople were incapable of appreciating his genius, and his odd ways were deemed worthy of nothing but ridicule. Ange's naturally good temper enabled him to bear all of this good-humoredly, but sometimes he felt greatly tempted to resent it. On the evening in question, he was sitting in his doorway, smoking, and thinking of the farmer's words to him, that he would have been frightened had he been at Lodi, when, chancing to raise his eyes, he saw the sergeant coming up the street towards him. The old man stopped in front of the door, and giving the military salute, said, as Ange rose to receive him:

"Your pardon for this intrusion, Citizen Pitois, but your words interested me greatly to-day, and I thought I would pay you a visit this afternoon."

"You are right welcome, sergeant," said the young man. "I was just thinking about you."

The sergeant seated himself in the chair which the young man offered him, and then resting his cap on his knee, said, bluntly:

"Do you know, Citizen Pitois, that I think you have chosen the wrong profession in life?"

"Ah?" asked Ange, with a smile, "what should I be, sergeant?"

"A soldier," replied his visitor. "You may be a good painter, for all I know, *mon ami*, but you ought to be a soldier. I could see, to-day while I was telling of our battles, that your heart was where my thoughts were. You would make a good soldier, Citizen Pitois. You would enter the ranks with a determination to rise, and you would do so. You might in time be a colonel, a general. The Little Corporal himself came almost from the ranks, and many of our bravest and best generals are of the same origin."

"But it takes a brave man to be a successful soldier, doesn't it, sergeant?"

"To be sure. Can a dove fly without wings?"

"You heard Farmer Beaupre say I would have been frightened out of my wits at Lodi?"

"Well?"

"These people think me an innocent harmless dreamer, without ambition, and without courage. Now tell me, sergeant,

do you think I could rise in the army?"

"You may be a dreamer," said the old soldier, emphatically, "but you have both ambition and courage. You only want something to draw them out of you. No one but an ambitious man could have your face, and no coward could have the clear unfaltering eye that you have. The army will put an end to your dreaming, and develop your better qualities. What say you, will you go with me? I go to my company in ten days. Will you go with me?"

"I have been thinking of this ever since you have been here, but have not made up my mind," answered Ange.

"Then make it up now, Citizen Pitois," said the old man; "believe me, I wish you well. I am old enough to be your father, and I hope you will not resent my frankness as impertinence."

"Say what you will, *mon ami*," said Ange, "I will take it kindly."

"You love a girl who thinks you a dreamer—she ridicules you. If you remain here this will continue, and she will end by rejecting you, for a woman will not marry a man whom she ridicules. Go with me, and command her admiration. Let her hear of you by your brave deeds. In three years you will be permitted to come home. Think how she would glory in you to see you come back with an epaulet, and the Cross of the Legion. Will you go with me now?"

Both had risen to their feet, and now the young man grasped the sergeant's hand heartily.

"There's my hand upon it, sergeant, I'll go with you. You are right, altogether. Madeleine shall yet be proud of me, and I will bring back to her both the epaulet and the Cross."

"*Vive la France!*" cried the old soldier, enthusiastically. "You'll be a general yet, *mon ami*. Never fear for the result. I'll answer for it with my life."

Ange now produced wine, and they sat for sometime over their glasses, talking of a soldier's life. The sergeant did not disguise its hardships and dangers (he was too true a soldier for that), but he painted its glories and pleasures in bright colors. It was the early part of the year 1804, only a few weeks previous to the establishment of the empire by Napoleon, and at a time when France was at peace with her neighbors. The sergeant, however, like the majority of the soldiers, regarded the peace as

only a brief truce, which was soon to be broken, and looked forward to the future as full of glory and fighting. He did not know the condition of affairs in Paris, and was ignorant that his great commander was preparing to place upon his brows the imperial diadem. Neither did he dream of the opposition of the powers of Europe, who both feared his Little Corporal for his power, and hated him for his greatness, but he looked forward to the future as a period of war, and felt sure that his expectations would be realized. This much he said to Ange Pitois, and told the young man that it would do no harm to enlist in a season of peace.

"You'll be rid of your greenness before you go into the field," he said, "and that will be an advantage to you, to face the bullets with your wits about you."

When the sergeant went away about twilight, he carried with him Ange's solemn promise to go with him when he returned to the army. He had taken a great fancy to the young man, and was determined to make a soldier of him.

After the sergeant had left him, Ange sat for a long time in the doorway, thinking of many things. Madeleine now looked on him with ridicule; she thought of him as all the rest did. The sergeant was right, she would never marry him as long as she looked upon him in such a light. He must first win her respect and admiration, and that he could not do by remaining in the town. The sergeant was clearly right. The army was the place for him. The moon had risen, when he roused himself from his thoughts, and took the road that led towards Madeleine's home.

Madeleine Tremonille came of a good family, a circumstance which was of importance even in republican France, at that time. She was only twenty-one, and one of the most beautiful women in all France, and would not have shamed even the consular halls by her presence or bearing. She was, like Ange Pitois, an orphan, and was well off in worldly goods. She was greatly admired by the young men of the town and the surrounding country, but none could boast of being a favored lover. She was not disposed to enter the matrimonial noose yet, and consequently kept all off at a distance. She was fully aware of the state of Ange's feelings for her, and in her heart was not displeased by this knowledge. Indeed, she

liked Ange better than any of his rivals, and though she ridiculed and teased him about his queer ways, she could not deny that she had a warm place for him in her heart. She did not know exactly whether she loved him or not, but she was sure that she liked him better than any one else. She was standing in the porch when Ange reached her home, and was gazing so intently at the moon, that she did not notice him as he came up. As they had been friends ever since their childhood, the formalities of society were rarely used between them when by themselves.

"Are you dreaming, Madeleine?" he asked, as he came up.

She started, but answered with a laugh:

"No, Ange, I leave that to you."

"But I have done dreaming, Madeleine."

"Then the sun will stop shining. You can't help dreaming, Ange. It's as natural to you as flirting is to me."

"I have done dreaming all but one dream, Madeleine. That one I hope I shall never give up until it becomes a reality."

"Tell it to me, Ange, and maybe I can judge of the probability of its being realized."

"If you will walk with me, I will tell it to you," said Ange.

Madeleine consented, and the two turned into the grounds, and the young woman taking his arm, prepared to listen to his recital.

"Now, Ange, let me hear your dream," said Madeleine, who had no idea of what he was about to say, for she was not expecting him to avow his love for her then.

"It is a dream that I have clung to ever since my boyhood, Madeleine," began the young man; "a dream that has seemed so bright and beautiful to me that I have sometimes thought it would never be realized. I have loved you, Madeleine, better than all else in the world, and love you now better than ever. With this love has come a dream that you will love me, and when I ask you, you will be my wife. Shall the dream be realized, Madeleine?"

It was a sudden avowal, and took the young woman by surprise. She hesitated, and then said, half reluctantly:

"This is something I did not expect when we began our walk, Ange. It is very sudden, and I—"

"You hesitate, Madeleine," he said, calmly, "and I am not surprised. Listen to me.

For years you, in common with others, have known me as a dreamer, and a something below what a man should be. You cannot love one upon whom others—nay, upon whom yourself look down. Is it not so?"

"I think you are better and nobler than most persons believe you," answered Madeleine; "but you do not, if you wish me to be frank, come up to my idea of what my husband should be."

"I thought so," said the young man; "but it will be so no longer. I have not done my duty, Madeleine. I shall do better in the future. I am going away very shortly."

"Going away, Ange? Where?"

"I shall leave here in ten days for Boulogne, where I shall enlist in the army."

"But there is no war now."

"No, but I feel sure this shallow peace cannot last. There will be fighting soon, and I shall have an opportunity of making myself a name of which you will be proud."

"And are you so anxious to go away from me, Ange?" asked the young woman, in a tone of reproach.

"You have told me, Madeleine," said Ange, with great earnestness, "that I am not what you would wish for a husband, and I feel sure that you are right. I wish to make myself worthy, not only of your love, but of your respect and admiration. If I remain here, there is no prospect of my escaping from my old life. I must go where some great power can turn me into the paths that lead to higher ends than those in which I now walk. I have come to you to-night to tell you this, and ask you if you will try me. In three years I will return, and will bring with me an epaulet and a cross. You will be proud of me then, and I shall have the greatest reward I could hope for. Will you consent to this?"

"I think you are right, Ange," said Madeleine. "Had you been a different man, I would have loved you from the first; and as it is, I like you better than any one I know. Go, and for your own sake as well as mine, try to make a name among the brave men with whom you will be thrown, so that France as well as I may be proud of you. The First Consul is the soldier's friend, and if you do your duty bravely, he will reward you."

"And if at the end of three years I bring you the epaulet and the cross, will you be my wife, Madeleine?"



"Your true and loving wife, if you will take me when you have grown so great," was her reply.

"Take you, Madeleine?" said Ange, smiling. "Were I the First Consul himself, I would deem myself honored by your love."

And so the matter was settled, and in ten days Ange Pitois accompanied Sergeant Dubois to Boulogne. Madeleine found that she had loved the young man better than she had thought, and as the last few days of his stay in town had shown her Ange's character in a new light, she felt confident that he would be successful.

In due time Ange and the sergeant reached Boulogne, where the old man's regiment was stationed. Scarcely had the young recruit become well grounded in his training, when the consular chair was replaced by the imperial throne, and France commenced that career of glory which ended so unhappily for her. Ange was well pleased with this change, for now that Napoleon held the supreme power of the state, he felt sure that there would be a better chance for promotion in the army. He was a soldier by nature, and his close attention to his duties impressed his officers so favorably with him, that when the campaign of 1805, which followed the infamous coalition of Austria and Russia opened, and his regiment set out for Germany to join the emperor, who had abandoned his designs upon England, to crush enemies still more dangerous, Ange went as Sergeant Pitois. His regiment was the Forty-Seventh of the Line, and was in advance, and was frequently engaged in unimportant but severe encounters. In all these Ange bore himself bravely, and exhibited so many high soldierly qualities, that when he stood in the gloom of the dreary morning, watching for the sun that was to light the field of Austerlitz, he was Captain Ange Pitois. He had the epaulet, but the cross was yet to come.

The Forty-Seventh was right in front that day, and suffered horribly. The Russians opposite whom it was posted held their ground manfully, and a well-served battery tore huge gaps in the French ranks. Man after man went down. Three charges of the French were repulsed, and when the fourth was sounded Ange found himself the only commissioned officer left unharmed. And all the rest, from the colonel down, had been killed or wounded, and half of the regiment were *hors du combat*. He saw at a

glance the necessity of carrying the battery, for unless it was captured the key to the Russian position would remain in the hands of the foe.

In a moment he was at the head of the remnant of the regiment. Seizing the standard, he tore the tri-color from the staff, and wrapping it around him, shouted:

"Forward. Follow the colors."

With a thrilling cheer, the men pushed on after him, right on to the guns. How the grape and cannister tore through their ranks! How the bright French blood streamed out in the path of the Forty-Seventh! No one thought of danger. Every eye was fixed on the form wrapped in the flag, as it dashed right in among the guns. The battery was reached; a brief sickening struggle followed, and then the grape and cannister swept like a whirlwind through the ranks of the retreating Russians. The battery had been won by a handful of men, and in an instant a fresh brigade arrived to support the little band.

At the same moment an officer, who had witnessed the whole charge from the moment Ange had torn the flag from the staff, rode up, accompanied by two or three aids.

"Who commands this regiment?" he asked, abruptly.

"I do," said Ange, as he came forward, with his handkerchief pressed to a deep sword cut in the forehead.

"Your name and rank?" asked the officer.

"Ange Pitois, captain of the Forty-Seventh Regiment of the Line."

"Let it be mentioned in the report of the battle," said the officer, turning to one of his aids, "that this battery was captured by the heroic Forty-Seventh, led by its brave commander, Colonel Ange Pitois."

Ange now glanced up, and for the first time saw the officer's face. In an instant his head was uncovered, and bowed profoundly.

"Colonel," said the officer, smiling, "to make your reward complete, take this." And, moving his horse closer to the young man, the officer took from the breast of his gray surtout a small cross, and buttoned it on the coat of the young colonel. "The regiment shall be rewarded when the battle is ended," he said.

There was a shout from the group, and the cry of "*Vive l'Empereur*" rolled down the lines as Napoleon turned and rode away.

Ange's rise was the most rapid in the army. He was exceedingly popular, and his quick promotion was regarded by all as only what he deserved. Old soldiers predicted that he would be a marshal of the empire if he lived a few years longer, and the emperor himself watched his course with a favorable eye. Jena was his greatest battle, however, before he set out for home, and when the official bulletin was published in the *Moniteur*, the name of Colonel Pitois, commanding brigade, was published among the list of the disabled.

A few months later Madeleine Tremonille, who had heard regularly from Ange Pitois, and who was wondering that she had not received any letter from him for several months, was told that an officer of the army was below who wished to see her, as he had a message for her from a friend. She descended to the drawing-room, and there found an officer, who sat in a dark corner of the room. As he rose to receive her she noticed that he had but one arm, but it was too dark for her to distinguish his features.

"You have a message for me from Colonel Pitois, I believe," she said.

"From General Pitois, mademoiselle," said the officer. "He was fortunate enough to render such great services at Jena that the emperor thought it worth his while to make him a general. I am sorry to say, however," he continued, "that the general

was terribly wounded in the battle, and is now so much disfigured that you would scarcely know him. He has commissioned me to say to you that he has become so badly maimed that he cannot expect to hold you to your promise to him. He authorizes me to say to you that you are free from all ties that have bound you to him."

"Does General Pitois wish to be free from them himself?" asked Madeleine, slowly.

"On the contrary," replied the officer, "he is overwhelmed with grief at the idea of losing you."

"Then say to him," said Madeleine, proudly, "that I never loved him so well as I do now, and that I will not accept his generous offer."

In an instant she was clasped to the officer's breast with his remaining arm, and his kisses fell upon her lips, and Madeleine knew that the stranger was no other than Ange Pitois.

There was a merry wedding a week later, when the gallant General Pitois led to the altar the fairest woman in the south of France. It was noticed by those present at the ceremony that the bride wore a soldier's ornament. It was the cross for which she had given her heart. Her husband did not miss it, for on his breast glittered the grand Cross of the Legion of Honor, which the emperor had sent him as a wedding gift.

## OUT FROM THE SHADOW.

BY GRAHME.

"THE pathway of most every one in life has its light and its shadow. To some the light is brighter and longer, while to others the shadow is deeper and less transient."

The speaker was a girl just budding into womanhood, that period of existence when the darker side of things is but rarely thought of, and hardly ever considered of sufficient importance to cause mention. Yet here was Marian Graves, beautiful and cultured, surrounded by friends affectionate and earnest in their affection, the idol of parents able and desirous of supplying every want, communing within herself, and with mournful accent giving expression to sad-dening thoughts.

"Marian," spoke a sweet voice, and ere the echo died a kiss was pressed on Mari-

an's brow. "Marian dear, the shadow needs to be dispelled by light; only think of life as a grand opportunity allowed by the Creator to make the paths of others pleasant."

"Yes, I know, Aunt Mary, but it is hard to dispel the shadow oppressing another when one's own grows deeper."

"Marian, something must have happened to have caused this despondent mood; what is it? You are so different from what you were a few weeks since, when I left you to visit my old home in New England."

"O aunt," said Marian, "'tis but a moment of reflection that will soon pass away. You know that every one is at times serious."

Aunt Mary retired from the room, but she

was far from knowing the cause of Marian's dejection, and yet was puzzled because she was usually light-hearted, and had never been obliged to face unaided the realities of life. One short month previous to this time Marian had gone to the home of her maiden aunt Alice Graves, her father's sister, who owned the Graves homestead, near the village of Franklin. The homestead consisted of a comfortable-looking old-fashioned residence, with numerous trumpet honeysuckles reaching their long vines over porch and gable, and crowning all with leaves and flowers; an outbuilding used as barn, workshop, and a receptacle for every stray thing found; and a few acres of land yielding just sufficient to pay the interest upon the money required to give the premises a respectable appearance.

Alice Graves, however, cared more for the view of field and forest, more for the recollections clustering around the old farmhouse, more for the swiftly-running stream, the Sweetwater, that had been her confidant in her girlhood, and now, in her middle age, seemed to welcome her as royally whenever she graced its banks with her presence. Yes, she cared more for these than she did for the vegetables and fruits her few acres yielded. Of her relatives, Marian was the favorite, and received frequent invitations to visit the homestead.

Shortly after her arrival Marian received as a present from her father a pony, one of those nervous excitable animals that seem to be nothing but nerve and spirit, without being vicious. Seated upon his back, Marian visited many places in the neighborhood, and always rode with such evident enjoyment, into the spirit of which the pony entered, that both came to be looked for with pleasure from the open doors of many homes. Marian had been at her aunt's three weeks, and had only one more week to remain, into which she had determined to infuse as much enjoyment and pleasurable exercise as she and the pony were capable of.

One September morning, when the air was pure and bracing, a morning when the highest physical pleasure consisted in simply breathing, Marian rode slowly down the gravelled road, through the open gate, out upon the highway, and in the direction of the bridge spanning the Sweetwater. This route Marian had not taken in some time, and now it was doubtful if she was con-

scious of the direction in which she was going. The reins hung loosely on the pony's neck, and Marian seemed to be employing her thoughts in a reverie. Along the highway they went, and now the long narrow bridge without railing appears to view. Steadily on walks the pony. Ah, Marian, it must be something pleasant indeed that shuts your thoughts from outward objects! Can you not see that the bridge is near, and that it is unsafe? No? But on she rides unheeding. Now the bridge is reached, and still Marian moves not a hand to grasp a rein. She marks not the narrowness of the bridge, nor the absence of a protecting railing. On, still on. Now they are half way over. But wait! The pony has placed a hoof upon a defective plank. It cracks, it bends, it breaks! Pony partially falls, but quickly recovers. Marian wakes. Too late! For the now terrified animal quickly rears, and plunges off the bridge into the swiftly-running stream.

Both horse and rider sank beneath the surface. When they reappeared Marian had lost her seat, and was tenaciously clinging to the saddle; but the frequent plunging of the frightened beast, and Marian's falling strength, released her grasp, and, entangled in the folds of her long riding-dress, she sank, with one wild cry for help. The cry attracted the attention of a young man at work in an adjoining field. Hastening to the river's bank, regardless of personal considerations, he sprang into the water, and, swimming towards the centre of the stream, perceived an object floating with the current. This proved to be Marian.

Firmly grasping the now insensible girl, he endeavored to stem the swift current, but more than once became exhausted, and realized that he was jeopardizing his own life to save one whom he did not know, but whose pale beautiful face resting upon his arm, somehow touched the deepest sympathy of his nature. After severe exertion he reached the shore, and hastily carried his burden to the nearest farmhouse, where willing and sympathetic hands soon brought back to life the unconscious girl.

Gratitude was one of the strong elements in Marian's character, and her first inquiry was as to the manner of her rescue, and of him who had perilled his own life to save hers. But James Brown, as soon as he had ascertained that Marian was out of danger, had gone to his home. A letter man would

have waited and received the thankful offering, and endeavored to have laid the foundation for either future acquaintance, or favor, or presumption. James Brown, however, had a sensitive nature, and although but a farm laborer, obliged to work from the twilight of morning to that of evening, yet he shrank from receiving publicly an avowal of gratitude. To him there was something sacred in the giving thanks for willing service done, for did not thereby two lives meet and mingle that might never meet again, and yet both be shaped immeasurably in the many years of the future by the service rendered, and by the moment's interchange of thought and grateful expression? James Brown, although of humble origin, had been possessed since his early youth with a desire to acquire knowledge and better his condition. He had economized and invested in books as much as possible, and after his day's work was done, long after the family had retired to rest, he studied, analyzed and acquired.

The following day Marian expressed her thanks in a note delicately and gratefully worded. This James carefully treasured, without answering, hoping one day to attain a social position when the writer's friendship could be claimed without presumption.

It was the day before the one when Marian was to depart for her own home. All the morning she had remained in the house conversing with her aunt, and now and then occupying her thoughts with her narrow escape the few days before, and in reflections about him to whom she had written thanks. Marian had ascertained who he was, and from the information gathered conceived his true character, and desired to meet him the more for the purpose of showing by delicate action rather than words that she considered him worthy of the acquaintance and friendship of any true woman.

Fate was propitious. In the afternoon Marian concluded to take a last ride. So pony, who had escaped unharmed, was saddled and bridled, and cantered away with his lovely burden. There was a place in the forest Marian loved particularly to visit; where the undergrowth had interlaced, and, covered by wild vines with their luxuriant foliage, formed an arbor "fit for the muses." Thither Marian went, and as she was about to dismount, perceived that her favorite place was occupied. During the

moment of hesitation the person arose and approached. In him, from her aunt's description, Marian recognized her preserver. She saw before her a young man about twenty-two years of age, with bright eyes and shapely features, an intellectual expression crowning all. He was neatly though plainly clad. Bowing, Marian said:

"Mr. Brown, I believe?"

Politely raising his hat, without awkwardness and with a smile, he said:

"Miss Graves, I perceive that this arbor, formed without the assistance of art, has other admirers than myself."

"Yes," replied Marian, pleasantly, "I have passed many hours happily here, and regard it as one of the friends I have made. Indeed, about leaving, I could not go without bidding it, with the others, a last goodbye, and express to it and them my gratefulness for the pleasure they have given, as well as"—and Marian's voice trembled with emotion—"for the self-sacrificing acts that have prevented sorrow from reaching the hearts of those who assemble around the fireside at home."

"Miss Graves,"—and the deep pure voice was expressive of feeling—"it is indeed pleasurable to be thus distinguished in your thoughts. Allow me to accept your expressions of gratitude, and say that the occasion giving rise to them is slight indeed as compared with your favorable recognition."

James bowed, turned, and was soon lost to view in the forest. Marian perceived that here was one whom no occupation nor surroundings could make inferior. He rose above them. There was an indefinite, indescribable nobility about him that engaged Marian's attention, and caused her to form the wish that other and more favorable circumstances existed making a further and intimate acquaintance possible. The more she thought the more extensive were her wishes, until her daydreams had for their central figure James Brown, becoming with each succeeding day more and more idealized. As after light comes darkness, so frequently after each dissolving view Marian was shadowed by a feeling of sadness resulting from the thought that "it might have been."

And now, at her luxurious home in the city of Fairbridge, in answer to Aunt Mary's suggestion, she is saying that "'tis hard to dispel the shadow oppressing another when

one's own grows deeper." The possible was to her, as to others, more attractive than the actual, and the disappointment of the present clouded the possibilities of the future.

Another year passed, but James Brown was not forgotten. Marian had often desired to write to Aunt Alice and ask concerning him, but maidenly pride intervened and prevented. Now, however, she accepted her aunt's invitation to visit Franklin with eagerness, yet fearing to meet him lest he should appear inferior to the ideal her thoughts had formed. Several days passed before an opportunity occurred for Marian to satisfy her eager curiosity, and then suddenly Aunt Alice said, in the manner of one who had intended to speak before, but had forgotten, and now spoke hastily for fear of forgetting again:

"O Marian, have you ever heard of the young man who saved your life last summer—Mr. Brown?"

"No, I have not," Marian replied. "Is he here now?"

"No," said Aunt Alice, "he is not. There is something very peculiar about him. A few days after you went last year he disappeared, and no one has heard from him since. I thought perhaps he had gone to the city, where you possibly might have met him."

Marian did not continue the conversation. The real object of her visit had been accomplished. He had disappeared. No one knew of him. No one had heard from him. She would never see him again. Yes, indeed, were her half-formed hopes the veriest phantasms.

Two years more had rolled on with their many changes. Marian had developed into a superior woman. Always beautiful, now her beauty in its full unfolding was softened and winning. Hers was not of that imperious character that for the moment allures, and even for a time may retain, but eventually loses. Her beauty won not merely admiration, but devotion heartfelt and lasting.

Now, as she accompanies her father to witness the commencement exercises of the college of Oakgrove, it can be truthfully said of her, that she has unfolded with the years, having the shade of disappointment resting upon her. A great number have assembled to hear the graduating exercises. All the morning people have been coming.

This to them is the day of days of the whole year; and year after year the same people come and listen, without comprehension, to about the same salutatory in Latin, and smirk and nod to each other their approbation, and look as knowingly as though they had in the days of old trod the Appian Way, or scaled the Tarpeian rock.

Most of the orations were not different from those usually given, either composed of the refuse of the graduate's imagination, or for the most part showing the workmanship of the professor of rhetoric and elocution.

At last the gray-haired president announced—"James Browning"—speaking the last syllable of the surname with the falling inflection, causing Marian to half arise and nervously repeat to herself, "James Brown?" The next moment, however, she perceived her mistake. The president said, "Subject—Human character, with the valedictory, by James Browning."

Marian sank back to her seat. But the orator's voice sounded familiar. And there was a resemblance in his features to those that had so long dwelt in her memory. Possibly, James Brown might have looked thus had he been moulded, developed, and defied by years of feeling and reflection. Yet the name was different. "No! No! it cannot be," thought Marian, and yet that voice, so expressive of subdued feeling, reminded her of him. And once Marian thought, perhaps without cause, that the speaker perceived her, half hesitated, and then spoke on with greater strength and more passionate utterance. After the farewell had been spoken sadly and impressively to instructors and classmates, and at the close of the valedictory, a perfect storm of bouquets evinced the enthusiasm that the powerful and eloquent effort had occasioned. Perhaps it was intended, but it was certainly strange that the valedictorian should have stooped and selected from the numerous bouquets, one of white rosebuds and English violets, that Marian had thrown. Pressing it tenderly to his lips, with his eyes resting upon her he bowed in a graceful and dignified manner, and retired from the stage.

Marian trembled. Was hope long deferred to be realized? Would this talented and cultured gentleman seek her out? And in him would she find the one whose every

word spoken in the arbor in the forest, she had treasured in her memory?

But the last word of the closing address to the graduates has been spoken by the aged president; the people are dispersing, and she sees many hands offered to James Browning. Why can she not offer hers in congratulation, and evince pleasure openly in his triumph? But he does not look in her direction, neither does he approach, and Marian passes out of the door with one lingering backward glance. It seemed to James Browning that thus she passed out of his life, leaving upon him a shadow.

Two years more have rolled on with their additional changes. With these years also Marian has grown. She has cultured her taste for art, and has had her landscapes, as well as her ideal creations, worked in oil, both admired and coveted. Her beauty undimmed has been heightened by a higher refinement. And as she stands at the open window looking out upon the flowers and trees, now at the clouds and sky, it must be affirmed that it is the divinest of womanly graces to remain pure, and become cultured, with hopes and wishes unfulfilled. Recently her father has become involved in litigation, in which the greater part of his property is at stake. He and Marian have come to the city of Woodland to be present at the trial of the cause. Now she turns from the open window, from the fields and flowers, and arm in arm with her father proceeds to the courtroom, where the decision is to be rendered, either that they retain their large landed property or be reduced to comparative poverty. But let come what may, Marian, with her great heart, will cheer and bless her father, and will meet misfortune face to face with that same sad yet beautiful smile.

The judge proceeds to call the calendar: "The first case to be taken up is that of John Bronson, versus Theodore Graves; attorneys for the plaintiff are Messrs. Thompson and Skates; for the defendant, Rice, Smith and Browning." The counsel for the plaintiff announce themselves as ready for trial. Mr. Rice, leading counsel for the defendant, states that Mr. Smith is unable to be present, and that he himself is imperatively obliged to be absent from town for several days, and asks as a favor that the case be continued until the following term. This is refused; a jury is impanelled, and the case goes on, with no one repre-

senting the defendant but the junior counsel, a Mr. Browning, but just admitted to the bar. The attorneys for the plaintiff are jubilant. They suppose that with a young and inexperienced lawyer opposed to them they will have no difficulty in winning the case.

But their confidence becomes slightly lessened after the cross examination of their first witness, for the young attorney has, by wonderful shrewdness and persuasiveness in the questioning, destroyed the entire effect of the direct examination, and his knowledge of the case becoming more and more apparent, as the testimony of each witness is thus sifted, creates astonishment the greater that the confidence previously exhibited had been caused by a feeling of contempt for him as an opponent. The trial lasted three days.

When Browning made his speech for the defence, then, indeed, did they recognize his power. In a close and searching manner he analyzed the testimony, and by terse and pointed expression exhibited its worth or worthlessness. In the presentation of the principles applicable to the facts, he evinced a knowledge and research complete and convincing, and rising to the higher considerations of right and justice, he appealed to the deepest and finest feeling, in language eloquent and impressive, causing the heart of each juror to beat in advocacy of the cause so warmly defended. Mr. Thompson closed the argument for the plaintiff, making, however, but a slight impression. The jury, after an absence of a few moments, returned a verdict in favor of the defendant, Theodore Graves. Mr. Graves grasped his advocate's hand, but speech came slowly. His gratitude was overpowering. At last he said:

"Mr. Browning, I cannot thank you now as I would wish, but believe me, that you have done a work to-day that merits the greatest praise, and will ever be remembered by me with thankfulness."

He insisted that the young man should accompany him to the hotel where he and his daughter were stopping.

Marian, in accordance with her father's request, had remained away from the courtroom during most of the trial, and as yet had not noticed Mr. Browning particularly. The door to the room where she was sitting, opened. She heard her father's voice gladly saying, "Marian, we have won."

She turned, and beheld with her father, James Browning, the valedictorian at Oak Grove two years before. With amazement she listened.

"Marian, this is Mr. Browning, through whose skill and ability our property has been preserved to us."

She approached, extended her hand, and said, O, how winningly, "Mr. Browning, you are welcome."

When he retired from the presence of father and daughter it was with an earnest invitation from both to continue the acquaintance so favorably begun.

Theodore Graves concluded to make his home at Woodland, as there were centered nearly all of his business interests, and at his residence James Browning has become a frequent visitor, respected by the father and viewed with a far more tender affection by the daughter. All the thoughts and hopes of two years before have come back with added force. In many ways she has been persuaded that James Browning was known to her in the past. Certainly, the name was different, and the appearance unlike, but, as in the man we detect the youth with whom we were formerly acquainted by a resemblance we perceive but cannot express, so Marian gradually became convinced that James Brown and James Browning were one. With her now it was not a hope but a certainty. She made no immediate allusions, however, to her belief, but determined to express her remembrance of the past in language delicate and suggestive, the language of art. Resuming the brush, for a long time unused, she was occupied for several weeks in her studies. One evening James Browning called and was invited into the drawing-room where Marian was sitting. During the past few weeks he had been very attentive to her, and had become more and more interested; but her manner toward him, though kind and pleasant, seemed to be preoccupied, and he began to feel that she entertained him principally on account of her gratitude for his exertion in her father's behalf, while her thoughts were far away. "Can it be," he wondered, "that another has won her? Are all these long years of hardship and struggling for position to win no reward?"

Although becoming hopeless he continued his visits, her smile of greeting each time causing him to hope anew. To-night, however, in a kind, almost affectionate manner,

she greeted him. James at once became light-hearted, and his eyes beamed upon her with the affection of which, in her heart, Marian was proud. During the day a new ornament had been placed upon the wall. An oil painting, with a frame of rosewood having an inner lining of gilt.

After Marian's greeting, as James turned to a seat he perceived the painting, and with the remark, "Something new?" stepped nearer. Why does he start so visibly? And behold! his face expresses great astonishment. Does the painting work this result? Marian, also, with her head inclined slightly forward, tremblingly covers her eyes with her hand. Is this also produced by the picture? James sees represented before him a stream, spanned by a long narrow bridge, unprotected by a railing. What is that just below, floating with the current? It is—no? yes! it is a horse, and clinging to the saddle, being partially submerged, is a woman, her face turned away from the observer. But what occasions the excitement that James strives with only partial success to suppress? Ah! he is looking at the figure of the youth hastening down the river's bank. Nearer to the painting he bends. Yes, the face resembles his. It is as he looked five years before. The artist must have had the features continually in her memory to have been able to represent them so accurately. James reads the title, "To the rescue," and enclosed in brackets the words, "A thank-offering."

He looks from the painting. His face is illumined with the knowledge that the past has not been forgotten, and that *she* has thought continually of him. He turns, half fearing to find her gone. But no, there she sits with her eyes shaded. He pauses a moment and asks himself, "Is this real?" What a change, indeed, five years have made. She moves not.

"Marian," said he, tenderly.

"Marian," he repeated, moving forward.

No answer, but the shapely head inclines further, and the trembling becomes more noticeable. Placing his hand gently upon her shoulder, he continues:

"Marian, I thank you. It is the greatest pleasure to know that since we met in the forest bordering the Sweetwater, you have made me, to some extent, the subject of your thoughts. Then I was called James Brown through an unrectified mistake of

the family with whom I was living. Even then I dared to hope one day to be esteemed by you as an equal. Three years after I saw you at Oak Grove. O, how I hoped to be recognized; but you departed, leaving upon me a shadow. Marian, I have labored, studied and surmounted many difficulties, to become worthy of you. Your dear face has ever beckoned me on with its beaming. Marian dear, I have loved you through all these years. I love you still, and will unchangeably. Will you not crown my hope with a happy and glorious fulfilment? Will

you not dispel my shadow with the light of your preferment?"

She raises her face suffused with blushes, and with her eyes joyously sparkling amid their setting of tears, lays her hand softly in his.

"James," she says, "we both have waited, and improved in the waiting, although shadowed by disappointment. We both have suffered from hopes unrealized. But now happy in each other's regard we both can repeat, "Out from the shadow we have come."

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WAITING.

*A CHRISTMAS-EVE MEMORY.*

BY EARL MARBLE.

"We can wait, my darling," you softly said,  
In an earnest, sweet, though sad low tone,  
As we walked last night through the silent  
street,  
Whence the daytime's busy hum had flown.

We swept round a corner the moment you spoke,  
And saw, low hung in the star-gemmed west,  
The crescent moon in our faces fair,  
Like the night's inverted, glimmering crest.

"An omen of good," you laughingly said:  
I thought of an omen too, my sweet,  
As I snatched a kiss from your willing lips,  
And our hearts together a moment beat.

I thought of an omen; and "We can wait"  
Seemed like an accompanying monotone  
To flit through my brain in a maniac waltz,  
Like those that only in dreams we have  
known.

\* \* \* \* \*

"We can wait, my darling," till earth's wild  
storms  
Have spent their fury, and died away;  
Until we have ceased to grope in the night,  
And can walk in the glow of a radiant day.  
*Christmas, 1875.*

"We can wait, my darling." Ah! love ever  
can:

'Tis passion that frets at the least delay.  
Would you seize the fervor of August days,  
And lose the holy calm of May?

Our love is too sweet to hazard its life  
By being smothered in passion's embrace.  
How fair it will grow if its blossoming wait  
Till we see of the clay not a withering trace!

"We can wait, my darling," through storm  
and calm:

Though you should be widowed, and I should  
be wed,  
Our love will blossom among life's cares,  
As the pansy blooms in its weedy bed.

But if realization should not sit down  
Between our souls while we walk the earth,  
And our love, that is now like the crescent  
moon,  
Should continue to full, and enliven life's  
dearth,

The one that steps first on the future's bright  
shore,  
And tranquilly enters the heavenly gate,  
Will linger around till the other one lands,  
For only the pure and the noble can wait.



## LOST IN THE FOG.

## AN OLD WHALER'S REMINISCENCE.

BY W. H. MACY.

WHEN I was third mate of the "Rajah" of New Bedford, our first season in the Arctic seemed likely to prove a failure. We had met with no success so late as the first of August, and the captain got discouraged, saying he had waited long enough for the polar whales to "strike on," and we must up kites and go to the southward, for we could do better to finish out our season among the right whales in Bristol Bay. We made a mistake, as it proved; for the ships that stayed until September in Behring's Straits all got good cuts of oil. However, that's not to the purpose of my story.

We came down into Bristol Bay and fell among a good many right whales near the Aleutian Islands; we usually call them the Fox Islands. We took three or four large whales during August, which gave us a good lift to help out our voyage. There were but few ships on the ground, and we might have done better but for the frequent spells of fog, which is one of the worst difficulties the northwest whaler has to contend with. Many is the good whale that is lost because it is running too great a risk to hold on long after the ship is lost sight of; for no one knows when fog shuts down how long it will continue. It may lift again in half an hour, or it may be so thick for two or three days that you can't see the flying-jib-boom end.

One day I got separated some distance from the other boats, and struck a cow right whale to windward of the ship. She ran me still further up in the wind's eye before I got a good chance at her with my lance; but in the excitement of the hour, I took little heed of time or distance. I hung on even after I had warning of the fog which was sweeping down upon me, for I was especially anxious to save my whale, both for my reputation's sake and for my pocket. With no senior officer near enough to communicate with me I was of course left to use my own discretion, and I confess I did not look for any signals from the ship. You know that young officers, especially, are apt to err on the side

of rashness, rather than to incur the least suspicion of timidity or over-cautiousness.

At last I got what I considered a good lance at the whale, and felt sure I had given her the death-wound, though she did not spout blood freely, the blast being yet strong and but slightly tinged. As the whale still continued lively, and worked to windward at a smart pace, my boatsteerer and indeed all my boat's crew began to remonstrate against the policy of holding on longer. I took a look around the horizon, the fog was impervious in every direction. I reflected that the lives of other men were entrusted to my care, and we were truly running greater risk than was prudent. With a sigh of disappointment, I drew the boat-knife from its sheath in the bow of the boat. A single blow on the line and our connection with the rich prize I had hoped to secure, was severed.

"Lay her head round, Joe," said I to the boatsteerer. "Give me the sail, and get your compass out. Take your oars, the rest of you."

I stepped the mast and set the sail with a flowing sheet, and then went to my post at the steering-oar. Joe had set the bearings of the ship as well as he could, a few minutes before the fog had hidden her from view. She was then, we judged, some six or seven miles dead under our lee, and her lower yards could be distinguished, even from our low position near the surface of the sea.

The wind was light, but with the pull of the sail and five oars joggling, we made good headway; but it was getting late in the day, and we should soon have darkness as well as fog to contend with. And every one who has met with similar experiences knows how unsafe a guide is a light compass standing at one's feet in the sternsheets of a whaleboat. However, all I could expect to do was to get the general course correct, and make all the progress possible. From time to time I raised the fog-horn to my lips and blew a blast, even though I knew we could not yet be near enough to the

ship for the sound to reach her; but in my uneasy state of mind I wanted to be doing *something*. We had noticed no ship in sight but our own, and did not think there was any other within many miles.

On, on we sped before the wind, the shades of night closing down, giving us a foretaste of the darkness that was to come—a darkness that could almost be felt. A ship on the ocean is but a small object to steer for; a slight deviation from the true course, and a boat may pass on beyond her, and this at such a distance as to see and hear nothing in passing. I kept nervously looking at my compass, which seemed to fly round five or six points each way as it never did before, and with a sinking at the heart, wondering whether we were not going all wrong.

I got out the "lantern-keg," which every whaleboat carries on active service, knocked it open and struck a light. I elevated the lantern upon a stout waipole, stuck in the top of the loggerhead, and could just see my compass card by its dim light. Having done this I could do no more but steer on in the same general direction, straining my ears to catch some sound, as I knew the ship must soon begin to make signals.

Blacker and blacker the darkness settled down upon the sea, until it seemed as if we were forcing our way through a wall. To be lost in a fog is one of the most fearful of the perils to which whalers are exposed. There is the chance of losing the ship entirely, and being left upon the broad ocean alone to experience the horrors of starvation and thirst. There is the chance of a heavy gale arising, in which the frail boat may founder, carrying down all on board. The nearest land to us was some two hundred miles distant—and this the rocky bleak inhospitable shores of the Fox Islands, difficult of access, and furnishing a more suitable home for seals and wild birds than for human beings.

"I think we have pulled far enough, sir," said Joe the boatsteerer. "We don't want to get to *leeward* of the ship, anyhow.

"No," said I, "that's true. I hardly think we are down abreast of her yet; but as you say, it's best to keep the weather-gage. Heave up now, and peak your oars. Keep your eyes open, all of you."

I let the boat come up on a wind, and lay to, hoping to catch some sound for a guide.

"The other boats may have struck a whale to leeward, and the ship run off towards

them," said I. "But I should not have supposed the shipkeeper would do that, if he knew that we were—"

A gun! The sound seemed to have a dull *thud* to it, as if smothered by an intervening wall. It was evidently three or four miles from us, but no two of us agreed as to its direction. We took the voice of the majority, and made sail on a wind, but feeling none too much confidence that we were right. The minority protested that we were all wrong.

About a quarter of an hour may have passed when the second gun was audible, quite as distant apparently as the first, and the sound now seemed to come from astern of us. So round we went on the other tack. And thus we kept hearing signals at intervals, and changing our course; but we did not appear to gain any towards the sounds, and finally gave up the chase and lay to, in a state of complete bewilderment. Thick and impenetrable as ever the fog closed about us, while we had yet many hours of darkness ahead of us to be worried away. We divided ourselves into watches, and Joe the boatsteer and two others lay down under the thwarts of the boat to sleep—if they could. But the air was raw and chill, and we were not heavily clothed. I felt no desire to sleep, but sat up on the sternsheets, calculating chances, and wondering how long the fog was likely to last. This inaction was terrible; but to go ahead in our present state of uncertainty as to direction, was as likely to be fatal as otherwise, for we might be going further away from the ship all the time.

We heard no more guns now, and knew that she had either ceased firing, or had passed entirely out of hearing. There was nothing to do but lie still until the fog should lift, and then, if no ship was in sight, we must shape our course for the Fox Islands. The small stock of hard tack in the tarpaulin bag must be carefully economized, as also the little fresh water in the boat-keg; so we took no nourishment then.

Slowly, wearily the hours dragged away, until I judged it might be two o'clock in the morning. I roused Joe, and thought I would try and get a nap myself. All has been quiet during my patient vigil; the wind still continued light, and the slight rippling or *lapping* of the water under the boat's bottom, was the only sound that disturbed the silence of the night.

"Hearing is the only sense that seems likely to be of any use to-night," said Joe, "but I believe I *smell* something, don't you?" I snuffed the air hard and thought I could, too.

"Trying out?" said I, inquiringly.

"That's it, exactly." Joe seemed delighted to find his own opinion confirmed; and the other men, when appealed to, thought they could perceive the odor. Yes, all could smell it, now. The fat crispy smell of boiling blubber is peculiar; it can hardly be mistaken, for it is like nothing else.

"If there's a ship boiling in this neighborhood, it can't be the Rajah. We had no blubber aboard, and if the other boats had got a whale, of course she has not cut him in yet."

"But they might be burning old scraps on the try-works, as a signal-light," said I. "It's true we could not see it far through this fog; but they would be likely to do it."

"So they would," assented Joe. "The smell is growing a little stronger. The ship is, of course, to windward of us; but why don't they make some noise?"

Joe seized the fog-horn, and distending his broad chest to its utmost capacity, sounded a blast such as might have brought down the walls of Jericho. We listened intently, then looked at each other.

"Yes," said I, "I heard it."

By the faint light of the boat-lantern, each could see the other's face light up with hope.

"There it is again?"

We knew very well what the sound was. A rapid succession of blows struck upon the head of an empty cask. A very common expedient to call boats to the ship in foggy weather, when within the distance of a mile or two, and one which answers the purpose admirably. This species of mammoth drum can be heard, not as far as a great gun, but much further than the ship's bell.

There was no more napping under the thwarts, now; every one was up and on the *qui vive*. The sound was approaching us, growing louder at each successive repetition. We might as well for the present lie still where we were. The smell of burning scraps also grew stronger and pervaded the foggy air with a perfume, which though not exactly of Arabic Felix, was none the less grateful to our nostrils. By-and-by

another fog-horn was heard to blow, awy off abeam of us. This was evidently in another boat. We had supposed that the mate and second mate must have got on board before the fog shut down, but we had no means of knowing this, and they might still be adrift, like ourselves.

We did not move from our position, but waited the progress of events. The drumming grew louder and louder as it approached, coming directly at us; and the odor, with the flavor of greasy smoke, became nearly overpowering. Fog-horn blown at intervals—not far off now. I thought I could even hear the swash of the sea under a ship's bows, as she pushed her way before the light breeze.

"Stand by your oars. He may run us down before we can get out of his way. Blow your horn, Joe, and keep it going."

"Here she is! Looming high above us, and voices are heard of men on the bow, who have caught a glimpse of our light. And now we can make out the glare from the try-fires, but as the ship is off running free, there is no draft, and the fires very dull. If she is boiling, it is not the Rajah, but any port in a storm."

Our warp is thrown, and dexterously caught, and we swing alongside the strange ship. All the talk we hear is in a foreign lingo—French.

The Frenchmen were even more astonished at welcoming strangers, for they were looking for their own boat. She arrived soon after we did, for it was her horn that we had heard blown. The ship then luffed to, and stirred up her fires to continue boiling the whale which she had taken two days before. Our boat was veered astern, and we were made comfortable on board the good ship *Telemaque* of Havre.

They had seen nothing of our ship the previous day, and could give no idea of her whereabouts. Captain Chandieur thought it probable the fog would last eight-and-forty hours, at least, and made us kindly welcome with true sailor's hospitality.

Daylight brought no change in the density of the mist, which continued to veil us in every direction; but in the afternoon there was a breaking away in one particular quarter. A section of the horizon off the weather-beam was opened to view, and a man sent to the masthead reported seeing, right there in the clear spot, what appeared to be a dead whale floating. It was not more

than two miles distant, and the spyglass soon placed the matter beyond all doubt.

The French mate immediately ordered his boat cleared away, for here was a rich prize for the *Telemaque*. But I felt certain that the dead whale was mine, from which I had cut the day before, and I at once ordered my crew to haul up our boat which was veered astern. They entered fully into the spirit of the thing, and never was a boat manned more quickly. We got the start of the French boat, and with vigorous and lusty strokes, were soon shooting up to windward to get the first sight at the prize.

It was indeed my whale, but unluckily circumstances were such that I could not easily prove it. She floated buoyantly with her breast and both fins plain in view; but my iron, by which alone I could establish ownership, was in the whale's back, deep down under water. Monsieur Bugeaud, with his boat, soon arrived, and could see no sense in my attempting to take charge of a whale which I had no means of securing. But I knew not at what moment the weather might clear, and the Rajah heave in sight, and I meant, at least, to make all possible objection and delay.

The general rule is that marked craft claims the fish, so long as he is in the water, dead or alive. The ship's name, or a convenient abbreviation of it, is always marked with a small chisel on the flat of the shank of each harpoon, and this is sufficient to establish ownership, provided no other ship has succeeded in cutting him in. But after the blubber has been peeled no claim can be made. If the owner arrives on the stage during the process of cutting, and proves his right by marked craft, he may cut the blubber off square with the plank-shear, and take all that is below it. Such is whaleman's law, as well understood by them all, and settled by long-established usage; and perhaps nothing more just than this could possibly be devised.

This whale therefore belonged to the *Telemaque*, if she could cut her in. I certainly could do nothing, for I had, at present, no ship. I might insist on lying by the whale, and taking my chance, but I had really no right to do so unless I could first prove ownership. I succeeded, after much trouble, in hooking up the bight of the line, and underrunning it; but to roll such a ponderous mass over was simply impossible. The line itself was not sufficient to identify my

property; we must get at the harpoon, or give up the prize as justly belonging to the *Telemaque*. If the Frenchman took the whale alongside, he would of course cut her in just as quickly as possible. When the first piece was raised, and the whale should be rolled back upward, I would find my iron, and might then protest, and ask, as a representative of the Rajah, for a stay of proceedings; but such demand would probably be laughed at under the circumstances. I could see nothing to be done but submit, and allow the whale to be taken in tow by Monsieur Bugeaud the French mate.

But it was necessary for the ship to make a tack to fetch well up to windward, before taking the whale alongside. This occupied some time, and meanwhile the fog was breaking up. Our eyes were strained to catch the first glimpse of a sail, while the Frenchman was now praying that thick weather might continue at least until he could secure the blubber from my whale.

"Sail O!" cried my midship-oarsman, as the clear space in the weather-board widened a little, and the mist, rolling back, disclosed the black hull, and then the tall spars of the Rajah, within a mile of us? No time was to be lost, and at the word my crew laid back upon their oars until they buckled with the strain.

My story was quickly told, and the state of affairs fully explained. Our captain jumped into the boat with me, and we shot alongside the *Telemaque* just as her crew had streamed the line into the chocks, and with a lively song began hauling the whale down to the ship.

Captain Chandleur received us courteously, though he well understood what the result of the post-mortem examination might be. He would roll the whale until the iron could be cut out, and if we proved property, of course there was no more to be said.

"Now we must watch 'em sharp," said my superior to me, "or they may contrive to *accidentally* cut the iron out and lose it."

And indeed I detected the French boat-steerer, who went over to hook on, attempting a game of this kind; but we were too vigilant to be thus caught. I went over myself and bent a short warp to the iron as soon as it was possible to reach it; and when it was at the surface of the water I cut it out myself. It was hauled in on deck, and there, plainly legible on the shank, was the name "*Rajah*."

There were some muttered *sacre-es* on the part of the French crew, but the captain was perfectly honorable, and, as a matter of honor and justice, could not undertake to act in defiance of a law so generally recognized. The boarding-knife was passed through the blanket-piece on a line with the plankshear, Captain Chandleur taking as toll for his trouble the piece already raised

above this division line, and we bore away the remainder in triumph to our own ship. A hundred and fifty barrels of oil rewarded us for the peril and anxiety which we had undergone since we left the ship twenty-four hours previous; but I have no desire to repeat the experience of that night when *lost in the fog*.

## WINTER.

BY KENDALL MUNKITTRICK.

Again we have the frost king in the land,  
 Again the trees are clothed in fleecy snow,  
 Which seems to whisper softly when it's fanned  
 Among the bushes slumbering below.  
 And on the attic pane the frost does show  
 In pretty shapes the antique castle wall,  
 The Eastern minaret does faintly glow,  
 Mamre's palm trees, and legions great of Saul,  
 Are pictured to our minds, our fancies see them all.

'Tis now the farmer most enjoys himself:  
 His labors are but few, and he can steal  
 Unto the bookcase, from its dusty shelf  
 Take Shakspeare down, and like an actor feel.  
 The grandame's busy at the spinning wheel,  
 Or talking all the village topics o'er;  
 The laughing children try to dance a reel,  
 Or crawl delighted on the kitchen floor,  
 And with their father's specs create a festive roar.

The axe is ringing in the silent wood,  
 While oxen drag the fallen trees away,  
 And every one is in a jolly mood,  
 While o'er the surface fleetly glides the sleigh.  
 Does happiness a brighter scene portray  
 Than at the farmstead, when the homely tune  
 Of some old fiddler o'er all hearts does sway,  
 Waking the memory of some olden rune,  
 And making all feet skip a social rigadeon?

Sweet scenes, sequestered 'mong the Northern hills,  
 Where oft my footsteps strayed, of thee I dream;  
 And while so dear a recollection fills  
 My mind, I sing the seasons, for I seem  
 Once more beside the peaceful valley stream;  
 Once more, within the shadow of the pine,  
 The waning months roll slowly by, and deem  
 That I might sing; and hence this lay of mine,  
 Which is one more of love than a desire to shine.  
*Hoboken, N. J., December, 1875.*

## A PRETTY YOUNG LADY.

## A TALE OF HOME LIFE.

BY THEO. GIFT.

## CHAPTER I.

## THE SCHOOLROOM AT NO. 15.

AN uncommonly wet evening! Not so much rain as fog and drizzle—London fog and London drizzle. In the atmosphere, a dim whitish blur, broken here and there by smears of red, where the gaslamps were beginning to twinkle through the murky air. In the square, drops of moisture distilling with a dreary trickle from every twig, and bud, and bough. At the corner, a policeman dimly revealed by the shine of his oilskin cape under the gaslamp. Hidden somewhere in the fog in front of a neighboring house, an organ grinding away dismally at that sweetest and most mangled of all sweet and mangled waltzes—“*Il Bacio*.” Further still, and deeper in the fog and mud, a street singer quavering shrilly among the top notes of one of the Christy Minstrel melodies. “Fair, fair, with golden hair,” came faintly over the swaying trees and thickening darkness—“Fair, fair, with golden hair, sang a lone mother while weeping.”

The “lone mother’s” voice had a gin-cracked quaver, an asthmatic wheeze, which irritated the footman at No. 4. He even meditated a sally for the purpose of giving chase to the nuisance, but his hair was just freshly powdered for dinner, and London fogs are surcharged with sooty particles which *stick*, and so he restrained his warlike desires, and submitted to the annoyance.

It was not audible enough to be disagreeable at No. 15, on the other side of the square, the house whose lighted drawing-room windows threw a flickering weirdly yellow glare over the dank grass plots and blackened shrubs across the pavement. It was only firelight within, or else the blinds had been down; but it sparkled and danced right merrily on pale green walls and bright mirrors, on pictures, and photographs, and old china; on gipsy tables, rich in home-made point lace, and big furry rugs cunningly obscuring the worn patches on the Turkey carpet; on curtains of ruby damask, which looked quite new and brilliant in the

ruddy light, and curtains of white lace hiding their darded parts in graceful folds; last, not least, on the back view of a young lady gazing through the blurred and misty panes, as if in a vain effort to make out the “lone mother” afore-mentioned.

“*Hateful weather!*” said Kate. “Vile hateful weather! O, how damp and cold they will be!”

She came out into the firelight as she spoke, a girl of nineteen or thereabouts, with a quantity of wavy bronze-colored hair, knotted up on the top of her head; with round well-opened brown eyes, and nose fine at the bridge, and square at the tip; with red sharply-curved lips, always apart, and a determined little chin cleft in two, like a white-heart cherry; with cheeks flushed with health, and dented by two infantine dimples; and arms and throat white as milk, and round and soft as a yearling babe’s: a girl whose first appearance gave you an overpowering sense of *life*—life pure and healthy, and vigorous as a young forest tree; whose voice had a sort of jubilant defiance in its fresh young tones, and whose laugh rang out with the clear joyous vibration of a peal of wedding-bells: a girl who might have stood for Canova’s Hebe, and whose appetite was as healthy as her mind.

The firelight seemed to like her, it hung about the ripening curves of her young round figure so lovingly, and kissed with a warm tender glow the shapely cream-white hands stretched out to meet it—the saucy honest face bent down above it.

“Five o’clock,” said Kate, looking from the vaguely flickering reflections of herself in the mirror over the fireplace, to the old-fashioned Dresden clock on the chimney-piece; “five o’clock—and they won’t be here for another hour. I think I’ll get some tea.”

She was rather fond of talking to herself when there was no one else to talk to, preferring singing, or even soliloquy, to the alternative of silence. As her light feet went tripping down the broad shallow stairs, and across the hall, with its chessboard-like surface of black and white marble, she was

humming the refrain of "John Brown's Body" in so joyous a key, that three younger sets of lungs in the schoolroom took it up, and greeted her with a chorus as she entered laughing.

"My dears, pray!" cried Miss Smith from her seat behind the tea-tray. "Eva, you too! Good evening, Miss Bellew. Shall I give you some tea?"

"Goodness gracious, Kitty, how swell you are! and what have you dressed so early for?" broke in Madge (No. 3, and *etat* twelve), springing up from her chair, and jerking half the contents of her teacup over the cloth, in her hurry to inspect Kate's attire. Poor Miss Smith uttered a second remonstrance, and Eve (No. 2, and *etat* fifteen), ably seconded her. [N.B.—Some of the tea had gone over her dress.]

"I never knew any one so rough and vulgar as Madge," she observed, in an icy little tone of disgust, which quite extinguished the governess's patient "Madge! Madge!"

Madge paid little attention to either. Bigger than Eve already, and at that clumsy age when the unshaped female form goes in where it ought to come out, and comes out where it ought to go in, she had planted a hand on either side of Kate's waist, and twisted her round for a better contemplation of the crisp white muslin and carnation-colored bows, which harmonized so well with the wearer's lips and cheeks.

"Isn't she a swell, just?" cried Madge, who delighted to use slang for the mere pleasure of seeing Eve's lips tighten shudderingly; but she got no second rebuke, Eve merely asking as she handed her sister a cup of tea:

"Why are you dressed so early, Kate?"

"Because I got tired of doing nothing," said Kate, laughing, and extricating herself from Madge's grasp to sit down in the well-worn armchair by the fire, and put her feet on the fender. "I never can do anything when I am expecting Dick home; and I thought dressing would pass the time away as well as anything else."

"And is all that 'goffing' and finery for Dick?" asked Eve, with a natural sourness emanating from the maternal warning earlier in the day that she would dine with the three juveniles that evening, "company" being expected.

"Dick, indeed!" broke in Master George, a stout bullet-headed urchin of ten, looking up from the plate of bread and marmalade

he was discussing. "Dick! She don't dress for *him*. Don't you know there are lawyers and people coming?"

"Ah! I had forgotten the new lawyer," said Eve, dryly. "So the red bows are for him, Kate? Well, when I am out, I will wait to see what manner of fish are in the stream before I dress my flies for them."

"Is you going to catch flass, Katie?" said little Dottie, turning up her innocent face, with wide brown eyes wonderfully like Kate's, from her corner under Miss Smith's wing. "Will oo take me? I's be welly good, and carry ze basket so nicely."

"Kate likes to capture all the fish," said Madge, bursting out laughing. "She does not want to keep them—do you, Kittle? You'll throw them all back into the water for Eve afterwards."

"Of course I do," said Kate, turning her bright face round, "and of course my bows are for the new lawyer. I am trembling now lest Dick should hug all the starch out of my frills before his friend sees them. I want him to like me? And why not? Every one does generally; why shouldn't he?"

"How do you know they do?" asked Eve, satirically.

"By their ways and manners, of course. Don't you know when people like you?"

"Nobody ever does," observed George, carefully removing some superfluous marmalade from his cheek with the end of his tongue; "she's too disagreeable."

"Master George," said the governess, "that is not the way to talk of your sister."

"I am used to it," said Eve, with dignity; "and I must say I should try to make people like me by what I was, rather than by what I had on."

"People like Kate without her trying," put in Madge, warmly. "I heard Mrs. Fisher telling mamma that she was the very nicestest girl at the last ball; and you know Mr. Luscott fell in love with her the—"

"Madge, my dear!" cried Miss Smith, shocked. "What do you know of falling in—ahem! No one is talking of such a thing."

"Certainly not," said Evé. "I don't think there is much love in what Kate calls her flirtations."

"Eve!" said Miss Smith, reprovingly.

"I only *call* it flirting," cried Kate, reddening warmly, "because if I didn't, nasty people would. They always do say a girl is flirting if she is cheerful, and makes no

humbug about liking to talk to pleasant people, and liking pleasant people to talk to her, and care for her, and—"

"Well, you need not get so red and hot over it," observed Eve. "You may call it flirting, or not flirting. Anyhow, I don't agree with it; and I don't think you've any right to call people humbuds who—"

"My dear Eve," said Miss Smith, "do you know what flirting means? Miss Bellew was only joking; no wellbred young lady would think of such a thing."

"Is me a wellbred lady?" said little Dottie, anxiously. "My hands always under de table."

"You're a darling duck," said Kate, pouncing on, and kissing her, "and the sweetest little lady out, that you are. I say, youngsters, what's the matter with Eve, that she's so cross this evening? Has she been greedy, and eaten up that pot of Devonshire cream which yesterday turned sour?"

Madge was busy maintaining a silent scuffle with George for the possession of a particularly crumbly piece of bread. She turned round now with a mischievous laugh; and George instantly seized the bone of contention, and stuffed one-third of it into his mouth, to make "assurance doubly sure."

"Cream? No, Kittie; she's been eating a dish of herbs in the schoolroom, and hated withal, instead of going in to the stalled ox and what-you-may-call-'ems in the dining-room! That's what's the matter with her."

"As if I cared about such a trifle!" Eve answered, loftily, with a toss of her smooth little flaxen head. "It only shows Dick's love of his family, that he would rather see any one else on the first day of his coming home from college."

"Dick *does* love his family," cried Kate, flushing up again. "Dick is a darling. Of course he likes us to ask one or two people to meet Mr. Clive. When a man brings his greatest friend home, it's only natural he should wish to do him a little honor; and you *know* the table only holds six cosily. It is very unkind of you to say anything against Dick, Eva."

"O never mind Eva, Kittie," broke in Madge, pushing away her cup and plate. "Tell us what the 'stalled ox' is to-day. We all smelt duck quite plainly; but it was mixed up with something else—I said pastry, but George thought it was bacon, and

that means fowls, of course. We've got a bet on it. Which has won?"

"I don't know, I'm sure," said Kate, with that happy ignorance of all culinary and housekeeping matters so natural in our young English matrons to be! "I suppose I shall see when I sit down to it. Smell a little harder as it comes up stairs, George, and perhaps you'll find out."

"Shall I help you smell, Georgie?" asked Dottie, inflating her little nostrils in readiness. "I tan smell twite hard—tan't I, Miss Smiff?"

"Little girls never smell," said Miss Smith, primly; "it is not good man—Madge, my dear!"—as Madge sent her chair over backwards in her hurry to get to Kate.

"I didn't do it on purpose, Miss Smith. Do wait one moment, Kittie. I want to know if Mr. Clive is a relation or not. Eve says he is."

"O dear, no—at least, only by courtesy. He's—let me see—a stepson of one of papa's second or third cousins. That is no relation to us, you know; but I believe Dick and he call cousins, and so I suppose we shall do the same. Dick wants him to feel quite at home here."

"A man and a brother," said George, pushing away the marmalade dish with a deep sigh—whether the result of repletion, or the melancholy courtesy of leaving the last and very least portion of that delicacy unappropriated, is not known. "I hope he will be a jolly sort of fellow, who'll take us out, and stand tarts, and that sort of thing. Dick never does."

"Dick hasn't time," said Kate, wincing visibly at any word against her elder brother. "Miss Smith can tell you grown-up men have too many friends and engagements to be always taking their family about. Now then, what next?"—as George stayed her exit a second time by jumping up and putting his back against the door.

"Stoop, Kittie;" (in an ingratiating whisper) "promise to bring me something from the dessert; not just a biscuit, like last time, but something nice."

"And bwing me somesing nice, too, Kitty," put in Dottie, clinging with her fat hands to Kate's sash. The elder girl scooped down and kissed her laughingly.

"You little wretches—a likely story! Why, I brought you those biscuits at the risk of disgracing myself forever and ever; and then I had on a silk dress with a pocket.



'convenient.' Fancy Mr. Clive seeing a handful of figs and raisins transparently visible through this!"—holding out her cloudy skirts with a merry laugh. "Move out of the way, Georgy-Gorgy!"

"You could smuggle it in your handkerchief, Kate. Just a peach?"

"A peach! when they cost a mint at this season too! What next? Good-night, Dottie dumpling. Now, George, let me go."

"O, very well. I'm off parole, then, that is all."

"O George!" (from Madge) "you mean greedy thing!"

"Greedy yourself, Madge. You know you always got the biggest share."

[N.B.—Some little while back, the exit of the gentlemen from the dining-room had been, I grieve to say, the signal for a raid on the dessert, of which Tom the page-boy had proved an inefficient defender. George had, in consequence, been put on honor by his mother not to continue these enterprises, the fruits of which were shared with Madge, who also came in for her share of blame.]

"Not when I'm on parole, George."

"Yes; but mamma said when we were, we should have something nice next day."

"Well, wait till dinner to-morrow, and you'll have something."

"I don't like waiting. I—"

"Master George, is this proper gentlemanly behaviour? Really, Madge, I wish—"

"I'm not doing anything, Miss Smith. It's George wont let Katie go. Katie, make mamma come up from dinner quick. Eve and I want to see what Mr. Clive is like."

"I can't, Madge. Mrs. Marryatt always sits so long over her wine."

"Put a pin in her chair."

"Put some vinegar in her wine."

"O dear! are the Marryatts coming? That horrid man! I do hate him so."

"Because he will pat your cheeks. So?"

"Well, George, would *you* like to be patted like a prize-pig?"

"Perhaps he thinks you're like one."

"I'm not nearly as stout as you."

"Yes, you are; look at your waist!"

"Don't be rude, sir. You burst a button off your waistcoat at dinner on Friday."

"It wasn't at dinner; it was turning a wheel."

"O what a cram!"

"My dear Madge, I—"

"O hush, please—I beg your pardon"

(from Kate). "What in the name of goodness is that?"

That was a man's voice from the drawing-room floor—a familiar voice, too, calling out:

"Hallo! Katie! Somebody! Is there no one at home?"

"It's Dick!" cried Kate, in an agony.

"O!" And hurled herself at the door, scattering George, and rushing up stairs like a white whirlwind.

In the noisy babel of the schoolroom, no one had heard either the expected knock at the door or the voices in the hall; and Kate, who had meant to be waiting ready to seize on her brother and welcome his friend in the very moment of their arrival, was utterly taken aback by the shock of hearing them above.

Forgetting altogether the graceful little greeting she had prepared for Dick's hero in the overwhelming delight of Dick's presence, she tore up stairs, stumbling over her white flounces in her haste, and flung her arms round the first of two dark figures dimly visible against the firelight background of the drawing-room doorway.

## CHAPTER II.

### KATE FORMS AN OPINION.

FORTUNATELY it *was* Dick. I don't think people often make mistakes of that sort off the stage. Besides, Dick's head was flaxen, and stood two inches lower than his friend's. He reddened slightly in the darkness when half choked by two warm white arms, while an impetuous voice stammered out, "O Dick dear! to think of our not hearing you come! And I *was* watching for you. O, I'm so glad you're here; and—O dear! *how* your mustache has grown!"

She had quite forgotten the stranger, you see; and I think—I'm not sure—that Dick remembered him more than he did his pleasure at being so warmly welcomed. Anyway, he resisted the cowardly feeling, and kissed his sister with a sort of defiance as he said:

"Why, Katie, you'll eat me up. Here's my friend Clive. Haven't you a word for him as well?"

Letting go of Dick with a sort of feeling that she had "gushed," and yet with a happy confidence that even gushing, in this undemonstrative age, was pardonable when she was the gusher, and Dick the subject,

Kate turned with a ready mingling of smile and color to the visitor; and saw, by the glimmer of firelight—what she had never seen before in any face of man when turned in her direction—a sneer!

It was very slight, so slight and faint indeed as to be hardly distinguishable even in a brighter light, save by a very quick-witted person. Unfortunately Miss Bellew was very quick-witted. She distinguished it at once, and in one and the same moment hated Mr. Bernard Clive with a fierce and deadly hatred, which manifested itself in an immediate straightening of all the Hebe curves in her lithe young figure, and the frigid bend of her head, as with face "darkly, deeply, beautifully red," she pronounced the formal greeting:

"We are very happy to see you, Mr. Clive. I beg your pardon for not noticing you at first."

Dick was disappointed. He knew Kate to the core, and was well acquainted with her two forms of manner, the outspokenly cordial and outspokenly sharp. Naturally, he thought the former had been bespoken for his friend; and felt aggrieved at this chill politeness.

"Let us come into the drawing-room. 'Isn't my mother at home? and are there no lights in the house?'" he said, sharply, drowning something Clive was saying about needing "an apology for intruding on domestic reunions"—something which sounded like an appendix to the sneer, Kate thought. She was quite unconscious how bewitching the angry flush made her, as, reaching up one hand to light the centre lamp, she let the pure mellow light stream down on dimpling cheek and gold-bronzed hair; and all the soft white curves of arm and dress relieved against a dark-green background of dainty fragile drawing-room ferns.

Dick was not a very wise young man, and had not much to be proud of on his own account. Painfully slight, with flaxen hair like Eve's, and light blue eyes, which looked dark by reason of an unhealthy purplish shade round them, he made the most striking contrast to his favorite sister that could well be found. He was only twenty-one, and yet there were little crows'-feet at the corners of his eyes, and little lines on his forehead, and more lines about his mouth: small unholy signatures that gave him an old worn look, which went oddly with his

fair hair and soft mustache. He was old poor Dick! almost worn out and used up before he had gained his majority. He had run through life so quickly as, like that babe in the ballads, to be "elderly, elderly too," at the age when most young men are almost boys; and you could see it in the slight stoop he had when "off guard," and in the nervous movements of his slight thin hands, as well as in those telltale lines—lines which had graven answering ones, deep and broad, across his mother's brow.

I am afraid he was no great comfort to that lady, although he was her firstborn and had been her idol. She had adored him, and flattered him, and spoiled him in every way since his boyhood; and yet he had not turned out either self-denying, well-conducted or energetic. I doubt if he was even grateful; spoiled children seldom are. On the contrary, he had been expelled from school, and almost driven into college; had learnt nothing, and spent heaps of money; and was now home in disgrace, rusticated for a year in consequence of some "scrape" worse than ordinary—some scrape so bad that only the vaguest rumors of it had reached Lady Margaret and her confidante Kate. And yet when the culprit signified that he was bringing with him a distant connection who *had* distinguished himself at college, and at thirty years of age had made a name at the Bar, and returned to Alma Mater to take a fellowship—and had ordered that a room should be got ready for this hero, and certain guests, legal and otherwise, invited to meet him—his mother and sister never dreamt of disobeying, but were, on the contrary, rather gratified at knowing a means for insuring their idol being in a good temper on his return. He had come home in disgrace once before, and had been in a bad temper. Lady Margaret and Kate remembered that first evening painfully.

Of course they never dreamt of resenting his humors. Women, womanly women that is, seldom do. When he offended his great-uncle Lord Lovegoats by declining that living for the adorning of which his noble relative had allowed a hundred a year towards college expenses, and had curtly refused to go into the church at all, or do anything unconnected with a red coat, Lady Margaret had almost gone down on her knees to coax her uncle into continuing the young reprobate's allowance, and keeping the living

open for Tom, who was now at Rugby; and Kate made vigorous (but ineffectual) love to an old general in the neighborhood, to induce him to use his interest for getting her brother a commission in the Blues. And ever after Mrs. de Ponsonby spoke of her as "that fast Miss Bellew, who quite shocked the general by her way of going on."

Some people thought Eve would turn out a nicer girl, "more soft and feminine;" but Kate was quite unaware of these strictures, and had a happy way of believing in every one's good disposition to herself, until startled by some overt proof to the contrary, such as Mr. Clive's sneer. She did not often come across one.

Lady Margaret was in the room by this time, had shaken hands with Clive, welcoming him in a few cordial words—just what Kate had meant to say—and had kissed her son affectionately, but with a sort of *arriere-pensee* as to the reason of his being home at all at that time. She loved him so dearly, this black sheep of hers, and yet he was so black! Why had he not kept to his books and consented to the church? He would have been provided for then; and George would have been at school instead of dawdling on with Miss Smith. It was all very well for Kate to say, "Dick is not fitted for the church, mamma"—and he certainly was not—but, as Lady Margaret said, "How many go into the church without being fitted for it, and yet get on very well! And Guttlesbury-in-the-Marshes is such a nice quiet village, he couldn't have done anything very outrageous there."

I am afraid, Lady Margaret, that the quietness of Guttlesbury-in-the-Marshes was one reason against it in Dick's eyes. Lady Margaret thought the same, as did Kate, in her heart; but when you are very hard up, and have seven children, and there is a profession and income offering itself to the eldest, it is provoking if he wont take it. Lady Margaret was an earl's daughter, but her father had neither been a rich nor economical man; and it was thought a good thing when Lady Jane, who was not handsome, became a Catholic and took the veil; and an equally good thing when her sister, at seventeen, married a gentleman who was something in the Woods and Forests.

The Woods and Forests had maintained her very well, kept a handsome house within five minutes' walk of Hyde Park, and a well-appointed brougham; and never obliged

its consort to trouble her head about money matters or prudential calculations. Everything went very smoothly while Mr. Bellew lived. The pity was that he didn't go on living, but went and died instead: died just as Kate was beginning to think of the delight of coming out and being presented in another year, and Dick had been put into the hands of an expensive tutor to be crammed for college.

Lady Margaret called on her uncle Lord Lovegoats, in floods of tears, and talked of the workhouse. It is even reported that she was heard to murmur something relative to "a mangle," or "lodgings for respectable single men." And, indeed, an income under two thousand a year is not much to keep up a household containing seven children, and four or five servants—one son at Rugby, another (whose chief correspondence with his family consisted of appeals for money) at Oxford, a governess for the rest, and a residence in the aristocratic precincts of Gresham Square, Hyde Park. Lord Lovegoats, too, was not as sympathetic as he might have been; or as Lady Margaret thought he might have been. He did indeed allow Dick a hundred a year for the present; and he kept a horse for Kate, brusquely observing that as his niece's first duty was to get that young lady married, it was only fair to assist her in showing off the youthful Circassian in a style of equality with others in the same rank.

He kept a horse for Kate—had indeed chosen it with care, and made it a present to her—but he did not add a groom, or an animal for that individual to ride on, until Lady Margaret's frequent hints as to the great additional expense entailed on herself by Kate's new favorite, brought one of the Lovegoat grooms to the house, with the intimation that he had been ordered to attend Miss Bellew in all her future rides.

Myson used to come every day at the same hour, mounted on a very decent hack himself, and leading Kate's; and unless it were absolutely raining cats and dogs the young lady made a point of going, lest her great-uncle might think his kindness unappreciated, and revoke it.

Attentions from relations are sometimes a little onerous, as you know; and as Myson soon let out in the servants' hall that he had no other duty at home but to look after Miss Bellew's horse and horsemanabp, and had indeed been hired for that sole and only

purpose, Kate sometimes asked (in private) why on earth Uncle Theo didn't give them the groom, instead of lending him. He would have been so useful at Gresham Square, and might have obviated the necessity of keeping that boy in buttons, whose appearance at door and table gave seemliness and style to Lady Margaret's establishment.

Lord Lovegoats, however, had his own ideas on these subjects, and they were not identical with those of his great-niece. Still, he rather liked the girl, was proud of her appearance, and not unfrequently sent her ten pounds for a new ball-dress, or tickets for the opera during the season.

Mrs. General de Ponsonby said she did not wonder that Kate Bellew had such bold manners, considering the stock she sprang from; and Dick declared that it was very fine for his uncle to rail at him. He, at any rate, meant to settle and reform long before he was seventy. Poor Dick! he did not look much like living to seventy at present; and Lord Lovegoats persisted in railing. He had even refused to see his great-nephew during the last vacation—not having forgiven the young man's rejection of his church patronage; and Lady Margaret was at present meditating some scheme for concealing the fact (or at any rate the reason) of Dick's temporary retirement from the shades of Alma Mater.

I like Lady Margaret; but I do not think that nature had intended her for the head of a large family. Some women go very well in harness, and under a tight rein, and Lady Margaret was one of them. Had the Woods and Forests lived, she might have been looked up to on all sides as a model of an earl's daughter and an English matron.

She looked like the former now, as she stood before the fire talking with Bernard Clive. A handsome woman still, tall and well made, with wavy bronze hair, like Kate's, only streaked with gray, and crowned with a small point-lace cap always awry; with half an inch of embroidered petticoat visible at one side beneath the hem of her black velvet dress; and a huge rent in the costly lace shawl dragged anyhow round her shoulders, and fastened by a big diamond brooch, whose broken pin, besides making the ungainly tear, had scratched her throat in two places. A shockingly untidy woman, and yet a lady every inch of

her: nothing *bourgeoise*, nothing inconsistent with *une de nous autres*, as her friends would confess even while lamenting over her peculiarities.

"It is a little way of mamma's to throw on her clothes with a pitchfork, when I'm not by to look after her," Kate used to say, with a despairing little shrug of her shoulders; but all the same Kate admired her mother more than any other girls' mothers; and would have flared up in scorn and indignation, had any one dared to suggest that she might have been in any way altered for the better. Clive himself, surveying her with such small flash of his keen blue eyes as their lazy lids left uncovered—Clive, who called himself a man of the people, and talked in a radical way of "class humbugs" and "nature's nobility," recognized perfectly that the tall woman with the ill-made clothes, and the nervous hand rubbing imaginary flies off the end of her nose all the while she was talking to him, could not, under any circumstances, have stood behind a counter, dropped her "h's," or been "genteel."

"Lady Margaret is a wonderfully handsome woman," he said to Dick when they were up stairs "polishing" for dinner. "That photograph you showed me gives one no idea of her."

"O, photos are generally awful sells; and then my lady never will stand still, so it's no wonder she gets blurred," said Dick, carelessly. "I suppose she was good-looking once—something like Kate."

"Like your sister?" Clive said it inquiringly, and rather as in disparagement of the latter. Perhaps he did not admire Kate. Dick fancied so, at least, and was rather disgusted. He had not spoken much of his sister to this great friend of his. Like the generality of young Englishmen, especially those who are not particularly select in their feminine acquaintances, he was extremely shy of alluding to his family before the men who knew him away from them. Dick was not domestic; he was not even particularly filial; but he had one soft corner in his heart for home, and Kate filled it. In his eyes she was just the one girl worth anything, the prettiest, best and nicest girl in the world. He was always worrying and often very unkind to Kate; but he believed in her, and felt a perfectly good and honest pride in the admiration she excited. That any one should not admire her seemed

to him rather incredible; and, thinking as highly of the new fellow of St. John's as he did, he had been secretly rather anxious for a larger share than usual of his admiration for the pet sister. The reality was disappointing.

"You know your way down, I think," he said, turning abruptly to the door. "I must go and speak to the girls;" and so went out. Kate was watching for him on the stairs, and was equally amused and surprised when he put his hands round her waist, and held her away for a long critical look, before giving vent to the energetic comment:

"You're a million times nicer than half the girls about, let 'em say what they like."

"Glad you think so," said Kate, laughing, and reaching up to kiss him. "You're not nice—not nice at all, for coming back in this way. I wonder my face hasn't got a netting pattern of wrinkles on it, with you! I tell you what it is, Dick, you'll be bringing my gray hairs with sorrow to the grave some day, if you—"

"Sorrow to the humbug!" interrupted Dick, curtly; "drop that, Kittie; I shall have enough in that line from my mother, without your striking in. Tell me instead—what do you think of Clive?"

"Of—of your friend?" said Kate, hanging her head, doubtfully. "Well—I have not seen much of him yet to—"

"To think much? I dare say not; but I suppose you have thought something. You can tell if you think you like him?"

"L—like him!" repeated Kate, still softly reluctant. "No, I don't think I—like him; I—you're sure you don't mind, Dick, do you, darling? but—but—I think him a prig: that's all: a stuck-up prig!"

"A-a-tcha!"

It was only a sneeze; but it came from the landing above them, on to which Mr. Bernard Clive had just stepped in his way down stairs.

### CHAPTER III.

#### KATE PUNISHES MR. CLIVE.

DINNER was on the table: a very pretty little dinner—very prettily laid for eight; and in my opinion eight is just the right number for a cosy dinner-party, just big enough for particular conversations, and not too big for general sociability. Mr.

Marryatt—a bald man with a long fat body, short fat legs, and a slow fat voice, which, Madge said, sounded as though he were giving you an unctuous pat between each word—took down Lady Margaret; and made blandly ponderous allusions to "our departed friend" (meaning the Woods and Forests) between every other sentence. Dick, as head of the house, took care of Mrs. Marryatt, a smallish pallid woman, with a head suggestive of one of those skulls which the Greeks used to crown with flowers, and set on the dinner-table as a sort of mortuary warning; and a manner habitually depressed from a concatenation of mysterious ailments, the nature of which no doctor had been able to discover.

Mr. Philpots, the junior curate of St. Mark's—a young man so dreadfully in love with Kate that he grew pink and damp all over with excitement if she even looked at him—paired off with Miss Fothergill, a gushing young lady of thirty or thereabouts; and—Kate was left to Clive!

Lady Margaret had arranged all that beforehand; and of course it was the right and proper thing; but, under the circumstances, Kate was not happy in the conjunction. Even her power of conversation had deserted her; and Clive did not help her. Indeed, he made so little use of his tongue, that Kate could not help suspecting that his ears were sharper than she had thought, when she stoutly declared to Dick that it was utterly impossible he could have heard her most unluckily worded opinion.

It was pleasant to see Dick's fair head at the bottom of the table again, even though, being displeased at her comment on his friend's manner, he did not vouchsafe to look in her direction. The flowers, too, which she had arranged for the table, looked very pretty as the gaslight fell on snowy arums glimmering out from dark emerald-fronded ferns, and dainty white and rose-colored cyclamen nodding their delicate fairy-like heads over beds of starry primula; and the dark shining leaves of bay and laurestinus. The massive silver on the sideboard, the crimson and gold-patterned china, the fire crackling cheerily in its frame of white and blue Dutch tiles, all made up a picture warm and bright in coloring. Even the street noises sounded dull and subdued through the heavy tapestry curtains, their once gorgeous hues toned down by age and smoke to a subdued tint of dusky richness.

Lady Margaret was smiling and chatting to her neighbor, and making occasional onslaughts on the imaginary fly at one and the same time. Mrs. Maryatt was trying to find out why Dick had returned from college in the middle of the Lent Term; and Dick was trying to foil her by pretending a great interest in the state of her health. Mr. Philpots and Miss Fothergill were whispering—or rather Miss Fothergill was whispering (some young ladies always will; it has a sweet confidential air)—and Mr. Philpots was staring at Kate, and wondering who the tall ugly man, with the eyeglass and the supercilious mouth, could be. A stranger certainly, and not a talkative one, for he hardly spoke to Kate; but that only proved him the more in love with her, according to the Rev. Herbert Philpots.

In that young man's eyes, no one could look at Miss Bellew without falling in love with her. He was surrounded by a legion of imaginary rivals, each of whom appeared to him, for the time being, as the one and only obstacle in the way of his own love; and yet I very much doubt whether, if Kate and he had been shut up alone in a desert island for a dozen years, he would have ever found courage to hint at the warmth of his feelings to the young lady then sitting opposite to him, her bright round eyes turned fondly on that scapegrace Dick, and her pretty round arms, with the bewitching little dimples at wrist and elbow, just visible through a break in the screen of leaves and flowers between them. Somehow, and despite Miss Fothergill's prattling, the Rev. Herbert found himself engaged in metaphysical communings as to the wide difference between things called by the same name—as, for instance, elbows and wrists.

Given an elbow, or wrist, thought the curate, and every one fancies that he understands one and the same object as signified by that title; but show an elbow or a wrist—glance at that soft, creamy, dimpled arm of Kate's, and then turn to the red and "goosey" hook imperfectly concealed by Miss Fothergill's short lace sleeves, and the red and shiny knob not at all concealed by Miss Fothergill's jingling bracelets—and would any one dare pronounce that two substantives so utterly different could or should come under the same definition?

Poor Miss Fothergill! It was not her fault that she was thin—painfully thin. She did her best, and tried to make up for

the scarcity of flesh and blood by showing a liberal display of bone. Her pink silk dress was *decolletée*—very much so; and yet there was no shadow of impropriety in it! It might have been more *decolletée* yet without even calling a frown to the rigid brow of Mrs. General de Ponsonby, or reminding the most imaginative of aught beside those attenuated savages at the entrance to the Crystal Palace nave. You looked at her and you felt pity—pity and a great desire to cover those poor shivering shoulder-blades with something warmer than the slight raiment of violet-powder; traces of which were visible on Mr. Philpots's right sleeve and shoulder, thus as it were (in the language of South American sheep-farmers) marking him as pertaining to the Fothergill fold.

He was aware of the premature seal of proprietorship himself, and fancying (of course) that every one at table was equally interested in the fact, hated Miss Fothergill with a hatred which was basely ungrateful; for she was doing her very best to amuse him, chattering away at the top of her high vivacious voice, with little *staccato* notes of exclamation, and shrill interludes of youthful laughter bubbling up, as it were, from the very overflowing of her joyous nature.

"I went to the florist's about the Easter decorations," she was saying, leaning over the hapless Herbert, and writing fresh testimonies on his broadcloth with the hook aforementioned. "You told mamma that you wanted to have all the details arranged a good while beforehand, this year; so I went at once; and—O, fancy!—I walked all the way alone! It was in the afternoon too; and mamma was quite shocked. She said, 'Flora I can't allow it. Suppose some rude man was to speak to you' and indeed I did feel a little nervous; but I knew no one has flowers like Luckings, and I put on a thick thick veil—O, I don't think even you would have known me—but just fancy being seen alone, and nearly a mile! and people do say such things if a girl is at all—you know—independent; but indeed I almost ran all the way; and you don't think it was fast of me, Mr. Philpots, do you? I held my parasol close in front of my face, you know, when any one looked at all—at all particularly, you know. Kate!" (catching Miss Bellew's eye, and leaning more forward still in juvenile eagerness) "*did* you hear of my going all the way to Luckings' alone on Friday? I would have called for you, only

I knew you would be out; and now I am afraid Mr. Philpots thinks me a dreadfully wild thing for—"

"Wild!" repeated Kate, opening her brown eyes wide; "bless me, I hope Mr. Philpots couldn't be so silly! What earthly wildness is there in going to the florist?"

"Only—alone, you know," said Miss Fothergill, a little quenched; "and in the afternoon when there are so many people—men, you know—about."

"Well, but the men don't hurt us, do they?" asked Kate, with unsympathetic bluntness.

"O my dear Kate, you are so funny; but every one knows what strange men are; so very—very—"

"Wild?" suggested Clive, suddenly, and with extreme demureness. "H m—very strange indeed. I thought they were pretty civilized in these parts."

"Miss Fothergill means common men, of course," said the Rev. Herbert, in mild explanation. "One does meet rough specimens everywhere occasionally; and I have heard of their speaking to ladies now and then, at least when they were young and—ahem!—pretty."

"People always hear of those sort of things," said Kate, demolishing the curate with the first note of her clear audacious voice; "but I don't believe in them. I know I go everywhere alone, if it happens to be necessary, and no one ever yet spoke to me."

"Mr. Philpots only alluded to that danger in connection with young and pretty people. It was not a general statement, Miss Bellew," put in Clive with the same demure languor as before.

The Rev. Herbert flushed scarlet. Did this insolent barrister mean to insinuate that his adorable neighbor was neither young nor lovely? Indignation choked him; and luckily, before he had recovered sufficiently for speech, the butler touched his arm with "'Ock, sir?" and Miss Fothergill rushed again into the van. She was not irate, not at all. Kate had in a manner snubbed her, and the stranger—who had probably fallen in love with her across the table—was returning cut for cut.

"Perhaps I am unfortunate," she said with a little simper. "Of course I never go out unchaperoned in general (so funny of you, dear Kate, to do such things!) but even with mamma, people have stared or

been unpleasant. I remember one day I was stepping out of the carriage at Swan & Edgar's—I wore my hair in curls then, and I suppose it was rather thick and noticeable; but what can you do to hide it? I'm sure I often wish I had none—and two men who were passing stared so unpleasantly, and said something about a 'pair of tongs.' So rude! I was quite frightened; and as it happens, you know"—with a little laugh—"I never use tongs. All our hair, the Fothergill hair, curls quite naturally."

"I wonder if I might rush out into the hall for a moment," said Clive to his plate, and in the very lowest of whispers.

"The hall!" repeated Kate the quick-eared, staring.

"O, of course it is a wild desire, but I should like to scream. However, I suppose the butler wouldn't approve."

"Do not be absurd," said Kate, rebuking but confidential. "I don't suppose she did understand what they meant, or she wouldn't have said it."

"You understand perfectly, I see, but I suppose you are a believer in your sex's simplicity. No, thank you" (to the servant with cream-tarts).

"No; I think most of us are great humbugs generally. We have to be; but then we humbug ourselves more than we do other people."

"And you believe your friend has humbugged herself—I use your own expression, so make no apologies—into fancying that she could not walk alone in Bayswater?"

"Why not? And what is the matter with the expression?"

"Nothing; it is both forcible and lucid; though, in this case, I rather doubt its correctness. I am not so sure that Miss Fothergill would be safe—from all classes."

"What, tipsy men? O, but one meets them so seldom, and—"

"I beg your pardon, I don't mean tipsy men."

"Who then?"

"Anatomical students."

"Mr. Clive, I don't allow these sort of remarks. Flora is my friend."

"Exactly, or I shouldn't have followed your lead in making game of her."

Kate was speechless with indignation.

"But I thought you were going up for your 'little go,' Mr. Dick," said Mrs. Marryatt. "Have you passed it? because, if so, I ought to congratulate you."

"Passed it?" said Dick, hurriedly. "O dear! no. Let me give you some port. Burbage! port this way."

"No, certainly not, Mr. Dick, thank you. I have been taking claret. You know we were so surprised to hear you would be in town all the spring. Kate mentioned it to our Bessie; but I said impossible, for I know dear Lady Margaret was so anxious that—"

"But you are drinking nothing, Mrs. Marryatt; and this claret is such washy stuff. You ought to take that new Greek wine—what's its name?—that doctors are always crying up. Hasn't yours recommended it to you? You have Sir James, haven't you?"

"Not now. O dear! no; I was obliged to change; he took no interest, none at all"—and Mrs. Marryatt forgot college matters in the pathos of her own woes—"never even cared to find out what was the matter with me; and so utterly unsympathetic that—"

"But, my dear Lady Margaret," said Mr. Marryatt, ponderously, "surely it is time he should choose a profession. Our departed friend, I know, thought with me that a young man cannot begin to consider his way of life too early; and if he were to go into the church—"

"But he wont. That is just what he wont," interrupted Lady Margaret, always ready to pour out her grievances to any friendly ear. "And Lord Lovegoats will never forgive it. Such a nice living, Mr. Marryatt! a little damp perhaps; but such a sweet quiet living, with no temptations—positively no temptations to—to do anything! I went on my knees to my uncle to get him to keep it for Tom; but he declares he will sell it. Is it not enough to break my heart?"

"Most distressing, indeed. The irrational perversity of the junior male sex of this era is a thing to be deplored by all right-minded—"

"Do you think a cross of white violets and ivy would look well?" murmured Miss Fothergill in the curate's ear. "O, no more grapes, please!—Kate said primroses in moss; but if *you* think violets—"

"O no, Mr. Marryatt," said Kate, "valentines are not only for silly young ladies. You should see our Dottie's delight in hers. I sent it to her; and she came dancing on to my bed in the morning, holding it out,

with 'See what a gentleman's divined me!' as triumphantly as a girl of sixteen over her first offer."

"Kate!" cried Dick across the table, "do you know what part of Syria the Amalekites came from?"

"No," said Kate, laughing. "I'll ask mamma. Mamma!"—raising her voice. And then Lady Margaret looked up with a startled smile, and gave the signal for rising. No one but Dick knew that Kate had given it first, and by his suggestion. These young Bellevus had a perfect code of secret signs and counter-signs; and Lady Margaret was rather prone to spinning out dessert when she was on her family hobby-horse.

Kate had not spoken to Clive since he made the remark last recorded; nor did she look at him when he held the door open for her exit. He made no remark either; but he smiled slightly as she passed out with head erect and eyes studiously averted. It was not a disagreeable smile; rather that of a man pleasantly amused by the mischievous caprices of a frolicsome kitten. Kate, however, thought much more seriously of his unjustifiable retort. When the gentlemen came up stairs, she called Mr. Philpots to her at once, raising that young man to the seventh heaven by so doing; and then dashed him down again by dismissing him with a few bright words to turn over the leaves of Miss Fothergill's music.

"You have such a correct eye. No one turns over so beautifully," Kate said with one of her sweetest smiles, as she slipped away and flung herself into an argument going on between Dick and Mr. Marryatt, privately hoping the while that Clive would feel himself in disgrace, and recognize his punishment. "He wants a lesson," she said to herself.

He may have wanted it, but he did not appear to suffer from it, or even consider himself in punishment at all. On the contrary, after a word or two of a merry sort with Lady Margaret, he strolled away to the sofa-table, where Eve and Madge, in white muslin frocks with blue sashes, and George, with a clean collar so preternaturally stiffened that it had cut a deep line in his fat cheeks, were amusing themselves with drawing-room propriety. I am afraid Clive broke up the propriety when he joined the group. At any rate, Kate heard great bursts of most unconventionally riotous laughter wafted to her over Mr. Marryatt's



prosing; and saw Eve's pale little face glowing quite brightly, while Madge's impetuous voice asked:

"Didn't you think there were so many of us?"

"I fancy I thought there were more."

"Why?"

"From certain sounds proceeding from a room down stairs when we arrived this evening."

"Ah, George, I told you what a noise you were making," said Eve, in a grown-up little voice, as anxious to show that she was not among the noisy ones.

"It was Madge too," growled George, "and Kate, and Dottie. You needn't talk as if it were all me."

"I assure you," said Clive, politely, "such a wild idea never crossed my mind. I only wondered not to see you at the table."

"There was not room," said Eve, quietly, "so I dined with the children in the school-room."

"But you always dine in the schoolroom when there is company, whether there is room or not," put in George, crushingly, "and you are a child too. You've not come out yet, and people are always children till they come out. Kate says so. Kate is nineteen, Mr. Clive, and I'm nine, and Eve—"

"Yes, Kate wishes it," said Eve, a little angrily, but always soft-voiced and dove-like. "One grown-up daughter is enough, you know. When Kate is married I shall come out; and, besides, our dining-room is too small. It is tiny."

"But it is not the *real* dining-room. It is the schoolroom," cried George, thrusting in his oar again with unnecessary candor. We use the real dining-room for our lessons and play. Miss Smith is there now. You can go down and see her, if you like. Mamma said she would rather use the little one, because then no one could expect her to give dinners."

"Don't you think you are fatiguing yourself with talking?" said Clive. "Your voice is very powerful, but I think it must want a rest. Suppose you give it one."

"I don't know what you mean," said George, staring. "Are you a doctor? I thought you were a lawyer. I'm going to be a lawyer some day. Burbage told Jane that they were all a set of thieves, but I don't think he knows. He told me—"

"Why, Clive," cried Dick, coming up to the sofa-table, "fancy these brats getting

hold of you. Eve, what a color you've got!" And then the chatter and fun grew noisier, till it attracted Mr. Philpots and Miss Fothergill, and only poor Kate was compelled to go on talking, or rather listening, to Mr. Marryatt, as he waded on and on in a sea of argument about something in which she took no manner of interest whatsoever.

A request for a "little music" released her at last, but Mr. Marryatt followed her with officious courtesy, and all through her song she could hear the ripple of mirth, only a little subdued, from the other end of the room. She did not miss one voice, or guess that the antagonist who had spoilt her evening was sitting apart from the rest, drinking in each note of the pure sweet contralto, which trembled with such pathetic melody over one of those exquisitely simple, tear-compelling ballads of one of our sweetest English composers. She had forgotten Clive just as he remembered her. Only those who love to sing, sing well or lovably; and Kate's heart was in her song. There was a mist over Clive's keen blue eyes as she finished, and he started when Miss Fothergill spoke to him.

"Don't you admire Miss Bellew's voice, Mr. Clive? People generally think it exceedingly fine—a *little* weak in the high notes perhaps, don't you think?—but very touching. M—— taught her, you know. Do you like his style?"

"I really can hardly tell you," Clive said. "I scarcely thought about it. The song was perfect."

"But you didn't care about the singing? O Mr. Clive, I am surprised. Kate, I find Mr. Clive is a terribly severe musical critic. I shall not try my poor little voice before him."

After that, Kate "punished" Clive by singing two more songs, and Clive enjoyed them heartily, and at going to bed thanked her for the very pleasant evening he had spent.

But Kate was not satisfied with herself. She had spoken hastily of a stranger, using an unbecoming phrase in so doing, and he had overheard her, which of itself was enough to disturb her; and then she had rather snubbed her friend at her own table, and been surprised and offended at the stranger taking up her cue, and telling her in so many words that she was to blame for it. Now, she acknowledged that she had been to blame, and could not be satisfied till

she had gone into her mother's room and made confession. Poor little Kate! She was always making mistakes from not staying to think before she spoke. She was just as quick at acknowledging the mistakes, it is true, and making atonement; but is there not a proverb about "shutting the stable door?"

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### MRS. SPINKS'S LODGER.

It was the quietest little row of houses imaginable—one of those rows of brand-new suburban cottages, built of yellow brick picked out with white, with a flight of three steps up to the front door of each, a bow-window much like a good-sized bird cage in the front; and a square of dirt or grass about the dimensions of a table-cover in front of that. A row of houses, each of which displays the identical little round table flanked by a rickety chair on either side, and crowned by a crochet cover, and a vase of highly unnatural wax fruit, under a glass shade, in every aforesaid bow-window along the line; the whole shaded by ragged-looking netted curtains from within, and pots of dusty withered plants, original nature unknown, without—houses which sprout forth every here and there into a card with "Furnished Bedroom," or a brass plate with the title, "J. Le Feuvre, Prof. Dancing," or "Miss Binks, Court Dress-maker and Milliner," engraved on it. Not aristocratic houses, though. Not an aristocratic neighborhood—dull, far away from everywhere, badly lit, semi-paved, with other rows of half-built houses beyond, and visions of damp stagnant meadows and intersecting railway arches in the background—a place to make you depressed as you skim past it in a railway carriage, *en route* for Clapham or the Crystal Palace—a place swarming with sickly agueish children; lively with blue-mould and black beetles; and made dangerous by a gas works standing precisely in the centre of the deepest and blackest quagmire, in the dampest and dismal of the outlying slums in the neighborhood.

Even Mrs. Spinks, standing on her front doorstep, with the red light of the setting sun in her eyes, and making little green and purple circles in the chilly spring atmosphere around her, yawned drearily, and

drew mental contrasts between "these 'ere raw new places, and the old three-pair-back in the city. Of course it were nicer to 'ave a 'ouse of your own an' let lodgin's, than live in hother folks 'ouses, an' only be a lodger yourself; but, all the same, it weren't lively when you've lived in a bustlin' part, with nice sociable folk about you, to come out to a gashly 'ole like this. Certingly the school was handy, and she wouldn't ha' known wot to do without it for her boys, as 'ad ought to be in afore now, an' 'ad their teas afore the lodger come 'ome an' wanted hers, which 'ere she were, a-comin' up the street now, and perhaps 'er fire out—who knows? Not that she's a fault-finder one, or, for the matter o' that, one to talk much about anything."

She did not look like a talker—not, at any rate, like one who would have wasted much conversation on Mrs. Spinks; a tall woman with a beautiful upright figure, and the face of a queen—calmly proud and coldly fair. Plain as were her black dress and mantle—plain almost to meagreness—they fell about her with something of the grace of a regal vesture; and her step was as firm, her graceful head as lofty, as though she had just walked down from a throne for familiar intercourse with her subjects.

There are some people who seem, as it were, born to the purple. Mrs. Spinks's lodger was one of them.

She looked tired, too, this poor queen—obliged to rent a humble pair of rooms at No. 2 Alma Terrace—tired and disappointed, with a pale shadow about the broad brow and quiet resolute mouth. Even Mrs. Spinks noticed it, and as she moved aside for the convenience of her lodger's ingress, said sympathetically:

"Good-evenin', m'm. You do look rarely beat, to be sure."

"I am a little tired—thank you"—spoken in a low rich tone, which yet told of more than bodily fatigue.

"An' 'il be glad of a good cup of tea, I dare say, m'm. I'll have it ready for you dreckly. The kettle 'ave been bilin' this hour or more, an' I were just a-lookin' out for they two limbs o' mischief o' mine, which they'd ought to ha' been 'ome these twenty minutes. An' what'll you take with your tea, m'm?"

"Nothing, thank you, except a piece of toast."

"Which there is *not* a very clear fire in

the kitchen for that, m'm, an' I wont deceive you; but the kettle it biled over, and rouked up all the ashes, besides of blackin' the coals."

"Never mind, then; I can do it in the parlor," said the lodger resignedly, as, untying her bonnet-strings, she sat down with the heavy air of one too weary to care for anything but rest. Mrs. Spinks stared at her curiously.

"You *do* look beat, m'm. Wont you 'ave nothink more than the toast? I'd bile you a hegg in no time; or couldn't you fancy a snack of bacon, now? It 'ud do you good, for you don't look as if you 'ad no dinner to speak on."

"I was too busy to take any; but I would rather have nothing but tea, thank you, Mrs. Spinks." And then she got up to avoid any more talking, and went into the inner room.

Mrs. Spinks poked the fire, made it smoke, and departed rather irritably.

"This is the fourth day as she've been hout from mornin' to sundown, an' 'alf dead, an' never says a word of where she's been or nothin' to nobody," the good woman said to her husband, who was smoking his pipe in the kitchen.

"Don't she pay you your rent reg'lar?"

"She do that, Spinks, which I wont deny."

"Or are she all 'ung about with mock jools; or are she dressed like the decent widder body she calls 'erself?"

"Which I 'ave *not* seen a jool about 'er yet, mock nor real," murmured Mrs. Spinks.

"No, nor you aint no call to see wot aren't theer."

"Well, Spinks, an' did I say as I 'ad?" remonstrated Mrs. Spinks, in a slightly aggravated tone, as she tilted the kettle forward with a view to pouring some of its contents into the teapot. "I'm sure as I've never said nothink agin 'er, except as she is *not* like other women, but a deal stiffer an' closer, an' that I'll stick to."

"A deal less talk, you mean, an' a good job too," growled Mr. Spinks. "Now, then!" (as two red-headed, out-of-elbowed urchins tumbled pell-mell into the kitchen, kicking each other's shins, and shouting at the top of their voices)—"'ow's a man to smoke 'is pipe in peace with a kuppel of scamps like you a-rearin' an' a-tearin' round 'im like a kuppel o' wild 'osses?"

"An' upsettin' of the lodger's tea!" cried

Mrs. Spinks, pouncing on the new-comers, and administering the threatened "cloutin'" with a vigor which was partially attributable to the fact that the tea split was that "first cup," which landladies consider their rightful perquisite, out of the lodger's teapot.

That lady meanwhile was sitting over the small fire in her cheerless little drab-walled parlor, up stairs. The wind, which had risen since she came in, shook the crazy frame of the miniature bow-window, and made it creak and quiver as though it were about to part bodily from the rest of the house. Even the badly-starched netted curtains fluttered their dingy festoons; and now and then little puffs of smoke rushed out of the grate into the lodger's face, and would have brought water into her eyes—but that it was there already; and the long white fingers had hard ado to stem the bitter tide which strove to overflow their slender outposts, as, with head bowed almost to her knees, she gave way to the grief so long and sternly hidden.

It was not for long. A noisy clattering, and then a sort of jingling bump at the door, as though the tray had walked up stairs of itself and was kicking for admittance, announced Mrs. Spinks with the tea; and in one second the lady had dashed away her tears, drawn herself erect, and straightened the sober little widow's-cap which sat with such strange sad suitability on her waveless bands of golden hair.

When the landlady entered, her face was turned to the fire; and she appeared to be too languid, or too busy warming her hands to turn round.

"Why, if you aint hall in the dark, m'm?" cried the good woman. "I'd ought to ha' lighted the gas, oughtn't I? which I'll do it now; an' a nasty night it is, a blowin' one's 'ead hoff if one puts it houtalde fur 'alf a minute; an' 'ere's the toastin'-fork, m'm. You're sure as you wont 'ave a hegg now?"

"Quite sure, thank you. I shall want nothing more till I ring for the things to be taken away."

The lady spoke gently, but still kept her eyes on the fire; and Mrs. Spinks was huffed.

"Hif one's good enuff to be spoke to, one's good enough to be looked at," as she remarked to her husband after jerking the tray on to the table, and shutting the door with a bang suggestive of her bruised and mortified feelings.

The lodger did not perceive it. A slight shiver indeed passed over her shoulders at the noisy closing of the door; but it was very slight, as of one used to such ebullitions; and then her head drooped upon her hands again. The gas had been lit, and flared up upon the low smoke-browned ceiling, and the drab walls patterned by a species of decayed cabbages, and enlivened by three pictures in black frames—one, a gorgeous print of a Scripture subject; another consisting of an oil painting so black with age, smoke and dirt, as to present no distinguishable object to the beholder save a pyramidal black mass, with a dirty round smear somewhere near the top, and just below it two grimy white patches, supposed to be a portrait intended to represent some worthy in gown and bands; and the third plain to see, being simply a family group of Spinks photographs cut out and pasted pyramidally in one common frame; a work of art doubtless most precious to the originals themselves; and useful even to strangers as conveying a warning, wherever else you went "to be taken," not to go to *that* photographer.

Over the fireplace was a mirror, two feet high by four wide, the once gilt frame obscured by soot-blackened green gauze, the surface wavy. Below it, upon the mantelpiece were tastefully disposed a couple of large mother-of-pearl shells, flanked by a white and blue china vase filled with spills at either corner; a pedestal supporting a plaster of Paris bust of Dickens under a glass shade in the centre. In the middle of the much-worn drugget, bought second-hand from the pawnbroker, stood the table, covered with a cheap brand-new cloth, in red and blue squares; facing the bow-window, a narrow horse-hair sofa, with the stuffing protruding in sundry places, and partly concealed by a ragged crochet anti-macassar; this in connection with half a dozen chairs more or less disabled, the little table aforementioned in the bow-window, and a lady's davenport in inlaid woods, strikingly out of keeping with the rest of the apartment, completing the furniture which Mrs. Spinks had brought into light by way of cheering her lady lodger.

The general result was—not successful!

There is no good in crying, however, when no one cares whether you do or not; neither is there any use in letting your tea get cold, when it is already so weak that it only requires to lose its heat to be positively un-

drinkable; and is the only meal you are likely to get for the next twelve hours.

And besides, in Mrs. Spinks's gas there was a cold glaring unsympathy, a tacitly chilling effect on the emotions, which the lady appeared to recognize. She had just dried her eyes again, and swallowed one cup of the lukewarm water miscalled tea, with a slice of the bread and butter which she had no heart to toast, when both she and the family in the basement were startled by a noise very unusual in those parts.

*Rat-a-tat-tat-tat-TAT!*

"It were the fust time," and Mrs. Spinks said it advisedly, "the fust time as she'd ever 'eard sich a clatterin' at 'er door in all 'er born days; an' it brought the 'eart into 'er mouth, it did. The lodger, she were used to givin' one o' they long shivery-shaky little knocks at the door, seemindly as if her wrists weren't strong enough for one good rap; but she never made a noise like this, nor yet comed a-dashin' an' clashin' up to the 'ouse in a 'ansom cab, a-frightenin' 'er so as she could 'ardly find breath to get to the door."

Nevertheless Mrs. Spinks did get to the door, severely snubbing the offers from both boys to fulfil that office for her; and being, indeed, devoured with curiosity to know what the person wanted who had put her nerves to such unseemly torture.

Her curiosity mounted tenfold when, on opening the portal, she found herself confronted by a tall gentleman in a light overcoat, whose voice had an awe-inspiring sharpness and authority as he asked:

"You have a lady lodjing here, haven't you?"

"Certingly," said Mrs. Spinks, defiantly, "which I have no call to deny it; an' what may your pleasure be?"

"Be so kind as to give her my card, and say I hope she will excuse the lateness of my call."

He handed her the card as he spoke, and Mrs. Spinks received it dubiously between a grimy thumb and finger, and read the name on it with leisurly suspicion, before taking it in to her lodger with the brief announcement:

"A gentleman a-wantin' you, m'm."

"A gentleman!"

Curiosity mounted higher still before that white face and startled look. Without glancing at the card, the lady quickly added:

"Did he know my name?—ask for me by name, I mean?"

"He said, 'the lady as lodges with you, Mrs. Spinks, m'm,'" replied the landlady, severely, "which I'm free to confess also as he howned it were net a hour when he'd any right to be visitin' a lone woman."

The pale face flushed, and the proud lip twitched.

"Say I am not at home—not well enough to receive any visitors." She added the last half of the sentence after a startled glance at the name on the card; but it came too late. Tired of waiting on the step, the visitor had advanced further up the passage, and was now looking over the landlady's shoulder.

"Forgive my intrusion, Mrs. Grey," he said, taking off his hat, and showing a clever plain face, lit by a pair of wonderfully keen blue eyes. "It is horribly late; but surely you wont send me away, after I have come all these miles to see and shake hands with you again."

He moved Mrs. Spinks unceremoniously out of the opening as he spoke, and receiving no further rebuff, nodded cavalierly to that ill-used woman, and shut the door in her face.

"Which you may call it what you like, Spinks," cried the landlady as, after a vain attempt at hearing what was going on with-

in, she flounced down stairs red with indignation and stooping, "but remember as I warned you this wery hevenin' as ever lived, Spinks. If you'll believe me, 'er face turned to the whiteness of hashes, an' she looked all for one as Martha Briggs did the day she was 'ad up fur not registerin' 'er baby, poor gurrll!"

"P'raps he's 'er 'usbin," suggested Mr. Spinks, removing his pipe in the interest of the moment, "an' she've sloped acause of 'is beatin' 'er; an' he've been a lookin' arter 'er 'igh an' low to—"

"Pah!" broke in Mrs. Spinks, with lady-like scorn for the tame supposition. "Did I not 'ear 'him speak to her? and did he speak as a 'usbin does? Now, I ask you that, did he?"

"Not being theer, I aint free to say," said Mr. Spinks, putting his pipe into his mouth again, after a preliminary blow at the ashes, and with the air of one too used to being snubbed to resent it.

I agree with Mrs. Spinks. There was little of marital authority in the grave, kindly, almost affectionate tone of Bernard Clive's voice, as he took the widow's hand in his, saying, reproachfully:

"Mrs. Grey, why have you run away and hidden yourself from us like this?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

**COSTUMES IN CHILE.**—Most of the ladies have small well-formed features (says a correspondent), a dusky pale complexion, and bright black eyes, in which lurk coquettish glances, fatal, I have no doubt, to the peace of mind of their male acquaintances. They mostly dress in black or dark colors, and wear no bonnet, the mantilla being brought over the head and half across the face, leaving only one eye exposed, which is generally of such a type as to create a wish to behold its fellow. I wish I could convey some idea of the graceful elegance of carriage that even the poorest of the Chilian women display. But for all that, one round, rosy, laughing Scotch lassie's sonsy face far transcends their best looks, and affords a glimpse of possible happiness that their most refined manners never can give. Their lords and masters turn out in white and buff linens, the poorer classes wearing only a white

shirt, duck trousers, a straw hat and a poncho. This latter is a piece of cloth, about a yard square, with a hole in the centre, through which the head is thrust, allowing the garment to fall over the shoulders and breast. The poncho is quite an institution with Spanish Americans and Mexicans, and is usually made of some dark stuff, with stripes of bright colors. They are a very intelligent and exceedingly hospitable people altogether. You need not fear losing your dinner, although you should lose your way, when out on a riding excursion, as the owner of the nearest country house will always be happy to supply your necessities, and consider that instead of having conferred a favor, the obligation has been all the other way. In every relation of life they are exceedingly pleasant to deal with, always leaving a favorable impression upon strangers.

THE HAUNTED HOUSE BY THE MILL.

A TEXAS STORY.

BY CLARA LECLERC.

And when they talk of it, they shake their heads,  
And whisper one another in the ear;  
And he that speaks doth gripe the hearer's wrist,  
And he that hears makes fearful action,  
With wrinkled brow, with nods, with rolling eyes.

SHAKESPEARE.

"Has some one really taken the mill house?" And the speaker, a tall athletic young man, gave his head a significant jerk in the direction of a long, low, weather-stained and rambling old house, while his eyes sought his companion's face.

"Yes, the house has been taken by a young man and his wife from the States. He has leased the mill, but it's my opinion he'll pack out of *that* house pretty quick, after stopping a night or two *inside*. Catch me spending a night in *that* place!" And this speaker tossed his head towards the low dark-looking house, and a kind of superstitious awe gathered upon his frank open face. "Why, man alive! I wouldn't do it for a hull hatful of these *yellow-shiners*." And he tossed up a couple of gold pieces, each marked "Five Dollars."

"Neither would I, Larry; but then, we had best say as little as possible before the new-comers. When will they be here?"

"Any hour, I suppose, as the wagons went to meet them yesterday for their traps and things. I don't think they have any children; that's one good thing, for they can hustle out o' there any minute."

"A dismal day to take possession of a home like that." And the younger of the couple again glanced significantly towards the really uncanny-looking house; then, turning their backs upon the object of their conversation, they entered the mill, and amid the dull roar and whirr of machinery inside, and the monotonous drip drip of the rain without, the day wore on.

"They have come, John!"

"Let me see! let me see!" And several eager faces peered through the gloom, and descried the mud-bespattered hack before the door of the house, and heard a clear young voice, through the rain and darkness, ask:

"Is this the place, Freddie?"

"Yes dear." The next moment a tall figure sprang to the ground, and reaching up his arms, soon placed a small woman on the wet ground beside him. "Run in now, before you get cold and damp."

As the small figure turned to enter the house, several willing hands offered to bring in trunks, and make a fire for the travellers.

"Thank you," replied the gentleman. "We are quite worn out, and will be glad of your assistance."

By ten o'clock the "traps and things" had been temporarily arranged, and with a hand-lamp the young wife explored the great barnlike rooms—only three in number—and peered into shadowy nooks; while the workmen gave each other knowing glances, and cast looks of pity upon the young couple.

"Eleven o'clock! Jiminy! I must be a gittin' from here, ef it's that late!" muttered one of the men, as the little timepiece rang out the hour. "Come, boys! 'Night, Mr. Greyson; 'night, marm, pleasant dreams to you!" And the crowd hustled out of the door, and each one seemed to give his feet an extra shake as he crossed the doorsill.

"Twelve o'clock!" The tones rang out clear and musical through the great room, and the young wife, turning restlessly on her pillow, reached over and passed her little hand over the face of her sleeping husband. "Fred! O Freddie! are you asleep? Somehow I *can't* go to sleep, tired as I am. I am all nerves—I have the *quickest* feelings, dear. Wont you talk to me just a little?"

"O Carrie, what *nonsense*, when I am so sleepy!" And one strong arm reached out and drew the little trembling figure to his side, and held it there. "Why, child, you are all of a tremble. What is the matter?"

"I don't know. Hush! what noise is that?"

A dull thud, thud, thud! The strokes were regular, and seemed as if some one was beating another.

"Do you hear it, Fred?"

"Rats!" muttered the sleepy Fred.

Again thud, thud, thud!

"O mercy! it seems to be in the next room!" murmured the nervous little woman.

"There! I certainly *did* hear a shriek and moan!"

"No, 'tis only the wind and rain sobbing and wailing around the house corners, I reckon."

"Now, what is that I hear up stairs?" And the excited little creature sat up in bed, and listened to the strange sounds overhead. Thipity-thump, thipity-thump! "Sounds like some one with a wooden leg or crutch. Queer rats in this old barn. I must make my little terrier clear them out." And with a shiver she crept back under the cover, and into the arms that were opened to receive her, though the owner was wrapped in sleep.

"Haint you 'ons heard strange noises o' nights since you 'ons got here?"

The speaker, a very old lady with many a wrinkle seaming her still comely face, peered into the eyes of the young stranger. This was Carrie Greyson's first visitor; and the old lady's voice sank into a low mysterious tone as she repeated the question.

"Yes, the rats are fearful!" answered the young wife.

"Rats indeed! Ef that aint a good un, my name aint Patty Harris! Honey,"—and she placed one fat wrinkled hand on Mrs. Greyson's shoulder, while her voice seemed filled with awe and fear—"this house is haunted!"

And having delivered herself of this startling information, she gazed triumphantly at the young wife, expecting her to give vent to exclamations of wild alarm.

"Pshaw, Mrs. Harris! you certainly do not believe in such things?"

"Don't Mrs. Harris me, honey. I am Aunt Patty."

"Well, Aunt Patty, then."

"Of course I believe in it, for 'tis as true as the Gospel. Lud, honey, you see I was here that night when it all happened."

"When what happened, Aunt Patty?"

The look of amusement gave place to one of interest upon Mrs. Greyson's sunny face.

"Come here, I have something to show you first." And the old lady tottered

across the floor, leading the younger. "There! do you see that?" she exclaimed, as they stood within the front room, and she pointed to a huge black spot upon the otherwise spotless floor.

"Of course I see it, and I have been at work on it ever since I got here, trying to rub it up. 'Tis a very unsightly s'ain of some kind."

"Yes, yes, honey, that's all true; an on-sightly stain of *some kind*." And the old woman shook her head in a sad reflective manner.

"I'll be sixty-five year old, come Christmas-day, and all that happened when I was a little gel between thirteen and fourteen. Honey, I saw that spot flooded with *warm human blood*! Would you like to hear the story?"

"Yes, indeed I should, Aunt Patty; come, let me lead you back into the other room to the fire." For the old lady was trembling with cold and excitement.

"Well, when I was thirteen, just that day, 'cause it was on a Christmas, and my good mother always made me a cream-cake on that day,"—this the old lady said as she seated herself in a large armchair, took off her glasses, and wiped them with the corner of her dark calico apron, and then put them again in place—"yes, that day father came in from the mill to dinner, and said, 'Well, old lady, we'll have strangers in the mill house afore long.' We always called it the mill house, as it had been built expressly for whoever might have the mill in charge; sometimes it was one man, and agin another. 'You don't say! Who is it?' asked mother.

"'A man by the name of George Hurst has leased the mill; he, his mother and cousin are to be here to-morrow.' 'How did you hear it, Henry?' 'Will Carter brung the news from town.'

"The next day, just afore dark, here they come, sure enough. I was playing about before the mill door, and had a good chance to see 'em. First the man, a great, tall, stout man clumb out, and got upon the ground; and as he did so, I saw with horror that he had only one leg. He placed a crutch under his left arm, and with the other hand helped out two ladies. The old lady looked sad and homesick; her hair was gray, and put back smoothlike beneath her bonnet.

"The young gel—well, she was the prettiest creatur' that I had ever seen in my

life; she was tall and slim, had pretty feet and white hands; her eyes were large and dark, her skin dusky-like, with rosy cheeks and lips. But her hair was her greatest beauty. She had on a broad-brimmed hat with a scarlet ribbon round it, and a scarlet feather fastened in one side and hanging almost to her shoulder; and her hair had slipped out from the comb that held it in place, and fell from under her hat in great black curls, as big as my arm, way down to her knees. As soon as she touched the ground the man turned round fierce, like he was mad, and snapped, 'Come, Imogene! don't stand there to be stared at. Come, mother, come into the house.' And he stumped on in front of them, and opened the door; while one and another of the crowd of workmen at the mill door exclaimed, 'Well, ef that's the boss, I don't think I shall like him. I wouldn't speak to my old mother, or cousin, either, for that matter, as *he* did, for all the money in Texas.'

"Yes, that was the boss, George Hurst, and he proved to be a strict harsh master. He was a good-looking man—or would have been but for an awful frown he always wore upon his otherwise handsome face. His hair was a reddish black, his beard also; his eyes large, and of a steely gray. I was always afraid of him, and very often when mother would send me to the mill with a message to father, he'd gaze at me hard with those great eyes of his'n, and snap out, 'What now, Patty!' as if it was any concern of his'n.

"It turned out that Imogene Dupree was his cousin, and he was her guardeen. Anybody could see with half an eye that he was very fond of her, in his savage way. And old Mrs. Hurst dropped a hint one day that Imogene would sometime be her daughter, and yet she always watched the young thing in a kind of sad pitying way whenever George was near.

"One night about six months later, when father came in to supper he brought a stranger with him; and, child as I was, I was struck with his fair handsome face; hair like curls of gold, and eyes as blue as wood violets. Ah, honey, he was as pretty as a picter; and as I sat on the doorstep after supper, and gazed up into his face while he talked with father, I thought, 'O my eye, don't I wish I was grown, so he could be my beau!' I heard them talkin' about gettin' work at the mill, and I wondered to my-

self ef that man, so finely dressed, with hands so soft and white, really wanted work. And then I listened, and heard Walter Wyman—that was the stranger's name—say that he had lost all of his property through the trickery of a purtended friend, and had tried in several places to get a situation, but had failed; that if he could get something to do for several months, he thought he would like to stay a while. I then heard father say that George Hurst was not much of a scribe, and that they needed some one at the mill to write down all the grain received and flour sent out; and that he heard the boss wishing for some one to attend to all that. 'So let me finish my smoke, and I'll step over to Hurst's with you, and see what can be done.'

"And so it was all arranged. Walter Wyman remained as George Hurst's secretary—he, Hurst, I mean, was fond of big dictionary words; and they took him to board at the mill house, and things went on very quietly for a time. But at last things began to look dark. I could hear George Hurst talking sharp and spiteful-like to his secretary; and once I heard Hurst tell father he 'didn't thank him for bringing that *meddler* and *interloper* into the concern;' to which father made no reply, for he knew, and we all knew, that Walter Wyman was a thousand times more of a gentleman than George Hurst ever dared to be.

"It got noised about at last that Imogene and her cousin George were to be married at Christmas. Mrs. Hurst was at work on pretty underclothes, and prettier dresses, but Imogene wandered about, seeming like one very unhappy. She often crossed the bridge, and strolled away off among the trees and bushes on the other side of the pond, where she would remain for hours. No one seemed to notice this at first—one but me; child as I was, I often followed her at a distance, and when she imagined that she was hidden from every one, I have seen her cast herself upon the ground and cry and sob, wring her hands and moan, and often have I heard her utter these words: 'My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?' I knew not at the time what she meant, but afterwards I knew.

"By-and-by George Hurst began to look at her in a savage way as she passed the mill, and would call out in a loud harsh voice, 'Where to now, my lady?' And she would reply in a low trembling voice, while



a frightened look crept over her pale sad face, 'Only across the millstream for a little walk, Cousin George.'

"*Cousin George!* now that is a good one!" And he would laugh a short hateful laugh, while the wishful blue eyes of the secretary would follow the trim figure passing on the footbridge.

"Three weeks before Christmas came a heavy rain, lasting five or six days. The whole earth was flooded with water. The millstream seemed like a mighty river, a rushin' and foam'in' along, a whirlin' limbs and dead logs like so many feathers adown stream. But on the sixth day the clouds lifted somewhat, and about three o'clock in the afternoon the sun peeped out, jest the least bit; and directly, who should come along the path before our door, but Miss Imogene, overshoes and wrappings on? going for her lonely walk, I knew.

"I saw Walter Wyman standing in the mill door, and heard him exclaim, 'You surely are not going to try to cross the pond this evening, Miss Imogene? The bridge is not very firm, at best, and it sways with the current now. The water is rising rapidly. In less than two hours that bridge will be floating down stream. Do not be so rash, I beg!'

"'I must go, Walter—Mr. Wyman. I want to think, and the house stifles me.'

"'Well, let me try the bridge first. If it should give way I can swim, you cannot.'

"He walked the whole length of the narrow bridge and back again; then taking Imogene by the hand, he led her safely over. When he reached the mill door again he turned and gazed after the form fast losing itself among the trees and stunted bushes. For over an hour Walter Wyman sat before the door of the mill, scarce taking his eyes from the heavin' and risin' waters, and the swayin' bridge whereon must cross Imogene on her return.

"'Why does she not come?' I heard him mutter, as I ran over to the mill for a pan of chicken-feed. 'If she does not soon come, I'll go after her.'

"Just then George Hurst put his head out of the mill house door and shouted, 'What are you doing at the mill this time of day, Wyman? I want you here to figure up some accounts for me.'

"The mill stopped at twelve every Wednesday for a half holiday, but George Hurst always kept his secretary at work, ef he

could possibly find anything for him to do. With a deep moan Walter Wyman once more cast his eyes up the path across the water, then started for the house, stopping every two minutes to look back. He stopped on the doorstep and gazed eagerly up the path once more, but no Imogene was in sight.

"I stood before our door watching him, and saw him enter the mill house; then, child as I was, I determined to watch for Miss Imogene, and tell him when I saw her coming. So I seated myself on the doorstep, cold and wet as it was, and gazed out upon the path beyond the bridge.

"Ten, twenty minutes went by, and then mother called, 'Come, Patty, set the table for supper afore it gits dark.' To hear was to obey, although I murmured something about watching for Miss Imogene.

"I had laid the cloth, had put on the cups and sassers, and was lifting a pile of plates from the corner shelf, when I heard a wild shrill scream. With a crash the plates fell to the floor, and I darted out of the house, but Walter Wyman was before me. Great heavens! that awful sight! The bridge was borne along by the rush of waters, a whirlin' round like a mere plank, and standing upon the whirlin' mass was Imogene Dupree, her pale face raised to heaven, her hands clasped, and one wild cry after another breaking from her ashen lips. Swift as thought Walter Wyman had rushed down the stream, and calling to Imogene, 'Be brave, and keep perfectly still, *my darling!*' he waited until the floatin' bridge reached a bend in the stream, then springing high in air, he gave a mighty leap and landed upon the bridge beside Imogene. And then we all witnessed a touchin' scene that we never forgot—one that caused George Hurst to gnash his teeth and curse like a madman; for Imogene, his intended bride, cast her arms about Walter Wyman's neck; while he clasped her close in his arms, and pressed kisses on her lips, cheeks and hair.

"'The cursed villain! he shall pay dear for those kisses!' I heard George Hurst mutter.

"By this time the workmen had gathered all the stout ropes they could find, and making fast a long hook to one end, they threw it on the bridge, and Walter made the hook fast by slippin' it over the beam of the bridge; then those on shore drove a large iron bar into the ground, and passin'

the rope across it, began to haul in; but the bridge refused to come to shore. It was turned lengthwise, and they battled manfully, but it would not start.

"Just steady it as much as you can, boys, and I'll try to bring Miss Imogene ashore. There! steady now!" And, turning to Imogene, he spoke to her in a low voice, then pressed a long kiss upon her lips; and once again her two arms went up and clasped his neck, and remained there while he raised her in his arms; and calling out, 'Steady now!' walked to the edge of the bridge with his precious burden in his arms, and giving the spring, landed on the ground; but as he did so his foot caught upon a snag; he tottered, dropped Imogene as he fell, and struck his head against a large log that had been washed ashore.

"George Hurst caught Imogene as she fell, and givin' her a rough shake, cried, harshly, 'Go to the house now, my lady! You have created scene enough for one day; my turn comes next.'

"It was with difficulty that the men prevented him from striking Walter Wyman, as he lay so cold and lifeless upon the wet ground. Old Mrs. Hurst burst into tears and cried out, 'For shame, George Hurst! May God forgive me, but the time has come when I am ashamed of my child.' Then growing calmer, she went up to him, and placin' her hand upon his arm, while her pale sad face looked very stern, she said in a low voice, 'I think you had best get on your horse, and go to town for a few days; you are not needed here just now, and all will get on better for your absence. Go, lest I may live to curse the day that gave you birth!'

"Without a word George Hurst turned away from his mother; and as the crowd of workmen hastened to lift their favorite from the ground and bear him to the house, George Hurst passed them on his coal black horse, and, as he rode on, gave a low mocking laugh.

"On the third night after Walter Wyman had received his hurt, I came over to bring him some nice seedcake, jam and cream that mother had prepared for him. I came in just here at the back door, and found no one in this room but Mrs. Hurst. She was sitting before the fire, with her knittin' resting on her lap, while the strangest scared look was on her face that I ever saw. 'What have you got there, Patty? Some-

thing nice for Mr. Wyman? Your mother is very kind, I am sure. Take it in the front room; they are in there.'

"Yes, Walter Wyman was lying on a cot near the right-hand corner, and Imogene was kneeling on a rug at his side, with her beautiful hair down; while he passed his long white fingers tenderly through the rich heavy mass, and now and then lifted a heavy curl to his lips. They were so wrapped up in each other that they did not notice me until I stood just before them.

"Ah, little Patty, is it you?" And he lifted his handsome face to look at me, and makin' me stoop down, gave me a kiss on my cheek for bringin' him such a nice supper. How well I remember everything connected with that night!

"I've had one supper, Patty, but I must try yours—that is!—and he glanced into Imogene's happy face—'if my darling will feed me.'

"Of course I shall; to hear is to obey!" And takin' the things out of my hands, she arranged them upon a little stand by the cot, tucked a napkin under his chin, took up the cream-jug and poured the cream over the jam, placed a seedcake between his white fingers, and laughingly said, 'Begin, sir!'

"I stood by and watched their merriment for a long time. Now he would make her taste, just 'to sweeten it,' he said, and then place the spoon to his lips. How happy they were! At last I sat down on a little low chair before the fire, and in watching them I must have dropped asleep; for by-and-by I heard the clock strike eleven, and, rubbing my eyes, I looked around, and if you'll believe me, there they were at their fun, Imogene makin' him beg and pay for each spoonful.

"Now, sir, what will you give for this spoonful?" she merrily cried; and, catching at her hands, he drew her down and kissed her rosy red lips.

"There, *that* is the currency I intend to pay you in always, my darling! Do you know?"—and here his voice grew serious—"I would be willing to die, almost, now that I *know* you love me? I would give my life freely in payment for the happiness of the last three days, rather than to have lived without the knowledge of your precious love." And drawing her down again, he pressed loving kisses upon her sweet mouth.

"What a pretty tableau! Am sorry

that I shall have to spoil it!" spoke a harsh well-known voice at the door; and with a start the lovers turned, and saw George Hurst!

"Child as I was, I screamed in a low scared way when I saw his face. Turning the key in the lock, he then removed it and put it in his pocket. Then crossing the room to the other door, he did the same.

"What is the meaning of that, Cousin George?" And Imogene turned her stricken face towards him.

"This is your answer, my lady!" And standing over the low cot, he twisted his large fingers in the beautiful golden hair of Walter Wyman, and jerked him to a sitting posture.

"Why, Hurst! don't be so rough. Remember a fellow that has had his senses knocked out of him don't get well in a hurry."

"They don't, eh? Well, I have a little account to settle with you, and I had just as well begin." And with that he jerked him off the cot, and commenced beating him with his crutch.

"Aunt Mary! Aunt Mary! for Heaven's sake, call help! George is killing Walter!" And the voice but a few minutes before filled with laughter, rose to wild shrieks, as she flew at George Hurst and struck at him with her puny arms. But alas! the murderer had done his work; the first or second blow upon the temple had sent the soul of Walter Wyman into the presence of his God; but the fiend, not satisfied, dropped upon the floor beside the lifeless body of his victim, and continued beating it until pools of blood covered the floor.

"Ah! for every kiss you get a blow. I counted the kisses, now *you* count the blows!" And he chuckled in a most awful manner.

"Poor Imogene! she had sunk down on the floor by the body of her lover, tearin' her hair, beatin' her hands wildly until they were covered with blood; and all the while she screamed, 'O my love! my love! my dead, *dead* love!'"

"At the first wild cry for help Mrs. Hurst had sprung to the door, but finding it fastened, I heard her run to the back door and scream 'Help! help! Murder! murder!' But it was late, everybody abed; and it was some time before that feeble voice could make itself heard. At last came a rush of feet towards the front door, and as they

reached it George Hurst got up, took the key to the middle door from his pocket, and as the front door fell in with a crash, I heard him go thipity-thump up the stairs into his own room.

"O heavens! shall I ever shut out the picture! That pale handsome face looked very lifelike, with the exception of one spot on the temple; but the body was beaten into an awful mass. O, the sight was full of horror! And there that awfully mutilated body had to lie in that pool of blood until the coroner could be summoned. In the meantime, a guard had been placed at the foot of the stairs in this room to prevent George Hurst's escape. But it seemed as if he did not think of escape, for we heard the regular thipity-thump, thipity-thump through the long hours of the night.

"Mrs. Hurst and mother tried to get Imogene to leave the body; but no, she remained; and when the coroner and his jury arrived they found her thus.

"Their verdict was soon given—'Willful murder committed upon the person of Walter Wyman, by one George Hurst.' And with that, an officer with a warrant stepped softly up the stairs—where George Hurst's well-known steps were sounding—expecting to surprise him; but we soon heard his swift footsteps on the stairs, and his deathly pale face glared into the room, while he gasped, 'O Heaven! what a night of horrors!' and waved his hand in the direction of the stairs, towards which excited feet rushed—mine among the number. It seemed as if I *must* go; and when I got to the door and heard his regular thipity-thump, I was sure that I would see his angry face mocking at us. No form walked the room, but, extended on the bed, his throat cut from ear to ear, the razor still grasped in his right hand, and his bloody crutch pressed fondly to his breast with his left, lay George Hurst, the murderer and suicide!"

"With a great cry I turned and fled, and never stopped until I had buried my head in the pillows of my own little bed at home. O, how I shook and quivered with fear! I could see the whole awful sight—pale, handsome, mutilated Walter Wyman lying in his pool of blood; the stricken form of Imogene Dupree as she knelt at his side, and hear her wild cry, 'O my love! my love! my dead, *dead* love!' and last, that awful hideous object with the blood pouring from his neck, as he lay upon his bed up stairs;

while the queer strokes of his sound foot and his crutch kept pace upon the floor!

"Two days later the murdered and the murderer were buried side by side in a little graveyard not far from here. Imogene would not leave the coffin of her dead lover until kind hands bore her gently away; and when she heard the first clods of earth fall upon it, she screamed, 'O let me go! let me go to Walter!'

"Poor Mrs. Hurst! her grief found no expression. With lovin' care she watched over the wretched Imogene, and was makin' all haste to settle up her son's business, and leave this awful house, for she said she could not bear to stay here. Imogene's mind seemed perfectly crazed. She would sit for hours with her eyes closed, and hands locked on her breast; then starting up with a wild shriek, would cast herself upon that awful spot darkened with her lover's lifeblood, and moans and cries the most awful and heartrending would issue from her lips.

"One night—the one she was to have been the wife of her cousin—she awoke her aunt, in the dead of the night, with her wails and cries; and sitting up in bed, Mrs. Hurst saw her upon her knees by that spot, her head bowed to the floor, and heard her cry, 'Yes, Walter, my love, *my love*, I am coming!' And risin', she walked swiftly towards the door, and throwin' it open, rushed out into a storm of rain and wind, with no clothin' save her nightdress.' With wild alarm Mrs. Hurst sprang from her bed, threw a wrapper around her, thrust her feet into her slippers, and followed out after her, calling my father to come to her aid. Soon dark forms with lanterns could be seen moving about in the storm. They shouted 'Imogene! Imogene!' until they were so hoarse they could not speak; no Imogene could be found! All the next day, and the next, the search went on, but all in vain; and at last it was concluded that poor Imogene had joined her lover in the spirit-land, but how and when they could not tell. Poor heartbroken Mrs. Hurst left the State, and returned to her old home in North Carolina.

"Years went by; the old mill house, with its low uncanny looks and haunted rooms, was an object of fear to us young folks. One after another tried to live here, but the dark crimson spot staring into their faces,

the dull thud, thud, thud of blows, the faint moans of the dying man, the shrill screams of the bereft maiden, and the thip-ity-thump of the murderer overhead, forced them to leave the house.

"A few years later there came just such a storm of wind and rain as had caused the mill-house tragedy. The millstream was again a ragin' flood, castin' up boughs and broken bits of timber; and one morning after the storm had calmed, father came runnin' into the house, his face pale and voice tremblin', as he cried, 'Mother, the millstream has given up its secret! Come and see.'

"Yes, there cast up by the waters, and lying on the shore, was a skeleton; and full well we all knew that we looked upon all that was left of poor Imogene Dupree. We buried her beside her lover, and tried to forget the wild sad story of her and hers. But never a wild night comes but what I bury my head in the bedclothes and pray, 'O God, teach me to forget that awful scene!'

Here the old lady paused, and wiped away the tears that coursed down her wrinkled cheeks. Carrie Greyson had carried her handkerchief to her eyes more than once during the old lady's pathetic story; and now she spoke for the first time since the commencement.

"O Aunt Patty, how very very sad! It must be trying to you, for she—poor Imogene—and her noble lover were known and loved by you all. Of course this house must, to you, seem to be accursed. But I am not afraid at all, Aunt Patty. 'Tis true your story will make me very sad at times; but the thought of fear will never enter my mind. Must you go? Come in often to see me."

"Yes, honey, 'tis gittin' dusk, and I wouldn't be here when *it* begins for all the gold in Texas. Good-by, honey. Come to see Aunt Patty." And with that the old lady made her way slowly down the steps, and out into the thickening winter twilight; while the young wife cast several sticks upon the fire, stirred it into a merry blaze, trimmed the lamp, and began to prepare her evening meal, listening with love's quick ears to the well-known steps that brought her Fred home to her, awaiting him there—all alone in the *haunted house*.

## AT REST.

BY A. SHIRLEY.

And you will walk in white  
 The golden city,  
 There cometh no more night,  
 Nor pain, nor pity.  
 You wandered far away  
 Beyond our weeping,  
 You've gone to endless day,  
 Your life-work reaping.

© lovely, patient heart,  
 That sang while breaking;  
 In life you had no part  
 Beyond love's making;  
 The weariness is past,  
 The cold world's scorning;  
 For you, has come at last,  
 The light of morning.

Dear love, if you had known  
 When you lay dying,  
 Our spirits' endless moan,  
 Our worn hearts' crying,—  
 You would have stayed your feet  
 Beside the river;—  
 But rest and peace are sweet,  
 You rest forever.

O, sweet are rest and sleep,  
 Though love lies bleeding;  
 But we, who wake to weep,  
 For love are pleading.

*Park Ridge, New Jersey, July, 1875.*

Pure saint, more saintly grown,  
 When life grew weary,  
 You laid your burden down;  
 Our lives are dreary.

So calm you sleep and sound,  
 Pale broken lily,  
 Though o'er your lowly mound  
 The rain falls chilly.  
 So in our lives must fall  
 The chill and sadness,  
 But God is over all;  
 He giveth gladness.

Where falls the cold March rain,  
 His plan discloses;  
 When summer comes again,  
 Will bloom the roses;  
 The birds will build and sing,  
 The daisies whiten,  
 The brown bees hum and swing,  
 The pansies brighten.

And so with many tears,  
 Born of our grieving,  
 And many doubts and fears,  
 Yet Christ believing,  
 We leave thee to thy rest,  
 In hope and meekness;  
 He knoweth what is best,  
 Who sees our weakness.

## ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS REWARD:

—OR,—

## THE WOMAN CHIEF.

BY PATENT COUPLER.

"Tickets please."

"I have lost mine. I had it when I got on the train, but I can't find it now."

"Sorry, madam, I shall be obliged to collect fare. Where are you going?"

"To Ellsbank, but I shan't pay my fare twice. I bought a ticket at Barksburg and paid \$7.35, and I don't propose to pay again."

"You will have to produce a ticket then. I must have something for your ride—either a ticket or money. Perhaps you can succeed in finding it. I will give you half an hour."

The above conversation occurred on the train of which I was conductor, between a middle-aged woman and myself. She

claimed to have lost her ticket. Perhaps she had, but I doubted if she had ever purchased one. The game of the "lost ticket" was often played on western roads, by women particularly, and often played successfully. After having gone my usual round—collecting tickets from the passengers—I went back and asked the woman if she had found hers.

"No sir," said she, emphasizing the *sir*.

"I will have to collect \$7.35 then, of you, madam. I am very sorry you have been so unfortunate (emphasizing the "unfortunate"), as to lose your ticket, but the rules of the company must be enforced, 'pay, or get off.'"

"Neither one, nor the other, will I do," she answered, defiantly.

I was about to pull the bell and put her off the train, when I remembered it was raining. It would be too bad to put any one off in the rain, to wander around in the marshes, and perhaps get lost; for there was no habitation between the two stations, the nearest being nine miles distant, and I concluded to take her on to Bridgewater, and then make her leave the car.

While debating upon what course to pursue, a smile of contempt and defiance lighted up her face and she said, "Why don't you pull the bell?"

"Because I don't choose to," I answered, curtly.

Our conversation had attracted the attention of the immediate passengers, and they regarded my actions with interest. At Bridgewater I ordered her to get off. She refused to do so.

"I shall be compelled to use force, madam, if you persist in thus setting at defiance the rules of the company," said I.

"Lay your hands on me, if you dare," said she, putting her hand into her pocket.

Here was a tartar. Did she have a nice little knife in her pocket that would cut short my existence? She was evidently a hard customer. The brakeman was poking the fire, and although he saw something was wrong, trouble with "dead heads" was of so frequent occurrence that he thought nothing of it. As he was passing by me, I stopped him, and said, "Abe" (his name was Abraham), "will you help me to escort this lady to the door?"

Without a moment's hesitation he seized her by the arm and said, "Come out of this, old woman."

Quicker than thought she jerked her arm away, and gave him a stinging blow in the face.

"She must be the devil," said he.

"I'll lay you both out," she said, "if you bother me."

I began to think she might, too.

"Let me manage her," said Abe.

"What did you say the fare was?" she asked, suddenly, her voice dropping from that high pitch to which she had raised it.

"To Ellsbank?"

"Yes."

"Seven dollars and thirty-five cents."

"I haven't anything less than a fifty dollar bill," said she, "can you change it?"

"Not just now, madam," I answered, "but will get it and hand it to you."

"Let me see, I want \$42.85 back," said she to herself.

It happened that I had taken in all large bills—I had none less than a fifty—and knew I could not make the change. I was wondering what had so suddenly cooled the woman down. A moment ago she was ready to fight, and actually had struck Abe. I passed out of the coach and was seated in the smoking car, when the brakeman came in. Seeing me, he said, "What ails the old bear, that she tuned down so almighty quick?"

"I haven't the least idea," I answered.

"Something struck her all at once, that's what's the matter with me," said Abe, thoughtfully.

At Janesville I had the bill changed, and after taking seven dollars and thirty-five cents for her fare, I gave her the balance, which was forty-two dollars and eighty-five cents, not waiting for her to count it, as I should have done. Upon coming by her about twenty minutes later, she stopped me and said:

"I gave you a \$50 bill?"

"Yes, madam."

"The fare was seven dollars and thirty-five cents," said she.

"Seven thirty-five," I answered.

"That would leave \$42.85, wouldn't it?" she asked.

"Yes, madam, it would," I replied, wondering what she was coming at.

"Well, you didn't give me but twenty-two dollars," said she.

"You have made a mistake in counting, madam," I answered. "I gave you the full amount, I am positive of it."

"But I say you didn't."

"You are mistaken," I said.

"I am, eh! You are going to try and beat me out of over twenty dollars, but you can't do it, no sir."

"I am not beating, or trying to beat you out of a cent," I answered.

Her wrath was rapidly rising, and not wishing to have a scene, I left the car. I informed Abe of the new game she was trying to play, when he gave utterance as follows:

"If you let that old she devil beat you, you're not half as smart as I think you be. She is playing some deep game, she is. I thought it funny when she so quietly paid

her fare after making so much fuss. Just like as not the bill was counterfeit."

Abe was right. She was playing a deep game, and perhaps the bill was counterfeit, but I had gotten rid of it, left it with the agent at Janesville.

At A—— the telegraph operator handed me a bundle of bills, which had been left with him, asking me to give them to the agent at C——, with a request to have them posted up conspicuously. Such transactions were common, and I did not ask the nature of them. They were tied around with a small string. After we left A—— I gave the bills to the baggage-man on the train, telling him to leave them at C—— with his report, for I feared I might forget to deliver them. About two hours after I wanted a piece of string, but could not find any on the train. Generally there was quite an amount in the lamp-box, but not a single piece now. I discovered the bills (which were handed to me at A——), upon the rack in the baggage-car, and unwound the string from them, and placed them back. Going into the car again some time after, I found they had fallen on the floor. Picking them up I noticed the heading, which read:

"ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS REWARD."

The rest of the bill was as follows:

"The above reward will be paid for the arrest and conviction of a gang of counterfeiters, who are now operating in this portion of the country. The 'head' or 'chief' of the gang is a woman."

Signed—"Allen Pinkerton," "Chief of Pinkertons' Detective Bureau, Chicago, Ill."

I read the latter portion of the bill several times. "The 'head' or 'chief' of the gang is a woman."

I put the bills up and they and their contents soon passed out of my mind. On leaving home that evening, my wife had said:

"Remember, Leonard, that the mortgage falls due in two weeks, if we can only discharge it and have our home clear, how happy I shall be."

Her words recurred to me now. In two weeks if not paid what then? It must be. But how? The mortgage was eight hundred dollars, and I had only six, which by dint of economy I had saved. My reveries were interrupted by arriving at C——. On passing through the car in which the woman

was, she stopped me and asked if I would send a despatch for her.

"Certainly, but you might think I would charge you more than the cost of sending," I said, sharply.

"I was mistaken about the charge," she replied, in an apologetic tone.

"What do you wish to send?" I asked.

"Here it is, I wrote it out before I got aboard," and she handed me a slip of paper.

I did not glance at it, but put it in my pocket, and in the depot asked the operator the charge of sending it. He opened the paper and, after looking at it a moment, said:

"What kind of gibberish do you call this, any way?"

I took the paper, it read:

"B—4—X—I— Sure pop—come."  
"S. A."

It was directed to a person at K——, a place fifty miles beyond.

"I don't know," said I, "but send it."

"Did you send the telegram?" asked the woman, when I again saw her.

"I did," I answered.

I told Abe about the telegram; he was much mystified. "What's she sending such telegrams for, I'd like to know," said he.

At K—— two very rough and suspicious-looking men came aboard, and after scanning everyone on the train, they seated themselves behind the woman, and engaged in conversation with her. At the same place I received a message from Janesville signed by the agent, which read, "The bill I changed for you is a counterfeit." I was startled. Calling Abe into the smoking-car, I told him my suspicions.

"Abe," said I, "read that," giving him one of the bills which I had put in my pocket.

"By the holy mackerel," he exclaimed, "it's the she devil!"

"I think so myself," I answered. "Now then, Abe, we've got to capture her and the men."

"Five hundred apiece," said he, musingly.

I prepared the following despatch, which I sent at the next station.

"Pinkertons' Detective Agency, Chicago, Ill: Have you a description of the woman, chief of the gang of counterfeiters, for whom \$1000 reward is offered? If so, send it at once to L—— R—— conductor No. 4, — R. R. at B——."

The message traversed the small wire with

lightning speed, and back the answer came, which I received at B—. "Rather large, fiery nature, gray hair, and generally dresses in black." Beyond a doubt it was the woman on board. The two men were probably her accomplices. She had some of the "queer" in her possession, for she had passed a bogus fifty on me. Conviction would be insured without a doubt. Ellsbank was less than sixty miles distant. She and her accomplices would leave the train at that point, and they must be secured before arriving there. I telegraphed to D—, twenty miles this side of Ellsbank, for two officers to get on the train, and to be prepared to deal with desperate characters. I met them on the depot platform and directed them where to station themselves. They were dressed in plain clothes.

"We undoubtedly shall have a severe tussle if we attack them all together," said one of the officers; "if we can manage to separate them it will be easy enough."

"I'll manage that," said Abe. Approaching the trio, he said, "Which one of you gentlemen got on at C—?"

"Why?" asked one of the men.

"Because, there's a package which was put into the baggage-car for one of you at C—; if you want it you'd better go ahead and get it."

"I'll go and see what it is," said one of the men to his companion, and moved toward the baggage-car.

"Now is our time," said Abe; "one of you follow him into the car and secure him."

The man opened the door and entered the car, closely followed by Abe and one of the officers.

"Where's the box?" asked the fellow.

"Never mind!" exclaimed the officer, throwing himself upon the man, and assisted by Abe, he was speedily secured.

"Now for the other one," said Abe, and going back into the coach he told the other man that his "partner" wanted him. Without a suspicion of anything wrong, he fell into the trap, and was secured as nicely as we could wish. The worst was yet to be.

"If that old woman doesn't make us smart I'm a sinner," said Abe.

One of the officers going into the car took the seat made vacant by the men, and when the other officer came down the aisle, at a preconcerted signal, threw his arms around her. The other one put the bracelets on her and she was fast.

O how she did rave! The curses that fell from her vile lips make me shudder even now, as I think of it.

I handed my prisoners over to the Chief of Police of Ellsbank. They proved to be, what I supposed they were, members of a gang of counterfeiters, of whom the woman was the chief. One of the men turned State's evidence, and the information he gave led to the capture of the entire gang, who might, even to this day, have been practising their nefarious art, had it not been for the woman's greediness of gold, which led her to make the fuss she did, when I attempted to collect her fare, and which caused me to suspect her, when she so suddenly paid.

I received the reward and divided with honest, though illiterate Abe. The mortgage was paid, and I had enough to purchase for my dear little wife what she most desired, a piano.

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## THE LANGUAGE OF THE EYES.

BY WILLIAM G. W. TURNER.

The parting hand I oft have pressed  
When bidding thee farewell;  
While rising sighs but half suppressed  
Spoke more than words could tell.

Well may the lips forbear to move,  
In friendship's parting hour;  
For words alone are vain to prove  
Affection's depth and power.

*Charleston, S. C., May, 1875.*

I value not the sad farewell,  
Nor yet the brief adieu;  
One silent gaze alone can tell  
What language never knew.

But give to me in that stern hour,  
When friends are forced to part,  
The silent grief that speaks with power,  
The language of the heart.



## EXTRAORDINARY BIRTHS.

BY PROFESSOR SERANOS D. PATRIE.

WHEN human creatures come into this rackets world of ours with a rapidity far in excess of average experience, speculative economists and philosophers are prone to ask how we shall all find house room or elbow room in future centuries; how we shall avoid crowding out one another. The earth, it is true, is eight thousand miles in diameter, and the square miles of its surface are denoted by a long row of figures. Still its size is strictly defined and limited; we can (some of us, that is,) tell almost exactly the extent of dry land on which the foot of man can tread, and of water on which boats and ships can float. We can ascertain, approximately, the acreage of land that is necessary to grow corn and rice, vegetables and fruit, butchers' meat, dairy produce, etc., for the annual food of an average human being; and we can picture to ourselves a state of things in which the world's policeman will bid us "Move on." However, it will not be just yet; and perhaps a survival of the fittest, on Mr. Darwin's principle, will set everything to rights. In England, in the closing years of the seventeenth century, a tax was imposed on bachelors and widows, from which husbands and wives were exempt. This was so far a small incentive to matrimony; but, more money being wanted to carry on a war, a tax was soon afterwards laid on marriages and births; and this told in the opposite direction. These taxes were accompanied by another on deaths and burials, which might be interpreted as the expression of a wish on the part of the Legislature that the subjects of the sovereign would endeavor to live as long as they possibly could. But, in truth, there was no sentiment in the matter; the taxes were imposed simply because hard cash was wanted by the State.

It is an admitted fact, we believe, that when births are more numerous than one at a time, nobody seems delighted at it. The parents have more cares to look forward to than they desiderate; the domestic establishment is subject to much disarrangement and overturning; the daily or weekly outlay increases; and the complimentary "Welcome, little stranger!" is

sadly wanting in sincerity. The registrar-general, it may be presumed, can tell pretty nearly the ratio of twins to single births, in the average of years, over the whole kingdom. The excess beyond twins is more frequent than might perhaps be supposed; and is sometimes such as to be not a little startling. If it be true, as writers on vital statistics assert, that once in about eight thousand times a birth consists of triplets, we need not marvel that so many little coffin are made every year; for the poor triplets do not often grow up to be men and women.

When quadruplets occur, four at a birth, the incident is one—not for sounding of trumpets; perhaps, nor for beating of drums, but—for newspaper comment; and no small amount of celebrity attaches to the home of the family connected with the event. The registrar-general's annual reports, supplemented by entries in various periodicals, furnish many examples of these quadruplets; to be read, however, with a wholesome recognition of the fact that popular statements are sometimes in need of verification. Some years ago there was a favorite book called "A Residence on the Shores of the Baltic;" the authoress is said to have been one of four brothers and sisters born on the same day. This touches a subject which has been much discussed—the intellectual capacity of what may be called multiply children. The question has been put, are twins, triplets and quadruplets as clever as other people? but it is generally admitted that the materials for an answer have not yet been duly collected and examined. If it be asserted, as many persons do assert, that twins are not often intellectually distinguished, we are at once confronted with the case of two famous brothers, Lord Eldon and Lord Stowell, prodigies of judicial learning; although not twins to each other, each had a twin sister.

Setting aside, however, this question of intellectual capacity, we will jot down a few examples of quadruplets. About twelve years ago a poor woman near Cork had four children at a birth, two boys and two girls; whether they all lived and flourished, we

have no record. A parish register at Cambridge tells of a shoemaker, Henry Coe, whose wife had two boys and two girls at a birth; a procession of sixteen sponsors walked to church at the christening, four to answer for each of the little Crispins and Crispinas. Many years ago the Rev. Mr. Ryder, Vicar of Nuneaton, was blessed with four children in one day. The vicarage had, in truth, been a scene of momentous events in that year; for triplets had made their appearance barely twelve months before. One can imagine Mrs. Vicar feeling some of the perplexities attributed on lyrical authority to the old woman who lived in a shoe. About eight years ago a Glasgow newspaper announced a birth of quadruplets, all girls, and all born alive. Mrs. Shury, a cooper's wife at the West End of London, had twins early one year, and twins again before the year had quite expired; but the vicar's wife beat her by a long distance, and must have had a very vocal household. It must be a sad thing for the poor mother, when not a single tiny one is left to her after such an ordeal. This was the case at Seaton, in Devonshire, where a tombstone in the churchyard records that "Here lyeth ye Bodys of John and Richard and Edward, sons of John Roberts, and Elizabeth his wife, together with a daughter of the same persons, born at one birth. They dyed ye 9 day of September, 1697." At Bromsgrove, in 1819, were born four little girls at once, baptized Maria, Mary, Sarah and Elizabeth. When eleven years of age, they were seen in a cluster by a gentleman, who placed on record the result of his inquiries; the girls were dressed alike, and bore such a striking resemblance in form, features and general appearance, that he could not identify or discriminate them one from another. We might perchance imagine that, if these damsels grew up to womanhood, and to sweet-hearting affairs, there would occur a rare Comedy of Errors; no lover being able to determine which was his own particular pet treasure. But nature has an easy way of getting out of such difficulties. Maria, it appears, lived to the age of seventeen; Mary married, and had two children; Eliza lived to her thirty-second year; while Sarah married, had a son, and survived until a recent period. The brave mother of this bevy of girls did not quit the scene until she had counted eighty-three summers. More melancholy was the expe-

rience of a Bavarian mother some considerable number of years ago. Maria Thomanin, the wife of a mason at Augsburg, gave birth to quadruplets, who were baptized Andreas, Nicolaus, Maria Anna and Barbara. A broadside sheet is still extant, containing two wood engravings: one represents a woman in bed, visitors around her, and four dead infants laid out like so many dolls; while the other represents a funeral procession of acolytes, priests, bearers carrying four little coffins, and fifty couples of women attired in the quaint old Bavarian costume.

Quintuplets—the shortest name we can devise for five children at a birth—are of course very rare; but if the recorded statements are reliable, instances have actually occurred. The Globe newspaper, somewhat under twenty years ago, recorded the fact that the wife of a railway guard at Birmingham had five infants at a birth, three boys born alive and two girls stillborn. Mr. Thom, it is well known, has for many years been indefatigable in ferreting out the truth concerning centenarianism, and has made woeful havoc with many of the stories; showing how numerous are the ways exaggeration takes place in the estimates of the ages of very old persons. We do not know whether he has taken up, in a similar spirit, the statements relating to specially prolific births; but a search of an analogous kind was made by a gentleman into the truth of the Birmingham story; and the result came out in this form—that the children born at once were three instead of five, and that they were all stillborn. The Lancet, in a notice of medical gossip some years ago, stated that an Italian woman at Rovigo had five female children at a birth; so we find the statement, and so we leave it. The Elgin Courier, just about the same period, recorded that Elspath Gordon, of Rothes, had quintuplets, two girls stillborn and three boys who lived a few hours after their birth. The celebrated discoverer of the circulation of the blood, Dr. Harvey, in a letter to Aubrey, spoke of "One Mr. Palmer's wife, of Kent, who did beare a child every day for five daies together;" but it is not clear from the context whether Harvey gave it as the result of his own knowledge and investigation, or merely repeated a rumor. Southey, in an article in the Quarterly Review, quoted a statement from Hakewill's "Apology," to the effect that an

epitaph in Dunstable church records the death of a woman who had quintuplets twice, besides triplets three times! We can only ask, "Is there such an epitaph now; and does it speak the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth?" When a learned college believes a statement of facts coming within the range of its own special subjects, we usually feel that there must be "something in it." On this ground we notice a statement to the effect that the Museum of the Royal College of Surgeons, in Lincoln's Inn Fields, is said to contain, preserved in spirits, the bodies of five female infants, children of Margaret Waddington, a resident at Darling, near Blackburn; the five girls were born at once, three stillborn and two that died soon afterwards. One more instance. Quintuplets are recorded as having made their appearance at a village near Sheffield, forty-six years ago—one born dead, one that died before being baptized, and three that outlived that ceremony.

What shall we say of multiplicate births exceeding even the mystical number five? Shall we reject them at once, as altogether unbelievable; or shall we jot down the narratives as we find them, and leave each to fight its own battle as it may? One narrative is to the effect that at Dayton, in the State of Ohio, a German woman was taken ill while passing through the town; and that the result of the illness was in the form of six children, which she placed all together in a basket. "A lady of character saw and counted the children, and was told by the mother they were one birth." Perhaps most persons will opine that more reliable proof than this is necessary to insure belief. We find in Aubrey's *Natural History of Wiltshire*, published somewhat more than two centuries ago, a statement to the effect that Edith Bonham, of Wishford Magna, in that county, had seven children at a birth. "In this parish," Aubrey says, "there is a confident tradition that these children were all baptized at the font in this church; and that they were brought thither in a kind of chardger, which was dedicated to the church, and hung on two nails, which are to be seen there yet, near the belfree on the south side. Some old women are living that do remember the chardger. This tradition is entered in the register-book there, from whence I have taken this narrative." Here we find, then, that the testimony from Aubrey himself was limited

to seeing an entry in the parish register and two nails in the church wall; the old women could speak to having seen a chardger, charger or dish; but, beyond this, information is lacking. Another story of septuplets runs thus: In the *Kleyne Chronycke*, published at Amsterdam, in 1655, we are told that an engineer was told by an alewife that she was told by a burgomaster that he had been into a house near the Zuyder Zee, and saw seven children sitting by the fire, each with a porringer in his (or her) hand, and eating rice-milk with a spoon. The burgomaster said to the woman of the house, "Mother, you are very kind to your neighbors, since they leave their children to your care." "No, they are all my children, which I had at one birth; and if you will wait a moment, I will show you more that will surprise you." She went and fetched seven older children, similarly born on one day! How far the truth had been magnified in successive stages by the mother, plus the burgomaster, plus the alewife, plus the engineer, plus the chronicler, we are left to imagine as we may. Whether septuplets or seven-fold triplets are the more wonderful, 'twould not be easy to decide; but an old volume of the *Mémoires de l'Académie Française* solemnly tells us that a baker's wife at Paris had triplet children every year for seven years in succession. Happy baker! But this, according to a Brussels journal, was actually exceeded in 1851, when a tradesman's wife had, for the eighth time, three children at a birth—twenty-four of them in eight births in nine years; "a desperate case for the husband," as the journalist sympathetically remarked, "who desired to transmit his family name to his offspring; for they were all girls."

Six, seven—are not these numbers high enough? We shall see. The Stamford Mercury, a few years ago, recorded eight children at a birth, three boys and five girls; but the paragraphist had to go to Trumbull County, in Ohio, for the locality. There is a statement in the *Journal des Savants*, on the authority of M. Seignette, to the effect that a woman at Rochelle had nine children at a birth, all stillborn! In 1851 a wonder-working rumor spread about Sheffield, concerning the appearance of ten children at a birth! An old dame, Widow Platts, born in 1781, stated that she was one of the ten, and declared her mother had told her so! No other corroboratory evidence was attain-

able than an old copy of the Leeds Mercury, quoting a letter received from Sheffield, with the additional statement that nine of the decuplets were stillborn.

But O! what a bouncer was that in a London daily paper, assigning to a Hindu woman at Ballygunge, near Calcutta, twenty-one boys at a birth! And in what sense are we to interpret an entry in the Gentleman's Magazine, to the effect that Mrs. Lilly, of Grantham, "was twice mother of twenty-two children?" Either that there were forty-four babies at two births, or that she was twice married, and had in all twenty-two children. We prefer to believe the latter, although the words seem to imply the former. Eclipsing every other marvel of this peculiar class is the assertion that a Dutch lady, the Countess of Hennesby, had exactly three hundred and sixty-five children at a birth! The story goes that this lady on one occasion discourteously rebuked a woman who asked for alms, and said something which irritated her to express a wish that the lady might soon have as many

children as there are days in the year; and so it was. Pepys declared that, when at Utrecht, he "saw the hill where they say the house stood wherein they were born" — a kind of evidence that just suited gossip Samuel. An ingenious conjecture has been hazarded that the interview may have taken place on the 3d of January, when the year was three days old; that the woman wished the countess might have as many children as there had been days in that year; and that the birth consisted of triplets.

Glancing at the above strange recitals we perceive that, whichever of them are true or partly true, they do not prove any abnormal increase in the sum total of humanity. The poor bantlings are either stillborn, or mostly die at an early age. In other words, a large family, a numerous progeny, a quiver full of arrows, does not depend on having a great number of children at a birth, so much as on the total number born to the same parent or parents during the whole of married life.

## BLOSSOM AND FRUIT.

BY THEODORE ARNOLD.

CLIFTON BURT elevated his heels and set them carefully on the window ledge, his chair finely balanced and biped, and taking the cigar from his mouth, suffered a long thin wreath of smoke to curl from his lip up among the stucco abortions of the ceiling.

"A queer business," I repeated. "I don't see how it came about."

"Well, I don't mind telling you," he said, leisurely, when the smoke-wreath had run its length. "You are young, and may profit by my experience." Which was pretty good from a fellow of twenty-seven to one of twenty-five.

However, I swallowed the affront and waited for him to go on. It was so seldom one got Clinton Burt to speak of his private affairs and feelings, that it was best to make much of the mood when it did come.

Several circumstances conspired to produce this present complacency of his. He and I had met now for the first time in years, after having been Damon and Pythias at school, and having kept up a regular correspondence for several years after parting. Then Clinton's business, pretty good before,

had taken a new start up. Sugar had gone up several cents on the pound, just as he had two cargoes come in from Cuba. Lastly, we had just risen from a good dinner, washed down by a bottle of sparkling Catawba worth all the sham Ports, Champagnes, Madeiras, etc., made in the cellars of liquor dealers. These influences combined had so expanded my friend's heart that there were glintings of light from even its inmost recesses.

With a faint sigh he began.

"You see, Anne and I married quite young. I was but twenty-one, and she one year younger, which is being a little in a hurry. Not that I am sorry for it. I don't believe in wishing to change what is unchangeable. And if we had waited to grow cooler and more thoughtful, why perhaps a trouble as bad would have come in some other shape. We went to New York for a trip, and for one month were as happy as two butterflies. Then we came back and went to Swan's boarding-house, the greatest place in town for singing, and dancing, and card-playing, and flirtations. When we

went, I promised Swan that we would stay all winter, as he had another offer for his vacant rooms; so we were fixtures for six months at least.

"Out of her little fortune, Anne had provided herself a fine wedding outfit, and there was not a lady at Swan's who dressed in better taste or was more entirely bewitching than she was. You know Anne was always called handsome, even by people who didn't like to acknowledge it. Well, she immediately became the presiding deity of the establishment, though the house did not lack for pretty girls or grand dowagers. Moreover she managed to make friends of them all, so that they seemed to be quite pleased with her success. I can't say how they felt in their hearts.

"Phil Baxter was boarding there at that time. You know Phil. A gay dare-devil, as bold as brass, and, well, there's no denying that he is about as handsome a fellow as ever stepped. Whatever Providence wanted to give him those great bright eyes with their long curling lashes for, is more than I can imagine. The man did anything but mischief with them, and a pair of little gray eyes with short winkers to them would have done just as well for seeing purposes.

"After a while I began to see that those eyes began to turn pretty often on Anne, and he got a way of dancing with her oftener than with any one else, and of being her partner at cards, and of turning her music when she played. For some time I didn't mind, for Anne and I understood each other, I thought. We had agreed not to be very sweet in company, for one had been sickened by the actions of Jack White and his wife, and didn't want to get laughed at. For half a year after they were married, Jack and his wife used to sit side by side in company, dancing together always, and neither speaking to, nor smiling on any one else. And after the six months were over they took as decided a turn the other way, and would rather speak to or look at any one, than each other.

"Well, since Anne and I had talked it over, I didn't mind her being attended by other gentlemen, though I did not think it best that any one gentleman should distinguish himself by his attentions. After a while I just mentioned this to her, and added that Phil had been too attentive to her that evening, and that there was no

need of his turning music for her when she knew the piece by heart.

"To my surprise she blushed and was silent. I had expected her to look at me with innocent surprise, perceive that I was right, and immediately promise to be more distant with him in future. The embarrassment and silence disconcerted me immediately, and a faint ghost of a suspicion began to creep into my mind. Could it be that Anne cared for admiration, or to please any one but her husband? The thought tormented me, and, try as I would, I could not banish it. I began, too, to watch her more closely, though I was ashamed to do it. I saw that she treated Phil with a kind of distance, but she also showed the same distance in her manner to me. It wasn't coldness, but only a slight chill, enough to be felt, but not anything to mention.

"Phil didn't seem to mind, but went on just the same, persistently admiring, attentive and gay, and behaving in such a manner that it was impossible to resent without appearing too ready to put an evil construction upon actions in themselves innocent. One doesn't like to have the proverb, 'Evil to him who evil thinks,' quoted to one. I saw, too, that he was less attentive when he thought that I was observing him, and that my looking at him was a signal for him to leave Anne and go to some one else. Of course, this was confoundingly galling. It was accusing me of jealousy, and intimating that I, and not Anne, was the obstacle in the flirtation.

"Once seeing this, I spoke again to Anne, and this time I spoke sharply. I accused her of flirting, and almost commanded her to put a stop to the fellow's pretensions. She answered haughtily that she would not listen to such insulting language. She was not accountable for my jealous disposition, she said, and scorned to defend herself from my charge.

"Well, well, old fellow, don't get angry! The long and short of it was that we quarrelled, and she did as she had a mind to out of defiance, and I tormented her all I could. An outsider can scarcely believe the degree of misery which may be suffered from apparently trivial causes. One glance from Phil Baxter's bright languishing eyes was almost enough to make me commit suicide, and night after night I stayed out of the parlor, and absented myself from the com-

pany, for fear lest, in my desperation, I should do something of which I might repent. Of all things I dreaded being ridiculous.

"The crisis came one fine evening. Our whole troupe had organized an expedition to a hotel ten miles out of town where we were to have a supper and a dance, and ride back after midnight. It was a beautiful evening in April, and everything seemed to promise a successful pleasure-party. We went in barouches, twenty of us, and as evil luck or evil planning would have it, Phil Baxter with that flirting Carrie Blake rode with Annie and me. Phil seemed to be completely taken up with Carrie, and Anne and I sat quietly side by side. I couldn't talk gay nonsense, for I was in torment. Anne had been very cool with me before starting, and had even asked me, sneeringly, if I had laid out my rule of conduct for her guidance that evening. I felt that she was in no mood to spare my feelings. Yet, as we rode along in the twilight, my heart yearned toward her. I would have given the world to be reconciled to her. As I sat there at her side, I felt an impulse to slip my hand under her shawl and clasp the little hand that I knew was folded there with my ring upon it. I even made a motion to do so, but was checked by pride and fear. As likely as not she would repulse me. Then I remembered her manner at starting, and the tender impulse died. Even while I was hesitating, she broke her silence, as though impatient of it, and, leaning forward, joined in the gay talk of the two opposite us. Then when we reached the hotel, she took Phil Baxter's hand and stepped to the platform before I could get round from my side. She ran right up to the dressing-room with the other ladies, and came down with them, ours being an informal party, and the ladies all voting ceremony a bore. When we sat down to supper, there was Phil Baxter at her other elbow.

"I was determined not to make a fool of myself, and by a great effort managed to get up a lively conversation with the lady next me. But, all the time the chatting and laughing on the other side rang in my ears, and if the lady I talked with hadn't been a simpleton, she would have perceived that my remarks were not always sensible nor *apropos*. And Anne was as pretty as a pink that night, as if to make my pain greater. She fairly sparkled, and when she took my

arm to go up to the dancing-hall where another party were to meet us, in spite of every provocation, I longed to bend and kiss her pink dimpling cheek.

"Well, we got through the evening after a fashion. I couldn't say that Phil, or any other gentleman, was offensively attentive, though she was admired; but in the state of mind which I had reached anything was torture. When we started to go home, Carrie Blake, pretending to have quarrelled with her escort, fastened herself upon me, and, of course, Anne took Phil's arm, and sat beside him.

"Perhaps you think that wasn't much. But, I tell you, my hands were clenched all the way home, and every word I spoke came through my set teeth.

"Reaching home at last, as Phil helped Anne from the carriage, I saw him look up into her face in the bright moonlight and whisper something. She snatched her hand from him, but laughed, and ran up the steps alone. I didn't go up stairs for an hour, but stayed down stairs and pretended to read the papers. When I did go, Anne was not in bed, and, looking into her dressing-room, I saw her there lying on the lounge, apparently sound asleep. I didn't speak, but went to bed, though not to sleep, and she lay on the lounge for the rest of the night.

"The next morning I broke out again, and we had a pretty warm time. I asked her what it was that Phil had whispered to her, and at first she said that she had forgotten. Then she refused to tell. I went beyond what I meant at that, and said some pretty hard things, ending by telling her to choose between me and Phil Baxter. She retorted that I should choose between letting her live in peace with me, or leave me.

"If by living in peace you mean flirting with other men, then you had better leave," I said; and I vow to you that I didn't know what I said.

"She made no reply, and I went out. Three hours after a note was handed me. Anne wrote a few cool lines, saying that she had accepted my alternative, and that while I was reading her note she would be on her way to New York. She had taken only what had belonged to her, and had left all my property. She ended by saying that we had made a mistake in marrying each other, and that the only thing to do was never to see each other again.

"Well, I don't care about telling you how

I felt. You know I loved Anne. I said to myself that if she had loved me she would never have left me so, and if she did not love me, I was not, of course, willing to follow her. She plainly expressed her regret for having married me, and that had evidently been the cause of her coldness with me, and her flirtation with Phil Baxter. The more I loved her, the less willing would I be to coax her back to an unwelcome bondage.

"So I wrote a note as cool as her own, making her free to do as she liked, and offering to provide for her support. An answer came by return of mail declining any aid. She had enough to live on. Then our intercourse ceased. But I managed to hear something of her. She was living with a maiden aunt of hers in New York, and was well. That much was all I heard for six or seven months. I kept watching the mails, and used to tremble when the letters came. I had a half hope that she would write. But no word came.

"At the end of seven months came a piece of news that almost broke my pride down. Anne had a little son! Surely she must send for me now. I resolved that if she did I would make any concession, and give up all my jealousy at once and forever. I arranged my business quickly and went to New York so as to be near, leaving orders for any letter or message to be sent after me. No letter nor message came, but I learned that Anne was doing well, and would soon be up. I used to go out at evening and walk past the house, looking up at the windows and considering which one was hers. Once I went up to the door and inquired for her myself. She was very comfortable the girl said.

"I asked if her friends had been sent for, and the reply was, 'No sir, she has no friends to send for.'

"I turned away. Evidently she desired me to remain away from her, and the terrible thought came that perhaps she would hate the child because it was mine. I returned home, and by my lawyer sent her an offer of a yearly sum for the support of the child, or to take it myself. Both proposals were rejected, the first coldly, the second indignantly.

"Let a description of the next four years go. I don't say that I was very happy, but I got along some way. I shunned New York as I would the plague, and heard noth-

ing except that Anne and the child were living very quietly. She had lived so ever since she had been in New York, seeing but little company. So it seemed that she had not even the excuse of a desire for more freedom and gayety in leaving me. She was living voluntarily the very life which she would not tolerate with me.

"At length a long tormenting desire became irresistible. I wanted to see my child. I would never attempt to take it from her who had the best right to it, but I must see it. So I went to New York again. No matter how I watched that house. For two days the weather was bad, and I saw nothing except once a glint of a little face in the window, a white forehead with fair ringlets about it, and tossing playful arms. Then they disappeared.

"It was now five years since Anne had left me, and April had come round again. In that time I had learned something, and had grown more self-controlled and thoughtful. I knew now that I had myself to blame more than her. Of course, this did not alter our relations since she cared nothing for me, but it gave me the added pain of thinking that I had made the wreck of my own happiness.

"The first fine day I took my place to watch again, seating myself a little withdrawn under a tree in a small park near the house. It was not long before a lady and a child came down the steps, and crossed the street toward where I was. Did not I know that slight small figure? My heart felt every gesture, even the occasional toss of the head, a habit acquired when she was a girl, and wore long curls to toss back. Watching keenly as she passed near me on the other side of the fence to reach the gate, I got a glimpse of her face—no longer the blooming oval face of my Anne, but pale and delicate. The sweet mouth shut closer, faint shadows under the eyes—in short, the face of a woman who has felt the discipline of life.

"They reached the gate, came in, and turned down the walk toward the little fountain near me. The mother walked slowly, but the boy played and ran about her with sweet childish laughter and talk. That boy! The little unknown whose face I had never seen, whose features were strange to me, and yet who was my own flesh and blood! My eyes were so dim with tears that I could not see him now, though

he was so near; but I heard their voices through the tumultuous beatings of my heart. Anne stopped at the edge of the fountain, and pointed out the goldfish to the child. I could hear her soft voice, and her loving playful talk, and above all those words that pierced my heart to hear from her—"My child."

"Don't lean so much over the water, my child. You may fall in, and then what would poor mamma do! Water is good for the little fish, but not for little boys with blue eyes and curly hair, and poor lonely mammas."

"There were but few in the park at that time, and those, too, stayed and talked near me for some time without seeing me, till at length the boy spied me, and ran toward me. She called to him, but he did not mind, and she stood half turned from me, waiting till he should come back. He came to my knee, at first running gleefully, but growing shy as he got nearer, till he stood at a little distance looking bashfully but earnestly at me. It seemed to me at that moment that my beautiful child recognized his unknown father, looking at him with his mother's eyes.

"I held out my hand to him. 'My child,' I said, almost inaudibly, a choking in my throat stopping my voice.

"He blushed and took a shy hesitating step toward me. I reached and drew him passionately to my arms. At first he seemed frightened, but I soon soothed him, giving him my watch to play with, holding him on my knee, stroking back his hair with my trembling hand, as he lisped out his admiration and delight.

"'Come to me, dear!' called out the mother from a little distance, not liking to come nearer. 'Come to mamma.'

"He looked at her in laughing triumph, and held up the watch.

"She came nearer. 'I am sorry my boy should have made so free, sir,' she said. 'Will you be so good as to send him to me?'

"I raised my face from the child's hair and looked at her. She said not a word, but her face first grew crimson, then faded to deadly white. She leaned against the trunk of a tree, and for a moment we looked into each other's faces. The boy in my arms broke the silence that it seemed neither of us could break. 'Come here, mamma,' he cried, gleefully, 'and see this pretty watch.'

"Something in her face, and in my own heart made me doubt if I had not been mistaken in all these years. I held both hands out to her and repeated our child's invitation, 'Come here, Anne, my dear wife!'

"She hesitated, wavered, then with a little cry, came and put her arms around both me and the child!"

Clinton Burt drew a deep breath, and his eyes sparkled. "My blessing!" he whispered.

A door opened, and a curly little head was pushed in. "Papa," said the child, "mamma says that you two have smoked long enough."

"So we have, my lad," laughed the father, catching the boy, and tossing him to his shoulder. "Come, Tom, let's go up and see Mrs. Anne."

## ALL FOR FUN.

BY ADA L. FLETCHER.

SILENTLY, and in perfect order, the great company of three hundred girls filed into the seminary hall, not a whisper on the air, not a flutter of ribbons or a toss of curls, brown, black or golden. "Holyoke" girls are all drilled better than to indulge in any such follies. With eyes demurely fixed upon the work with which they were expected to occupy their fingers, while their minds were regaled with a flow of wisdom from the lips of the lady principal, they took their seats by sections, and the teachers passed on to their seats on the platform. Every variety of beauty and homeliness

is represented among these three hundred faces, bent over their embroidery and crochet, from the sober damsel of thirty summers, just finishing her long-delayed education, preparatory to going out next year as a missionary, to the dimple-cheeked girl of sixteen, just being initiated into the mysteries of seminary life.

But with only two of these are we directly interested, and they appear to interest the teacher more than the rest, also, judging from the many sharp glances sent in their direction. It is hard to tell why they are watched so closely, for there are not two



quieter girls in the room, just now. One, white and slender as a lily, with golden hair that will escape from the net that holds it, in a dozen little crinkles and curls about the high forehead; with eyes that we know must be dark, by the startling contrast of the black lashes that sweep the cheeks, is very intent upon her work, the shining needle flying through the meshes of thread, guided by fingers so dainty and white we know they are unused to labor rougher than that which now occupies them. This is Lily Stansfield, only daughter of a rich Vermont banker, with more money now in the little purse in her pocket than some of these hard-working New England girls have ever seen. She looks very innocent indeed at this moment, but the teachers are acquainted with her. Seated next her—a position gained only by much stratagem, and only on rare occasions—is a girl so small, so very youthful in appearance, one can hardly believe her to be the regulation age under which no pupil enters the seminary. But this is her second year, and she says she is almost seventeen. She cannot look innocent, though she may try ever so hard, with that rebellious head of brown curls standing, as she says, “seven ways for Sunday,” the dark cheek upon which blooms a perpetual rose, and the saucy little mouth that wont stay shut and sober, but is forever breaking into smiles, scattering dimples right and left. The eyes we know must match the hair in color, though we can’t see them just now. And this is Bessie Doane, youngest and petted daughter of Judge Doane, of Virginia. The two are room-mates and fast friends, though of such opposite types of beauty, and “hailing,” as the Western phrase is, from such widely separated sections. The teachers say it is the “affinity of mischief,” and they ought to know, for sorely and often have their minds been vexed by their escapades.

Very soberly the lecture is heard through, subject this evening “General Deportment.” Every one seems very attentive, but if Miss H— were a little closer to her section she would see that Miss Lily’s dark eyes, instead of resting on her work, are following very closely the movements of a little brown hand that lies on the bench between her and her roommate. Bessie is not deaf and dumb, but she has found the deaf and dumb alphabet very convenient more than once. This is what the busy fin-

gers said to the observant eyes: “Go down to the brook for your walk, and wait for me. I’m on the hash circle. Fun ahead.”

Rather mysterious language to one not acquainted with seminary ways, but every former pupil will remember with an involuntary shiver the horror of what was called the “miscellaneous circle.” To the unfortunate beings who never were seminary girls, we will explain that in that really excellent institution each of the girls was expected to do her share of the domestic work, and for this purpose the school was divided into *circles* for each branch of work. The miscellaneous circle did whatever was forgotten, or for want of time left undone—such as cutting up onions (O sisters, does it not make you weep to remember it?), picking meat off bones for hash, or making codfish-balls. Bessie used to say they placed her on this circle just because she turned up her aristocratic Virginian nose at the very thought of onions and codfish, but of course Bessie was mistaken.

Her message was finished just as the last words of the lecture fell on her ears, and she fell into line behind her roommate, as if there were no mischief plotting under the brown curls, or lurking in the brown eyes. No word could be spoken in the spaceway, but down stairs in the ‘great’ domestic hall how the freed tongues flew! A flock of martins or blackbirds could not have chattered worse. And loudest, merriest of them all was Bessie, shirking work as usual, sitting from place to place, unheeding the quiet remonstrances of the senior who led the circle, until called back by the sharp command of the matron. When the fifteen minutes of evening work were over, how fast the little feet flew down the walk towards the brook, not yet ice-bound, though the air is chilly enough to make the scarlet nubia she flings over her shoulders as she runs, comfortable as well as picturesque. Lily was there, as requested, and alone, seated on the root of a great elm, looking fairer than ever in her pretty blue and white shawl.

Bessie, too much out of breath at first to speak, stood looking at her for a few minutes, then dropped at her feet.

“Does the scent of the onion hang round me still, Lil?” she asks, plaintively; then energetically, “I’m not going to stand this long, Lillian! If they don’t give me some other work to do pretty soon, I’ll run off!

Bah! my hands are worse than any old darkey's in the cabins at home"—holding up the offending members scornfully.

"Was that what you wanted me to come to the brook for, Bess?" said Lily. "If it is, I am going back, for a cold in the head is not very desirable."

"Of course it wasn't, goose!" was the affectionate reply. "Onions will keep till we haven't anything else to talk about. What do you suppose our girl at the post-office had for me at noon? Why, just exactly what we have been wanting to see—a magazine! Isn't Frank good? I wrote to him, you know, to send me something contraband to read, and gave him Helen's address, as she said we might, and this is the result. We will have to hurry, for our hour is almost over."

Then the two heads, brown and golden, came close together, and for a few moments no sound is heard save the gentle flow of the brook, or the dropping of the dying autumn leaves. Then there is a cry from Bessie:

"O Lil, see here! an advertisement for a correspondence from two students in Dartmouth. What do you say?"

"You surely wouldn't answer an advertisement, Miss Doane?" drawled Lily, in such excellent mimicry of their section teacher, that Bessie's clear ringing laugh rang up to the treetops, and startled a late robin into song.

"Indeed I would, Miss Stansfield, and so will you. Anything to break this stupid monotony that is making us old before our time. I look for gray hairs on my temples every day. It will just be the nicest kind of fun, and we can't be found out, for we can have the letters directed to fictitious names, and Ellen can take them out. Don't frown so, Lillian!"

"You know," said Lillian, a little gravely, "I'm not very good or dignified, but I don't like the idea of sending our handwriting into the hands of young men of whom we know nothing—not even the names."

"O pshaw! what harm can it possibly do, Lil, if we do not write anything we are ashamed of? And of course we won't! Be a good girl, and agree, or I'll drown myself. This brook always tempts me in my gloomy hours."

"Your 'gloomy hours'!" said Lily, smiling at the girl as she stood close to the water, the scarlet nubia making a glowing

framework for the laughing gipsy face. "When do they come, Bessie? But do you remember, child, I have a brother in Dartmouth, and it never will do for me to write there. He will be sure to find it out."

"Well," said Bessie, picking up the book, "here is one—I declare, from the University of Virginia. I'd like to know who that is. I know most of the boys. Write to him, Lil. That's a darling!"

"Well, anything to please you."

"And myself," say also, Lil. But hark! that bell! And in five minutes more that front door will be closed, likewise those of the north and south wings, and we be left out in the cold! Now for a race!"

The four flying feet bounded up the steps just as the doorgirl was closing the door, and the fifteen minutes before supper were spent in "getting their breath," Bessie said, and smoothing the hair tossed out of seminary propriety by their rapid race.

Supper, one of the pleasant hours of seminary life, passed off as usual, but we sadly fear the thoughts of our two conspirators were anything but devotional as they knelt during prayer. Bessie had her first letter to her unknown correspondent in her imagination before they arose, and Lillian, who had not altogether escaped the rigid New England ideas of duty, was busy debating whether she would write at all or not. But that she yielded to Bessie's arguments was clearly proven during the "silent study hours" that followed the evening repast; for instead of poring over Latin and algebra, as they should be, to the horror of their conscientious senior roommates, they employ themselves in writing, much to their own satisfaction.

But the two letters then and there indited never passed through the hands of "Cerberus," as these wicked girls call the teacher who guides and guards them. They are taken out on their next evening walk, and left with Ellen at the post-office. Two weeks later, Bessie, forgetting the stringent rule about "running up and down stairs," comes up the four flights two steps at a time, her eyes bright with excitement, but pauses abruptly at the door as she sees "Cerberus" herself there, talking pleasantly to her roommates. She thinks how good it is that the two letters she has just received are safe in the depths of her pocket, then comes soberly in and seats herself, answering gravely all questions of the visitor, and rising respectfully when she leaves the room. But when

she is fairly gone, taking with her their elder roommate, all rules are forgotten as the two bend over their letters. According to promise, each reads the missive of the other, and there is a startled look in Bessie's eyes as she glances at the handwriting of Lillian's correspondent, who signs himself "Harry Vaughn," but it is quickly hidden as Lily turns toward her, and an amused smile only hovers in her eyes and on her lip. If she had been watching Lillian more closely, she would have seen a seeming reflection of her own surprise and after-amusement in her friend's expressive face. But neither is any the wiser for the little byplay. The letters are both well-written intelligent productions, not in the least presumptuous, and in spite of Lillian's little doubtful qualms of conscience, the correspondence goes on through all the long weary weeks of that winter term, increasing in interest with each letter, as each learns more of the character of the other. Altogether, it is very pleasant—a spice, Bessie says, in "the otherwise flat and tasteless dish of their daily life." She grows to like her unknown friend "Herbert Lee" exceedingly, and letters fly back and forth with pleasant swiftness.

But suddenly there is a check to all their pleasure. One day, as Bessie is coming up from the basement, with her great kitchen apron on, and her sleeves not yet rolled down over the dimpled brown arms, she is arrested by Miss H——'s errand girl, who delivers the alarming message that has made so many girlish hearts tremble—"You are wanted in the south wing parlor, Miss Doane." There is only time to whisper a word to Lillian as she tosses her apron into the closet, and she rolls down her sleeves as she goes. What it is she cannot imagine, but she is not afraid, not seeing how anything could be found out. She turns the doorknob steadily in answer to the word "Come," but the next moment is sobbing and crying in her father's arms, hugging him closely, as if afraid he will get away; while Miss H—— stands by with a pleased look in her eyes. Bessie did not know how homesick and forlorn she had been until she feels her father's arms about her, and tender kisses on his baby's face. This is a very loving and indulgent parent, his little daughter has never known him to yield in anything until she has been within these walls. It is a discipline for her, her father

sees in the few days of his visit how much more gentle and womanly she has grown. He is delighted with the order and management of the school, and very much charmed with Lillian Stansfield, his daughter's especial friend. His daughter is rather inquisitive as to his reasons for so sudden a visit, but not until he is about to leave does he explain. "I came to put a stop to this, my child," he says, handing her a letter she recognizes in an instant as her last letter to "Herbert Lee!" She comprehends it all, flushing vividly as she does so—how she was writing to her father and Herbert on the same day, and must have enclosed the wrong missive to both. She confesses tearfully, and is forgiven, but with the stern injunction that the correspondence must cease immediately. "It is a very foolish and very dangerous game, little girl," he said; "and you will thank me sometime for putting my veto on it. Even if you were out of school, I could not allow it, and here it cannot be." When he is gone Bessie flies to Lillian, and the two weep together over their mutual delinquencies, but there is evidently something on the mind of each that is not revealed to the other. Lillian is more unforgetting toward herself than Bessie is, and will not even write an explanatory letter to her friend, as he has really grown to be. But Bessie, when her letter to her father is returned to her, writes a long letter in answer, telling Herbert not to write again, and closing with the saucy advice not to beguile any more innocent schoolgirls from the "stony and thorny paths of wisdom;" and this, she thinks, with a sigh, is the end of her little romance.

They go back to their books with a stern resolution not again to wander from them; and if their thoughts do roam very often toward their whilom correspondents, nobody is any the wiser. Bessie and Lillian are Bessie and Lillian still, but there is nevertheless a change in them which the teachers see and appreciate, without knowing the cause. Lightly and all too quickly the years of their school life flit by, and we shall see them again on their graduation day.

Lillian," said Bessie, turning gravely to the mirror—or the excuse for one that each seminary room—"I always felt, in my foolish junior days, that my anniversary would be my happiest; but now, as I am actually 'blue,' and feel like

shedding tears, even over this poor little looking-glass. I like the old 'Sem,' after all."

"Do you know what I am thinking about, Bess?" asked Lillian, rather abruptly. "I found an old letter in my trunk, in packing it last night, signed 'Harry Vaughn,' and I have been thinking about them ever since. What do you suppose ever became of them?"

"Really, my darling, I can't say; and I am much more interested in the way this sash is tied than in either of them," laughed Bessie, though with rather a suspicious flush on her cheek; "and I want Elsie Moore to forget all about Harry Vaughn, and Lillian Stansfield to think about Frank Doane, who is already in the village, and has had a devouring curiosity to see my 'airy fairy Lillian,' ever since the judge's glowing description two years ago."

"I wish Oscar could have been here also," said Lily, with a sigh. "I'll wager you would forget all about your Herbert. At least, I mean that you shall like him when you meet him in the cool shades of the White Mountains this summer. How good it was of your father, Bessie, to let you go home with me, first, and then join our party to the mountains."

"Well, you see," said Bessie, linking her arm in her friend's, as the bell sent its clangor through the halls calling them for the last time as pupils to the assembly hall, "he thinks his little girl's cheeks have grown rather pale during the last few months, and thinks New England air will brighten them. Come, darling, that is our bell!"

For a moment they stood silently in the doorway, looking back with eyes that were a little dim upon the humbly furnished little room, from which two fairer brighter birds had never flown. With their flowing robes of cool white muslin, and fluttering ribbons all of the snowy white emblematic of their spotless girlhood, the only jewelry the blazing golden star upon their foreheads, the badge of their class, they made a picture worth looking at. And if two of them were so pretty, how overwhelming were the forty-five grouped upon the rostrum that evening to receive their diplomas from the hands of the venerable "D. D." who delivered the address!

Many hearts in the audience of young men fell swiftly captive, and that of Frank Doane among them. And as he went through the crowd to meet his sister he

thought—"Could there be anything more exquisite than the—angel—I can't call her a girl—who stood next Bessie. That must be Lillian Stansfield, according to the judge's description. But Lillian or not, my heart is gone." The next moment he was bowing low in acknowledgment of an introduction to this same "angel," and Bessie's warm "I want you two to like each other" was not needed. Alas for Harry Vaughn! He is quite forgotten.

There was a reception that evening, and a cold collation afterward, according to the time-honored custom of the institution, but Bessie might take care of herself for all Frank and Lillian seemed to care. Evidently the young lady didn't mind it very much, for of all the crowd none were merrier than she, and her smile was always brightest when she caught a glimpse of her recreant brother and friend.

The next morning early, the two girls left their Alma Mater behind them, taking the cars for Burlington. Then it was that Bessie exhibited a little petulance. "I never did like to be *number three* in a crowd," she said, viewing the empty half of her seat forlornly, and looking back at Frank and Lillian. "But it always has been, and I suppose always will be, my fate."

"Never mind, Bess," said Lillian, "Oscar will join us before we reach home, and that seat will not be vacant long. I shall scold him well when I see him. He was not coming home for a week, until I wrote that you were to be with me—then he proposed joining us on our way home."

"I shall be glad then," said Bessie, "to have somebody to speak to," with a withering glance at the two offenders.

The day passed off pleasantly enough, but toward noon Bessie, with whom late hours never did agree, grew tired and fell asleep with her cheek pillowed on the cushioned arm of the seat. And thus she was presented to Oscar Stansfield's admiring eyes as he came through the car seeking his sister. Her hat had long ago fallen off and been placed by Frank in the rack above, the brown dishevelled curls fell over her arm and hand, and the long lashes lay lightly on the flushed cheek. She looked more like a tired child than a graduate of "one of our finest seminaries." Oscar placed his finger on his lip as Lillian recognized him, and grasped Frank's hand without waiting for the ceremony of introduction. Lillian would

have waked Bessie, but the spirit of mischief possessing Frank, he interfered.

"Take that seat, there, Stansfield," he said. "She's been wanting somebody there. Let her wake and find it filled."

Of course nothing could have pleased the young gentleman better, and so a few minutes later, when Bessie first opened her pretty mouth with a yawn, and the brown eyes crept sleepily open, they rested upon a pair of merry blue eyes, and a blonde mustache, beyond which a smile was lurking. Blushing till even the seashell ears grew crimson, she struggled to a sitting posture, and for a long while sat with her face to the window, in dignified displeasure, unheeding the bursts of merriment behind her, and only acknowledging Frank's formal introduction, by a distant little bow. But when, really mortified, Oscar rose to leave the seat, she turned toward him with a graceful request to remain, and in a few minutes they were chatting as amiably as the other two.

The little party only tarried long enough in the Stansfields' pleasant home to become thoroughly rested, and for the girls to prepare their mountain costumes. Then, O what a summer that was! To the birds who had been caged so long, every breath of freedom seemed enchantment. The roses in Bessie's cheeks bloomed out afresh, and even the snow of Lillian's cheek was tinged with pink. Throughout all the long bright summer days they rambled through the forest in search of new sights to be seen, and at evening gathered together in the piazza of the hotel, talked of all things under the sun, but most of all, we think, on the one subject that has never grown old, and never will grow old—that will be just as fresh and sweet a hundred years hence, as it was in the garden of Eden. "The old sweet story of loving." And when the cool evenings warned our southern friends that they must fly home with the birds, two rings gleamed on the first fingers of two little hands. Rings that had never shone there before, and were more precious to giver and receiver than all the diamonds of the Khedive of Egypt would have been, without the tender meaning these little gold bands possessed.

Alone in their rooms the evening before their departure, in schoolgirl fashion, the two girls whispered their happy secrets to

each other. But still there was something kept back—something that brought a merry gleam to each pair of eyes when the other was not looking. This will be most fully explained by the letter that reached Lillian a few weeks latter, and which we will give entire:

"O you wicked Lillian! whose every secret thought I thought I knew! How could you for so long deceive me so? But I suppose you will be asking the same question of me even as I write this. Never let any one dare to insinuate in my hearing again that a woman cannot keep a secret, for we are living instances, a proof that at least two women did and could keep a secret, and that from a most intimate friend. To think that at the very moment we received our first letters from Harry Vaughn and Herbert Lee, we each should recognize the handwriting of our own brothers, and still not whisper it to each other. That I should read all Frank's letters to you, and you read all of Oscar's to me, and still the secret remain inviolate! That all should have happened as it did—even through my father's visit and peremptory commands, and the years of silence that followed! Is it not wonderful? I will tell you how I found it out, and I suppose ere this you have discovered it in the same way. I never had seen any of Oscar's writing, of course, until his first letter after I came home. You know we always spoke of the peculiar style of Herbert's writing. In an instant I detected something familiar about Oscar's letter, and then it flashed over me that the two were identical even before I read the letter wherein the mischievous fellow made confession, and concluded by signing himself 'Yours as ever, Herbert Lee.' Of course I forgave him, and of course we must forgive each other for the only deception we have practised upon each other, since it has all been for the best. If it was commenced 'all for fun,' I am sure it has ended all for happiness. Frank wrote to you as soon as we reached home, so I know all is plain to you now. I was certain you would recognize his handwriting at once, for I thought you had seen some of his many letters to me, but when I found you didn't, then I kept them out of the way. I suppose you did the same. Well, Lillian! 'all's well that ends well,' but it won't always do to answer advertisements in a magazine. I am not sorry, after all, that we did not go on with the correspondence. I suppose about Christmas will be the happy time, won't it, Lillian? And Frank will bring his fair bride down to see how Virginians keep the day, and I suppose Oscar will come with you, and—and—we'll have another wedding.

"Now, good-by. Write and let me know which you love the best, Harry Vaughn or Frank Doane?"

"As ever,

Bess."



# MADemoiselle SYLPHINA: —OR— THE FORTUNES OF A CASTAWAY.

BY ELIZABETH BIGELOW.

[CONCLUDED.]

## CHAPTER XXIII.

THE theatre was crowded to its utmost capacity. The fact of Madame Albani's illness was known only to a few, and when it was announced from the stage, a murmur of dissatisfaction ran through the house. How was a young debutante, of whom nothing was known, except that she was beautiful, to make up for Madame Albani's absence?

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Madame Albani herself sat in a box, with its heavy curtains nearly drawn, watching, with intensest interest, Dely's every word and look.

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Foscari, whose objections to having the future Countess Foscari known as an actress she took to herself the credit of having overcome, by her judicious reasoning. But it was to be observed that the count scanned the audience carefully, and looked a little disturbed when he saw Dennett in an obscure corner, scowling at him, fiercely. For things had not gone well between the two villains of late. The month for which Dennett had promised to wait had nearly passed, and he saw no present prospect of the count's obtaining possession of Dely. To-night the count noticed that he looked very anxious, as well as angry, and watched continually, a box near him, in which sat a white-haired old lady, and a middle-aged gentleman, who seemed to be her son.

Could they be the Livingstons? the count wondered, with a thrill of fear—and laughed at himself, the next moment, for sharing Dennett's cowardly anxiety; for what could be more unlikely than that they should recognize Dely, if it were they?

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backward, with a groan that echoed over the house!

Had she recognized her granddaughter, or had she been seized with a sudden illness? The count asked himself which was the most probable. But he saw that Dennett had not paused to consider that question, but was making his way, as rapidly as possible, from the house. And, remembering that "discretion is the better part of valor," the count, with a muttered apology to Miss Follansbee, followed his example.

The groan had disturbed Dely for a moment, it was like the expression of such a great agony! But she recovered herself the next moment, resolved that no weakness should mar her success, as it had done at Melbourne. In a short time she noticed that the gentleman who had gone out with the old lady returned, with a very white face, and was watching her very intently. His mother could not be very ill, she thought, if he still manifested so much interest in Juliet.

The second act was reached, and the scene in which Juliet leans from her chamber window, and talks with Romeo in the garden below. It was a very handsome and gallant Romeo, who made love, and a most charming Juliet who leaned from her window to listen—and respond, and the audience were gazing and listening with intense interest; such intense interest that a thin smoke that stole out from the wings was unnoticed—unnoticed until a tongue of flame followed it, and licked at the side screens, even at the pasteboard wall of the "house of the Capulets" from which Dely leaned!

Then the cry of fire was raised, and in an instant a panic ensued. The flames, with such material as the stage scenery to feed them, spread with marvellous rapidity. The audience were screaming and trampling upon each other in their efforts to escape!

Dely made her way, bewildered and almost suffocated with smoke, from her blazing paper cage, to the stage, but here smoke and flames surrounded her, and there seemed no way of escape! The gallant Romeo had ungallantly fled.

Dely was rushing, desperately, into the flames, scarcely knowing whither she went, when a strong arm held her back! Turning, she saw for one moment, in the midst of the smoke, the face of Mr. Johnson, so pale and thin that it looked to her like the face of a spirit, and close behind, the gentleman

who had gazed at her so intently from his box. She heard the latter say, fervently:

"Thank God, she is safe!" Then half-unconscious with the blinding glare, and heat, and the suffocating smoke, she was carried out, through the audience room of the theatre, and placed in a carriage.

She was so dazed and stupefied that she was scarcely conscious where she was, until they reached the hotel.

Her first question was whether Miss Follansbee and Madame Albani were safe.

If they were in the boxes there is no doubt of it," Mr. Johnson said. "No one was injured by fire, I think. Some, I am afraid, were trampled upon in their efforts to escape from the building."

Dely noticed, now, for the first time, that the strange gentleman, who had come, with Mr. Johnson to her rescue, had followed them, even into the hotel parlor. She could not help feeling it to be an intrusion; she wished to be for one minute alone with him who had saved her life, that she might thank him. But she reproached herself for the thought, for had not this stranger also tried to save her?

Mr. Johnson seemed unconscious of his presence; he bent over Dely, with a strange light in his eyes, a tender half-reproachful gaze.

Dely sprang up.

"I don't know how it can be—perhaps I am dreaming, but I think you are—O, aren't you Johnny?"

His arm was around her, his lips touched hers!

"O my little Dely! And you didn't know me?"

"But how could I? It is all so strange!" faltered Dely, with her eyes full of happy tears. Why do you call yourself Johnson, and how came you to be in London?"

"Squire Johnson adopted me as his son. He died three years ago, leaving me his heir. And why did I come to London? I had not forgotten my little playmate if she had forgotten me! I had resolved to search the world over for her!"

"But why did you not tell me, at first?"

The young man's brow clouded.

"You were happy, and you did not need me. You were to marry a nobleman, and had forgotten your boy-lover. Dely, would it grieve you to know that he—the man who calls himself Count Foscar!—is not worthy of your love?"



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—OR,—

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I saw, too, that Hugh noticed at least a resemblance between the young actress and his little daughter, and I knew that my time had come! But I did not think that I should see Marguerite, too! I hoped never to see her again! I cannot bear to have her look at me. I wrangled her so cruelly!"

Hugh turned from his mother.

"Marguerite, my wife, my darling, you must have suffered so terribly!" he said.

She dropped her head upon his breast.

"O Hugh, my husband, it atones for all to know that you were true to me!"

Madam Livingston's shrill strained voice broke in.

"Hugh, I am dying! I cannot die until you forgive me. For pity's sake say that you will, you, and Marguerite, and little Adile!"

They bent over the dying woman, with pitying forgiveness in their faces—the long-parted husband, wife and daughter.

"May God forgive you, mother, as freely as we do!" said Hugh, solemnly.

There was one convulsive shudder, and then the awful calm of death settled upon the agonized face!

#### CHAPTER XXIV.

THE joy of those so long parted and so strangely reunited was too great for utterance, the scene too sacred for any stranger eyes to gaze upon. Even the shock and distress occasioned by Madam Livingston's death could only subdue it for a time.

To Dely, who had never known a father's or a mother's love, whose life had known so many hardships and dangers, it seemed as if she had found heaven.

To find that the stranger who had won her heart so quickly, and so sorely against her will, was her childhood's lover, and had won it for the second time, she had thought was happiness enough, but in the finding of her father and mother it was more than redoubled.

She shuddered at the revelation of the villany of Count Foscari, and the thought of her narrow escape. She was rid of both him and Dennett now, she hoped, but she was not sure of it until she read this item in a newspaper:

"A person named Roger Dennett, supposed to be an American, was shot dead in a drinking saloon last night, by a man who

has succeeded in palming himself off as an Italian count, and by this means gained admittance to some of our best society, but whose name is discovered to be Richard Jones. The shot was fired in the midst of a drunken affray, and Jones, or 'Count Foscari,' as he calls himself, received wounds which will undoubtedly prove fatal."

Miss Follansbee was full of contrition for the efforts she had made to persuade Dely to marry Count Foscari, and very happy in her protegee's happiness, and quite satisfied with her position, though she was to be neither an actress nor a countess. Dely insisted that she should never leave her, and she consented to accompany her to America. They were to sail in a month, but before that time there was to be a wedding, and Dely was to go home as Mrs. Johnson. Dely made the discovery one day that Pennant's Circus was in London, and started at once, accompanied by her lover, to visit her old friends.

It would be impossible to picture good Mr. Lamm's astonishment and delight at seeing Dely. He and the other members of the troupe had sought her long, in vain, and finally mourned her as dead. The Great Egyptian Snake Swallower was stouter and rosier than ever, and he soon left the room to reappear with Miss Junkins, who had also grown stout and rosy, and was not now Miss Junkins, but Mrs. Lamm! But she went at once into hysterics, with the same grace and facility as of old, and called Dely "me beauchus child," and wept floods of tears over her. Then came the Fat Lady, not a shade thinner, and she said, with rapturous delight:

"For my part, I always said we should see you again!"

Mr. Pennant and Monsieur Dumaresq were almost as glad to see her as the others, but Miss McFadden and the Marvellous Dwarf did not appear. On inquiry Dely learned that Miss McFadden had eloped with an actor, and was now a ballet dancer. With regard to the Marvellous Dwarf, Mr. Lamm shook his head sadly.

"A great misfortune haf overtaken her, my tear," he said.

"She is not ill—or dead?" said Dely.

"No; but she haf lost her position. She is no longer of any account vatefer. She haf grown up tall—very tall as anybody, so tall as dis." And the good Dutchman placed



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## A GOOD EXCHANGE.

Once upon a time, a poor boy, the son of a widow, went out to gather strawberries. He well knew the paths of the forest, and the place where the berries grew thickest and sweetest. Very soon his joyful cry was heard:

"Hello, hello Ziegaleck!  
Ich hoa mei Tippla Bodendeck!"

And as he gathered the ripe fruit, he sang in merry tones—

"Hello, hello Koalb!  
Ich hoa mei Tippla hoalb  
Hello, hello Kuh!  
Ich hoa mei Tippla vuhl!"

Soon his earthen dish was full, and the boy started for home. As he turned his steps into the narrow path, he heard, from the rocky side of the pathway, a voice saying, in entreating tones:

"Pray, give me thy berries."

The lad turned in fright, and saw a little old man, with a long gray beard, and worn and faded garments, who looked kindly upon him as he repeated, "Pray, give me thy berries."

"But," said the lad, "I must take the berries to my mother, who is obliged to sell them to buy us bread."

"And I," said the little old man, "have a sick wife at home, who would be greatly comforted and refreshed by them."

The lad's heart was filled with pity. He thought to himself:

"I will give him the berries for his sick wife, and if I am industrious, I can again fill my dish before nightfall."

Then he said to the little man:

"Yes, you may have them; where shall I empty them for you?"

"We will exchange dishes," was the answer. "See, you may have mine, which is empty, and I will take yours, which is filled. Mine is brand-new, but no matter!"

Thereupon the lad gave the little old man his berries, and received in return the new but empty vessel; and the gray-bearded man, with a smile, uttered his thanks.

The boy took the dish and hastened back to the forest. Soon he came to the place where the berries grew thickest and sweetest; and having replenished his store, again joyfully turned his steps homeward.

When he arrived at home, he related to his mother what had happened to him in the forest, and with delight displayed the new dish. The mother commended her son for the kindness he had manifested toward the little man, then took the vessel in her hand, and examined it carefully.

"Ah! happy are we, my child!" she exclaimed. "The dish is pure gold! See how it sparkles! It is the little old man of the forest, who has thus rewarded you for your goodness. Now, thanks to him, we are rich, but we will never forget the poor and the sick in their sorrow."

**THE AWKWARD AGE.**—A wise and sweet woman suggests, as a sovereign remedy for the uncomfortableness of what we are wont to call the awkward age in boys and girls—that time when they are too large to feel like children, and not quite sure enough of themselves to feel like adults—that we should always treat even the smallest children with the courtesy and consideration that we show to grown-up people, and then they will never feel at a loss as to their reception, thus quite escaping the uncertain and uncomfortable "awkward age." There are few things more important in the right development of a human creature than self-respect. But how is a child to learn to respect itself, if it sees that it is alone in the sentiment—that by no one else is it respected? More harm is perhaps done children

by snubbing than even by weak indulgence. We have all seen homes where the slightest expression of a child's idea on any point under discussion was greeted with, "Who asked you what you thought?" or with some sarcasm such as "Ah, now we shall have the matter settled—Miss Experience is freeing her mind." It is so difficult to hit the right mean. We do not want our children troublesome to visitors—grown-up people do not care to pause in their talk to listen to the unconsidered opinions of thirteen—but what if we tried the experiment of respectful attention for a while? Would not the young folk stop talking until they had something to say, quite as surely if they saw that their words were listened to with attention, as if they felt that their voices were but beating the air?





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—OR,—  
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[CONCLUDED.]

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## CURIOUS MATTERS.

**WONDERS OF THE BODY.**—Suppose your age to be fifteen or thereabouts. You have two hundred bones and six hundred muscles; your blood weighs twenty-five pounds; your heart is five inches in length and three inches in diameter; it beats seventy times per minute, 4200 times per hour, 100,800 per day, 36,792,000 per year. At each beat a little over two ounces of blood is thrown out of it, and each day it receives and discharges about seven tons of that wonderful fluid. Your lungs will contain a gallon of air, and you inhale 24,000 gallons per day. The aggregate surface of the air cells of your lungs, supposing them to be spread out, exceeds 20,000 square inches. The weight of your brain is three pounds; when you are a man it will weigh about eight ounces more. Your nerves exceed 10,000,000 in number. Your skin is composed of three layers, and varies from one-fourth to one-eighth of an inch in thickness. The area of your skin is about 1700 inches. Each square inch contains about 2500 sweating tubes or perspiratory pores, each of which may be likened to a little draining tile one-fourth of an inch long, making an aggregate length of the surface of your body of 88,541 feet, or a tile ditch for draining the body almost seventeen miles long.

**OLD-TIME WATCHES.** — “Watch” is from a Saxon word, signifying “to wake.” At first the watch was as large as a saucer; it had weights, and was called the “pocket clock.” The earliest known use of the modern name occurs in a record of 1542, which mentions that Edward Sixth had “one larum or watch of iron, the case being likewise of iron-gilt, with two plummettes of lead.” The first great improvement, the substitution of the spring for weights, was made about 1550. The earliest springs were not coiled, but only straight pieces of steel. Early watches had only one hand, and required winding twice a day. The dials were of silver or brass; the cases had no crystals, but opened at back and front, and were four or five inches in diameter. A plain watch cost the equivalent of \$1500 in our currency,

and after one was ordered it took a year to make it. There is a watch in a Swiss museum only three-sixteenths of an inch in diameter, inserted in the top of a pencil case. Its little dial indicates not only hours, minutes and seconds, but also days of the month. It is a relic of the old times, when watches were inserted in saddles, snuff-boxes, shirt-studs, breastpins, bracelets and finger-rings. Many were fantastic—oval, octangular, cruciform, or in the shape of pears, melons, tulips or coffins.

**THE THRESHER SHARK.** — There is at present on exhibition at the Manchester (England) Aquarium a member of the shark tribe with which landsmen have but seldom the opportunity of making an acquaintance, except perhaps as a preserved specimen in a museum. This is an example of the thresher or fox shark, one of the greatest tyrants of the ocean, before whom the mighty leviathan himself quails and seeks in vain respite from persecution. The terrible weapon of offence with which this fish is enabled to hold so high a position among other inhabitants of the deep so vastly superior to him in size, consists not in the armature of the mouth, but in the extraordinary length and remarkable formation of the tail. This organ in the thresher shark equals or even exceeds the total length of the creature's body, and is, at the same time, being constructed of the upper lobe alone, remarkably thin and strap-shaped. To this is added a toughness and flexibility akin to that of whalebone or tanned leather, and which, taken, with its scythe-like curvature, renders it almost as efficient in action to its possessor as a sabre in the hands of a skillful swordsman. The usual length of these threshers or fox sharks is only twelve feet, and yet a pair of these have been seen to attack and kill a whale sixty or seventy feet in length, the contest lasting many hours, and the larger animal succumbing at last through sheer exhaustion and the loss of blood consequent upon the terrible wounds dealt to it by its comparatively puny yet merciless assailant.





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## FACTS AND FANCIES.

There was an American farmer who owned a little scraggy cantankerous bull that could not be kept inside of any lot that was ever fenced in Connecticut. One day, just after the railroad between Hartford and Springfield was made, he broke out of his pasture and made for the railroad. His owner saw the tip end of his tail disappear over the fence, and "put" for him the best he could. Just as he reached the railroad along came a train at full speed, and there stood his bull on the track, with head down, and ready for a fight with the locomotive. The old man swung his hat and shouted at the top of his voice, "Go it, you little cuss! I admire your pluck, but despise your judgment."

An Alsatian woman recently went to confession.

"Father," she said, "I have committed a great sin."

"Well," cried the priest, perceiving that she paused.

"I dare not say it—it is too grievous."

"Come, come, courage."

"I have married a Prussian."

"Keep him, my daughter—that's your penance," decided the holy man.

An inebriate precipitated himself down stairs, and on striking the landing reproachfully apostrophized himself with, "If you'd been a-wantin' to come down stairs, why in thunder didn't you say so, you wooden-headed old fool, an' I'd a come with you, an' showed you the way?"

A man is told of, who seeing a physician coming, slipped out of sight. A friend observing this, asked the reason. "Well," said the other, "'tis some time since I have been sick, and really I'm ashamed to be seen by him."

A minister going to visit one of his parishioners, asked him how he rested during the night. "O wonderfully ill, sir," replied he, "for mine eyes have not come together these three nights." "What is the reason of that?" said the other. "Alas! sir," said he, "because my nose was betwixt them."

The following is a specimen of a Western "personal:" "Capt. Bob Brown, of Rising Sun, was in the city yesterday. He looks as happy as a calf licking the grease off the hind axle-tree of a four-horse wagon."

Adolph Storoskemodrachoskey was lodged in a New Haven station house, the other night for drunkenness. When they had shut him up in his cell, the further end of his name was still trailing out upon the street.

Fishing in the Tennessee river is pretty good just now. The other day a fisherman hauled up his wife, who had been missing for two weeks, and he saved the \$200 reward offered for her discovery.

"His life was a complete riddle," says a Texas paper of a gentleman who recently put a charge of twenty-two buckshot into himself. We should say his death was a pretty complete one, too.

If a young man who thinks himself proof against temptation can allow a heavy tread on his pet corn and not have a wave of trouble roll across his peaceful breast, he may be sure he is not mistaken.

A Maryland doctor agreed to cure a cripple by "laying on hands," and failed. Then the friends of the cripple "laid hands on" the doctor, but it will be some time before he is cured.

Nothing is so discouraging to a young lawyer just as he waxes eloquent about angel's tears, weeping willows and tombstones, as to be interrupted by the cold-blooded justice with, "You're off your nest, bub; this is a case of hog-stealing."

It may seem contradictory, but nevertheless true, that when people indulge in high words they always use low language.

"Why did you name your dog Back?" "From necessity. He is always running away from home and how could we help calling him Back?"

# Our Announcement for 1876.

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*Illustrated, Interesting, and the Cheapest Publication in the Country.*

ONE HUNDRED PAGES OF READING MATTER EACH MONTH.

### THE AMERICAN UNION,

*The Largest, Most Varied, and Oldest Literary Journal in the Country.*

NO MORE PREMIUMS, BUT INSTEAD EACH PUBLICATION SENT FREE BY MAIL, EXCEPT TO CITY SUBSCRIBERS.

The Publishers of BALLOU'S MAGAZINE and THE AMERICAN UNION, in announcing their terms for 1876, return thanks to those who have patronized their publications for so many years, and beg leave to state that hereafter, instead of giving premiums of Chromos to subscribers, they will send THE UNION and BALLOU'S MAGAZINE FREE OF POSTAGE to all who forward the regular subscription price—that is to say, \$2.50 for THE UNION, and \$1.50 for BALLOU'S MAGAZINE.

We think this is a much better plan, and far more satisfactory than purchasing subscribers by the aid of Chromos, which have become so common as to lose their value as works of art.

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For \$15.00 we will send six copies of THE AMERICAN UNION for one year, and a copy of BALLOU'S MAGAZINE to the person who gets up the Club, postage for all prepaid.

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"O you wicked Lillian! whose every secret thought I thought I knew! How could you for so long deceive me so? But I suppose you will be asking the same question of me even as I write this. Never let any one dare to insinuate in my hearing again that a woman cannot keep a secret, for we are living instances, a proof that at least two women did and could keep a secret, and that from a most intimate friend. To think that at the very moment we received our first letters from Harry Vaughn and Herbert Lee, we each should recognize the handwriting of our own brothers, and still not whisper it to each other. That I should read all Frank's letters to you, and you read all of Oscar's to me, and still the secret remain inviolate! That all should have happened as it did—even through my father's visit and peremptory commands, and the years of silence that followed! Is it not wonderful? I will tell you how I found it out, and I suppose ere this you have discovered it in the same way. I never had seen any of Oscar's writing, of course, until his first letter after I came home. You know we always spoke of the peculiar style of Herbert's writing. In an instant I detected something familiar about Oscar's letter, and then it flashed over me that the two were identical even before I read the letter wherein the mischievous fellow made confession, and concluded by signing himself 'Yours as ever, Herbert Lee.' Of course I forgave him, and of course we must forgive each other for the only deception we have practised upon each other, since it has all been for the best. If it was commenced 'all for fun,' I am sure it has ended all for happiness. Frank wrote to you as soon as we reached home, so I know all is plain to you now. I was certain you would recognize his handwriting at once, for I thought you had seen some of his many letters to me, but when I found you didn't, then I kept them out of the way. I suppose you did the same. Well, Lillian! 'all's well that ends well,' but it won't always do to answer advertisements in a magazine. I am not sorry, after all, that we did not go on with the correspondence. I suppose about Christmas will be the happy time, won't it, Lillian? And Frank will bring his fair bride down to see how Virginians keep the day, and I suppose Oscar will come with you, and—and—we'll have another wedding.

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"Now, good-by. Write and let me know which you love the best, Harry Vaughn or Frank Doane?"

"As ever,

Bessie."





**MADemoiselle SYLPHINA :**  
—OR—  
**THE FORTUNES OF A CASTAWAY.**

BY ELIZABETH BIGELOW.

[CONCLUDED.]

CHAPTER XXIII.

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have waked Bessie, but the spirit of mischief possessing Frank, he interfered.

"Take that seat, there, Stansfield," he said. "She's been wanting somebody there. Let her wake and find it filled."

Of course nothing could have pleased the young gentleman better, and so a few minutes later, when Bessie first opened her pretty mouth with a yawn, and the brown eyes crept sleepily open, they rested upon a pair of merry blue eyes, and a blonde mustache, beyond which a smile was lurking. Blushing till even the seashell ears grew crimson, she struggled to a sitting posture, and for a long while sat with her face to the window, in dignified displeasure, unheeding the bursts of merriment behind her, and only acknowledging Frank's formal introduction, by a distant little bow. But when, really mortified, Oscar rose to leave the seat, she turned toward him with a graceful request to remain, and in a few minutes they were chatting as amiably as the other two.

The little party only tarried long enough in the Stansfields' pleasant home to become thoroughly rested, and for the girls to prepare their mountain costumes. Then, O what a summer that was! To the birds who had been caged so long, every breath of freedom seemed enchantment. The roses in Bessie's cheeks bloomed out afresh, and even the snow of Lillian's cheek was tinged with pink. Throughout all the long bright summer days they rambled through the forest in search of new sights to be seen, and at evening gathered together in the piazza of the hotel, talked of all things under the sun, but most of all, we think, on the one subject that has never grown old, and never will grow old—that will be just as fresh and sweet a hundred years hence, as it was in the garden of Eden. "The old sweet story of loving." And when the cool evenings warned our southern friends that they must fly home with the birds, two rings gleamed on the first fingers of two little hands. Rings that had never shone there before, and were more precious to giver and receiver than all the diamonds of the Khedive of Egypt would have been, without the tender meaning these little gold bands possessed.

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## AT REST.

BY A. SHIRLEY.

And you will walk in white  
The golden city,  
There cometh no more night,  
Nor pain, nor pity.  
You wandered far away  
Beyond our weeping,  
You've gone to endless day,  
Your life-work reaping.

O lovely, patient heart,  
That sang while breaking;  
In life you had no part  
Beyond love's making;  
The weariness is past,  
The cold world's scorning;  
For you, has come at last,  
The light of morning.

Dear love, if you had known  
When you lay dying,  
Our spirits' endless moan,  
Our worn hearts' crying,—  
You would have stayed your feet  
Beside the river;—  
But rest and peace are sweet,  
You rest forever.

O, sweet are rest and sleep,  
Though love lies bleeding;  
But we, who wake to weep,  
For love are pleading.

*Park Ridge, New Jersey, July, 1875.*

Pure saint, more saintly grown,  
When life grew weary,  
You laid your burden down;  
Our lives are dreary.

So calm you sleep and sound,  
Pale broken lily,  
Though o'er your lowly mound  
The rain falls chilly.

So in our lives must fall  
The chill and sadness,  
But God is over all;  
He giveth gladness.

Where falls the cold March rain,  
His plan discloses;  
When summer comes again,  
Will bloom the roses;  
The birds will build and sing,  
The daisies whiten,  
The brown bees hum and swing,  
The pansies brighten.

And so with many tears,  
Born of our grieving,  
And many doubts and fears,  
Yet Christ believing,  
We leave thee to thy rest,  
In hope and meekness;  
He knoweth what is best,  
Who sees our weakness.

## ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS REWARD:

—OR,—

## THE WOMAN CHIEF.

BY PATENT COUPLER.

"Tickets please."

"I have lost mine. I had it when I got on the train, but I can't find it now."

"Sorry, madam, I shall be obliged to collect fare. Where are you going?"

"To Ellsbank, but I shan't pay my fare twice. I bought a ticket at Barksburg and paid \$7.35, and I don't propose to pay again."

"You will have to produce a ticket then. I must have something for your ride—either a ticket or money. Perhaps you can succeed in finding it. I will give you half an hour."

The above conversation occurred on the train of which I was conductor, between a middle-aged woman and myself. She

claimed to have lost her ticket. Perhaps she had, but I doubted if she had ever purchased one. The game of the "lost ticket" was often played on western roads, by women particularly, and often played successfully. After having gone my usual round—collecting tickets from the passengers—I went back and asked the woman if she had found hers.

"No sir," said she, emphasizing the *sir*.

"I will have to collect \$7.35 then, of you, madam. I am very sorry you have been so unfortunate (emphasizing the "unfortunate"), as to lose your ticket, but the rules of the company must be enforced, 'pay, or get off.'"

"Neither one, nor the other, will I do," she answered, defiantly.

I was about to pull the bell and put her off the train, when I remembered it was raining. It would be too bad to put any one off in the rain, to wander around in the marshes, and perhaps get lost; for there was no habitation between the two stations, the nearest being nine miles distant, and I concluded to take her on to Bridgewater, and then make her leave the car.

While debating upon what course to pursue, a smile of contempt and defiance lighted up her face and she said, "Why don't you pull the bell?"

"Because I don't choose to," I answered, curtly.

Our conversation had attracted the attention of the immediate passengers, and they regarded my actions with interest. At Bridgewater I ordered her to get off. She refused to do so.

"I shall be compelled to use force, madam, if you persist in thus setting at defiance the rules of the company," said I.

"Lay your hands on me, if you dare," said she, putting her hand into her pocket.

Here was a tartar. Did she have a nice little knife in her pocket that would cut short my existence? She was evidently a hard customer. The brakeman was poking the fire, and although he saw something was wrong, trouble with "dead heads" was of so frequent occurrence that he thought nothing of it. As he was passing by me, I stopped him, and said, "Abe" (his name was Abraham), "will you help me to escort this lady to the door?"

Without a moment's hesitation he seized her by the arm and said, "Come out of this, old woman."

Quicker than thought she jerked her arm away, and gave him a stinging blow in the face.

"She must be the devil," said he.

"I'll lay you both out," she said, "if you bother me."

I began to think she might, too.

"Let me manage her," said Abe.

"What did you say the fare was?" she asked, suddenly, her voice dropping from that high pitch to which she had raised it.

"To Ellsbank?"

"Yes."

"Seven dollars and thirty-five cents."

"I haven't anything less than a fifty dollar bill," said she, "can you change it?"

"Not just now, madam," I answered, "but will get it and hand it to you."

"Let me see, I want \$12.85 back," said she to herself.

It happened that I had taken in all large bills—I had none less than a fifty—and knew I could not make the change. I was wondering what had so suddenly cooled the woman down. A moment ago she was ready to fight, and actually had struck Abe. I passed out of the coach and was seated in the smoking car, when the brakeman came in. Seeing me, he said, "What ails the old bear, that she tuned down so almighty quick?"

"I haven't the least idea," I answered.

"Something struck her all at once, that's what's the matter with me," said Abe, thoughtfully.

At Janesville I had the bill changed, and after taking seven dollars and thirty-five cents for her fare, I gave her the balance, which was forty-two dollars and eighty-five cents, not waiting for her to count it, as I should have done. Upon coming by her about twenty minutes later, she stopped me and said:

"I gave you a \$50 bill?"

"Yes, madam."

"The fare was seven dollars and thirty-five cents," said she.

"Seven thirty-five," I answered.

"That would leave \$42.85, wouldn't it?" she asked.

"Yes, madam, it would," I replied, wondering what she was coming at.

"Well, you didn't give me but twenty-two dollars," said she.

"You have made a mistake in counting, madam," I answered. "I gave you the full amount, I am positive of it."

"But I say you didn't."

"You are mistaken," I said.

"I am, eh! You are going to try and beat me out of over twenty dollars, but you can't do it, no sir."

"I am not beating, or trying to beat you out of a cent," I answered.

Her wrath was rapidly rising, and not wishing to have a scene, I left the car. I informed Abe of the new game she was trying to play, when he gave utterance as follows:

"If you let that old she devil beat you, you're not half as smart as I think you be. She is playing some deep game, she is. I thought it funny when she so quietly paid

her fare after making so much fuss. Just like as not the bill was counterfeit."

Abe was right. She was playing a deep game, and perhaps the bill was counterfeit, but I had gotten rid of it, left it with the agent at Janesville.

At A—— the telegraph operator handed me a bundle of bills, which had been left with him, asking me to give them to the agent at C——, with a request to have them posted up conspicuously. Such transactions were common, and I did not ask the nature of them. They were tied around with a small string. After we left A—— I gave the bills to the baggage-man on the train, telling him to leave them at C—— with his report, for I feared I might forget to deliver them. About two hours after I wanted a piece of string, but could not find any on the train. Generally there was quite an amount in the lamp-box, but not a single piece now. I discovered the bills (which were handed to me at A——), upon the rack in the baggage-car, and unwound the string from them, and placed them back. Going into the car again some time after, I found they had fallen on the floor. Picking them up I noticed the heading, which read:

"ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS REWARD."

The rest of the bill was as follows:

"The above reward will be paid for the arrest and conviction of a gang of counterfeiters, who are now operating in this portion of the country. The 'head' or 'chief' of the gang is a woman."

Signed—"Allen Pinkerton," "Chief of Pinkertons' Detective Bureau, Chicago, Ill."

I read the latter portion of the bill several times. "*The 'head' or 'chief' of the gang is a woman.*"

I put the bills up and they and their contents soon passed out of my mind. On leaving home that evening, my wife had said:

"Remember, Leonard, that the mortgage falls due in two weeks, if we can only discharge it and have our home clear, how happy I shall be."

Her words recurred to me now. In two weeks if not paid what then? It *must* be. But how? The mortgage was eight hundred dollars, and I had only six, which by dint of economy I had saved. My reveries were interrupted by arriving at C——. On passing through the car in which the woman

was, she stopped me and asked if I would send a despatch for her.

"Certainly, but you might think I would charge you more than the cost of sending," I said, sharply.

"I was mistaken about the charge," she replied, in an apologetic tone.

"What do you wish to send?" I asked.

"Here it is, I wrote it out before I got aboard," and she handed me a slip of paper.

I did not glance at it, but put it in my pocket, and in the depot asked the operator the charge of sending it. He opened the paper and, after looking at it a moment, said:

"What kind of gibberish do you call this, any way?"

I took the paper, it read:

"B—4—X—I— Sure pop—come."

"S. A."

It was directed to a person at K——, a place fifty miles beyond.

"I don't know," said I, "but send it."

"Did you send the telegram?" asked the woman, when I again saw her.

"I did," I answered.

I told Abe about the telegram; he was much mystified. "What's she sending such telegrams for, I'd like to know," said he.

At K—— two very rough and suspicious-looking men came aboard, and after scanning everyone on the train, they seated themselves behind the woman, and engaged in conversation with her. At the same place I received a message from Janesville signed by the agent, which read, "The bill I changed for you is a counterfeit." I was startled. Calling Abe into the smoking-car, I told him my suspicions.

"Abe," said I, "read that," giving him one of the bills which I had put in my pocket.

"By the holy mackerel," he exclaimed, "it's the she devil!"

"I think so myself," I answered. "Now then, Abe, we've got to capture her and the men."

"Five hundred apiece," said he, mustngly.

I prepared the following despatch, which I sent at the next station.

"Pinkertons' Detective Agency, Chicago, Ill: Have you a description of the woman, chief of the gang of counterfeiters, for whom \$1000 reward is offered? If so, send it at once to L—— R—— conductor No. 4, — R. R. at B——."

The message traversed the small wire with

lightning speed, and back the answer came, which I received at B—. "Rather large, fiery nature, gray hair, and generally dresses in black." Beyond a doubt it was the woman on board. The two men were probably her accomplices. She had some of the "queer" in her possession, for she had passed a bogus fifty on me. Conviction would be insured without a doubt. Ellsbank was less than sixty miles distant. She and her accomplices would leave the train at that point, and they must be secured before arriving there. I telegraphed to D—, twenty miles this side of Ellsbank, for two officers to get on the train, and to be prepared to deal with desperate characters. I met them on the depot platform and directed them where to station themselves. They were dressed in plain clothes.

"We undoubtedly shall have a severe tussle if we attack them all together," said one of the officers; "if we can manage to separate them it will be easy enough."

"I'll manage that," said Abe. Approaching the trio, he said, "Which one of you gentlemen got on at C—?"

"Why?" asked one of the men.

"Because, there's a package which was put into the baggage-car for one of you at C—; if you want it you'd better go ahead and get it."

"I'll go and see what it is," said one of the men to his companion, and moved toward the baggage-car.

"Now is our time," said Abe; "one of you follow him into the car and secure him."

The man opened the door and entered the car, closely followed by Abe and one of the officers.

"Where's the box?" asked the fellow.

"Never mind!" exclaimed the officer, throwing himself upon the man, and assisted by Abe, he was speedily secured.

"Now for the other one," said Abe, and going back into the coach he told the other man that his "partner" wanted him. Without a suspicion of anything wrong, he fell into the trap, and was secured as nicely as we could wish. The worst was yet to be.

"If that old woman doesn't make us smart I'm a sinner," said Abe.

One of the officers going into the car took the seat made vacant by the men, and when the other officer came down the aisle, at a preconcerted signal, threw his arms around her. The other one put the bracelets on her and she was fast.

O how she did rave! The curses that fell from her vile lips make me shudder even now, as I think of it.

I handed my prisoners over to the Chief of Police of Ellsbank. They proved to be, what I supposed they were, members of a gang of counterfeiters, of whom the woman was the chief. One of the men turned State's evidence, and the information he gave led to the capture of the entire gang, who might, even to this day, have been practising their nefarious art, had it not been for the woman's greediness of gold, which led her to make the fuss she did, when I attempted to collect her fare, and which caused me to suspect her, when she so suddenly paid.

I received the reward and divided with honest, though illiterate Abe. The mortgage was paid, and I had enough to purchase for my dear little wife what she most desired, a piano.

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## THE LANGUAGE OF THE EYES.

BY WILLIAM G. W. TURNER.

The parting hand I oft have pressed  
When bidding thee farewell;  
While rising sighs but half suppressed  
Spoke more than words could tell.

Well may the lips forbear to move,  
In friendship's parting hour;  
For words alone are vain to prove  
Affection's depth and power.

*Charleston, S. C., May, 1875.*

I value not the sad farewell,  
Nor yet the brief adieu;  
One silent gaze alone can tell  
What language never knew.

But give to me in that stern hour,  
When friends are forced to part,  
The silent grief that speaks with power,  
The language of the heart.

## EXTRAORDINARY BIRTHS.

BY PROFESSOR SERANOS D. PATRIE.

WHEN human creatures come into this rackets world of ours with a rapidity far in excess of average experience, speculative economists and philosophers are prone to ask how we shall all find house room or elbow room in future centuries; how we shall avoid crowding out one another. The earth, it is true, is eight thousand miles in diameter, and the square miles of its surface are denoted by a long row of figures. Still its size is strictly defined and limited; we can (some of us, that is,) tell almost exactly the extent of dry land on which the foot of man can tread, and of water on which boats and ships can float. We can ascertain, approximately, the acreage of land that is necessary to grow corn and rice, vegetables and fruit, butchers' meat, dairy produce, etc., for the annual food of an average human being; and we can picture to ourselves a state of things in which the world's policeman will bid us "Move on." However, it will not be just yet; and perhaps a survival of the fittest, on Mr. Darwin's principle, will set everything to rights. In England, in the closing years of the seventeenth century, a tax was imposed on bachelors and widows, from which husbands and wives were exempt. This was so far a small incentive to matrimony; but, more money being wanted to carry on a war, a tax was soon afterwards laid on marriages and births; and this told in the opposite direction. These taxes were accompanied by another on deaths and burials, which might be interpreted as the expression of a wish on the part of the Legislature that the subjects of the sovereign would endeavor to live as long as they possibly could. But, in truth, there was no sentiment in the matter; the taxes were imposed simply because hard cash was wanted by the State.

It is an admitted fact, we believe, that when births are more numerous than one at a time, nobody seems delighted at it. The parents have more cares to look forward to than they desiderate; the domestic establishment is subject to much disarrangement and overturning; the daily or weekly outlay increases; and the complimentary "Welcome, little stranger!" is

sadly wanting in sincerity. The registrar-general, it may be presumed, can tell pretty nearly the ratio of twins to single births, in the average of years, over the whole kingdom. The excess beyond twins is more frequent than might perhaps be supposed; and is sometimes such as to be not a little startling. If it be true, as writers on vital statistics assert, that once in about eight thousand times a birth consists of triplets, we need not marvel that so many little coffins are made every year; for the poor triplets do not often grow up to be men and women.

When quadruplets occur, four at a birth, the incident is one—not for sounding of trumpets; perhaps, nor for beating of drums, but—for newspaper comment; and no small amount of celebrity attaches to the home of the family connected with the event. The registrar-general's annual reports, supplemented by entries in various periodicals, furnish many examples of these quadruplets; to be read, however, with a wholesome recognition of the fact that popular statements are sometimes in need of verification. Some years ago there was a favorite book called "A Residence on the Shores of the Baltic;" the authoress is said to have been one of four brothers and sisters born on the same day. This touches a subject which has been much discussed—the intellectual capacity of what may be called multiply children. The question has been put, are twins, triplets and quadruplets as clever as other people? but it is generally admitted that the materials for an answer have not yet been duly collected and examined. If it be asserted, as many persons do assert, that twins are not often intellectually distinguished, we are at once confronted with the case of two famous brothers, Lord Eldon and Lord Stowell, prodigies of judicial learning; although not twins to each other, each had a twin sister.

Setting aside, however, this question of intellectual capacity, we will jot down a few examples of quadruplets. About twelve years ago a poor woman near Cork had four children at a birth, two boys and two girls; whether they all lived and flourished, we



have no record. A parish register at Cambridge tells of a shoemaker, Henry Coc, whose wife had two boys and two girls at a birth; a procession of sixteen sponsors walked to church at the christening, four to answer for each of the little Crispins and Crispinas. Many years ago the Rev. Mr. Ryder, Vicar of Nuneaton, was blessed with four children in one day. The vicarage had, in truth, been a scene of momentous events in that year; for triplets had made their appearance barely twelve months before. One can imagine Mrs. Vicar feeling some of the perplexities attributed on lyrical authority to the old woman who lived in a shoe. About eight years ago a Glasgow newspaper announced a birth of quadruplets, all girls, and all born alive. Mrs. Shury, a cooper's wife at the West End of London, had twins early one year, and twins again before the year had quite expired; but the vicar's wife beat her by a long distance, and must have had a very vocal household. It must be a sad thing for the poor mother, when not a single tiny one is left to her after such an ordeal. This was the case at Seaton, in Devonshire, where a tombstone in the churchyard records that "Here lyeth ye Bodys of John and Richard and Edward, sons of John Roberts, and Elizabeth his wife, together with a daughter of the same persons, born at one birth. They dyed ye 9 day of September, 1697." At Bromsgrove, in 1819, were born four little girls at once, baptized Maria, Mary, Sarah and Elizabeth. When eleven years of age, they were seen in a cluster by a gentleman, who placed on record the result of his inquiries; the girls were dressed alike, and bore such a striking resemblance in form, features and general appearance, that he could not identify or discriminate them one from another. We might perchance imagine that, if these damsels grew up to womanhood, and to sweet-hearting affairs, there would occur a rare Comedy of Errors; no lover being able to determine which was his own particular pet treasure. But nature has an easy way of getting out of such difficulties. Maria, it appears, lived to the age of seventeen; Mary married, and had two children; Eliza lived to her thirty-second year; while Sarah married, had a son, and survived until a recent period. The brave mother of this bevy of girls did not quit the scene until she had counted eighty-three summers. More melancholy was the expe-

rience of a Bavarian mother some considerable number of years ago. Maria Thomanin, the wife of a mason at Augsburg, gave birth to quadruplets, who were baptized Andreas, Nicolaus, Maria Anna and Barbara. A broadside sheet is still extant, containing two wood engravings: one represents a woman in bed, visitors around her, and four dead infants laid out like so many dolls; while the other represents a funeral procession of acolytes, priests, bearers carrying four little coffins, and fifty couples of women attired in the quaint old Bavarian costume.

Quintuplets—the shortest name we can devise for five children at a birth—are of course very rare; but if the recorded statements are reliable, instances have actually occurred. The Globe newspaper, somewhat under twenty years ago, recorded the fact that the wife of a railway guard at Birmingham had five infants at a birth, three boys born alive and two girls stillborn. Mr. Thom, it is well known, has for many years been indefatigable in ferreting out the truth concerning centenarianism, and has made woeful havoc with many of the stories: showing how numerous are the ways exaggeration takes place in the estimates of the ages of very old persons. We do not know whether he has taken up, in a similar spirit, the statements relating to specially prolific births; but a search of an analogous kind was made by a gentleman into the truth of the Birmingham story; and the result came out in this form—that the children born at once were three instead of five, and and that they were all stillborn. The Lancet, in a notice of medical gossip some years ago, stated that an Italian woman at Rovigo had five female children at a birth; so we find the statement, and so we leave it. The Elgin Courier, just about the same period, recorded that Elspath Gordon, of Rothes, had quintuplets, two girls stillborn and three boys who lived a few hours after their birth. The celebrated discoverer of the circulation of the blood, Dr. Harvey, in a letter to Aubrey, spoke of "One Mr. Palmer's wife, of Kent, who did beare a child every day for five daies together;" but it is not clear from the context whether Harvey gave it as the result of his own knowledge and investigation, or merely repeated a rumor. Southey, in an article in the Quarterly Review, quoted a statement from Hakewill's "Apology," to the effect that an



epitaph in Dunstable church records the death of a woman who had quintuplets twice, besides triplets three times! We can only ask, "Is there such an epitaph now; and does it speak the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth?" When a learned college believes a statement of facts coming within the range of its own special subjects, we usually feel that there must be "something in it." On this ground we notice a statement to the effect that the Museum of the Royal College of Surgeons, in Lincoln's Inn Fields, is said to contain, preserved in spirits, the bodies of five female infants, children of Margaret Waddington, a resident at Darling, near Blackburn; the five girls were born at once, three stillborn and two that died soon afterwards. One more instance. Quintuplets are recorded as having made their appearance at a village near Sheffield, forty-six years ago—one born dead, one that died before being baptized, and three that outlived that ceremony.

What shall we say of multiplicate births exceeding even the mystical number five? Shall we reject them at once, as altogether unbelievable; or shall we jot down the narratives as we find them, and leave each to fight its own battle as it may? One narrative is to the effect that at Dayton, in the State of Ohio, a German woman was taken ill while passing through the town; and that the result of the illness was in the form of six children, which she placed all together in a basket. "A lady of character saw and counted the children, and was told by the mother they were one birth." Perhaps most persons will opine that more reliable proof than this is necessary to insure belief. We find in Aubrey's *Natural History of Wiltshire*, published somewhat more than two centuries ago, a statement to the effect that Edith Bonham, of Wishford Magna, in that county, had seven children at a birth. "In this parish," Aubrey says, "there is a confident tradition that these children were all baptized at the font in this church; and that they were brought thither in a kind of chardger, which was dedicated to the church, and hung on two nails, which are to be seen there yet, near the belfree on the south side. Some old women are living that do remember the chardger. This tradition is entered in the register-book there, from whence I have taken this narrative." Here we find, then, that the testimony from Aubrey himself was limited

to seeing an entry in the parish register and two nails in the church wall; the old women could speak to having seen a chardger, charger or dish; but, beyond this, information is lacking. Another story of septuplets runs thus: In the *Kleyne Chronycke*, published at Amsterdam, in 1655, we are told that an engineer was told by an alewife that she was told by a burgomaster that he had been into a house near the Zuyder Zee, and saw seven children sitting by the fire, each with a porringer in his (or her) hand, and eating rice-milk with a spoon. The burgomaster said to the woman of the house, "Mother, you are very kind to your neighbors, since they leave their children to your care." "No, they are all my children, which I had at one birth; and if you will wait a moment, I will show you more that will surprise you." She went and fetched seven older children, similarly born on one day! How far the truth had been magnified in successive stages by the mother, plus the burgomaster, plus the alewife, plus the engineer, plus the chronicler, we are left to imagine as we may. Whether septuplets or seven-fold triplets are the more wonderful, 'twould not be easy to decide; but an old volume of the *Memoires de l'Academie Francaise* solemnly tells us that a baker's wife at Paris had triplet children every year for seven years in succession. Happy baker! But this, according to a Brussels journal, was actually exceeded in 1851, when a tradesman's wife had, for the eighth time, three children at a birth—twenty-four of them in eight births in nine years; "a desperate case for the husband," as the journalist sympathetically remarked, "who desired to transmit his family name to his offspring; for they were all girls."

Six, seven—are not these numbers high enough? We shall see. The *Stamford Mercury*, a few years ago, recorded eight children at a birth, three boys and five girls; but the paragraphist had to go to Trumbull County, in Ohio, for the locality. There is a statement in the *Journal des Savants*, on the authority of M. Seignette, to the effect that a woman at Rochelle had nine children at a birth, all stillborn! In 1851 a wonder-working rumor spread about Sheffield, concerning the appearance of ten children at a birth! An old dame, Widow Platts, born in 1781, stated that she was one of the ten, and declared her mother had told her so! No other corroboratory evidence was attain-

able than an old copy of the Leeds Mercury, quoting a letter received from Sheffield, with the additional statement that nine of the decuplets were stillborn.

But O! what a bouncer was that in a London daily paper, assigning to a Hindu woman at Ballygunge, near Calcutta, twenty-one boys at a birth! And in what sense are we to interpret an entry in the Gentleman's Magazine, to the effect that Mrs. Lilly, of Grantham, "was twice mother of twenty-two children?" Either that there were forty-four babies at two births, or that she was twice married, and had in all twenty-two children. We prefer to believe the latter, although the words seem to imply the former. Eclipsing every other marvel of this peculiar class is the assertion that a Dutch lady, the Countess of Hennesby, had exactly three hundred and sixty-five children at a birth! The story goes that this lady on one occasion discourteously rebuked a woman who asked for alms, and said something which irritated her to express a wish that the lady might soon have as many

children as there are days in the year; and so it was. Pepys declared that, when at Utrecht, he "saw the hill where they say the house stood wherein they were born" — a kind of evidence that just suited gossip Samuel. An ingenious conjecture has been hazarded that the interview may have taken place on the 3d of January, when the year was three days old; that the woman wished the countess might have as many children as there had been days in that year; and that the birth consisted of triplets.

Glancing at the above strange recitals we perceive that, whichever of them are true or partly true, they do not prove any abnormal increase in the sum total of humanity. The poor bantlings are either stillborn, or mostly die at an early age. In other words, a large family, a numerous progeny, a quiver full of arrows, does not depend on having a great number of children at a birth, so much as on the total number born to the same parent or parents during the whole of married life.

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## BLOSSOM AND FRUIT.

BY THEODORE ARNOLD.

CLIFTON BURT elevated his heels and set them carefully on the window ledge, his chair finely balanced and biped, and taking the cigar from his mouth, suffered a long thin wreath of smoke to curl from his lip up among the stucco abortions of the ceiling.

"A queer business," I repeated. "I don't see how it came about."

"Well, I don't mind telling you," he said, leisurely, when the smoke-wreath had run its length. "You are young, and may profit by my experience." Which was pretty good from a fellow of twenty-seven to one of twenty-five.

However, I swallowed the affront and waited for him to go on. It was so seldom one got Clinton Burt to speak of his private affairs and feelings, that it was best to make much of the mood when it did come.

Several circumstances conspired to produce this present complacency of his. He and I had met now for the first time in years, after having been Damon and Pythias at school, and having kept up a regular correspondence for several years after parting. Then Clinton's business, pretty good before,

had taken a new start up. Sugar had gone up several cents on the pound, just as he had two cargoes come in from Cuba. Lastly, we had just risen from a good dinner, washed down by a bottle of sparkling Catawba worth all the sham Ports, Champagnes, Madeiras, etc., made in the cellars of liquor dealers. These influences combined had so expanded my friend's heart that there were glintings of light from even its inmost recesses.

With a faint sigh he began.

"You see, Anne and I married quite young. I was but twenty-one, and she one year younger, which is being a little in a hurry. Not that I am sorry for it. I don't believe in wishing to change what is unchangeable. And if we had waited to grow cooler and more thoughtful, why perhaps a trouble as bad would have come in some other shape. We went to New York for a trip, and for one month were as happy as two butterflies. Then we came back and went to Swan's boarding-house, the greatest place in town for singing, and dancing, and card-playing, and flirtations. When we

went, I promised Swan that we would stay all winter, as he had another offer for his vacant rooms; so we were fixtures for six months at least.

"Out of her little fortune, Anne had provided herself a fine wedding outfit, and there was not a lady at Swan's who dressed in better taste or was more entirely bewitching than she was. You know Anne was always called handsome, even by people who didn't like to acknowledge it. Well, she immediately became the presiding deity of the establishment, though the house did not lack for pretty girls or grand dowagers. Moreover she managed to make friends of them all, so that they seemed to be quite pleased with her success. I can't say how they felt in their hearts.

"Phil Baxter was boarding there at that time. You know Phil. A gay dare-devil, as bold as brass, and, well, there's no denying that he is about as handsome a fellow as ever stepped. Whatever Providence wanted to give him those great bright eyes with their long curling lashes for, is more than I can imagine. The man did anything but mischief with them, and a pair of little gray eyes with short winkers to them would have done just as well for seeing purposes.

"After a while I began to see that those eyes began to turn pretty often on Anne, and he got a way of dancing with her oftener than with any one else, and of being her partner at cards, and of turning her music when she played. For some time I didn't mind, for Anne and I understood each other, I thought. We had agreed not to be very sweet in company, for one had been sickened by the actions of Jack White and his wife, and didn't want to get laughed at. For half a year after they were married, Jack and his wife used to sit side by side in company, dancing together always, and neither speaking to, nor smiling on any one else. And after the six months were over they took as decided a turn the other way, and would rather speak to or look at any one, than each other.

"Well, since Anne and I had talked it over, I didn't mind her being attended by other gentlemen, though I did not think it best that any one gentleman should distinguish himself by his attentions. After a while I just mentioned this to her, and added that Phil had been too attentive to her that evening, and that there was no

need of his turning music for her when she knew the piece by heart.

"To my surprise she blushed and was silent. I had expected her to look at me with innocent surprise, perceive that I was right, and immediately promise to be more distant with him in future. The embarrassment and silence disconcerted me immediately, and a faint ghost of a suspicion began to creep into my mind. Could it be that Anne cared for admiration, or to please any one but her husband? The thought tormented me, and, try as I would, I could not banish it. I began, too, to watch her more closely, though I was ashamed to do it. I saw that she treated Phil with a kind of distance, but she also showed the same distance in her manner to me. It wasn't coldness, but only a slight chill, enough to be felt, but not anything to mention.

"Phil didn't seem to mind, but went on just the same, persistently admiring, attentive and gay, and behaving in such a manner that it was impossible to resent without appearing too ready to put an evil construction upon actions in themselves innocent. One doesn't like to have the proverb, 'Evil to him who evil thinks,' quoted to one. I saw, too, that he was less attentive when he thought that I was observing him, and that my looking at him was a signal for him to leave Anne and go to some one else. Of course, this was confoundingly galling. It was accusing me of jealousy, and intimating that I, and not Anne, was the obstacle in the flirtation.

"Once seeing this, I spoke again to Anne, and this time I spoke sharply. I accused her of flirting, and almost commanded her to put a stop to the fellow's propositions. She answered haughtily that she would not listen to such insulting language. She was not accountable for my jealous disposition, she said, and scorned to defend herself from my charge.

"Well, well, old fellow, don't get angry! The long and short of it was that we quarrelled, and she did as she had a mind to out of defiance, and I tormented her all I could. An outsider can scarcely believe the degree of misery which may be suffered from apparently trivial causes. One glance from Phil Baxter's bright languishing eyes was almost enough to make me commit suicide, and night after night I stayed out of the parlor, and absented myself from the com-

pany, for fear lest, in my desperation, I should do something of which I might repent. Of all things I dreaded being ridiculous.

"The crisis came one fine evening. Our whole troupe had organized an expedition to a hotel ten miles out of town where we were to have a supper and a dance, and ride back after midnight. It was a beautiful evening in April, and everything seemed to promise a successful pleasure-party. We went in barouches, twenty of us, and as evil luck or evil planning would have it, Phil Baxter with that flirting Carrie Blake rode with Annie and me. Phil seemed to be completely taken up with Carrie, and Anne and I sat quietly side by side. I couldn't talk gay nonsense, for I was in torment. Anne had been very cool with me before starting, and had even asked me, sneeringly, if I had laid out my rule of conduct for her guidance that evening. I felt that she was in no mood to spare my feelings. Yet, as we rode along in the twilight, my heart yearned toward her. I would have given the world to be reconciled to her. As I sat there at her side, I felt an impulse to slip my hand under her shawl and clasp the little hand that I knew was folded there with my ring upon it. I even made a motion to do so, but was checked by pride and fear. As likely as not she would repulse me. Then I remembered her manner at starting, and the tender impulse died. Even while I was hesitating, she broke her silence, as though impatient of it, and, leaning forward, joined in the gay talk of the two opposite us. Then when we reached the hotel, she took Phil Baxter's hand and stepped to the platform before I could get round from my side. She ran right up to the dressing-room with the other ladies, and came down with them, ours being an informal party, and the ladies all voting ceremony a bore. When we sat down to supper, there was Phil Baxter at her other elbow.

"I was determined not to make a fool of myself, and by a great effort managed to get up a lively conversation with the lady next me. But, all the time the chatting and laughing on the other side rang in my ears, and if the lady I talked with hadn't been a simpleton, she would have perceived that my remarks were not always sensible nor *apropos*. And Anne was as pretty as a pink that night, as if to make my pain greater. She fairly sparkled, and when she took my

arm to go up to the dancing-hall where another party were to meet us, in spite of every provocation, I longed to bend and kiss her pink dimpling cheek.

"Well, we got through the evening after a fashion. I couldn't say that Phil, or any other gentleman, was offensively attentive, though she was admired; but in the state of mind which I had reached anything was torture. When we started to go home, Carrie Blake, pretending to have quarrelled with her escort, fastened herself upon me, and, of course, Anne took Phil's arm, and sat beside him.

"Perhaps you think that wasn't much. But, I tell you, my hands were clenched all the way home, and every word I spoke came through my set teeth.

"Reaching home at last, as Phil helped Anne from the carriage, I saw him look up into her face in the bright moonlight and whisper something. She snatched her hand from him, but laughed, and ran up the steps alone. I didn't go up stairs for an hour, but stayed down stairs and pretended to read the papers. When I did go, Anne was not in bed, and, looking into her dressing-room, I saw her there lying on the lounge, apparently sound asleep. I didn't speak, but went to bed, though not to sleep, and she lay on the lounge for the rest of the night.

"The next morning I broke out again, and we had a pretty warm time. I asked her what it was that Phil had whispered to her, and at first she said that she had forgotten. Then she refused to tell. I went beyond what I meant at that, and said some pretty hard things, ending by telling her to choose between me and Phil Baxter. She retorted that I should choose between letting her live in peace with me, or leave me.

"If by living in peace you mean flirting with other men, then you had better leave," I said; and I vow to you that I didn't know what I said.

"She made no reply, and I went out. Three hours after a note was handed me. Anne wrote a few cool lines, saying that she had accepted my alternative, and that while I was reading her note she would be on her way to New York. She had taken only what had belonged to her, and had left all my property. She ended by saying that we had made a mistake in marrying each other, and that the only thing to do was never to see each other again.

"Well, I don't care about telling you how

I felt. You know I loved Anne. I said to myself that if she had loved me she would never have left me so, and if she did not love me, I was not, of course, willing to follow her. She plainly expressed her regret for having married me, and that had evidently been the cause of her coldness with me, and her flirtation with Phil Baxter. The more I loved her, the less willing would I be to coax her back to an unwelcome bondage.

"So I wrote a note as cool as her own, making her free to do as she liked, and offering to provide for her support. An answer came by return of mail declining any aid. She had enough to live on. Then our intercourse ceased. But I managed to hear something of her. She was living with a maiden aunt of hers in New York, and was well. That much was all I heard for six or seven months. I kept watching the mails, and used to tremble when the letters came. I had a half hope that she would write. But no word came.

"At the end of seven months came a piece of news that almost broke my pride down. Anne had a little son! Surely she must send for me now. I resolved that if she did I would make any concession, and give up all my jealousy at once and forever. I arranged my business quickly and went to New York so as to be near, leaving orders for any letter or message to be sent after me. No letter nor message came, but I learned that Anne was doing well, and would soon be up. I used to go out at evening and walk past the house, looking up at the windows and considering which one was hers. Once I went up to the door and inquired for her myself. She was very comfortable the girl said.

"I asked if her friends had been sent for, and the reply was, 'No sir, she has no friends to send for.'

"I turned away. Evidently she desired me to remain away from her, and the terrible thought came that perhaps she would hate the child because it was mine. I returned home, and by my lawyer sent her an offer of a yearly sum for the support of the child, or to take it myself. Both proposals were rejected, the first coldly, the second indignantly.

"Let a description of the next four years go. I don't say that I was very happy, but I got along some way. I shunned New York as I would the plague, and heard nothing

except that Anne and the child were living very quietly. She had lived so ever since she had been in New York, seeing but little company. So it seemed that she had not even the excuse of a desire for more freedom and gayety in leaving me. She was living voluntarily the very life which she would not tolerate with me.

"At length a long tormenting desire became irresistible. I wanted to see my child. I would never attempt to take it from her who had the best right to it, but I must see it. So I went to New York again. No matter how I watched that house. For two days the weather was bad, and I saw nothing except once a glint of a little face in the window, a white forehead with fair ringlets about it, and tossing playful arms. Then they disappeared.

"It was now five years since Anne had left me, and April had come round again. In that time I had learned something, and had grown more self-controlled and thoughtful. I knew now that I had myself to blame more than her. Of course, this did not alter our relations since she cared nothing for me, but it gave me the added pain of thinking that I had made the wreck of my own happiness.

"The first fine day I took my place to watch again, seating myself a little withdrawn under a tree in a small park near the house. It was not long before a lady and a child came down the steps, and crossed the street toward where I was. Did not I know that slight small figure? My heart felt every gesture, even the occasional toss of the head, a habit acquired when she was a girl, and wore long curls to toss back. Watching keenly as she passed near me on the other side of the fence to reach the gate, I got a glimpse of her face—no longer the blooming oval face of my Anne, but pale and delicate. The sweet mouth shut closer, faint shadows under the eyes—in short, the face of a woman who has felt the discipline of life.

"They reached the gate, came in, and turned down the walk toward the little fountain near me. The mother walked slowly, but the boy played and ran about her with sweet childish laughter and talk. That boy! The little unknown whose face I had never seen, whose features were strange to me, and yet who was my own flesh and blood! My eyes were so dim with tears that I could not see him now, though

he was so near; but I heard their voices through the tumultuous beatings of my heart. Anne stopped at the edge of the fountain, and pointed out the goldfish to the child. I could hear her soft voice, and her loving playful talk, and above all those words that pierced my heart to hear from her—"My child."

"Don't lean so much over the water, my child. You may fall in, and then what would poor mamma do! Water is good for the little fish, but not for little boys with blue eyes and curly hair, and poor lonely mammas."

"There were but few in the park at that time, and those, too, stayed and talked near me for some time without seeing me, till at length the boy spied me, and ran toward me. She called to him, but he did not mind, and she stood half turned from me, waiting till he should come back. He came to my knee, at first running gleefully, but growing shy as he got nearer, till he stood at a little distance looking bashfully but earnestly at me. It seemed to me at that moment that my beautiful child recognized his unknown father, looking at him with his mother's eyes."

"I held out my hand to him. 'My child,' I said, almost inaudibly, a choking in my throat stopping my voice."

"He blushed and took a shy hesitating step toward me. I reached and drew him passionately to my arms. At first he seemed frightened, but I soon soothed him, giving him my watch to play with, holding him on my knee, stroking back his hair with my trembling hand, as he lisped out his admiration and delight."

"'Come to me, dear!' called out the mother from a little distance, not liking to come nearer. 'Come to mamma.'"

"He looked at her in laughing triumph, and held up the watch."

"She came nearer. 'I am sorry my boy should have made so free, sir,' she said. 'Will you be so good as to send him to me?'"

"I raised my face from the child's hair and looked at her. She said not a word, but her face first grew crimson, then faded to deadly white. She leaned against the trunk of a tree, and for a moment we looked into each other's faces. The boy in my arms broke the silence that it seemed neither of us could break. 'Come here, mamma,' he cried, gleefully, 'and see this pretty watch.'"

"Something in her face, and in my own heart made me doubt if I had not been mistaken in all these years. I held both hands out to her and repeated our child's invitation, 'Come here, Anne, my dear wife!'"

"She hesitated, wavered, then with a little cry, came and put her arms around both me and the child!"

Clinton Burt drew a deep breath, and his eyes sparkled. "My blessing!" he whispered.

A door opened, and a curly little head was pushed in. "Papa," said the child, "mamma says that you two have smoked long enough."

"So we have, my lad," laughed the father, catching the boy, and tossing him to his shoulder. "Come, Tom, let's go up and see Mrs. Anne."

## ALL FOR FUN.

BY ADA L. FLETCHER.

SILENTLY, and in perfect order, the great company of three hundred girls filed into the seminary hall, not a whisper on the air, not a flutter of ribbons or a toss of curls, brown, black or golden. "Holyoke" girls are all drilled better than to indulge in any such follies. With eyes demurely fixed upon the work with which they were expected to occupy their fingers, while their minds were regaled with a flow of wisdom from the lips of the lady principal, they took their seats by sections, and the teachers passed on to their seats on the platform. Every variety of beauty and homeliness

is represented among these three hundred faces, bent over their embroidery and crochet, from the sober damsel of thirty summers, just finishing her long-delayed education, preparatory to going out next year as a missionary, to the dimple-cheeked girl of sixteen, just being initiated into the mysteries of seminary life.

But with only two of these are we directly interested, and they appear to interest the teacher more than the rest, also, judging from the many sharp glances sent in their direction. It is hard to tell why they are watched so closely, for there are not two

quieter girls in the room, just now. One, white and slender as a lily, with golden hair that will escape from the net that holds it, in a dozen little crinkles and curls about the high forehead; with eyes that we know must be dark, by the startling contrast of the black lashes that sweep the cheeks, is very intent upon her work, the shining needle flying through the meshes of thread, guided by fingers so dainty and white we know they are unused to labor rougher than that which now occupies them. This is Lily Stansfield, only daughter of a rich Vermont banker, with more money now in the little purse in her pocket than some of these hard-working New England girls have ever seen. She looks very innocent indeed at this moment, but the teachers are acquainted with her. Seated next her—a position gained only by much stratagem, and only on rare occasions—is a girl so small, so very youthful in appearance, one can hardly believe her to be the regulation age under which no pupil enters the seminary. But this is her second year, and she says she is almost seventeen. She cannot look innocent, though she may try ever so hard, with that rebellious head of brown curls standing, as she says, “seven ways for Sunday,” the dark cheek upon which blooms a perpetual rose, and the saucy little mouth that wont stay shut and sober, but is forever breaking into smiles, scattering dimples right and left. The eyes we know must match the hair in color, though we can’t see them just now. And this is Bessie Doane, youngest and petted daughter of Judge Doane, of Virginia. The two are room-mates and fast friends, though of such opposite types of beauty, and “hailing,” as the Western phrase is, from such widely separated sections. The teachers say it is the “affinity of mischief,” and they ought to know, for sorely and often have their minds been vexed by their escapades.

Very soberly the lecture is heard through, subject this evening “General Deportment.” Every one seems very attentive, but if Miss H— were a little closer to her section she would see that Miss Lily’s dark eyes, instead of resting on her work, are following very closely the movements of a little brown hand that lies on the bench between her and her roommate. Bessie is not deaf and dumb, but she has found the deaf and dumb alphabet very convenient more than once. This is what the busy fin-

gers said to the observant eyes: “Go down to the brook for your walk, and wait for me. I’m on the hash circle. Fun ahead.”

Rather mysterious language to one not acquainted with seminary ways, but every former pupil will remember with an involuntary shiver the horror of what was called the “miscellaneous circle.” To the unfortunate beings who never were seminary girls, we will explain that in that really excellent institution each of the girls was expected to do her share of the domestic work, and for this purpose the school was divided into *circles* for each branch of work. The miscellaneous circle did whatever was forgotten, or for want of time left undone—such as cutting up onions (O sisters, does it not make you weep to remember it?), picking meat off bones for hash, or making codfish-balls. Bessie used to say they placed her on this circle just because she turned up her aristocratic Virginian nose at the very thought of onions and codfish, but of course Bessie was mistaken.

Her message was finished just as the last words of the lecture fell on her ears, and she fell into line behind her roommate, as if there were no mischief plotting under the brown curls, or lurking in the brown eyes. No word could be spoken in the spaceway, but down stairs in the great domestic hall how the freed tongues flew! A flock of martins or blackbirds could not have chattered worse. And loudest, merriest of them all was Bessie, shirking work as usual, flitting from place to place, unheeding the quiet remonstrances of the senior who led the circle, until called back by the sharp command of the matron. When the fifteen minutes of evening work were over, how fast the little feet flew down the walk towards the brook, not yet ice-bound, though the air is chilly enough to make the scarlet nubia she flings over her shoulders as she runs, comfortable as well as picturesque. Lily was there, as requested, and alone, seated on the root of a great elm, looking fairer than ever in her pretty blue and white shawl.

Bessie, too much out of breath at first to speak, stood looking at her for a few minutes, then dropped at her feet.

“Does the scent of the onion hang round me still, Lil?” she asks, plaintively; then energetically, “I’m not going to stand this long, Lillian! If they don’t give me some other work to do pretty soon, I’ll run off!

Bah! my hands are worse than any old darkey's in the cabins at home"—holding up the offending members scornfully.

"Was that what you wanted me to come to the brook for, Bess?" said Lily. "If it is, I am going back, for a cold in the head is not very desirable."

"Of course it wasn't, goose!" was the affectionate reply. "Onions will keep till we haven't anything else to talk about. What do you suppose our girl at the post-office had for me at noon? Why, just exactly what we have been wanting to see—a magazine! Isn't Frank good? I wrote to him, you know, to send me something contraband to read, and gave him Helen's address, as she said we might, and this is the result. We will have to hurry, for our hour is almost over."

Then the two heads, brown and golden, came close together, and for a few moments no sound is heard save the gentle flow of the brook, or the dropping of the dying autumn leaves. Then there is a cry from Bessie:

"O Lil, see here! an advertisement for a correspondence from two students in Dartmouth. What do you say?"

"You surely wouldn't answer an advertisement, Miss Doane?" drawled Lily, in such excellent mimicry of their section teacher, that Bessie's clear ringing laugh rang up to the treetops, and startled a late robin into song.

"Indeed I would, Miss Stansfield, and so will you. Anything to break this stupid monotony that is making us old before our time. I look for gray hairs on my temples every day. It will just be the nicest kind of fun, and we can't be found out, for we can have the letters directed to fictitious names, and Ellen can take them out. Don't frown so, Lillian!"

"You know," said Lillian, a little gravely, "I'm not very good or dignified, but I don't like the idea of sending our handwriting into the hands of young men of whom we know nothing—not even the names."

"O pshaw! what harm can it possibly do, Lil, if we do not write anything we are ashamed of? And of course we won't! Be a good girl, and agree, or I'll drown myself. This brook always tempts me in my gloomy hours."

"Your 'gloomy hours'!" said Lily, smiling at the girl as she stood close to the water, the scarlet nubia making a glowing

framework for the laughing gipsy face. "When do they come, Bessie? But do you remember, child, I have a brother in Dartmouth, and it never will do for me to write there. He will be sure to find it out."

"Well," said Bessie, picking up the book, "here is one—I declare, from the University of Virginia. I'd like to know who that is. I know most of the boys. Write to him, Lil. That's a darling!"

"Well, anything to please you."

"And myself," say also, Lil. But hark! that bell! And in five minutes more that front door will be closed, likewise those of the north and south wings, and we be left out in the cold! Now for a race!"

The four flying feet bounded up the steps just as the doorgirl was closing the door, and the fifteen minutes before supper were spent in "getting their breath," Bessie said, and smoothing the hair tossed out of seminary propriety by their rapid race.

Supper, one of the pleasant hours of seminary life, passed off as usual, but we sadly fear the thoughts of our two conspirators were anything but devotional as they knelt during prayer. Bessie had her first letter to her unknown correspondent in her imagination before they arose, and Lillian, who had not altogether escaped the rigid New England ideas of duty, was busy debating whether she would write at all or not. But that she yielded to Bessie's arguments was clearly proven during the "silent study hours" that followed the evening repast; for instead of poring over Latin and algebra, as they should be, to the horror of their conscientious senior roommates, they employ themselves in writing, much to their own satisfaction.

But the two letters then and there indited never passed through the hands of "Cerberus," as these wicked girls call the teacher who guides and guards them. They are taken out on their next evening walk, and left with Ellen at the post-office. Two weeks later, Bessie, forgetting the stringent rule about "running up and down stairs," comes up the four flights two steps at a time, her eyes bright with excitement, but pauses abruptly at the door as she sees "Cerberus" herself there, talking pleasantly to her roommates. She thinks how good it is that the two letters she has just received are safe in the depths of her pocket, then comes soberly in and seats herself, answering gravely all questions of the visitor, and rising respectfully when she leaves the room. But when



she is fairly gone, taking with her their elder roommate, all rules are forgotten as the two bend over their letters. According to promise, each reads the missive of the other, and there is a startled look in Bessie's eyes as she glances at the handwriting of Lillian's correspondent, who signs himself "Harry Vaughn," but it is quickly hidden as Lily turns toward her, and an amused smile only hovers in her eyes and on her lip. If she had been watching Lillian more closely, she would have seen a seeming reflection of her own surprise and after-amusement in her friend's expressive face. But neither is any the wiser for the little byplay. The letters are both well-written intelligent productions, not in the least presumptuous, and in spite of Lillian's little doubtful qualms of conscience; the correspondence goes on through all the long weary weeks of that winter term, increasing in interest with each letter, as each learns more of the character of the other. Altogether, it is very pleasant—a spice, Bessie says, in "the otherwise flat and tasteless dish of their daily life." She grows to like her unknown friend "Herbert Lee" exceedingly, and letters fly back and forth with pleasant swiftness.

But suddenly there is a check to all their pleasure. One day, as Bessie is coming up from the basement, with her great kitchen apron on, and her sleeves not yet rolled down over the dimpled brown arms, she is arrested by Miss H——'s errand girl, who delivers the alarming message that has made so many girlish hearts tremble—"You are wanted in the south wing parlor, Miss Doane." There is only time to whisper a word to Lillian as she tosses her apron into the closet, and she rolls down her sleeves as she goes. What it is she cannot imagine, but she is not afraid, not seeing how anything could be found out. She turns the doorknob steadily in answer to the word "Come," but the next moment is sobbing and crying in her father's arms, hugging him closely, as if afraid he will get away; while Miss H—— stands by with a pleased look in her eyes. Bessie did not know how homesick and forlorn she had been until she feels her father's arms about her, and his tender kisses on his baby's face. The judge is a very loving and indulgent parent, and his little daughter has never known what it was to yield in anything until since she has been within these walls. It has been good discipline for her, her father feels, as he

sees in the few days of his visit how much more gentle and womanly she has grown. He is delighted with the order and management of the school, and very much charmed with Lillian Stansfield, his daughter's especial friend. His daughter is rather inquisitive as to his reasons for so sudden a visit, but not until he is about to leave does he explain. "I came to put a stop to this, my child," he says, handing her a letter she recognizes in an instant as her last letter to "Herbert Lee!" She comprehends it all, flushing vividly as she does so—how she was writing to her father and Herbert on the same day, and must have enclosed the wrong missive to both. She confesses tearfully, and is forgiven, but with the stern injunction that the correspondence must cease immediately. "It is a very foolish and very dangerous game, little girl," he said; "and you will thank me sometime for putting my veto on it. Even if you were out of school, I could not allow it, and here it cannot be." When he is gone Bessie flies to Lillian, and the two weep together over their mutual delinquencies, but there is evidently something on the mind of each that is not revealed to the other. Lillian is more unforgetting toward herself than Bessie is, and will not even write an explanatory letter to her friend, as he has really grown to be. But Bessie, when her letter to her father is returned to her, writes a long letter in answer, telling Herbert not to write again, and closing with the saucy advice not to beguile any more innocent schoolgirls from the "stony and thorny paths of wisdom;" and this, she thinks, with a sigh, is the end of her little romance.

They go back to their books with a stern resolution not again to wander from them; and if their thoughts do roam very often toward their whilom correspondents, nobody is any the wiser. Bessie and Lillian are Bessie and Lillian still, but there is nevertheless a change in them which the teachers see and appreciate, without knowing the cause. Lightly and all too quickly the years of their school life flit by, and we shall see them again on their graduation day.

"Lillian," said Bessie, turning gravely from the mirror—or the excuse for one that adorns each seminary room—"I always thought, in my foolish junior days, that my last anniversary would be my happiest; but instead, I am actually 'blue,' and feel like

shedding tears, even over this poor little looking-glass. I like the old 'Sem,' after all."

"Do you know what I am thinking about, Bess?" asked Lillian, rather abruptly. "I found an old letter in my trunk, in packing it last night, signed 'Harry Vaughn,' and I have been thinking about them ever since. What do you suppose ever became of them?"

"Really, my darling, I can't say; and I am much more interested in the way this sash is tied than in either of them," laughed Bessie, though with rather a suspicious flush on her cheek; "and I want Elsie Moore to forget all about Harry Vaughn, and Lillian Stansfield to think about Frank Doane, who is already in the village, and has had a devouring curiosity to see my 'airy fairy Lillian,' ever since the judge's glowing description two years ago."

"I wish Oscar could have been here also," said Lily, with a sigh. "I'll wager you would forget all about your Herbert. At least, I mean that you shall like him when you meet him in the cool shades of the White Mountains this summer. How good it was of your father, Bessie, to let you go home with me, first, and then join our party to the mountains."

"Well, you see," said Bessie, linking her arm in her friend's, as the bell sent its clangor through the halls calling them for the last time as pupils to the assembly hall, "he thinks his little girl's cheeks have grown rather pale during the last few months, and thinks New England air will brighten them. Come, darling, that is our bell!"

For a moment they stood silently in the doorway, looking back with eyes that were a little dim upon the humbly furnished little room, from which two fairer brighter birds had never flown. With their flowing robes of cool white muslin, and fluttering ribbons all of the snowy white emblematic of their spotless girlhood, the only jewelry the blazing golden star upon their foreheads, the badge of their class, they made a picture worth looking at. And if two of them were so pretty, how overwhelming were the forty-five grouped upon the rostrum that evening to receive their diplomas from the hands of the venerable "D. D." who delivered the address!

Many hearts in the audience of young men fell swiftly captive, and that of Frank Doane among them. And as he went through the crowd to meet his sister he

thought—"Could there be anything more exquisite than the—angel—I can't call her a girl—who stood next Bessie. That must be Lillian Stansfield, according to the judge's description. But Lillian or not, my heart is gone." The next moment he was bowing low in acknowledgment of an introduction to this same "angel," and Bessie's warm "I want you two to like each other" was not needed. Alas for Harry Vaughn! He is quite forgotten.

There was a reception that evening, and a cold collation afterward, according to the time-honored custom of the institution, but Bessie might take care of herself for all Frank and Lillian seemed to care. Evidently the young lady didn't mind it very much, for of all the crowd none were merrier than she, and her smile was always brightest when she caught a glimpse of her recreant brother and friend.

The next morning early, the two girls left their Alma Mater behind them, taking the cars for Burlington. Then it was that Bessie exhibited a little petulance. "I never did like to be *number three* in a crowd," she said, viewing the empty half of her seat forlornly, and looking back at Frank and Lillian. "But it always has been, and I suppose always will be, my fate."

"Never mind, Bess," said Lillian, "Oscar will join us before we reach home, and that seat will not be vacant long. I shall scold him well when I see him. He was not coming home for a week, until I wrote that you were to be with me—then he proposed joining us on our way home."

"I shall be glad then," said Bessie, "to have somebody to speak to," with a withering glance at the two offenders.

The day passed off pleasantly enough, but toward noon Bessie, with whom late hours never did agree, grew tired and fell asleep with her cheek pillowed on the cushioned arm of the seat. And thus she was presented to Oscar Stansfield's admiring eyes as he came through the car seeking his sister. Her hat had long ago fallen off and been placed by Frank in the rack above, the brown dishevelled curls fell over her arm and hand, and the long lashes lay lightly on the flushed cheek. She looked more like a tired child than a graduate of "one of our finest seminaries." Oscar placed his finger on his lip as Lillian recognized him, and grasped Frank's hand without waiting for the ceremony of introduction. Lillian would

have waked Bessie, but the spirit of mischief possessing Frank, he interfered.

"Take that seat, there, Stansfield," he said. "She's been wanting somebody there. Let her wake and find it filled."

Of course nothing could have pleased the young gentleman better, and so a few minutes later, when Bessie first opened her pretty mouth with a yawn, and the brown eyes crept sleepily open, they rested upon a pair of merry blue eyes, and a blonde mustache, beyond which a smile was lurking. Blushing till even the seashell ears grew crimson, she struggled to a sitting posture, and for a long while sat with her face to the window, in dignified displeasure, unheeding the bursts of merriment behind her, and only acknowledging Frank's formal introduction, by a distant little bow. But when, really mortified, Oscar rose to leave the seat, she turned toward him with a graceful request to remain, and in a few minutes they were chatting as amiably as the other two.

The little party only tarried long enough in the Stansfields' pleasant home to become thoroughly rested, and for the girls to prepare their mountain costumes. Then, O what a summer that was! To the birds who had been caged so long, every breath of freedom seemed enchantment. The roses in Bessie's cheeks bloomed out afresh, and even the snow of Lillian's cheek was tinged with pink. Throughout all the long bright summer days they rambled through the forest in search of new sights to be seen, and at evening gathered together in the piazza of the hotel, talked of all things under the sun, but most of all, we think, on the one subject that has never grown old, and never will grow old—that will be just as fresh and sweet a hundred years hence, as it was in the garden of Eden. "The old sweet story of loving." And when the cool evenings warned our southern friends that they must fly home with the birds, two rings gleamed on the first fingers of two little hands. Rings that had never shone there before, and were more precious to giver and receiver than all the diamonds of the Khedive of Egypt would have been, without the tender meaning these little gold bands possessed.

Alone in their rooms the evening before their departure, in schoolgirl fashion, the two girls whispered their happy secrets to

each other. But still there was something kept back—something that brought a merry gleam to each pair of eyes when the other was not looking. This will be most fully explained by the letter that reached Lillian a few weeks latter, and which we will give entire:

"O you wicked Lillian! whose every secret thought I thought I knew! How could you for so long deceive me so? But I suppose you will be asking the same question of me even as I write this. Never let any one dare to insinuate in my hearing again that a woman cannot keep a secret, for we are living instances, a proof that at least two women did and could keep a secret, and that from a most intimate friend. To think that at the very moment we received our first letters from Harry Vaughn and Herbert Lee, we each should recognize the handwriting of our own brothers, and still not whisper it to each other. That I should read all Frank's letters to you, and you read all of Oscar's to me, and still the secret remain inviolate! That all should have happened as it did—even through my father's visit and peremptory commands, and the years of silence that followed! Is it not wonderful? I will tell you how I found it out, and I suppose ere this you have discovered it in the same way. I never had seen any of Oscar's writing, of course, until his first letter after I came home. You know we always spoke of the peculiar style of Herbert's writing. In an instant I detected something familiar about Oscar's letter, and then it flashed over me that the two were identical even before I read the letter wherein the mischievous fellow made confession, and concluded by signing himself 'Yours as ever, Herbert Lee.' Of course I forgave him, and of course we must forgive each other for the only deception we have practised upon each other, since it has all been for the best. If it was commenced 'all for fun,' I am sure it has ended all for happiness. Frank wrote to you as soon as we reached home, so I know all is plain to you now. I was certain you would recognize his handwriting at once, for I thought you had seen some of his many letters to me, but when I found you didn't, then I kept them out of the way. I suppose you did the same. Well, Lillian dear! 'all's well that ends well,' but it won't always do to answer advertisements in a magazine. I am not sorry, after all, that we did not go on with the correspondence. I suppose about Christmas will be the happy time, won't it, Lillian? And Frank will bring his fair bride down to see how Virginians keep the day, and I suppose Oscar will come with you, and—and—we'll have another wedding.

"Now, good-by. Write and let me know which you love the best, Harry Vaughn or Frank Doane?"

"As ever,

Bessie."



## MADemoiselle SYLPHINA :

—OR,—

## THE FORTUNES OF A CASTAWAY.

BY ELIZABETH BIGELOW.

[CONCLUDED.]

### CHAPTER XXIII.

THE theatre was crowded to its utmost capacity. The fact of Madame Albani's illness was known only to a few, and when it was announced from the stage, a murmur of dissatisfaction ran through the house. How was a young debutante, of whom nothing was known, except that she was beautiful, to make up for Madame Albani's absence?

But when Dely appeared the murmurs were all hushed. This was such wonderful grace and beauty, so far superior to anything that had ever before appeared before London footlights!

From the moment of Juliet's first meek response to her mother—"Madam, I am here—" the house was completely won over. There were but few who were not reconciled to Madame Albani's absence.

Madame Albani herself sat in a box, with its heavy curtains nearly drawn, watching, with intensest interest, Dely's every word and look.

Miss Follansbee, radiant with satisfaction, sat beside the elegant and gallant Count

Foscari, whose objections to having the future Countess Foscari known as an actress she took to herself the credit of having overcome, by her judicious reasoning. But it was to be observed that the count scanned the audience carefully, and looked a little disturbed when he saw Dennett in an obscure corner, scowling at him, fiercely. For things had not gone well between the two villains of late. The month for which Dennett had promised to wait had nearly passed, and he saw no present prospect of the count's obtaining possession of Dely. Tonight the count noticed that he looked very anxious, as well as angry, and watched continually, a box near him, in which sat a white-haired old lady, and a middle-aged gentleman, who seemed to be her son.

Could they be the Livingstons? the count wondered, with a thrill of fear—and laughed at himself, the next moment, for sharing Dennett's cowardly anxiety; for what could be more unlikely than that they should recognize Dely, if it were they?

But he looked at them again, and as he looked he saw the old lady sway heavily

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1874, by THOMES & TALBOT, Boston, Mass., in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, Washington.]

backward, with a groan that echoed over the house!

Had she recognized her granddaughter, or had she been seized with a sudden illness? The count asked himself which was the most probable. But he saw that Dennett had not paused to consider that question, but was making his way, as rapidly as possible, from the house. And, remembering that "discretion is the better part of valor," the count, with a muttered apology to Miss Follansbee, followed his example.

The groan had disturbed Dely for a moment, it was like the expression of such a great agony! But she recovered herself the next moment, resolved that no weakness should mar her success, as it had done at Melbourne. In a short time she noticed that the gentleman who had gone out with the old lady returned, with a very white face, and was watching her very intently. His mother could not be very ill, she thought, if he still manifested so much interest in Juliet.

The second act was reached, and the scene in which Juliet leans from her chamber window, and talks with Romeo in the garden below. It was a very handsome and gallant Romeo, who made love, and a most charming Juliet who leaned from her window to listen—and respond, and the audience were gazing and listening with intense interest; such intense interest that a thin smoke that stole out from the wings was unnoticed—unnoticed until a tongue of flame followed it, and licked at the side screens, even at the pasteboard wall of the "house of the Capulets" from which Dely leaned!

Then the cry of fire was raised, and in an instant a panic ensued. The flames, with such material as the stage scenery to feed them, spread with marvellous rapidity. The audience were screaming and trampling upon each other in their efforts to escape!

Dely made her way, bewildered and almost suffocated with smoke, from her blazing paper cage, to the stage, but here smoke and flames surrounded her, and there seemed no way of escape! The gallant Romeo had ungallantly fled.

Dely was rushing, desperately, into the flames, scarcely knowing whither she went, when a strong arm held her back! Turning, she saw for one moment, in the midst of the smoke, the face of Mr. Johnson, so pale and thin that it looked to her like the face of a spirit, and close behind, the gentleman

who had gazed at her so intently from his box. She heard the latter say, fervently:

"Thank God, she is safe!" Then half-unconscious with the blinding glare, and heat, and the suffocating smoke, she was carried out, through the audience room of the theatre, and placed in a carriage.

She was so dazed and stupefied that she was scarcely conscious where she was, until they reached the hotel.

Her first question was whether Miss Follansbee and Madame Albani were safe.

If they were in the boxes there is no doubt of it," Mr. Johnson said. "No one was injured by fire, I think. Some, I am afraid, were trampled upon in their efforts to escape from the building."

Dely noticed, now, for the first time, that the strange gentleman, who had come, with Mr. Johnson to her rescue, had followed them, even into the hotel parlor. She could not help feeling it to be an intrusion; she wished to be for one minute alone with him who had saved her life, that she might thank him. But she reproached herself for the thought, for had not this stranger also tried to save her?

Mr. Johnson seemed unconscious of his presence; he bent over Dely, with a strange light in his eyes, a tender half-reproachful gaze.

Dely sprang up.

"I don't know how it can be—perhaps I am dreaming, but I think you are—O, aren't you Johnny?"

His arm was around her, his lips touched hers!

"O my little Dely! And you didn't know me?"

"But how could I? It is all so strange!" faltered Dely, with her eyes full of happy tears. Why do you call yourself Johnson, and how came you to be in London?"

"Squire Johnson adopted me as his son. He died three years ago, leaving me his heir. And why did I come to London? I had not forgotten my little playmate if she had forgotten me! I had resolved to search the world over for her!"

"But why did you not tell me, at first?"

The young man's brow clouded.

"You were happy, and you did not need me. You were to marry a nobleman, and had forgotten your boy-lover. Dely, would it grieve you to know that he—the man who calls himself Count Foscari—is not worthy of your love?"

Perhaps he read Dely's answer in her face; before she could answer in words the stranger stepped forward. His face was pale, and he was evidently agitated.

"Pardon me for what must seem an unwarrantable intrusion, but the case is a very urgent one," he said, addressing Dely. "I have a favor to ask of you. It is that you will allow my mother to see you, at once. The sight of you, at the theatre, threw her into the most violent excitement and distress, for some reason which I do not understand, and she has not even now recovered from it. Nothing will satisfy her but to see and speak to you. She has already come to the hotel, discovering that you were here. She is very feeble, and any excitement is likely to be fatal to her. Otherwise I should not make so singular a request, when you have already had so much tumult."

Dely said, at once, that she should be very happy if she could do any good to the unfortunate lady, and the gentleman left the room instantly.

It seemed to Dely a very strange circumstance, and she had some fear that it might be only a new plot of Dennett's; but now that she had Johnny for a protector, she did not fear even Dennett!

The strange gentleman was gone but a moment, and returned with the white-haired old lady, whom Dely had observed in the theatre, leaning upon his arm.

Her face was so white as to seem ghastly, and her eyes had a wild and terror-stricken look. She scanned Dely's face, eagerly, yet shrinkingly, as if she had a suspicion which she dreaded to have confirmed.

Before she had time to speak, another door opened, and Madame Albani rushed into the room, followed by Miss Follansbee.

"My child! my child! thank God you are safe!" cried Madame Albani.

But her eyes fell on the strange gentleman and his companion, and she paused suddenly, and caught at a chair for support, as if she would have fallen.

"Marguerite, my wife! have you, too, risen from the dead?"

The stranger sprang forward, and would have caught her in his arms; but with a shrill and awful cry the old lady sank down upon the floor. He raised her in his arms, and laid her upon a sofa.

She gasped, painfully, for breath.

"O my God, let me not die until I have confessed my sin!" she murmured, broken-

ly. "Hugh, my son, I told you a lie when I told you that your wife and child were dead! I told her, Marguerite—see how she looks at me now with her accusing eyes!—I told her that you were false to her, that you were married before you ever saw her, and I forged a marriage certificate and showed it to her, to prove the truth of my story. She promised readily enough, for both her pride and her love were outraged, to go away, and never trouble you more; and I persuaded her to give me her child, by promising to bring it up to the wealth and station which would have belonged to it as your lawful child. Then I told her, as I told you, that the child had died. I was afraid she might, sometime, trouble me about it, for it is not easy for a mother to give up her child forever. But the child did not die; she was a bright healthy little creature. I saw that there was no hope that she would die, and I would not, I could not bring up the child of a ballet dancer as my own granddaughter! She was like her mother, too; she looked like her, and she had been taught to dance like her. I hated her, she hurt my pride so cruelly! Besides I knew, Hugh, that she would remind you, always, of your wife, whom I knew you loved so tenderly, and I wished you to forget her, and marry your cousin Celia. O how I have been punished for my foolish wicked pride! My life, since then, has been a continual torment! I hired my waiting-maid's husband to carry the child away. I said *anywhere*, where her father or mother would never find her, but I never wished them to harm her! I only wanted to be sure that there was no danger of my sin ever being discovered. I gave the man, Dennett, and his wife large sums of money; they forced it from me by threatening to betray my secret; but I knew by their actions that I was not safe, even when I gave them all the money they asked for—that the child was still where she might be found. My conscience and my cowardice, together, have made my life a burden. I refused, finally, to give them any more money, until they should prove to me that there was no danger of discovery; and the man promised me that he would soon do so. I have been a murderer in my heart, for I have wished her dead! To-night, the moment she came upon the stage, I recognized her. I have always been on the watch for her, everywhere! How could I fail to recognize her?"



I saw, too, that Hugh noticed at least a resemblance between the young actress and his little daughter, and I knew that my time had come! But I did not think that I should see Marguerite, too! I hoped never to see her again! I cannot bear to have her look at me, I wronged her so cruelly!"

Hugh turned from his mother.

"Marguerite, my wife, my darling, you must have suffered so terribly!" he said.

She dropped her head upon his breast.

"O Hugh, my husband, it atones for all to know that you were true to me!"

Madam Livingston's shrill strained voice broke in.

"Hugh, I am dying! I cannot die until you forgive me. For pity's sake say that you will, you, and Marguerite, and little Adile!"

They bent over the dying woman, with pitying forgiveness in their faces—the long-parted husband, wife and daughter.

"May God forgive you, mother, as freely as we do!" said Hugh, solemnly.

There was one convulsive shudder, and then the awful calm of death settled upon the agonized face!

#### CHAPTER XXIV.

THE joy of those so long parted and so strangely reunited was too great for utterance, the scene too sacred for any stranger eyes to gaze upon. Even the shock and distress occasioned by Madam Livingston's death could only subdue it for a time.

To Dely, who had never known a father's or a mother's love, whose life had known so many hardships and dangers, it seemed as if she had found heaven.

To find that the stranger who had won her heart so quickly, and so sorely against her will, was her childhood's lover, and had won it for the second time, she had thought was happiness enough, but in the finding of her father and mother it was more than redoubled.

She shuddered at the revelation of the villany of Count Foscari, and the thought of her narrow escape. She was rid of both him and Dennett now, she hoped, but she was not sure of it until she read this item in a newspaper:

"A person named Roger Dennett, supposed to be an American, was shot dead in a drinking saloon last night, by a man who

has succeeded in palming himself off as an Italian count, and by this means gained admittance to some of our best society, but whose name is discovered to be Richard Jones. The shot was fired in the midst of a drunken affray, and Jones, or 'Count Foscari,' as he calls himself, received wounds which will undoubtedly prove fatal."

Miss Follansbee was full of contrition for the efforts she had made to persuade Dely to marry Count Foscari, and very happy in her protegee's happiness, and quite satisfied with her position, though she was to be neither an actress nor a countess. Dely insisted that she should never leave her, and she consented to accompany her to America. They were to sail in a month, but before that time there was to be a wedding, and Dely was to go home as Mrs. Johnson. Dely made the discovery one day that Pen-nant's Circus was in London, and started at once, accompanied by her lover, to visit her old friends.

It would be impossible to picture good Mr. Lamm's astonishment and delight at seeing Dely. He and the other members of the troupe had sought her long, in vain, and finally mourned her as dead. The Great Egyptian Snake Swallower was stouter and rosier than ever, and he soon left the room to reappear with Miss Junkins, who had also grown stout and rosy, and was not now Miss Junkins, but Mrs. Lamm! But she went at once into hysterics, with the same grace and facility as of old, and called Dely "me beauchous child," and wept floods of tears over her. Then came the Fat Lady, not a shade thinner, and she said, with rapturous delight:

"For my part, I always said we should see you again!"

Mr. Pennant and Monsieur Dumaresq were almost as glad to see her as the others, but Miss McFadden and the Marvellous Dwarf did not appear. On inquiry Dely learned that Miss McFadden had eloped with an actor, and was now a ballet dancer. With regard to the Marvellous Dwarf, Mr. Lamm shook his head sadly.

"A great misfortune haf overtaken her, my tear," he said.

"She is not ill—or dead?" said Dely.

"No; but she haf lost her position. She is no longer of any account vatefer. She haf grown up tall—very tall as anybody, so tall as dis." And the good Dutchman placed

his hand mournfully against the wall, at the height of about six feet.

Having been so unfortunate, they explained, Mademoiselle Titania could do nothing better than to marry an unprofessional man.

"A poor mechanic, or clerk, or someding of dat kind," said Mr. Lamm, compassionately.

The Fat Lady had not yet chosen among her numerous suitors, but there was no falling off in the number of them. She was still considered the most fascinating lady in the troupe.

Mr. Lamm proudly displayed the present "Infant Phenomenon" of the troupe. She was a young woman of only five years, with the Dutchman's rosy good-natured face, and Miss Junkins's little simper and affectations reproduced to a marvel! There was no mystery about her parentage, as there had been about that of the "Infant Phenomenon" of the old days.

"We tink she inherit her mother's grace. We expect she shall be a second Mademoiselle Coryphee!" said good Mr. Lamm, complacently.

They all listened to the story of Dely's adventures with great interest and surprise.

"But you'll nevair come back to us no more, now that you are vun great lady!" said Mr. Lamm, sadly.

"But you will return to America, and I shall see you often. And you must come to my wedding, every one of you."

And they did come to the wedding, all in their gayest attire, to do all possible honor to the occasion—and as their gayest attire was very gay indeed, and not in strict accordance with the prevailing fashion, the effect was more striking than elegant!

Miss Follansbee was driven to absolute despair. The idea of inviting so many of the most aristocratic and fashionable people

in the city to meet circus performers! But Dely was beyond her control now, and her father, and mother, and lover acquiesced in her every whim; so Miss Follansbee ventured only a feeble remonstrance.

"It will be thought so very strange, my dear!" she said.

"But my life has been so very strange!" answered Dely. "I can't be expected to have friends like other people. And I never will—I told you years ago that I never would!—forsake my own friends, who were kind to me when I was poor and helpless."

And Miss Follansbee knew that further remonstrance was useless. But the story of Dely's freak would get abroad, and nobody would come to the wedding, she was sure.

But plenty of people did come. Her father's aristocratic friends, who might have been inclined to turn the cold shoulder upon his newly-found actress wife and daughter, were moved to come by curiosity, and the romantic interest of the story they had heard concerning them. And if they held up their hands in wonder at the singular assemblage that they found, it was very soon forgotten, and the wonderful beauty and grace of the bride and her mother, and the courtly elegance of the groom, excited much more comment. And Dely was too happy to care what anybody thought.

Good Mr. Lamm's satisfaction knew no bounds. He evidently looked upon Dely still as his adopted daughter, and when the wedding-breakfast was nearly over he arose to propose her health, in all the glory of his blue brass-buttoned coat and gorgeous necktie. And in his agitation his dialect was more mixed than ever—though the wish sounded none the less hearty:

"And as she haf had so mooch hardships and drubble, may she haf joost so mooch joy! And, like the beautiful princess in the shtory books, may she lif happy effer after!"

**ENCOURAGE YOUR CHILDREN.**—Encouragement works wonders with almost anybody, no matter what his occupation in life may be. A boy likes to be encouraged, so does a girl. Some parents mistake in not giving their children credit when they do a thing well; and some unintentionally let a lesson that has been studied very hard, or a piece of work that has been well done by a boy or girl, pass without the least notice. This discourages a child, and has a bad effect. Encouragement puts new life in a

child, especially if given by a parent. Yet there are people who, though anxious to have their children do well, are continually, and in a dispiriting way, telling them they shouldn't do so and so, and that this is wrong, and the other is wrong, without ever encouraging them when they do right. Some parents also make a mistake in leaving the education of their children wholly to the schools. They think if they send them to school and pay their way they are doing their part, and the children should do theirs.



## A GOOD EXCHANGE.

Once upon a time, a poor boy, the son of a widow, went out to gather strawberries. He well knew the paths of the forest, and the place where the berries grew thickest and sweetest. Very soon his joyful cry was heard:

"Hello, hello Ziegaleck!  
Ich hoa mei Tippla Bodendeck!"

And as he gathered the ripe fruit, he sang in merry tones—

"Hello, hello Koalbl!  
Ich hoa mei Tippla hoalbl  
Hello, hello Kuh!  
Ich hoa mei Tippla vuhl!"

Soon his earthen dish was full, and the boy started for home. As he turned his steps into the narrow path, he heard, from the rocky side of the pathway, a voice saying, in entreating tones:

"Pray, give me thy berries."

The lad turned in fright, and saw a little old man, with a long gray beard, and worn and faded garments, who looked kindly upon him as he repeated, "Pray, give me thy berries."

"But," said the lad, "I must take the berries to my mother, who is obliged to sell them to buy us bread."

"And I," said the little old man, "have a sick wife at home, who would be greatly comforted and refreshed by them."

The lad's heart was filled with pity. He thought to himself:

"I will give him the berries for his sick wife, and if I am industrious, I can again fill my dish before nightfall."

Then he said to the little man:

"Yes, you may have them; where shall I empty them for you?"

"We will exchange dishes," was the answer. "See, you may have mine, which is empty, and I will take yours, which is filled. Mine is brand-new, but no matter!"

Thereupon the lad gave the little old man his berries, and received in return the new but empty vessel; and the gray-bearded man, with a smile, uttered his thanks.

The boy took the dish and hastened back to the forest. Soon he came to the place where the berries grew thickest and sweetest; and having replenished his store, again joyfully turned his steps homeward.

When he arrived at home, he related to his mother what had happened to him in the forest, and with delight displayed the new dish. The mother commended her son for the kindness he had manifested toward the little man, then took the vessel in her hand, and examined it carefully.

"Ah! happy are we, my child!" she exclaimed. "The dish is pure gold! See how it sparkles! It is the little old man of the forest, who has thus rewarded you for your goodness. Now, thanks to him, we are rich, but we will never forget the poor and the sick in their sorrow."

**THE AWKWARD AGE.**—A wise and sweet woman suggests, as a sovereign remedy for the uncomfortableness of what we are wont to call the awkward age in boys and girls—that time when they are too large to feel like children, and not quite sure enough of themselves to feel like adults—that we should always treat even the smallest children with the courtesy and consideration that we show to grown-up people, and then they will never feel at a loss as to their reception, thus quite escaping the uncertain and uncomfortable "awkward age." There are few things more important in the right development of a human creature than self-respect. But how is a child to learn to respect itself, if it sees that it is alone in the sentiment—that by no one else is it respected? More harm is perhaps done children

by snubbing than even by weak indulgence. We have all seen homes where the slightest expression of a child's idea on any point under discussion was greeted with, "Who asked you what you thought?" or with some sarcasm such as "Ah, now we shall have the matter settled—Miss Experience is freeing her mind." It is so difficult to hit the right mean. We do not want our children troublesome to visitors—grown-up people do not care to pause in their talk to listen to the unconsidered opinions of thirteen—but what if we tried the experiment of respectful attention for a while? Would not the young folk stop talking until they had something to say, quite as surely if they saw that their words were listened to with attention, as if they felt that their voices were but beating the air?

Send all communications for this Department to EDWIN R. BRIGGS, WEST BETHEL, Oxford County, MAINE.

*Answers to October Puzzles.*

47. Portland; 48. Bagpipe; 49. Shaddock; 50. Grayling; 51. Hollyhook.

52. D	53. S
RED	BOB
CALIN	MELAM
RAVELLIN	BENISON
DELEGATED	SOLICITOR
DILATED	BASINET
NITER	MOTET
NED	NOT
D	R

54. Sassoral; 55. Dee; 56. Wye; 57. 33, 14 and 11; 58. Buttercup; 59. London Pride.

60. B u m P	61. J A W
A r e n A	A P E
L e v e L	W E T
M a i M	

62. Recompense; 63. Lymphatic; 64. Frontispiece; 65. Conglomerate; 66. Materialism; 67. G-r-ave; 68. Mange-r; 69. Asses-s; 70. Heat-h; 71. Papa-w.

*Answers to November Puzzles.*

72. Syntax.

73. N	74. T O M A T O
I I A T	O R A T O R
H E N R Y	M A R T I N
N A N K E E N	A T T I L A
T R E N T	T O I L E T
Y E T	O R N A T E
N	

75. Bass; 76. Hickory; 77. Cedar; 78. Ash; 79. Alder; 80. Cerastes Horridus; 81. Variegated Lizard; 82. Salamander; 83. Cobra de Capello.

84. F e z z a N	85. A P P L E
R u s s i A	P L A I N
A m a z o N	P A I N T
N a h a n T	L I N E R
C o l o g n e	E N T R Y
E n n S	

86. S-t-rain; 87. B-o-at; 88. Go-a-t; 89. Gore-e; 90. Dan-a; 91. Sloth; 92. English Robin.

*93.—Cross-Word Enigma.*

The 1st is in fancy, but not in whim;  
The 2d is in darkly, but not in dim;  
The 3d is in prune, but not in trim;  
The 4th is in slender, but not in slim;  
The 5th is in border, but not in rim;  
The 6th is in sonnet, but not in hymn;  
The 7th is in sport, but not in glee;  
The whole is the name of a tree.

RUTHVEN.

*94.—Drop-Letter Puzzle.*

(Every other letter is omitted.)

M-k-h-y-h-l-t-e-u-s-i-e.—A proverb.

DELLA.

*Centre Deletions.*

95. Delete the centre of a crown,  
And get what sometimes holds us down.  
96. Now a noisy feast delete,  
And get to stagger in the street.  
97. Delete the centre of a bar,  
And get a look, which ends with R.  
ELMER E. WADMAN.

*98.—Numerical Enigma.*

The whole, composed of 14 letters, is a novelist.

The 13, 3, 5, 2, 6, 10, are tracks.

The 1, 11, 9, 8, 4, is a propeller.

The 14, 12, 1, is a drinking vessel.

"WILD ROSE."

*99.—Double Acrostic.*

The initials, downward, mean to join;  
the finals, upward, mean to sever.

1. Custom; 2. A female name; 3. Unlawful; 4. A Shaksperian character; 5. The French name for a liquid.

CYRIL DEANE.

*100.—Double Word-Square.*

Across.—A metal; a city; fancy; despatched.

Downward.—The messenger of Juno; carried; a sign; clean.

ELWIN G. DAVIS.

*Blanks.*

Fill with words pronounced alike, but spelled differently.

101. She was — to the store with a —.

102. She was — mending a —.

103. Will the — take place before you—?

104. Have you — that a — of cattle ran away?

WILSON.

*Answers Next Month.*

ANNOUNCEMENT.—We have decided to offer prizes every month for answers, and shall commence with the January number. The names of the prize winners will appear, and all premiums shall be sent postpaid.

## CURIOUS MATTERS.

**WONDERS OF THE BODY.**—Suppose your age to be fifteen or thereabouts. You have two hundred bones and six hundred muscles; your blood weighs twenty-five pounds; your heart is five inches in length and three inches in diameter; it beats seventy times per minute, 4200 times per hour, 100,800 per day, 36,792,000 per year. At each beat a little over two ounces of blood is thrown out of it, and each day it receives and discharges about seven tons of that wonderful fluid. Your lungs will contain a gallon of air, and you inhale 24,000 gallons per day. The aggregate surface of the air cells of your lungs, supposing them to be spread out, exceeds 20,000 square inches. The weight of your brain is three pounds; when you are a man it will weigh about eight ounces more. Your nerves exceed 10,000,000 in number. Your skin is composed of three layers, and varies from one-fourth to one-eighth of an inch in thickness. The area of your skin is about 1700 inches. Each square inch contains about 2500 sweating tubes or perspiratory pores, each of which may be likened to a little draining tile one-fourth of an inch long, making an aggregate length of the surface of your body of 88,541 feet, or a tile ditch for draining the body almost seventeen miles long.

**OLD-TIME WATCHES.**—“Watch” is from a Saxon word, signifying “to wake.” At first the watch was as large as a saucer; it had weights, and was called the “pocket clock.” The earliest known use of the modern name occurs in a record of 1542, which mentions that Edward Sixth had “onne larum or watch of iron, the case being likewise of iron-gilt, with two plummettes of lead.” The first great improvement, the substitution of the spring for weights, was made about 1550. The earliest springs were not coiled, but only straight pieces of steel. Early watches had only one hand, and required winding twice a day. The dials were of silver or brass; the cases had no crystals, but opened at back and front, and were four or five inches in diameter. A plain watch cost the equivalent of \$1500 in our currency,

and after one was ordered it took a year to make it. There is a watch in a Swiss museum only three-sixteenths of an inch in diameter, inserted in the top of a pencil case. Its little dial indicates not only hours, minutes and seconds, but also days of the month. It is a relic of the old times, when watches were inserted in saddles, snuff-boxes, shirt-studs, breastpins, bracelets and finger-rings. Many were fantastic—oval, octangular, cruciform, or in the shape of pears, melons, tulips or coffins.

**THE THRESHER SHARK.**—There is at present on exhibition at the Manchester (England) Aquarium a member of the shark tribe with which landmen have but seldom the opportunity of making an acquaintance, except perhaps as a preserved specimen in a museum. This is an example of the thresher or fox shark, one of the greatest tyrants of the ocean, before whom the mighty leviathan himself quails and seeks in vain respite from persecution. The terrible weapon of offence with which this fish is enabled to hold so high a position among other inhabitants of the deep so vastly superior to him in size, consists not in the armature of the mouth, but in the extraordinary length and remarkable formation of the tail. This organ in the thresher shark equals or even exceeds the total length of the creature's body, and is, at the same time, being constructed of the upper lobe alone, remarkably thin and strap-shaped. To this is added a toughness and flexibility akin to that of whalebone or tanned leather, and which, taken, with its scythe-like curvature, renders it almost as efficient in action to its possessor as a sabre in the hands of a skillful swordsman. The usual length of these threshers or fox sharks is only twelve feet, and yet a pair of these have been seen to attack and kill a whale sixty or seventy feet in length, the contest lasting many hours, and the larger animal succumbing at last through sheer exhaustion and the loss of blood consequent upon the terrible wounds dealt to it by its comparatively puny yet merciless assailant.

## THE HOUSEKEEPER.

**APPLE DUMPLINGS.**—The old way to make these is to make up dough same as for cream tartar biscuits. Take a piece of the dough, either roll or pull it with the hands till it is about half an inch thick. Take of cored and pared apple, a half or quarter according to the size, put it in the centre of the dough, make it up into a round ball, pinching the dough together; if too thick when it is closed, cut off a piece of the dough. When all are made drop them into boiling water and boil half an hour. Use sauce made with a cup of sugar and a cup of water boiled together a few minutes; thicken with a little cornstarch: add a small piece of butter and a little nutmeg.

**RYE AND INDIAN FRUIT LOAF.**—To five quarts of fine corn meal add five pints rye meal, mix thoroughly, add water as hot as the hands will bear, and make into a not very stiff dough; then add three pints of stewed raisins and three pints of washed currants, mix intimately, fill a deep pan, and smooth it over the surface, steam it six or eight hours (all night if convenient), bake about two hours longer, and serve warm or cool.

**QUEEN OF PUDDINGS.**—Take one pint of bread crumbs, add one pint of milk, one of sugar, the yolks of four eggs, well beaten, rind of a fresh lemon, grated fine, a piece of butter the size of an egg; then bake till well done; now beat the whites of four eggs to a stiff froth, adding a teacupful of powdered sugar, in which has been stirred the juice of a lemon; spread over the pudding a layer of jelly, then pour the whites of the eggs over, and place in oven till browned. Serve with cold cream.

**RYE BREAD.**—Pour boiling water on rye meal and mix into a stiff dough; make it into squares or rolls and bake in a hot oven. When the beginner can manipulate the dough readily, he may succeed in making it light in loaves three inches in diameter.

**DELMONICO PUDDING.**—One quart of scalding milk, eight tablespoonfuls of cornstarch wet in cold milk; stir into the milk

with the yolks of three eggs beaten well, a little salt and four tablespoonfuls of sugar. Take off the fire, flavor to taste, froth the eggs, and put in the oven and brown.

**SCRAMBLED EGGS.**—Into a frying-pan pour a cup of cream; when this is hot, pour in a dozen of eggs, previously broken into a dish. Cook slowly, stirring constantly, so that the eggs will be evenly done, serve immediately.

**ROASTING COFFEE.**—A nice way to preserve the aroma of coffee is to add the white of one egg to every pound of coffee, just before it is quite cold. Stir it thoroughly into the mass, so that every berry will be wet with it.

**WAFFLES.**—One quart of warm milk; five large cupfuls of flour; two eggs; two-thirds of a cupful of yeast; a little salt. Set as sponge over night; in the morning add two tablespoonfuls of melted butter; have the waffle irons very hot, and well greased with nice lard or beef drippings, and turn quickly to prevent scorching.

**STEWED WATER-CRESSSES.**—Water-cresses are very delicious stewed. They should be placed in strong salt and water to free them from insects, after which they should be carefully picked over, the water drained off, and then put into a stewpan with a lump of butter and a little salt and pepper; a few minutes will suffice to render the cress quite tender. A little vinegar may be added just before serving, but this must be according to taste.

**TRANSPARENT PIES.**—Take three eggs, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, one teacup of good cream, two tablespoonfuls of jelly, (currant is best), one of butter, flavor with essence of lemon; this will make two pies. Bake with one crust.

**MARY CAKE.**—Two eggs well beaten, one-half cup of butter, one and one-half cup of sugar, one cup of sweet milk, one teaspoonful soda, two of cream tartar, three and one-half heaping cups sifted flour; this makes two loaves. Use lemon essence for flavoring.

## FACTS AND FANCIES.

There was an American farmer who owned a little scraggy cantankerous bull that could not be kept inside of any lot that was ever fenced in Connecticut. One day, just after the railroad between Hartford and Springfield was made, he broke out of his pasture and made for the railroad. His owner saw the tip end of his tail disappear over the fence, and "put" for him the best he could. Just as he reached the railroad along came a train at full speed, and there stood his bull on the track, with head down, and ready for a fight with the locomotive. The old man swung his hat and shouted at the top of his voice, "Go it, you little cuss! I admire your pluck, but despise your judgment."

An Alsatian woman recently went to confession.

"Father," she said, "I have committed a great sin."

"Well," cried the priest, perceiving that she paused.

"I dare not say it—it is too grievous."

"Come, come, courage."

"I have married a Prussian."

"Keep him, my daughter—that's your penance," decided the holy man.

An inebriate precipitated himself down stairs, and on striking the landing reproachfully apostrophized himself with, "If you'd been a-wantin' to come down stairs, why in thunder didn't you say so, you wooden-headed old fool, an' I'd a come with you, an' showed you the way?"

A man is told of, who seeing a physician coming, slipped out of sight. A friend observing this, asked the reason. "Well," said the other, "'tis some time since I have been sick, and really I'm ashamed to be seen by him."

A minister going to visit one of his parishioners, asked him how he rested during the night. "O wonderfully ill, sir," replied he, "for mine eyes have not come together these three nights." "What is the reason of that?" said the other. "Alas! sir," said he, "because my nose was betwixt them."

The following is a specimen of a Western "personal:" "Capt. Bob Brown, of Rising Sun, was in the city yesterday. He looks as happy as a calf licking the grease off the hind axle-tree of a four-horse wagon."

Adolph Storoskemodrachooskey was lodged in a New Haven station house, the other night for drunkenness. When they had shut him up in his cell, the further end of his name was still trailing out upon the street.

Fishing in the Tennessee river is pretty good just now. The other day a fisherman hauled up his wife, who had been missing for two weeks, and he saved the \$200 reward offered for her discovery.

"His life was a complete riddle," says a Texas paper of a gentleman who recently put a charge of twenty-two buckshot into himself. We should say his death was a pretty complete one, too.

If a young man who thinks himself proof against temptation can allow a heavy tread on his pet corn and not have a wave of trouble roll across his peaceful breast, he may be sure he is not mistaken.

A Maryland doctor agreed to cure a cripple by "laying on hands," and failed. Then the friends of the cripple "laid hands on" the doctor, but it will be some time before he is cured.

Nothing is so discouraging to a young lawyer just as he waxes eloquent about angel's tears, weeping willows and tombstones, as to be interrupted by the cold-blooded justice with, "You're off your nest, bub; this is a case of hog-stealing."

It may seem contradictory, but nevertheless true, that when people indulge in high words they always use low language.

"Why did you name your dog Back?" "From necessity. He is always running away from home and how could we help calling him Back?"

# Our Announcement for 1876.

## TERMS FOR

### BALLOU'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

*Illustrated, Interesting, and the Cheapest Publication in the Country.*

ONE HUNDRED PAGES OF READING MATTER EACH MONTH.

### THE AMERICAN UNION,

*The Largest, Most Varied, and Oldest Literary Journal in the Country.*

NO MORE PREMIUMS, BUT INSTEAD EACH PUBLICATION SENT FREE BY MAIL, EXCEPT TO CITY SUBSCRIBERS.

The Publishers of **BALLOU'S MAGAZINE** and **THE AMERICAN UNION**, in announcing their terms for 1876, return thanks to those who have patronized their publications for so many years, and beg leave to state that hereafter, instead of giving premiums of Chromos to subscribers, they will send **THE UNION** and **BALLOU'S MAGAZINE** FREE OF POSTAGE to all who forward the regular subscription price—that is to say, \$2.50 for **THE UNION**, and \$1.50 for **BALLOU'S MAGAZINE**.

We think this is a much better plan, and far more satisfactory than purchasing subscribers by the aid of Chromos, which have become so common as to lose their value as works of art.

*Remember, on and after November, 1875, we will send to all new subscribers our publications free of postage, instead of Premiums.*

#### **BALLOU'S MAGAZINE.—CLUBS! CLUBS! CLUBS!**

We hereby offer the following liberal terms for Clubs; and it will be seen that they are extremely advantageous to those who wish to interest themselves in behalf of their favorite Magazine.

**CLUB No. 1.**—Four copies of **BALLOU'S MAGAZINE**, postage prepaid by the publishers, only \$5.50.

**CLUB No. 2.**—Six copies of **BALLOU'S MAGAZINE**, postage prepaid by the publishers, \$9.00, and a copy gratis to the person who gets up the club; or seven copies for \$9.00, postage prepaid by the publishers.

**CLUB No. 3.**—Eleven copies of **BALLOU'S MAGAZINE**, postage prepaid by the publishers, \$15.00, and a copy gratis to the getter-up of the club; or twelve copies for \$15.00, all postpaid.

**SINGLE SUBSCRIPTION.**—Single subscription for **BALLOU'S MAGAZINE** only \$1.50 per year, postage prepaid.

#### **BALLOU'S MAGAZINE AND THE AMERICAN UNION.**

**BALLOU'S MAGAZINE** and **THE AMERICAN UNION** combined for \$3.75, and postage prepaid by the publishers. By this arrangement subscribers can have a vast amount of reading matter for a very small sum of money.

#### **THE AMERICAN UNION.**


**SINGLE SUBSCRIPTIONS.**—We will send **THE AMERICAN UNION** for one year for \$2.50, and prepay the postage. Remember, **THE UNION** contains a large amount of reading matter, and is one of the best papers of its class in the country.

#### **CLUBS FOR THE AMERICAN UNION.**

For \$15.00 we will send six copies of **THE AMERICAN UNION** for one year, and a copy of **BALLOU'S MAGAZINE** to the person who gets up the Club, postage for all prepaid.

**IMPORTANT NOTICE.**—Be sure and send money by a post-office order, a registered letter, or by check on New York or Boston. We are not responsible for money lost on its way to us through the mails. Post-office orders are safe and cheap.

**SPECIAL.**—Subscribers can commence at any time, and not wait for their subscriptions to expire.

 Be careful, in writing, to give State, County and Post Office for each subscriber; and also to designate the name of the getter-up of the Club.

Address **THOMES & TALBOT,**  
23 Hawley Street, Boston, Mass.



## OUR PICTURE GALLERY.



### CONUNDRUM FROM TENNESSEE.

When a Tennessee father walks into a Newspaper Office, with a revolver, bowie-knife and bulldog, and says, "My darter has writ some poetry, an' I want yer to publish it,"—how's a man going to plead press of matter?



"From the Earth to the Moon, in Ten Minutes."—"JULES BURN."















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